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The testimony of the San Francisco carmen about the way they live is very interesting from many points of view. We most of us are, perhaps, prone to affix the label "conductor" and "motorman," and forget that those who daily convoy us to our work or pleasure are men with troubles of their own. Familiarity breeds, not contempt, but indifference, and an inclination to regard the carmen as merely part of the locomotive machinery. This glimpse they have now given us of their lives and

homes quickens the public's lagging interest, and brings uppermost fraternal feelings that are good for the soul.

One of the most striking phases of the investigation is the great diversity of occupations from which the street-railways have drawn their men. One employee was with Funston in the Philippines, another was a yeoman in the naval service, a third had been a florist. Others had been surveyors' assistants, grocery clerks, drug clerks, butchers, teachers. One gray-haired man had been in the navy during the Civil War, and later a sea-captain running between Alaska and San Diego. It was he who replied to the question whether it was as "nerve-racking" to sail a ship as to run a car, with "Just about." Some of the witnesses had been carmen for twenty years.

The testimony as a whole showed that single men form a large proportion of the street-railway employees. Most of them occupy rooms, for which they pay between five and eight dollars per month. One man testified that he paid five dollars for a room six by eight feet. For meals, the average carman pays twenty-five cents—possibly fifteen for breakfast. He eats by preference solid food, for soup, as one philosopher testified, "shakes around too much with the continual jar of the car; one needs something hard in the stomach." Also something good. The sea-captain, when asked by the attorney if he did not occasionally try "salt horse," replied with asperity: "I can't live on scrap meat and bad butter and run a car nine hours a day. I must have the best the market affords to sustain my nervous system." It is interesting to note the prevalence of the opinion among the men that the jar of the car is injurious. Assemblyman Copus declared that all the men had more or less kidney disease from the concussion. He said, also, that the rolling stock, the brakes, and the roadbed, are in so much worse condition now than formerly that a man could then stand twelve hours of work more easily than ten at present. This matter of "flat wheels" and poor track ought to interest the public.

But it is the married men, according to the testimony, who really have a hard time of it at the present wage rate of from \$2.50 to \$2.75 a day. Most of them occupy houses or flats of three or four rooms, for which they pay from ten dollars a month up to sixteen or seventeen dollars. A Sutter Street conductor testified to occupying, with wife and child, a house of three rooms and no bath-room, for which he paid ten dollars. Many employees declared that they had been unable to save anything, even with the most strenuous efforts. Several with families of one or two said that, if they or theirs were sick, they would not know what to do. Two men, with families, respectively, of five and eight children each, gave the most striking evidence of fortitude under heavy burdens. The former, with the five boys, testified that he lived in a house for which he paid eight dollars monthly. When it rained they put pans on the floor. They went sometimes a week without meat, and used only condensed milk. The boys wore overalls exclusively. The man with the eight children had a still harder time. He received \$2.60 a day, and for meat was able to afford only liver. The family shoes he cobbled himself, but even then was able to keep only four pair presentable, so the children went to school in relays, four one day, and another four the next. His wife had an affection of the heart, and they both had often sat up till one o'clock, she mending, he cobbling. "Still," said this optimist, "we are not discouraged. We keep on, and manage to make ends meet."

Every man testified that rent, clothing, and eatables have risen in price during the year. This is the fact upon which the men base their demand for a nine-hour day at three dollars, with forty-five cents an hour for

overtime. The transcript of the testimony on both sides will be forwarded to the three arbiters, Oscar S. Strauss, Patrick Calhoun (for the company), and W. D. Mahon (for the men). The counsel of the company asserts that he has figures to prove that in 360 companies operating in 216 cities of the United States the pay is less than it is here, the cost of living generally higher, and the work harder. Also, that the applications for employment here are greatly in excess of the demand.

The earnest protest of citizens and newspapers against "farming out" the opium traffic in the Philippines has apparently influenced Secretary Root to abandon, for the present, the project. He is reported to have cabled the Philippine Commission (which had passed the bill to its second reading), to carry the matter no further now.

He wants to think it over. As the law stands, it is mandatory upon local Philippine officials to prevent both the smoking of opium in public resorts and its sale for other than medicinal purposes. In Manila, under this act, the evil is said to have been notably checked. The current measure before the commission provides that a legislative monopoly in the sale of opium be granted for terms of three years to the highest bidder. Sale will be prohibited to all but Chinese. Under Spanish rule the opium monopoly was thus auctioned, sometimes netting as much as \$650,000. The Philippine Commission figured that it would now be worth at least \$500,000, which sum it was intended to apply to educational purposes. The same methods as these are operative in India, where the scheme is frankly without any moral pretensions, and "for revenue only." Governor Taft is said to believe, however, that by putting one man in control of the traffic, and requiring a complete record of every ounce bought and every pipeful sold, with the name and address of the buyer, the gross consumption can be decreased. Some of those who do not agree with Governor Taft utterly fail to understand how he can expect that the opium contractor, whose gain is in direct and absolute proportion to the amount of opium he is able to sell, will succeed so admirably in selling only a little. Nor is it clear how Chinese can be prevented from re-selling to Filipinos.

As the dog days approach it is customary to expect a greater or less degree of inertia to steal into the domain of national politics. This year it appears to be of the lesser variety, due perhaps to the tearing up in the Post-Office Department, the approach of a President-making season, and the indefatigable character of the single candidate on the Republican ticket. Whatever the cause, political gossip keeps up well into "the good old summer time," although it is probable that the really serious activity will be relegated to the months when "the frost is on the pumpkin." Nobody questions that President Roosevelt will be invited by the Republicans to succeed himself, so the discussion turns largely on the question as to who will be his running-mate. U. S. Grant has been announced as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency by a California paper, but beyond the mere announcement there is nothing to indicate that the suggestion has yet excited more than a passing interest. Dog days may be responsible for this, too.

The impressive fact that eight times in fifty years the death of a President has promoted a Vice-President to the chair of the chief magistracy has heightened the feeling that the second place should be filled by a man who is something more than a figurehead or a vote-getter. The last incident of the kind is too recent to allow the matter to be forgotten. Senators Fairbanks and Beveridge, both of Indiana, have been mentioned for the place, and the gossips say that, as be-

tween these two, the preference of President Roosevelt would be for the latter. Beveridge, however, is now reported not to want the nomination. A new suggestion is to give the second place to Governor Taft. It is no secret that the President has the warmest regard for Judge Taft, and that if circumstances do not conspire to make him a candidate for Vice-President, the President will see to it that he is given a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court when the opportunity favors. Another important phase of the coming campaign concerns the make-up of the national committee. The recent events in Ohio have made it apparent that Senator Hanna is not an enthusiastic supporter of Roosevelt, and that a change in the position of chairman of the National Republican Committee would be desirable if Roosevelt heads the ticket. In such a case, the wishes of the candidate would have great influence on the selection, and quite naturally he would want one of his closest adherents to manage the campaign. This makes the rumor very pertinent that at the proper time Senator Hanna will resign the chairmanship on account of the state of his health, and that Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, will succeed him before the opening of the campaign next year. There is liable, also, to be a change in the secretary of the committee. Perry S. Heath, the present incumbent, is mixed up in the post-office scandal, and with others is under actual investigation. He is affected by the retroactive charges brought against the department for alleged irregularities in McKinley's time. Whether he is guilty or not is immaterial. The mere taint of scandal in high office is apt to be sufficient to compel his resignation from a position so important in a national campaign. No hint has yet been given as to his successor in that event.

President Roosevelt, shortly after the Senate adjourned last spring, let it be known that he intended to call an extra congressional session in November in order that the House might act upon the Cuban reciprocity treaty, which had then just been ratified by the Senate with an unprecedented clause providing for the concurrence of the House. The President is now said to be "shaken" in his intention. Such a man as Charles A. Moore, one of President McKinley's friends and advisers, and president of the Protective Tariff League, recently called at the White House, after a tour abroad, and strongly urged the President to abandon the reciprocity programme. Moore pointed out that foreign countries were hastening toward protection; that the "Iowa idea" had been scotched by the high protectionists, and that they would strongly resent the revival of tariff agitation through pushing forward the Cuban reciprocity treaty. He assured the President that both high and low protectionists throughout the country are inflexible against reciprocity, and argued that to call an extra session fruitlessly would be a severe blow to party and Presidential prestige. And it would. For two years now the President has urged—honestly, we know, mistakenly, we believe—the passage of this measure, which was a legacy of the McKinley administration. He has urged it as a duty, against the determined opposition of his best friends in the West. But it is time now to stop. Cuba is prosperous; her future is rosy. In urging an unpopular measure on the eve of a national campaign there is much to lose, and nothing whatever to be gained.

What Mr. Bryan's position will be continues an absorbing question among those who are trying to figure out what kind of a contest the Democratic party will be able to put up in the next national campaign. The reorganizers of the party have been diligent of late in trying to get down to a basis from which the chances of Democratic success can be canvassed, for it seems to be admitted that if Bryan bolts the platform and opposes the nominees, his following will be large enough to insure defeat. Will Bryan bolt? Of late he has been repeatedly asked for a statement of his views and an outline of his intentions. These queries have not been wholly ignored. The subject has occupied the editorial space in the *Commoner* of late to considerable extent, but it is noticeable that, though his utterances are replete with criticism of the reorganizers, attacks upon Cleveland, and explanations of the defeats in 1896 and 1900, there is no statement from which his respective attitude toward the party, in the event that his counsels are ignored, can be more than vaguely inferred. As to issues Mr. Bryan says their

relative importance may change in a day, but he enumerates those upon which the party must take a decided position. These are the items in his list:

Imperialism—Which "transcends all others in importance," and must be considered, "unless the Republican party decides to apply American principles to the Philippine question, or the Democratic party decides to apply European principles to American questions."

The Trust Issue—Because it has "grown in importance," and because "the unwillingness of the Republican party to deal with the question effectively has become more apparent."

The Money Question—Not as a paramount issue, but it must be held on to because "the increased production of gold has not been sufficient to replace the silver coin of the world," and because there is no assurance that the increase "will be permanently sufficient to meet the annual requirements of industry."

The Tariff Question—Because Democrats have always been "opposed to a tariff levied solely for the purpose of protection."

These, with a few platitudes, are the planks which Mr. Bryan recommends to make a platform. The trouble is not so much the platform as which faction shall make it. As to the words, they might agree, but as to control, neither is conciliatory, and Mr. Bryan the least of all. Passing over the impossibility of Cleveland as a candidate, he finds that it is settled "that the candidate agreed upon by the reorganizers will represent the same influences and the same policies that dominated Cleveland's second administration." Notwithstanding his numerous assertions that the "moneyed element" has been driven out of the party by the last two campaigns, Mr. Bryan discloses a singular apprehension that unless "loyal Democrats" are alert, that element "will be stronger in the county convention than in the precinct; stronger in the State convention than in the county; and stronger in the national than in the State convention." The only inference that can be made from his reviews of the situation is, that Mr. Bryan feels that he is already beaten in the next Democratic convention, and that a platform constructed by the reorganizers and candidates nominated by them can not have his adherence. What will he then do? It will be only left to him to sulk in his tent, or head a revolt of a Populistic character against his own party.

There is more Federal money in San Francisco than ever before. On the last day of June there were over \$150,000,000 in Uncle Sam's San Francisco vaults. We are all glad that Uncle Sam is so rich, although some of us may think that he ought not to charge us so much to live, move, and have our being. And while we are on the subject of coin, here is a table giving the coinage of the San Francisco mint for the year ending June 30, 1903:

Double-eagles	\$18,072,500
Eagles	4,695,000
Half-eagles	13,315,000
Dollars	2,030,000
Half-dollars	979,084
Quarter-dollars	62,000
Dimes	74,000
Pesos	4,704,000

Apropos of this variety of coins, let us put a few modest questions. What is the use, to the average man, of so many kinds of coins? Take, for example, the double-eagle—is it a convenient coin? Is it easy to change a twenty-dollar piece on a street-car, on a steamboat, or in a shop in a quiet suburb? The other day the writer heard a woman at the door of a Western Addition residence asking a vegetable-peddler "if he could change a twenty-dollar piece." Probably the poor hawker's stock was not worth five dollars, all told. Why does the twenty-dollar piece continue to be used as a unit? Is it a citizen's unit, or is it a banker's unit? Is not the continuous use of this inconvenient coin due to the fact that San Francisco bankers do business on a metallic instead of a currency basis? When the banker has to pay over large sums it is easier for him to count it out in double-eagles than in fives; it is easier for him to scoop heaps of twenties out of a box containing twenty thousand dollars than it is to count out four thousand five-dollar pieces. But is this convenient for the private citizen? Strangers from the East or abroad stare when they see San Franciscans at bank counters lugging away moderate sums in heavy canvas bags of twenties, when they are used to carrying large sums in bills in a very small compass.

But waiving the question of paper currency instead of metallic coinage—something about which Californians have always been sensitive—is the double-eagle a convenient coin? Nearly all commercial nations do their specie business most conveniently with a coin about the size of our five-dollar piece. There are larger coins, it is true, but they are coinage curios, like the Monte Carlo "plaque," and do not circulate among the people.

Look at the list of coins stamped by our mints. They are some ten in number. Suppose you were to simplify them, and reduce them to three in this way: Carry five-dollar pieces in your purse, silver quarters in your left pocket, and nickels in

your right pocket. Then you would never need to look at a coin, in daylight or in dark. You could always tell exactly what coin you were paying out. Is not this variety of coin sufficient? Nickels will pay for newspapers, carfare, and similar small sums up to a quarter. Quarters will pay any sum up to five dollars. Think what a vast amount of trouble you will save yourself in "getting change" for dollars, half-dollars, quarters, and dimes, and in waiting for change. By this plan you can always make the exact change.

These remarks refer to the carrying of money by individuals for the ordinary exchange and barter of life. Large employers of labor will doubtless continue to pay their employees in large adobe dollars, and in equally clumsy double-eagles when their wages are high enough. But for the ordinary citizen the method we suggest will simplify matters. It may eventually lead to the elision of the double-eagle, which is not a citizen's unit, but a banker's unit.

To the person who may indulge in the cheap and obvious witicism that "twenty-dollar pieces are good enough for him," and that "he never had enough of them," we may reply that, considering his intellectual limitations, he probably never will have.

The chief developments for the week in the postal-scandal investigations are the allegations against ex-Congressman John C. Sibley, of Pennsylvania, charging him with using his position as member of the Committee on Post-Offices and Post Roads, to secure the adoption of a manufacturing process in which he was interested; and the indictment of ex-Congressman Driggs, of New York, on the charge of receiving a bribe from the Brandt-Dent Company for placing with them a government order for two hundred and fifty automatic cashiers for the Post-Office Department. This makes the number of indictments to date eleven. They are as follows:

Augustus W. Machen, chief of the free delivery service, for accepting bribes and conspiracy to defraud; Daniel A. Miller, assistant in the legal department, for accepting bribes; Thomas C. McGregor, of the free delivery division, for accepting bribes and conspiracy; C. E. Upton, of the free delivery, for the same offenses; J. M. Johns, private attorney, for accepting bribes; George E. Lorenz, former postmaster at Toledo, and friend of Machen, for conspiracy to defraud; Martha E. Lorenz, for conspiracy to defraud; Diller B. Groff, for complicity with Machen; Samuel A. Groff, on the same charge; ex-Representative Edmund H. Driggs; George F. Miller, for bribing Edmund H. Driggs.

There have been many rumors and counter-rumors as to the resignation of Postmaster-General Payne. Those who think he should step down and out base their opinion on two counts: First, he characterized the Tulloch charges, afterwards proved by Bristow to be true, as "hot air," "glittering generalities," "nothing but words," and Tulloch himself as a "wind-bag." He withheld Bristow's report from the public as long as possible, and gave it out only under pressure. Second, he had the extreme bad taste to make the comment on the Tulloch report that it was "in its essence against President McKinley." "President McKinley's memory will take care of itself," says the Republican New York *Tribune*, "and will suffer from no exposure of thieves who may have abused his confidence." The opinion is a general one, and is said on good authority to be that of the President himself, who has hastened to state that he knew nothing of Payne's comment till he saw it in the papers.

Another phase of the investigation has been opened by the order of the President directing an examination of the railway mail transportation rates. More than sixty millions of dollars is paid annually to the railways for mail transportation. It has been asserted many times that the rates are excessive—are more than those paid by the express companies, for example. The railways have always had plausible answers ready, but there are many whom they fail to convince. This is a good time to get at the truth of the matter. Set Bristow at it.

The San Francisco dailies have raised their subscription prices, as the price of paper and the rate of wages have been steadily rising. In the East it is true that papers of a similar size, such as the Philadelphia *Ledger* and the Baltimore *Sun*, sell for 35 cents a month instead of 75 cents; and \$4.00 a year instead of \$8.00. But wages and salaries are much higher on this Coast than in the East.

The San Francisco dailies know their own business, but it would seem as if they might do better to increase their sales rather than increase their prices. There is no large city in the United States where the street sales of the morning papers are so restricted as in San Francisco. It is possible to purchase the evening papers on the street, but at times it is difficult to find the morning papers on sale at all. Strangers rely on news-boys for their papers, as they do not know where the news-stands are, and in San Francisco there seem to be few news-boys. It is quite possible for a stranger in San Francisco, at ten o'clock in the morning, to walk many blocks before he can buy a morning paper.

Compare this situation with that in New York. On the elevated railways there are several hundred news-stands. Every day several millions of people travel by these elevated trains, most of whom are forced to wait from thirty seconds to two minutes, during which time they can not avoid seeing the many newspapers strung along the news-stand space. Hundreds of thousands buy the papers at these stands simply because they see them. The man who intended to buy a paper will buy it anyway, but the man who buys one because he "just happened to," is so much profit to the publisher. In New York, in addition to the elevated railway news-stands, the news-venders have established little temporary tables at nearly every prominent corner, where they sell the dailies during certain hours, morning and afternoon. While they may have no right in fee-simple to this space, they are a very great convenience to the public, particularly to strangers.

In San Francisco, on the other hand, it is difficult for strangers to purchase the papers. Yet of late years there are

frequently abnormal numbers of strangers visiting the city, notably when conclaves, conventions, and other large bodies meet here. It should be made easy for people to purchase papers, but it is made difficult. It is even difficult for a resident to find the few places where the papers are sold.

These remarks are not to be construed as reflecting on the price charged for the San Francisco dailies. Considering the high cost of labor and materials, they are well worth what they charge. But would it not be better for them to consider increasing their sales rather than their prices?

The collapse of the United States Shipbuilding Company—the ship-yards trust as it is familiarly known—if it have no other effect, will at least have resulted in letting in a flood of light upon the methods of the modern masters in finance who have floated the industrials upon a speculative public. When the various ship-building concerns were consolidated, one of the prominent men in the deal was Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation. He explained his activity by declaring that he wanted to secure a good customer for the Steel Trust, but no sooner was the ship-yards trust organized than it expressed a desire for a steel plant of its own, and Mr. Schwab undertook to secure the Bethlehem works, an outside concern, for it. According to Mr. Schwab's story, J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. had purchased the Bethlehem plant for the benefit of the Steel Trust, of which he himself was president, and in which the bankers were interested. They were persuaded to part with the plant, however, for \$7,200,000, and Mr. Schwab turned it over to the ship-yards trust for \$10,000,000 collateral trust five per cent. bonds, \$10,000,000 common stock, and \$10,000,000 preferred stock. His \$7,200,000 of property, on which only \$300,000 had originally been paid, had become \$30,000,000 in ship-yards stock through the touch of the modern King Midas. It was now time for the public to act, and a glowing prospectus was issued, figuring out a gain of half a million a year through the economies brought about by consolidation. But the public did not act—nobody would buy the stock. More than that, the expected gain of half a million turned out to be a deficit of that amount, because, according to the retiring president, of "the decrease of energy of management at some of the plants with the removal of local and personal responsibility." The price declined until Mr. Schwab's \$30,000,000 had declined to \$9,310,000. Mr. Schwab figured out that the non-investing public had bunked him out of \$20,690,000. But he was not at the end of his resources. He proposed a plan of reorganization, by which he should return his stock and bonds and receive back the Bethlehem plant, upon the improvement of which the ship-yards trust had expended \$2,000,000. He was, however, to retain control of the ship-yards trust. Some of the members objected to this ingenious plan, and asked the courts to restrain the reorganization, declare the corporation insolvent, and appoint a receiver. This has been done. Evidently Attorney-General Knox, when he said that trusts were chiefly dangerous to the small stockholders, was not so far off after all.

There is a certain significance in two or three features of the Iowa Democratic State Convention. First, the committee on resolutions voted down the proposition to reaffirm the Kansas City platform by a vote of seven to four, and the convention adopted this majority report as against the report of the silverites by a vote of 463 to 354. Second, the convention voted down, by a majority of more than 400, a resolution favoring the government ownership of railroads. The turning down of the Kansas City platform and silver was a body blow at Bryan. The defeat of a government ownership proposition would seem a not less vicious thrust directed toward W. R. Hearst. The reports of the convention in the metropolitan papers of the country are curiously unanimous in one respect. They none of them mention Hearst. We have been at the pains to look at the reports in the New York Times, the Philadelphia Ledger, the New York World, the Tribune, the Sun, and in our own Call and Chronicle. The name of Hearst is strangely missing. Yet, according to the Examiner, the Democratic nominee for governor alluded to Hearst as the "great champion of Democracy to-day," and spoke of his "great influence," his "inspiring personality," his "heroic labors." Further, the Examiner said that "the greatest demonstration of the day occurred at the mention of the name of Hearst." Are the other newspapers in a conspiracy of silence that they omit accounts of this "greatest demonstration"? Or are the Hearst newspapers saying what aint so?

Mayor Schmitz placed his finger with unerring certainty upon the weak spot in the annual budget prepared by the supervisors. He sent to that body a message making considerable reductions in the proposed appropriations, but none of his vetoes affected permanent improvements. They all aimed at a reduction of the salaries paid to clerks in and about the City Hall. Mayor Schmitz was elected upon a platform pledging him to remove all superfluous and unnecessary employees to the extent of making a saving of \$100,000, and to devote the money thus saved to permanent improvements. He has more than redeemed his pledge. The reductions he proposed aggregated \$139,970. Among the more important reductions were: Board of health, \$30,900; board of public works, \$24,520; public lighting, \$25,000; city engineer's office, \$25,000; assessor's office, \$6,000; and department of elections, \$5,000. But the board of supervisors has seen fit to override the mayor's veto. Several of the supervisors elected on the Union Labor ticket have also nullified their ante-election pledges. They have passed a budget bulging with sinecures, but vacant of appropriations for permanent improvements. The voters will have a chance to say how they like it this fall. As for the mayor, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he did his duty, though a disagreeable one it was. And though

from the first there was faint hope of success in trying to save some of the people's money, he did not cravenly give over, but fought it out to a finish. He deserves the people's praise.

One of the striking incidents of the recent Serbian revolution was the sudden conversion of a newspaper man. Jubomir Schiokovics, editor of the Belgrade *Odjek*, came out the day after the murders with a scare-head article in favor of a Serbian republic. But the officers who led the military revolution did not want a republic. They wanted Peter the First for king. They so informed Editor Schiokovics. But he would not listen. Therefore they invited him to dine at the officers' club, and during dinner earnestly urged him to lay aside his republican views. Their main argument was that in case he did not yield they would welcome him with hospitable hands to a bloody grave. Editor Schiokovics is a man of much discernment; he saw the force of their views, yielded the point, and next day brought out his paper for Peter the First. He was at once made minister of justice. This shows the power of the press.

The causes of the two accidents on the North Shore Railway last week seem general rather than particular. In the first accident—a particularly distressing one—the single car returning with a funeral party flew the track on a low trestle, turned completely over, hurling the passengers from floor to ceiling, injuring twenty-five persons, and killing two. In the second accident, only a few miles from the first, the engine jumped the track and overturned, killing the engineer and badly injuring the fireman. In both cases passengers and officials dispute over the speed of the train, but both seem to think that, on the North Shore, a speed of thirty-five or forty miles an hour makes derailment likely. That's the trouble. On modern roads millions are being spent in eliminating curves, in replacing light rails with heavy ones, and in proper ballasting. Trains on such roads seldom jump the track, even when they are going fast. The North Shore carries thousands of passengers weekly. If its track is poor, its rolling stock ancient, its curves so sharp that a decent speed means danger, public safety demands their radical betterment. Nor on up-to-date roads are trains habitually behind time. It is the common report that North Shore trains are seldom on time. This means poor management, and increased liability of accidents. These wrecks should be a signal for reform.

The term of Governor Dole, of the Territory of Hawaii, expires next year, and a host of candidates ready to succeed him is already appearing. Several attempts have been made either to persuade Governor Dole to resign or to have him removed, but he has shown no inclination to gratify his enemies. It is generally accepted, however, that he will not be a candidate for reelection, and so the hopes of the other aspirants have been raised. It is believed that the candidate slated to succeed Dole is George R. Carter. He was a college-mate of President Roosevelt, and recently resigned a position paying \$5,000 a year to accept the secretaryship, which pays only \$3,000. He is not popular with the native element, however, because he belongs to the missionary party, and the Hawaiian legislature, which contains a native majority, has passed resolutions protesting against his appointment. The natives would prefer R. H. Wilcox, a native recently defeated for Congress. In default of him, Sam Parker, the wealthy ranchman, would be acceptable. A. S. Humphreys, the judge who caused a stir there last year, would like the appointment, and H. E. Cooper is reported to have resigned the superintendency of public works to try for the governorship, while Judge Little also has an eye on the position.

All books entering Turkey are subject to a strict censorship—even Bibles and guide-books. Recently a Turkish version of the New Testament was stopped at Stamboul for the reason that the passage "love one another" was construed as unfitted for circulation. When the missionaries pleaded that this sentiment contained nothing seditious, the censor replied: "The Sultan does not want his subjects to love one another, for, if they do, they will get together, and that will be the last of him. So long as they are influenced by racial and religious differences, it will be impossible for them to combine against his majesty."

If the Sultan knew Christians better, he would know that the New Testament injunction, "love one another," is as little heeded in Christendom as it is in Islam—perhaps less.

There have been several attempts in this State to prevent married persons securing divorces for the purpose of immediately uniting in marriage with others, but so far all of them have been unsuccessful. The latest attempt was made during the last session of the legislature, when a law was enacted providing that, when divorces are granted in this State, the final decree shall not be entered until one year after the date of the preliminary decree. In other words, the parties were to be legally separated for one year before they were actually divorced. The question of the validity of this law has not yet been brought before the supreme court, but the superior judges are refusing to recognize it as binding. The question was first raised in Santa Clara County, where Judge Lieb sat with Judge Rhodes in a hearing. Both judges held the law to be unconstitutional. The constitution of the State provides that the legislature shall not have power to enact special legislation in certain enumerated classes of cases. One of these cases is the regulation of practice in courts of justice. The judges held that a law applying only to divorce cases is clearly a violation of this inhibition. Later, the question was raised before Judge Seawell in this city, and he not only agreed with the Santa Clara judges, but pointed out that the law also violates the constitutional provision that its

purpose should be clearly stated in its title, for it is entitled "An Amendment of the Civil Code," while its purpose is to regulate procedure.

An extremely interesting feature of the Southern Pacific Company's last statement is the revelation of a deficit of ten millions of dollars in the ten months last past. Gross receipts for April were \$7,307,001, operating expenses and taxes for the month were \$5,648,503, leaving net earnings of \$1,658,498, an increase of \$195,573 over April of last year. Other income brought the company's total income for the month up to \$1,666,281. Against this amount are charges and betterments aggregating \$3,164,464, creating a deficit for the month of \$1,488,183. For the ten months ending June 30th the company's gross earnings were \$73,092,502, an increase of \$2,796,990 over the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year. Against this is charged \$54,940,206 for operating expenses and taxes, leaving a net income for the ten months of \$21,152,296, an increase of \$2,192,227 over the ten corresponding months of last year. Charges and betterments during the period mentioned aggregated \$31,221,722, making a deficit of \$9,462,235 in the ten months. This is said to be by far the largest deficit ever recorded by the Southern Pacific for any similar period in its history. The company's deficit keeps growing month by month, and it is expected that the annual report of the company will show a deficit of over \$12,000,000. It is said that bonds will be issued on the new track across the Great Salt Lake in the sum of \$10,000,000 to cover the deficit.

The most interesting point, to the public, about this deficit, is that it is caused by the Southern Pacific Company's numerous betterments. Replacing wooden bridges with structures of steel or stone, replacing single tracks with double ones, replacing light rails with heavy ones, straightening dangerous curves and reducing heavy grades—these are some of the causes of the company's deficit of a million a month.

In an action brought by John R. Whitney against the city of San Francisco, Judge Seawell has decided that the two tax levies of seven and a half cents each on every one hundred dollars of property valuation, for the purpose of erecting new school and hospital buildings, are illegal. It is probable that the entire amount collected, \$565,891, will be returned to taxpayers, though only \$481,147.83 was paid under protest. The decision was not upon the question whether or no an "emergency" existed, but was based entirely upon the failure of the supervisors to include the amount proposed to be expended in the budget. The public does not know, therefore, whether, in future, appropriations exceeding the dollar rate for building schools and a hospital can legally be made in the regular budget by the supervisors. The present decision was, in short, on a technicality. It is now said that the supervisors intend to postpone the bond election, and issue a new election call, adding to the amount of bonds proposed the sum lost through this decision, that is to say, about half a million dollars.

There is no class of problems that present more difficulties than the mingling of non-assimilable races in the Southern States, the negro is a disturbing factor, in the coal sections the presence of Slavs and Huns is a menace, on the Coast the Chinese problem threatened industrial stability for many years before the representatives of Eastern communities could be persuaded to consent to restrictive legislation. Now the Japanese problem threatens to become as serious as was the Chinese problem. The little brown men are coming here in increasing numbers. During the month of May, 2,190 Japanese came to this country. If this rate is maintained the Japanese element will have been increased 26,000 within a year. In 1900 the Japanese in the United States numbered 81,590, the Chinese 106,659. As a result of the restrictive legislation, the Chinese have increased very slightly in numbers since that time, so it is probable that the Japanese already outnumber them. The Japanese can be assimilated no more readily than the Chinese, and as an element of the population they are even less desirable.

In New York recently a woman was killed by the explosion of a tank charged with carbonated gas used in her confectionery store for the manufacture of soda water. A cylinder of the gas at high pressure was kept close to the soda fountain, and the soda water was manufactured on the spot. This method, which is not an uncommon one, is always fraught with danger. Any defect or flaw in the cylinder where the gas is kept under such a high pressure is liable to cause an explosion at any time, and the danger is heightened by the fact that the apparatus is handled by clerks and other inexperienced persons. In many confectionary stores the tank of gas is kept within a few feet of where customers throng, and an explosion would be liable to injure seriously many customers, as well as those connected with the establishment. The unfortunate accident in New York should result in a reform of this dangerous practice.

Judge Morrow has provisionally decided that the property of the Spring Valley Water Company is worth \$26,752,500; that the company is entitled to an income of five per cent. on its investment; and that, as the rates fixed by the supervisors will bring in to the company an income of only four and four-tenths per cent., the rates fixed are too low. A temporary injunction has, therefore, been granted, preventing the supervisors from enforcing their reduction in rates. In the meantime, the case will proceed, and the company will collect from water consumers at the old rate, putting up a bond so that the consumers can be reimbursed should the final decision go against the company.

SQUAW-MAN MACMAHON.

The Reward of Unrighteousness.

The hunter's moon hung so low an Indian might easily have hung his bow across its slender horn. The light therefore was pale and gave the swaying bushes a creeping, stealthy movement. The frogs in the shallow pools subsided from a noisy chorus to an occasional croak. The tree-tops whispered together and shook their heads at Squaw Mary.

A year ago all this would have passed unnoticed by the woman, but she had learned since then why warnings are sent. The moon had hung at just this angle on the night she had stumbled over that awful, gleaming body in the underbrush, the winds had sighed with the same meaning, and the trees had begun to point their fingers at her and whisper over her head.

Could there be anything worse in store for her, she wondered. The horrible gleaming whiteness of that awful thing on the bank still glared at her from the darkness whenever she closed her eyes. She shuddered at what might be in store for her, now that the warnings of impending doom had come again.

The money with which she had been rewarded for her ghastly find had held no meaning for her. In truth she had not seen it; being only a squaw she could not certify her claim, so MacMahon had got the reward, and MacMahon had done all the rest.

The "rest" had begun to mean in a hazy way an enlarging of territory for MacMahon. The possession of the reward had awakened a dormant love of power in his nature, and this spirit once aroused, when the Indians were being herded into reservations, there was needed only prompt action and a little sharp practice to acquire much valuable timber land. Then, after the wholesale massacre at Indian Island, when not half a dozen of the whole rancheria escaped, the wastes of wooded hillsides grabbed and jumped by MacMahon made him literally monarch of all he surveyed. With the widening of his domain there dawned upon him the possible outcome of a thriving lumber company, and beyond the lumber company arose the possibility of a respectable citizenship in some region where the term "squaw man" is never heard.

Promptly, thereupon, Mr. MacMahon determined to shake the dust of Humboldt County from his feet, and transact his business through deputies. In time he foresaw his claims would reach in value to hundreds of thousands.

Already he felt a repugnance for the life he had been living, and Squaw Mary was the first feature of it to be relegated to the dim and distant past. So as the summer waned into autumn, and MacMahon's dreams crystallized into definite plans, the fall wind arose, and the poor squaw's warning signs grew unmistakable.

Finally the last day of his stay in Humboldt drew to a close. He had decided to "slope" and let Mary find it out for herself. Accordingly, as he sat and smoked his pipe, his thoughts forgathered to the farthest quarters of the globe. And when "Little Mac," whose baby fists had fought their way into his father's heart, toddled up and tried to climb his knee for his usual bed-time frolic, he was met with a surly "Go away, youngster, this aint no time for foolin'." The child, unused to rebuffs of this sort, stood irresolute, the stolid indifference of the Indian warring with the enterprise of the American. MacMahon watched him, whimsically, wondering which race was dominant.

"All right, you little Yankee, you'll do," he said the next moment, when, with a sudden lunge, the child reached his knee. But he felt his spine stiffening with conscious virtue as he laid his plans for the future—plans in which neither the boy nor the boy's mother had any part. At last the drowsy little head drooped on his shoulder, and little Mac was deposited inside the shack.

"The little beggar will get along just as well without me," he said to himself, as he turned away.

It was almost daybreak when MacMahon pulled up stakes and struck the trail. With no backward glance toward what had been to some extent a home-like habitation, he swung along the trail. Already, as far as he was concerned, this episode was closed. The new MacMahon, Mr. John Henry MacMahon, president—to be—of the Bonanza Lumber Company, was now living in the promise of his prosperous future.

When a man has once struck the trail that leads to success, the up-grade grows less steep with every step. MacMahon recognized the blazing along the way as he climbed, and in time he, too, began to branch out for himself and blaze new trails. His Bonanza Lumber Company dream crystallized into a reality, and the pig-headed selfishness that had characterized his Humboldt career, now directed into broader channels, became a far-reaching shrewdness. And either because extremes are supposed to meet, or because his camp fare of beans and salt herring drew him irresistibly, MacMahon, of Humboldt, erstwhile land-grabber, claim-jumper, and squaw man, chose Boston for his home, where even in the sacred precincts of the Back Bay the "jingle of the guineas helps the hurt that honor feels," and eventually MacMahon, claim-jumper, was lost in MacMahon, lumber king.

The strenuous years that followed the forming of the Bonanza Lumber Company left its president little time for retrospection and still less inclination. The dusky brood in the shack on the Lone Pine Trail held no place in his thoughts, for the reason that his brown-stone mansion on the harbor side sheltered an irreproachable

family that had every claim upon him, and Mrs. John Henry MacMahon held rigorous views about "wild oats" and impeachable pasts. In fact, MacMahon himself had come to look upon his own early career with the same horror with which he regarded his earlier Western manners and habits of speech. And when his fair-haired daughter grew old enough to look at him with her deep, serious eyes, for fear she might penetrate to the lees of his soul he put the memory of his Humboldt life so far from him, it was to his consciousness as if it were not.

It was not until with the coming weight of years that there came to MacMahon a longing to shift some of his responsibilities to younger shoulders. If he had a son, he often said, to whom he might trust the welfare of the Bonanza Lumber Company, his life would round itself out into a perfect whole.

If he had a son! He caught himself saying this in good faith, so completely had he put away from him everything outside of Boston. He laughed a short, meaning laugh as he gave free rein to his fancy to turn backward, and guarded himself thereafter from repeating his regret in those terms. The fact that he did have a son and that the business needed some one who could work up with it, changed his point of view of the Humboldt matter. Sentiment and propriety were good in their place, but not things to be allowed to stand between him and business.

MacMahon began to recall the little fellow, the prints of whose baby fingers were not yet quite obliterated from his heart. The memory of that last bed-time frolic brought a chuckle to his lips. "I wonder which race is on top now," he mused, recalling the sturdy little figure struggling between Indian stolidity and American enterprise.

"I'm going to California next week, my dear," he said to his wife a few days later, for, being a man of prompt action, it did not take him long to make up his mind and act accordingly; "it's not a trip you would enjoy," he explained, in the next breath, "it's—it's a business trip."

The day of his departure his daughter looked deep into his eyes, and, kissing him good-by, said: "Good luck to you and your business, papa." Being thick-skinned mentally as well as morally, the innocent irony of this wish struck him lightly and glanced aside.

Upon reaching Humboldt it was to his great relief that he found Squaw Mary was dead. That she had lost her life in the river foraging for her children did not strike him as being at his door; he could not have provided for them without tacitly admitting things he wanted forgotten. At any rate, it was uncommonly convenient to him to know she was dead. But, as he often told himself, he was a lucky dog anyway, and misfortune could not stick to him.

The fair-skinned young fellow he found behind the counter of the country store bore out his claim to luck. As far as one might judge from appearances, he was a full-blooded Caucasian.

"I am an old friend of your father's, my boy," he said, when he found a moment for a quiet word.

The young fellow looked at him sharply. It was plain the memory of his father was not altogether pleasant.

"Your father was a—a friend of mine," MacMahon repeated, somewhat lamely.

"My father was a damned scoundrel," the young man answered, and turned away, as if to have no more to do with his father's friend.

"Not so bad as that, my boy," MacMahon answered, quickly; "he was a distant relative of mine, too. It is through his wish that I have come to offer you whatever reparation I may."

The boy was not mollified toward his father's friend, but his ready acceptance of the offer held out to him almost cost MacMahon his secret, for he chuckled, quite irrelevantly, the boy thought, "the Yankee is on top strong."

To the young mountaineer, the lumberman seemed almost too good a thing to be true, and MacMahon said to himself a hundred times before he slept that night: "This is just the blood we want in the firm—shrewd and suspicious enough to be his father's own son."

Looking upon this stalwart young fellow already as the strength of his declining years, MacMahon lost no time in uprooting him from his native heath and starting eastward. The boy was not communicative in regard to his early life, and MacMahon took good care to avoid any subject that might encourage him to dredge his memory for bygone faces or associations. But to the boy the present was such a rich new field of experience there was no time for harking back to a shadowy past.

By the time the end of their journey was reached, the boy and the man had established an interchange of confidence and respect. No questions had been asked, and no explanations made. So it was with a renewed confidence in his all-prevailing luck that he established this son of his deceased friend in his business, while he thanked the gods that this tall young fellow with the brown hair and fair skin bore no resemblance to Squaw Mary. Neither could his most careful study of the boy's character discover a single lurking Klamath trait.

Mrs. MacMahon accepted her husband's protégé with a stiff graciousness that was meant for cordiality, and little Elisabeth on the spot accepted her father's friend for her own.

The Bonanza Lumber Company flourished through five more years of gigantic prosperity. Then, because

the Great Northern Company's competition began to cut into the Bonanza's trade, and people began to say things about an approaching crisis, MacMahon put on all his steam and faced about into the teeth of the gale.

"When a man is born lucky it takes more than a scare to down him, remember that, my boy," he said to the young fellow, now the junior member of the firm; "we'll weather this storm and show what's back of the Bonanza, eh, boy! But, by the Lord, I couldn't do it alone, I'm afraid!" he added to himself, half-resentful that this level young head had so infused itself into his life he could no longer stand alone.

"Yes, we'll see it through," the young man answered, firmly; "we'll see it through safely. And when we are out of the woods may I ask something of you?"

"Anything, anything, boy," MacMahon answered, heartily; "ha! ha! You'll be wanting a leave of absence to take a wedding trip, I guess!" But the junior member was not to be bluffed into betraying his own business until the time was ripe.

It was not many days after this conversation that Mrs. MacMahon said to her daughter: "This boy seems to entirely fill the place of a son to your father, I have noticed."

Elisabeth bent her eyes upon her work and her head drooped so low it caused a sudden rush of color to her face.

"Your father says he virtually holds the reins of the business in his hands, and—"

But here, Elisabeth, for fear the beating of her heart must be heard across the room, dropped her work and fled.

As is often the case with parents, in their eyes the junior partner, despite his years and career, was still a boy, and Elisabeth still a little girl. The flight of years to the MacMahons senior had meant only the accumulation of greater wealth, but to the two young people, growing into manhood and womanhood under each other's eyes, life wore a more varied and iridescent hue, and the juxtaposition of such inflammable substances as two young, untried hearts, made the outcome obvious to everybody but those most concerned.

It was therefore in a state of serenity and peace that MacMahon sat one evening, after his wife and daughter had left him alone, and evolved more far-reaching plans for the Bonanza company when, in time, its financial legs should be strong enough for the stride. With this cool young head and firm hand at the helm, there was no reason, he believed, why the Bonanza should not crush out all its competitors. And the circling smoke clouds that rose from his pipe formed castles in the air of wealth and power and peace of mind. Everything in his life, so far, had gone exactly as he had ordered it, and that his lucky star might some day set had grown to seem impossible.

So lost was he in the maze of his projects, the knock at the door of his den brought him to himself with a start. But the figure in the doorway of the junior partner of his thoughts sent the smoke-wreaths flying still higher, for having his right-hand man to talk with was better even than the company of his own thoughts.

"And now for the subject you've promised me a hearing on," interrupted the young man, after the future of the Bonanza had been dealt with and the castles in the air had reached the ceiling.

"Yes, yes, that wedding trip of yours," MacMahon laughed; "let's have the whole story," and he seated himself back in his cushions, near to the point of intoxication with complacency. "Go on, go on!" he finally had to urge, for the eloquence of the younger man had suddenly forsaken him; "have I guessed right?"

"Yes," the young fellow answered, laconically, and as there was again a pause, MacMahon splashed into the breach with a ready homily on the propriety of such a step, ending with a flourishing eulogy of the merits of moral integrity. "All right, my boy," he repeated, "I'll do the right thing by you and give you a month off to celebrate, but tell me first who the lucky girl is."

"Elisabeth."

"My God!"

For an instant the young man's concern was turned from his own case to the stricken face opposite.

Then "No, no, young man, it can't be!" he breathed, heavily.

"Why not? Haven't you always treated me as a son in this house? Why do you object?"

"No, no, it can't be," the father of Elisabeth reiterated; "go away, youngster," he pleaded, falling instinctively into the manner of the dead Humboldt days.

In the vigor of his youth and strength the young man towered over the older one, and MacMahon realized for the first time how completely the tables were turned.

"What is your reason?" he demanded; "am I not good enough for your daughter?"

"No."

"I'm not saying I am, but that's not your reason." There was not a varying shade of thought in MacMahon's mind his son had not learned to read.

MacMahon sat silent.

"I suppose you know that if you don't give your consent I'll marry Elisabeth without it."

"No!" This time the father's tones struck fire; "you'll not!"

"Then tell me why," threatened the young fellow, "or—"

MacMahon turned and watched the moonlight through the tree-tops, fixed his attention on the chim-

ing of a distant bell, then let his eyes wander carefully over the objects in the room. The stroke of doom must fall, but it might be delayed a few seconds.

"Remember I'm going to marry her anyway," repeated the young man, "with your consent or without it." And MacMahon knew his man.

There was no other way. Without raising his eyes, without turning his chair to face his listener, MacMahon told the story that no other circumstance under heaven could have extracted from him. The story of the squaw, his part in inciting the riots among the Indians, his desertion of the boy and his mother, seeing for the first time in its full force the despicable part he had played.

His story ended, he spoke of a compensation to his son in money, but there was no rejoinder. Still MacMahon did not raise his eyes.

The ticking of the clock on the mantle-piece grew into a booming to the tense nerves of the two men. The shadows of the moonlight floated in a fantastic dance across the wall. The street sounds rose in a muffled whir through the heavily curtained windows, but neither man moved nor spoke.

At last the young fellow arose deliberately, closed the door carefully behind him, and the father heard his son mounting the stairs to his own room.

"Which force is dominant now?" MacMahon fell to wondering, and again the picture of that early struggle arose in his mind.

It may have been an hour later when a shot from the upper room pierced the silence like a cry. And still an hour later when the street door slammed and the happy laughter of Elisabeth reached her father's ears as she ran upstairs.

When the cold gray dawn crept into the curtained den, it found the man in the chair in the same position. And when a bolder gleam of light sought him out and rested upon him, it revealed the figure of an old man—broken, feeble, ruined in fortune, his gray head bowed in disgrace.

MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1903.

MODERN STEAMSHIP PALACES.

Remarks on Staterooms—The Limit in Steamship Size—The "Kaiser" at Dock—Old Ships, New Ships—Witticisms and Waiters—Transatlantic Speed.

In the modern twenty-thousand-ton passenger steamships, the perfection of comfort has been attained. If the size of vessels is still further increased, we may expect a contraction of comfort again in order to utilize all the available space by dividing it into the greatest possible number of rooms.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Van Fletch; but the passengers in the rooms adjoining can not sleep by reason of your typewriter."

The above interpolated interruption was not unexpected. It came from my very worthy, intelligent, and polite room-steward on the new *Kaiser Wilhelm II* the morning after leaving Cherbourg on June 10, 1903. It was, in fact, a contradiction of the opening paragraph of my letter. I had taken my typewriter into bed with me, as is my custom in the early morning whenever any ideas have hatched during sleep, and had begun to write my appreciation of having a fine big room all to myself. I hadn't written more than fifty words, and that had not taken more than a minute, so that no one could have been disturbed and know it; but the faithful guardian of our gangway had detected the strange sound of my "Blick," and had rushed to the rescue of the sleepers around me.

The reason for the especial comfort of a twenty-thousand-ton vessel as being superior to smaller vessels, and also to somewhat larger ones, lies in the division of space. On the first little passenger steamers the sleeping accommodations were mere berths, placed along the sides, one above another, from one deck to another. When the steamers became a bit bigger the berths were surrounded by partitions, and the space allotted for getting out of the berths and dressing was kept as small as possible. With the growth in size of steamships, the interior divisions grew to be more generously roomy, until the dimensions of the craft admitted the temptation to build a double row of rooms up and down the length of them, when the cabins were again cramped to uncomfortable proportions to accommodate the new divisions.

On the fifteen-thousand-ton boats the double-row economy narrowed the cabins, but in this magnificent twenty-thousand-ton ship where I am luxuriantly writing, the rooms are as big and the passages are as generous as any one could wish. Two persons may pass each other in the gangways without turning sidewise.

It is a question whether much larger vessels than this new creation of the Germans and the *Celtic* and *Cedric*, of the White Star Line, will be built. If so, the harbors on either side will have to be made deeper. As the land-approaches of the waterways now are, this namesake of the German Kaiser is, like her godparent, about as big and as great as present wharves can accommodate. While in Southampton alongside the wharves, we looked up above two-story warehouses; and from the midship-bridge, where we were standing at the time of departure, we looked over the roofs of maritime Southampton and enjoyed a view of the yacht fleet lying beyond. Coming on board from the London train we had to climb four flights of stairs to the bridge. In a modern house this elevation would have demanded an elevator, and yet there

was as much of our ship below the water-line, as we had climbed through in ascending from wharf to bridge.

I have never felt the complete satisfaction which majestic proportions give on a steamship before. I hadn't thought it possible. There was always a restricted atmosphere and space limitations; but these disappear on the new *Kaiser*. Looking up or down, moving about, or seated in leather lounging-chairs, or on tapestried sofas with satin pillows at your back, the sense of completeness and proportion is fully satisfied. Everything is colossal, but has fine proportion to everything else.

But one's interest in crossing the Atlantic does not centre altogether in the ship. Among three or four hundred first-cabin passengers there are sure to be many to attract attention. If there is no Pierpont Morgan aboard, there may be a John W. Gates; if there is no Mrs. James Brown Potter, there may be a Mr. James Brown Potter; and so on. You always meet Californians wherever anything nice is being handed around, or wherever fun is being enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard are the California guardians on this trip, and splendidly represent the Golden State in this cosmopolitan happening.

How many travelers there are of the present time who do not know the difference between a good steamship and a bad one; between marine comfort of superlative refinement, and marine discomfort of most disagreeable kind? I consider it a privilege to have gone to sea when things afloat were as bad as ever has been, because I am now able to enjoy the present-day comfort with a keenness begotten of contrast. None of you will remember the so-called steamship *Pembroke*, which once distinguished herself by being fired on by the Japanese in the Shimonoseky Straits, but some of you may have seen lying at Esquimalt, B. C., the pioneer steamship on the Pacific Ocean, the side-wheeler *Beaver*. The *Beaver* was one of the first steam vessels to be constructed. She was little more than a hundred feet long, and her paddle-wheels were placed forward of the centre of the ship, with the engine and funnel behind the paddle-boxes. The idea of this odd construction was, I believe, that the paddles could pull better than push.

The *Pembroke* was built a little later than the *Beaver*, but she was not so graceful a model. She was formed like a soda-water bottle, and her engines were so primitive that sometimes they would stop short and refuse to go by any persuasion of steam. We used to call it balking, and the term was well chosen, for her stoppings were similar to those of a balky horse, without rhyme or reason.

As a youngster I served on the *Pembroke*, and can therefore better appreciate the perfection attained in the *Kaiser Wilhelm II*. Old sailors, even those of the "arrested development" order, are proverbial fault-finders. I roamed about this last beautiful creation for two days trying to find fault with her. Then I secured the assistance of Commodore Henry Walters, of the New York Yacht Club, and Admiral William M. Laffan, who commands the *Sun* fleet, but none of us could find a fault of construction or service. "Perfection" was spelled all over the whole vessel, like a health-food advertisement, and all the vinegar we could get out of the conference was a Hibernian witticism from our chairman, Admiral Laffan, who complained that the only fault he could discover was that the "blamed thing was too darned ultimate."

The kitchen below decks is also worthy of great praise. All that the servants have to do is to touch the right buttons, and electricity does all the rest. The only thing done by hand is the serving at table of the food electrically cooked in the galleys. Each waiter has to take the order of his patron directly to the special cook of the dish ordered, and superintend the cooking in accordance with the directions of the order. The cook does the cooking in the presence of the waiter, and the latter returns with a serving so hot that all hands have to wait for it to get cool enough to eat. There are no middle-men or pantry go-betweens or dumb-waiters.

In soeed, the new *Kaiser* is a disappointment, but only about a knot and a half under expectations. They only added eight thousand horse-power to take care of five thousand added tonnage, and it wasn't enough to maintain the speed attained in the *Deutschland* and the *Kronprinz Wilhelm*. The new boat has dropped back to the speed of the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, which is about twenty-two and a half knots an hour, and insures landing on the other side of the water just inside six days. With a free morning at one end of the voyage and a free evening at the other end, the absence from business is reduced to five days only. Another day saved would cost so much in coal and risk that there are doubts if it will be attempted. The Cunard Company, backed by the British treasury, are making a bluff of cutting another day out of the transatlantic voyage, but there is many a German and even many a Scotchman who has doubts.

NEW YORK, June 17, 1903.

VAN FLETCH.

The Mexican Government proposes to compel all signs and advertisements on walls to be in Spanish with, if desired, translations into other languages. It is considered contrary to the dignity of the nation that English signs, now very numerous, should not have their Spanish counterpart.

Many English doctors are now convinced that the eating of pigs' flesh in different forms is largely responsible for the increase of cancer.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Henry James, the novelist, is about to revisit the United States after an absence of twenty-five years. He intends to make a long stay, and subsequently will publish his experiences and impressions of the United States in book-form.

It is announced that the ex-Crown Princess Louise of Saxony is to take up her residence in France with her infant daughter. She will live in a small Provençal château near Vaucluse, now belonging to the heirs of the Comte de Chambord. Her other children will be allowed to visit her occasionally on the express condition that she shall have nothing to do with M. Giron.

Ulysses S. Grant, Third, who recently graduated at West Point, third in a large class, is the son of General Frederick D. Grant and grandson of the famous general, who graduated only twenty-first in a class only one-third as large. It is related that not long ago General Frederick Grant wrote to one of his friends, an instructor at West Point, asking how his son was getting on. He received this terse reply: "DEAR FRED: Don't worry; the boy stands higher in everything than you ever did in anything."

Harold Sterling Vanderbilt, son of William K. Vanderbilt, and younger brother of the Duchess of Marlborough, has just graduated from St. Mark's School, at Southboro, Mass., with unusual honors. He was the winner of three prizes, including the founder's medal, which is awarded the member of the graduating class who stands highest, and also has had specified rank in studies and in conduct in the three years preceding; a scholarship prize in the sixth form; and the Ely prize in the same form for extemporaneous speaking.

One of the Paris papers claims that it has learned the secret of the Humberts' arrest in Spain. It seems that Señor Cotarelo, of Madrid, who informed the French authorities, was not actuated by mercenary but by family motives. His son fell in love with Eve Humbert, and in spite of his father's refusal to allow him to propose, the young man sent letters to his sweetheart through her aunt, Marie Daurignac. The father revealed the whereabouts of the Humberts in order to prevent an elopement. The young man, it is said, intends to go to Paris and carry out his resolve after the trial.

Gabriel Ferrier, who has just been awarded the medal of honor at this year's Salon in Paris, is from the south of France, which furnishes far more than its proportion of great painters—perhaps, as one writer suggests, because the color sense is better developed in its climate. Ferrier went to the Paris school of the Beaux Arts in the 'sixties, and in 1872 Ferrier carried off the Prix de Rome. There he was the pupil of Hébert, who received the Salon medal in 1895. He had a second medal in 1876, a first in 1878, and a gold medal at the exposition of 1889. Ferrier has been a diligent teacher in turn, and some of his pupils attribute their own success to his training.

Major James B. Pond, the well-known lecturer, died at his residence at Jersey City on June 21st, at the age of sixty-five. It was as the manager of the lecture tour of the nineteenth wife of Brigham Young, when she renounced Mormonism, that he got into that class of business. Among the famous men whom he has "managed" were Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Robert G. Ingersoll, Henry Ward Beecher, Bill Nye, Mark Twain, De Witt Talmage, Canon Farrar, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Max O'Rell. He is the author of "Eccentricities of Genius" and "A Summer in England with Henry Ward Beecher." He leaves a widow and two children, Mrs. Edith Brown and James B. Pond, Jr., the former being by his first wife.

The Pope is an indefatigable worker, even in his old age, and he has little patience with laggards and procrastinators. The other day, it is said, a priest came to him with a fine recommendation for his literary ability from Mgr. Nocella. The Holy Father received him graciously and outlined for him several articles, which, he said, must be ready on the following morning. The priest was obliged to sit up all night to finish the work, and in the morning he approached the Holy Father with many misgivings, as he knew that the quality of the articles bore out very poorly Nocella's letter. The Pope glanced over the manuscripts, and then said quietly and in an encouraging tone: "You appear to be better gifted for meditation than for writing. It were better you dedicate yourself to prayer."

"General" Coxey, who gained considerable newspaper notoriety when he led his army of unemployed into Washington nine years ago, is once more in trouble. He left Massillon in 1896 and went to Mount Vernon, where he built a foundry, and has been making steel castings for several years. He has also had a factory for making the silica sand, which is used in open hearth iron furnaces, but both of his concerns are now in the hands of a receiver. William E. Curtis says it is his own fault; that his trouble is due to bad judgment and the worst kind of management. He has had a net income of between \$5,000 and \$6,000 a month, but has become involved in unprofitable contracts and speculations outside his regular business, which have swallowed up his profits and entangled him in complications that he could not straighten out. The receiver is expected to set him on his feet again.

THE CALAVERAS BIG TREES.

Geraldine Bonner at Murphy's Camp—Fine Scenery, a Bad Road,
and a Worse Dinner—The Forest Primeval—
Ferrying the Styx.

Murphy's and the Calaveras Big Trees will forever remain in my mind as the two places on our trip where we got the best and the worst meals. The unartificial outdoor life certainly does develop a high consideration for food in the human animal. I once knew a woman who traveled all over Europe and the only way she remembered places was by the kind of meals she had had. Such a place? Oh, yes, that's where we had the fine *paté de foie gras*; and you know, the caviare in Moscow was wonderfully good, worth going to Russia for! That was the way she talked, and I always thought how horribly greedy it was. Now I find my passage through the mining belt is resolving itself into a series of mental notes as to where the meals were fit to eat and where they were not.

We drove into Murphy's in the early night, overlooked by a red moon, whose ruddy face was barred with little clouds. By its light Murphy's looked like any other place. There was the same street sleeping under the projecting eaves of its arcade, the same concentrating of light and life about the hotel, the same men on the same chairs, the same dogs drowsing in the dust. The men and the dogs rose up when our arrival shook them from the languid interests of their evening rendezvous, and the proprietor came to greet us, with welcome on his lips and a feather duster in his hand.

The next morning we woke to sylvan sounds. A cow with a bell on its neck was grazing somewhere near. There was a twitter of birds in the locusts. The air was sweet and fresh, and the country, seen through the green fringe of drooping foliage, looked rich and well tended. Then we went down to breakfast, through wide, cool passageways, ending in windows closed with iron shutters, as though the hotel had once been a prison. It was an old, cloistral sort of place, and on the search for the dining-room we once found ourselves in a long room full of beds, like a hospital dormitory, and after that confidently entered into somebody's apartment, in which we had a sort of snapshot impression that the occupant still slumbered.

Finally we found the dining-room, and opened the door upon its cool, low-ceilinged bareness. It was absolutely undecorated, save by a few prints and photographs on the wall. We thought of the red and yellow paper streamers that hung from the ceiling at San Andreas, and felt uneasy. But here we had a good breakfast, a breakfast of surprises—even cream in the coffee. Our spirits rose and we decided we would stop a day at Murphy's before we adventured forth to the Big Trees.

There is none of the suggestion of desolation or abandonment of the old mining-camp about Murphy's. It was one of the few places we saw which seemed to have an independent, self-sufficing, local life. It had the completeness within its own borders, the air of living comfortably on itself, of the prosperous village. When the mines gave out it did not tamely throw up the sponge. It set about cultivating its ranches, developing its other resources, and it became a compact, self-supporting, independent country community, thriving and well pleased with itself.

Not that it is marked by any particular strenuousness, a spell of apathy seems to be laid over all this part of California. Angel's was the only place we saw where the inhabitants make any show of energy in the pursuit of their vocations. There is something about the landscape of foothill California that suggests a sprawling, inert laziness. Nature gives in to the power of the sun so quickly and dries up and grows brown without a struggle. There is no spirited upcoming of showers to lay the dust and quench the thirst of the parched soil. The whole panorama of rolling country seems to acquiesce in a sort of idle, slovenly listlessness. The same spirit has invaded the people. Even the sane and comfortable Murphyites are given to spending hours on wooden seats under the arcades, their heels elevated, their hats on their noses. There was a saloon opposite the hotel, and in front of this four or five men sat in arm-chairs all morning. At intervals they spoke one to another, and generally nobody had enough ambition to answer. Down the length of the warm, little street, drowsing under the fringe of its locusts, other men could be observed, either similarly situated, or setting alone, their heels as high up as they could get them, their chairs tilted well back, a spiral of smoke issuing from under their hat brims.

At about 11 A. M. a perfect silence held the town, except for the conversation of the men in front of the saloon. It was very hot; the red dust was unstirred by foot of man or beast. At this stage some one began to play patriotic melodies on the cornet. That stopped even the most determined attempts at small talk, and Murphy's listened passively till the clangor of a bell from the hotel warned them that it was mid-day. Then all the heels came down together, the men in front of the saloon turned with a single movement and went into the haven behind them, and the cornet came to a grgling stop in the middle of "Union Forever."

We took a twenty-four-hour rest before we started for the Big Trees. This we did at eight in the morning, greatly to the indignation of our driver, who kept

insisting on the advantages of starting at four. I told him finally that nothing short of seeing the New Jerusalem would make me get up at four, and that he evidently regarded as conclusive.

They say it is fifteen miles from Murphy's to the Big Trees. I should think myself it was more like twenty—and a hard twenty, up hill the whole way, on a road a foot deep in dust, and worn into a series of chuck-holes by the enormous lumber teams that traverse it. At first there is little beauty in the road—bare, scorched hillsides, with here and there a house or a water-trough; half-destroyed forests, with young pines and firs shooting up round the roots of their slaughtered elders; sometimes a blue distance of mountain flank clothed in ascending files of pines, pointed tier above pointed tier.

But as we ascended higher we came into regions of statelier growths. The great mottled trunks of the yellow pine soared up into aerial heights, whence dreamy whisperings came to our ears. The sugar-pine stretched out dark foliage in far-flung branches, each weighted with a drooping cone. The woods became quiet, the underbrush thin. Now and then the tinkle of running water came from a twilight of overlapping leaves, where golden motes of sun danced on broken shallows. Once or twice in the thick-netted solemn greenery we saw a spattering of the dogwood's white blossoms, a light, coquettish note against that dignity of mighty trunk and mossy limb.

It was midday when we reached a clearing with a rambling, old hotel in the middle of it, and were told we had arrived. We were also told that we must eat our dinner here before we started out for the trees, and being both tired and hungry, we agreed. Four other people appeared upon the scene, also demanding dinners, and we all lined up on the balcony in hair-cloth chairs, and hungrily waited.

Over that dinner I will draw a veil. Yet I have wondered since if it could have been so bad, because I noticed our driver partaking of it heartily, and two of the four strangers—girls in shirt-waists and modish stocks—seemed to be able to cope with it. There was a dish of some strange meat fragments that I told my companion I thought were pieces of a mammoth they had discovered under the prehistoric trees, and were chopping little bits off every day. I ate horse in Paris—ate it innocently all winter and thought it was beef—but it did not taste anything like as queer as that Big Tree mammoth.

But the trees themselves—they make up for everything. They grow scattered in an elongated strip of woodland among great pines and firs that without them to measure by would be giants, too. There is a curious hush in that green solitude which makes one want to tread softly and speak low. Now and then, sad, sea-like murmurings come from aloft, but for the most part an extraordinary and mysterious silence and quietude reigns in this world of vast, primordial forms. We lay down on our cloaks, our heads pillowed on dead branches, and looked up. The stillness of the early earth reigned about us, not a breath of air stirred above. Foliage, fern-fine, was printed on the blue sky, like seaweed outspread on a card. Away in the woodland, knocking on the silence as if anxious to get into this still, sequestered corner of the gigantic past, a woodpecker struck on a tree trunk. A cone fell, a vagrant zephyr passed above, and æolian sounds of indescribable harmonious softness followed it.

"There were giants in those days," Genesis says. There must have been giants to match such growths as these. Did the mammoth and mastodon range under the enormous boughs, rubbing their sides against the rough bark? Looking down the forest aisles, where here and there a towering red shaft rises, one can almost see the huge form of some shaggy, prehistoric brute, nosing about among the underbrush, throwing a tusked mouth aloft, pausing in its slow stroll to lift a listening head, and then send forth a tremendous bellow for its mate.

One of the most curious things about the trees is their suggestion of youth and vitality. They were standing thus when Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt; when the Roman legionaries were invading the matted forests and pestilential fens of Britain æons had passed over them; when Christ was crucified they were old. Yet their foliage is thick, and is a bright, rich green, beautifully clear and vivid against their barks. They show few, almost no, dead limbs, and the red color of their trunks is fresh and bright. Coming close to them they look rough, almost shaggy, as if their barks had something of the nature of a hide. They do not suggest a green old age, but a perennial youth, as though the sap rose strong and juicy in them, and their roots sucked a vivifying nutriment from the earth's bosom.

Our last long drive was from Angel's to Sonora, and we had great difficulty in getting a carriage, as an Italian picnic was on for that day and all the available vehicles within a radius of ten miles were pressed into the service. We were so delayed by our repeated telephonings and importunities to distant livery stables to rent us any form of vehicle into which we and our baggage could be stowed, that it was eight o'clock in the evening before we got started. We had managed, however, to get an excellent team and a good driver, an advantage, as our road lay over a series of mountain spurs and the moon did not rise till near eleven.

That was a drive of weird, inky darkness and adventurous suggestion. For an hour light lingered on the tops of the ridges we crossed, while the hollows

between lay filled to the brim with a soft blackness. Skimming along the crest of the ridge we could see the west still suffused with a faint, grayish pallor, and by its fading gleam make out the forms of rounded oaks in the fields and the pale line of the road. Then on the top of the descent we paused, the driver set the brake, and we dove down into black and blacker depths. The air grew warmer as we went down. We seemed to pass into caverns of darkness, and descending at what appeared an amazing slant of steepness, turn loop after loop, the harness creaking, the brake grinding on the wheel.

The night was fully established, the sky peppered with innumerable stars, when, after a long downward passage through pitch blackness, we emerged in an open space—we were in a crevice between two looming mountain shapes. A river of darkness separated them. We could hear the clinking of its current, and now and then the starlight struck a lazy gleam from its ripples. In the silence of the night the driver raised a stentorian shout, and presently a sleepy voice answered it. A dim shape appeared at the horses heads and led them forward. We could descry nothing beyond them, and as we advanced we saw them shrink and go charily. Then there was a jouncing and bumping and a hollow rumble from beneath the wheels.

We were on a flat-boat—what they call in the East a scow. A something tremulous and smooth in our motion told us we were in mid stream. An oily ripple or two gleamed in the starlight. There was a dog on the boat with us, and we could see his quick, dark bulk moving round the man. Presently in the perfect blackness and silence this man struck a match. It cut a little round spot of yellow on the night and gilded his face and the watch he held open, so that he looked like a picture painted on a black background. Then the match dropped, a spark to the deck, and the picture vanished.

"Ten o'clock," came a voice from the obscurity: "you ought to make Sonora in an hour and a half."
SONORA, June 14, 1903. GERALDINE BONNER.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

Songs of Iscalt Deserted.

I.

I do not pray for thee, most dear of all.
That ever in soft ways thy feet may fall.
For well I know that wheresoe'er thou art
Thy feet must tread forever on my heart!

I pray thee only to walk gently, sweet,
Nor press too sharply with too cruel feet:
Remember thou how soft the way must be,
How soft—and ah, how sad—and pity me!

II.

Should we have loved if we had known
That love would bring one day such pain?
I can not tell—I only kiss
The pillow where your head has lain.

Should we have loved if we had known
That love would go to come no more?
I can not tell—I only stand
And sob before a fast-closed door.

III.

Since you are gone, all dull my life has grown,
Idle among my empty days I stand:
They pass and pass, and leave me here alone—
Ah, sweet, your hand that turned upon my hand!

Since you are gone, gone are the joys I knew,
Slowly from out the sky the long night slips:
And my arms ache with emptiness of you—
Ah, sweet, your lips that trembled on my lips!

Since you are gone, the world is grown too wide,
With cruel miles that hold us two apart:
I sit and watch the white road weary-eyed—
Ah, sweet, your heart that beat against my heart!
—Josephine Daskam in June Century Magazine.

The Closed Door.

I never crossed your threshold with a grief
But that I went without it; never came
Heart-hungry but you fed me, eased the flame,
And gave the sorrow solace and relief.

I never left you but I took away
The love that drew me to your side again
Through that wide door that never could remain
Quite closed between us for a little day.

Oh, Friend, who gave and comforted, who knew
So over-well the want of heart and mind?
Where may I turn for solace now, or find
Relief from this unceasing loss of you?

Be it for fault, for folly, or for sin,
Oh, terrible my penance, and most sore—
To face the tragedy of that closed door
Whereby I pass and may not enter in.
—Theodosia Garrison in Bazar.

Till We Meet Again.

Although my feet may never walk your ways,
No other eyes will follow you so far;
No voice rise readier to ring your praise,
Till the swift coming of those future days
When the world knows you for the man you are.

You must go on and I must stay behind.
We may not fare together, you and I.
But, though the path to Fame be steep and blind,
Walk, strong and steadfastly, before mankind,
Because my heart must follow till you die.

Steadfast and strongly, scorning mean success,
Lenient to others—to yourself severe.

If you must fail, fail not in nobleness,
God knows all other failure I could bless

That sent you back to find your welcome here.

—Caroline Duer in Scribner's Magazine.

A French firm of perfume makers, which offered \$4,000 in prizes for an advertising poster, received no less than 1,800, of which 300 were purchased,

ROSTAND'S RECEPTION.

Apotheosis of the Author of "L'Aiglon" at the French Academy—Brilliant Scene in the Reception Hall—Notabilities Who were Present—The New Immortal's Speech.

There is always a rush for places when a new immortal is created at the French Academy, but never has anything been known to equal the excitement over the Rostand reception. Edmond Rostand has made a profound impression on French letters. France is the country where the highest honors are paid to men who win their spurs in the field of letters, and Rostand has certainly forged his way to the front rank of our literary lights. He is a most interesting person in many ways: he is young, he is handsome, he is talented, he is melancholy, but, alas, he is married! All these things are calculated to interest the feminine world, except the last; but even with this drawback, the women have been among the most assiduous pushers for admission to his reception.

Many American ladies when abroad harass their unfortunate husbands with their complaints concerning the difficulties of securing admission to such events as these. The wife of a senator or judge or other prominent person in the States can not understand why her husband is not able to secure seats with the utmost ease. Therefore, the American husband often spends a bad quarter of an hour when an Academy reception takes place. For the benefit of such ladies, I may say that in this particular case it was extremely difficult even for Frenchmen of great distinction to gain admission. The number of places is restricted—there are only about fifteen hundred seats in the Hall of the Institute—and the demand for tickets of admission was so great that it was rumored that as much as one thousand francs had been offered for a place and refused. It goes without saying, however, that the tickets are not for sale, and most of those fortunate enough to receive them would not for a moment consider selling them.

In order to secure good places even those who had tickets were forced to take extreme means. There are no reserved seats at the institute—"first come, first served." Therefore, many people having tickets hired poor persons to remain in line all night at the door of the institute in order to keep places for them which they could occupy in the morning.

The audience was a very distinguished one. Not only the fine flower of society was there, but also the notabilities of the dramatic and literary firmament. Among the distinguished ladies present was Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, dressed in a bewitching gray coat, and wearing a most becoming green hat. She was one of the first to arrive, and was seated between her son, Maurice, and the artist, George Clairin. Mme. Bartet was also very handsomely gowned. She is the present head of the younger actresses of Paris, being at the Théâtre Français. She was seated next to M. Coquelin and M. Mounet-Sully. Mme. le Bargy and Mme. Baillet were other notable artists present. Sprinkled about the hall I also noticed the Comtesse Greffulhe, Mme. Emile Deschanel, Mme. de Saint Victor, the Baronne de Bourgoing (Mlle. Reichenberg), Mme. Jules Claretie, Mme. de Pienebourg (accompanied by her daughter, Mme. de Lassale), the Comtesse de Loynes, Mme. Henri Germain, Mme. Strauss, the Comtesse Henry Housaye, Mme. Alexandre Dumas, Mme. Leon Fould, Mme. Fouquier and her daughter, M. and Mme. Catulle Mendès, M. Lépine, the Vicomte d'Avenel, M. Francis Chalmes, M. Ganderax, M. Fontane, M. and Mme. Mante, Mme. de Margerie, Mme. Gaston Boissier, Mme. Bornier, the Comtesse de Vogué, Comte and Comtesse Iean and Stanislas de Castellane, the Comtesse de Franqueville, the Comtesse d'Hanssonville, and Princess de Caramon-Chimay.

The cynosure of all eyes, of course, was Mme. Rostand, who was accompanied by her two young sons, Maurice and Jean, dressed in black velvet. Mme. Rostand was very simply gowned in a dainty dress of pearl white gauze, and wore a pretty rice-colored straw hat trimmed with pink roses. Another notable spectator was Mme. Dieulafoy, the famous lady explorer, whom the government permits to wear masculine garb, owing to the habit she acquired while traveling. She attracted much attention in her black frock coat with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in its lanel.

The proceedings began at two o'clock when Vicomte Melchior de Vogue delivered his speech of reception. M. Rostand followed, and was greeted with great applause. He looked very well in the gorgeous gold lace and green coat of the Academy, which buttons closely up to the chin. His pale and handsome face, with its poetic tinge and his drooping Velasquez mustache, his deep, dreamy eyes—this ensemble made a very striking figure. The two "godfathers" who accompanied him were M. Paul Hervieu, the dramatist, and M. Jules Claretie, the director of the Théâtre Français. As is the custom, M. Rostand made his speech largely in the shape of an address on his predecessor, Henri de Bornier. The speech was too long, naturally, to be more than mentioned here.

The close of his address was variously received. Mme. Rostand contented herself with weeping tears of pleasure, while the two little boys applauded their father frantically. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, however, was more affectionate than Mme. Rostand, for she threw herself into Rostand's arms and kissed him on both cheeks. Sarah is nothing if not dramatic. Mme. de Margerie, the poet's sister, who came expressly

from Washington to be present, shook her brother warmly by both hands. François Coppée, himself one of France's leading poets, was warm in his praise, and declared that "Rostand to-day proves himself to be as great an orator as he is a poet."

There is no doubt that Rostand's friends were much relieved when he completed his address. For, with these geniuses, it is difficult at times to tell what they will do. It is the general opinion that when the Emperor and Empress of Russia came to France, Rostand, in his poem to the empress, rather made an ass of himself. It was feared that he might lose his head on the present occasion. But all fears have been removed.

It may impress Americans and Englishmen to see what an event is the election of this young man to a purely literary body. He is only thirty-five years old, and he has written a few poems and half a dozen plays. Yet he has so profoundly impressed the French people, which means literary Europe—which means the literary world—that all France hastens to do him honor. There are those who question the proud claim of France to stand at the head of the world in art and letters, but in what other country in the world could such a manifestation take place? ST. MARTIN.

PARIS, June 7, 1903.

ARE SAILORS PATRIOTIC?

Albert Sonnichsen's Views.

In conversation with Albert Sonnichsen, whose "Deep Sea Vagabonds" was reviewed at length in the *Argonaut* a few weeks ago, the writer incidentally referred to the following story of Jacob A. Riis, in his autobiography, "The Making of an American," in which he relates how, while visiting his old home in Denmark, he realized for the first time that he was really a full-fledged American:

"It was when I went back to Denmark to see my mother once more and, wandering about the country of my childhood's memories, had come to the city of Elsinore. There I fell ill of a fever and lay many weeks in the house of a friend upon the shore of the beautiful Oeresund. One day when the fever had left me they rolled my bed into a room overlooking the sea. The sunlight danced upon the waves, and the distant mountains of Sweden were blue against the horizon. Ships passed under full sail up and down the great waterway of the nations. But the sunshine and the peaceful day bore no message to me. I lay moodily picking at the coverlet, sick and discouraged and sore—I hardly knew why myself. Until all at once there sailed past, close inshore, a ship flying at the top the flag of freedom, blown out on the breeze till every star in it shone bright and clear. That moment I knew. Gone were illness, discouragement, and gloom! Forgotten weakness and suffering, the cautions of doctor and nurse. I sat up in bed and shouted, laughed and cried by turns, waving my handkerchief to the flag out there. They thought I had lost my head, but I told them no, thank God! I had found it, and my heart, too, at last. I knew then that it was my flag; that my children's home was mine, indeed; that I also had become an American in truth. And I thanked God, and, like unto the man sick of the palsy, arose from my bed and went home, healed.

"Don't you think that's a bit emotional—a sort of pose?" asked Mr. Sonnichsen.

"Do you think such a man as Riis, who has done so much for New York's poor, would be guilty of posing?" queried the writer, evasively.

Whereupon the modest Mr. Sonnichsen disclaimed any intimate knowledge of Mr. Riis, and tactfully turned the conversation into other channels. It was not until the writer had reached the last chapter of "Deep Sea Vagabonds," and learned the young author's creed, that he could understand what prompted Mr. Sonnichsen to doubt Riis's sincerity. He writes:

I have sometimes thought that the five years I have spent in wandering over the globe have killed all patriotism within me. If by patriotism we mean love of and blind allegiance to one particular flag and one particular geographical division of land, to the exclusion of the rest of the great world, it is true. Travel has had that effect on me as well as on many others. From what I have seen it has that effect on any person, that is, if his eyes are open to other things besides art galleries, cathedrals, or Alpine mountains. Take an average American and let him travel, let him wander through foreign lands for years, mixing with their peoples, fighting for his bread side by side with the workers of other nations, always in close human touch with his changing environments, learning other tongues than his own, meeting men with different ideas of patriotism than his own, making friends of those men, and in that man, be he American or Turk, there will come a chance, unconscious at first, but to be realized afterward—when he returns. In some men this change will take place more slowly than in others, but, under like conditions, it comes to all. It may take some time to remove that deep reverence for the state which made itself greatest of all by producing his own important self, but if his intellect is at all expansive, if he is not a thorough egotist, he will soon perceive that his state or town isn't running a monopoly on true, brave men by any means. He will learn that humanity is about the same the world over, and that high ideals aren't peculiar to any one race or nation. He begins to see that, compared to the rest of the world, his own little home section isn't the whole thing by a great deal. Then he comes home. The ship glides into harbor, and for the first time since he left he catches sight of the flag for which he was taught so deep a reverence, flapping over some fort or public building. A faint flutter comes to his heart, but he is somewhat surprised to note just how faint that flutter is.

After awhile, when he is again ashore mixing with his own people, Mr. Sonnichsen says he will know why:

A passing discourtesy leads him to suspect that this is not the most courteous of peoples. By the end of the day he is sure of it. Unconsciously he has become wonderfully observant, and mentally he compares things here with things in other places. Then he picks up a newspaper, and, as he reads, the old boyish illusions go withering. A band passes up the street playing "Yankee Doodle." He laughs, it strikes him as funny, until he remembers with a start how it used to thrill him. Mentally he compares it to the "Marsellaise," and then he must laugh again. Passing a street-corner he hears and sees a political campaign orator holding forth on the tail of a dunce. The gentleman in a high plug-hat is telling what a wonderful people we are, and at the same time what a cow-

ardly lot that half of the nation is which won't vote his way. This seems humorous, and our friend laughs, but the speaker's blazing eyes are not the eyes of a humorist. To a man just returned from abroad this is rather confusing. It even seems a little bit inconsistent, and still, in his boyhood days, those words would have brought tears from his eyes and cheers from his lips. Now they fall flat. The eagle's scream has sunk to a mere cock's crow.

Thus his boyish ideals go on shriveling. At first he is alarmed:

Has he lost his love of country, noblest of all emotions? He continues his walk and comes to a large building from which thousands of children are pouring out. Some are ragged and poor, but they all carry books. Then, to his intense gratification, a glow of pride thrills him, as he notes that this school-house is larger than any he has seen in other countries. He watches the children, and among them finds types of all nations; a little brown imp of a Japanese boy is skylarking with his white mates, a little negro girl is walking arm in arm with a red-haired companion of undoubted Irish extraction. A lump rises in his throat—somehow he notes these things more than the flag that floats over the roof. And years ago he might have shouted "Nigger, nigger!" But on the whole, as the day goes by, these thrills of pride don't come any too often. And he has felt those thrills abroad, too. A month passes, or perhaps a year, and then this man realizes that in the common acceptance of the meaning he has lost his patriotism; he is a man without a country.

And here, says Mr. Sonnichsen, is unfortunately where the lessons cease to teach some men:

Having lost their old faith, none rises to take its place. Expatriated indeed they are, citizens of no country, brother to no man. These are the soldiers of fortune. Better for them if they had never left home.

But our average man isn't of this kind; and I firmly believe he belongs to a majority. If he is a man with the power of right thought, a new faith will rise to take the place of the old dead one—a new faith, more sublime, more glorious. He has lost his citizenship of country only to gain the greater citizenship of the world. He has lost the fellowship of his townsmen only to regain it in the wider brotherhood of all living men. His human interests have spread to all lands. And this will give him just as many thrilling emotions if he is of the emotional kind. Only they will not be caused by tales of battles and massacres wherein men who wear blue uniforms do all sorts of brave acts of violence against men who wear uniforms of another color—all for the lust of fight. He will want to know what the fight was all about before he can get any thrills out of it. It will be when he hears of new and more liberal laws enacted in oppressed lands, of slaves liberated from bondage, and the progress of human enlightenment and scientific discoveries, whether in the land of his birth or any other, that his heart will move on a few beats faster. For this man the newspaper is the most emotional kind of literature.

After all, this man has a flag, for his is the milk-white flag of universal justice, and under it he will enlist when a right cause demands, to fight, whether with gun or pen or speech, even if it should unfortunately be against the government under which he was by accident born. And this man has as much right to say "This is my own, my native land," as any swashbuckling jinghist that ever drew sword for evil cause, only, in saying it, his vision passes beyond the mountains and seas that bound the land of his birth. There have been many such men; Thomas Paine, Lafayette, Von Steuben, and Kosciuszko were such; such a man was Daniel Defoe; there have been more since their times, there will be still more in the future, and when they grow numerous, wars will cease, boundary lines will fade, warships will have to go into the freight business, and soldiers will have to direct their energies to more productive and more honest ends.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Major-General Frank Wheaton, one of the best known of American army officers, died at Washington, D. C., on June 18th, at the age of seventy years. He was a native of Rhode Island, and entered the service as a first lieutenant of cavalry in March, 1855. His Civil War record was unusually brilliant, and was marked with five brevets. These were as lieutenant-colonel for service at the Battle of the Wilderness; as colonel for services at the Battle of Cedar Creek, Va.; brigadier-general for services in the capture of Petersburg; and as major-general for gallant and meritorious services during the war. In addition to these brevets in the regular establishment, he was brevetted major-general of volunteers for service at the Battles of Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Middletown, Va.

According to the dispatches, the Vatican has received a strong report from the friars in the Philippines against the apostolic delegate, Mgr. Guidi, saying that he is entirely in the hands of Governor Taft, whom they call an agent of the Freemasons, with an intention to banish, not only Roman Catholicism, but Christianity, from the archipelago. They urgently request the Vatican to order Mgr. Guidi to follow a different policy, and to use all influence possible for the recall of Governor Taft. They favor the appointment of General Leonard Wood, who, they say, would as easily settle Roman Catholic questions in the Philippines as he did those in Cuba.

Arrangements have been made for a steamship service, on which three five-thousand-ton steamers will be placed, between Java and China and Japan, connecting at Yokohama with the Oriental fleets on the Pacific. The steamers, which will commence a monthly service in September, are the *Tjipanas*, *Tjilatjap*, and *Tjimahi*, one of which was built in England and the others in Holland. All fly the Dutch flag.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* should have said not merely that "most Boston people," but that most people throughout the country, "believe that the Liberty Bell once hung in Faneuil Hall, and that there the Declaration of Independence was signed."

Six army officers were recently ordered before a court-martial at the Fort Leavenworth school because they had neglected their studies, and had in consequence been found deficient on examination.

LITERARY NOTES.

Europe's Courts Through a Woman's Eyes.

No more absorbing volume of letters has appeared for many a long day than that of Mme. Waddington, a daughter of a fine old American family, who married a distinguished French publicist, and accompanied him when he went as representative of France to the coronation of Czar Alexander the Third, at Moscow, and, later, while he was French ambassador to England. These "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife" are vivacious, clever, unaffected epistles to her sisters, written while impressions were still fresh, charmingly irrelevant, indeed grouping together in a single paragraph princes' visits and servants' squabbles, the chit-chat of queens and troubles with dressmakers.

When her husband told her they were to represent France at the coronation, Mme. Waddington was in distress. "I am a perfect poltroon," she writes; "I am so afraid they will take advantage of that crowd to blow up everybody." However, they prepared to go. The horse question was a difficult one. They sent to Luxembourg for nine enormous carrossiers for the "gala carriage," and the coachmen quarreled over who should drive it. "Yesterday I tried twelve dresses," writes Mme. Waddington in one letter, and a little later, "I suppose I shall take about eighteen dresses in all," and "I have taken all the jewels the family own," which she scattered about in her trunks, "wrapped up with silk stockings, etc." This could not have been quite *de rigueur*, for when Mme. Waddington, in Berlin, confided the fact to Princess Guillaume Radziwill, the latter was "horrorified." Hers, it seems, were in "little leather bags around her waist," and not "very comfortable all night, with pins, brooches, etc., running into her." One would think not!

These little things are amusing and entertaining enough, but the glimpses of the great earth are quite as interesting. In Berlin, M. Waddington met Bismarck, and there was an audience with the emperor. In Moscow, of course, they saw the grand procession through the city to the Kremlin, the Czar "riding quite alone in front on his little white horse which he had ridden in the Turkish campaign." Next day, Mme. Waddington had her audience with the Czarina, passing through a seemingly interminable series of rooms, till finally she and her escort passed "two colossal negroes in Asiatic costume, cashmeres, turbans, and scimitars," and the princess said: "J'ai l'honneur d'annoncer l'ambassadrice de France." "I think I stayed," writes Mme. Waddington, "about twenty minutes with the empress." They talked about—dressmakers! A few days later the "ambassadrice" records dancing with the Czar and "performing five duchesses in a single morning."

We have no space to note the many striking incidents of Mme. Waddington's years in London, her meeting with all the notabilities, and her audiences with the queen. But through it all she remained American. It is indeed amusing to note how things European recall incidents of her girlhood—for example, the scanty harness on Russian horses the time when she and her sisters drove at a trot down the hill at Oyster Bay, when the horse had no breeching. The editor has shown rather rare good judgment in leaving as they were various misspellings in the letters. They rather endeavor to us their author. She invariably spells it "polygot," and in one place we find her speaking of not being so "souple" as some ladies. For all the world like an old serving-woman!

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A Novel of War Time.

The faithfulness of the old, war-time slave and his many heroic acts of devotion are subjects for the novelist no less trite than the love of the Southern girl for the Northern officer, and yet in "Old Squire," B. K. Benson depicts a familiar character at once so lovable and so true that interest in his fate is aroused, and one is impelled to read the book to the end. And not entirely with the old colored man is the story concerned. Battles are won and lost, Mosby's guerrillas make daring coups, and there are thrilling midnight adventures by various scouting parties. Throughout, the author evidently has made a very determined effort to follow closely historical facts in so far as his story deals with the great conflict between the North and the South, and, as explained in an introductory note, wherein the book departs from history, characters are affected rather than events.

The nobleness of the army surgeon is set forth in the character of Dr. Lacy, who, al-

though in the enemy's country, and his company forced to retreat, determines to remain with his patient, even at the risk of capture. The doctor holds rather nice views as to the duties of non-combatants, and to what extent circumstances may affect the terms of a truce. He is the soul of honor, and ever true to his patient. Of course, the latter is a Northern officer, and it needs must be that his nurse is a pretty rebel. Just what the outcome of such conditions must be we will leave for the delectation of the reader.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

In the new volume of poems which Rudyard Kipling is to issue in the autumn under the title of "The Five Nations," there will be twenty-five compositions which have never before been published. The "Recessional" is, of course, to be included in the collection, appearing for the first time within the covers of a book.

Ernest Thompson Seton has nearly completed his "Two Little Savages," which was suggested to him by the readers of his serial articles, whom he asked to state what kind of hook they wanted. The many answers the author received showed him that the boys wanted a hook telling just what they themselves could do; how they could hunt, camp, and study the wild animals in the woods; in short, to live the life of wild Indians. Mrs. Seton has designed the details of the book. There will be many illustrations by the author.

"Robert Morris: Patriot and Financier," is the title finally selected for the forthcoming biography of Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer. The Macmillan Company announce the volume for publication during this month. The illustrations will include, among others, two portraits of Morris and one of his wife.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, author of "Palladia" and "The Splendid Porsenna," has written a new romance on the older days of Japan. It is called "The Stolen Emperor."

Two new books on Poe are announced for early publication. They are "Poe's Best Tales," with a series of analytic and critical introductions by Sherwin Cody, director of the Lake Bluff School of English, Lake Bluff, Ill., and a companion volume of "Poe's Best Poems and Essays," with a new biographical and critical study by Mr. Cody. The books will be uniform with the editor's "World's Greatest Short Stories" and "Best English Essays."

The next volume of Matilde Serao's novels translated from the Italian will be "Sister Joan of the Cross," which will probably make its appearance in the fall. It is the story of a poor little nun, who, after forty years at a convent, is turned out into the world because the order to which she belongs is dissolved by the government. The scene is laid in Italy and not in France, but the action of the story is probably suggestive of what for the last few months has been actually taking place in the latter country.

"To California and Back" is the title of a book by C. A. Higgins and Charles A. Keeler, which is in press for early publication. The authors describe, for Easterners, the southern journey through New Mexico and Arizona, via the Grand Cañon, to Southern California, while the description of the way back is the usual one through the Central West. There will be about one hundred and fifty illustrations.

Alice Morse Earle has gathered for her forthcoming book, "Two Centuries of Costume in America, 1620-1820," over five hundred photographs of portraits from which she will select illustrations of costumes for the volume.

Besides bringing his "History of Our Own Times" up to the death of Queen Victoria (at present it extends only to the late queen's diamond jubilee), Justin McCarthy is now writing a book which will be an account of his own early days in Ireland and his literary beginnings there, and of his experiences in politics, journalism, and authorship in both England and America. These recollections will be published first in serial form.

"Miracles and Supernatural Religion" is the title of a little book of about one hundred and fifty pages, by James Morris Whiton, Ph. D., which the Macmillan Company will shortly issue. Dr. Whiton's object is to clear up certain ideas about miracles in the present "drift period" of theology.

"J. O. Jones and How He Earned His Living" is the title of a story for boys by R. S. Warren Bell, which the Macmillan Company has recently imported.

PATRIOTIC VERSE.

Nathan Hale.

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight,
He seeks the Briton's camp,
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns,
By the gaunt and shadowy pine:
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance—
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a still clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is hound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spent wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of HALE shall burn!

—Francis M. Finch.

Warren's Address.

Stand! the ground's your own, my graves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you!—they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Lead on rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may,—and die we must:
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consign'd so well,
As where Heaven's dew shall shed
On the martyr'd patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell?—John Pierpont.

The Flag Goes By.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!
Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.
Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the state;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong,
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor, all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.
Hats off! —Henry Holcomb Bennett.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Play in Ovo.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's latest novel, "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," shows through a too thin integumentary investiture the angular skeleton of a four-act play, and here is how it goes:

Act one. Scene: Room 1086, sixth floor of the fashionable hotel, Stuyvesantia, New York. Chambermaid making up the bed and soliloquizing. Enters a detective, looks all about the room, ogles the chambermaid, disappears. Exit chambermaid. Enters messenger-boy with parcel. Waits. Enters, then, Mrs. Hatch, thirty-two or thereabouts, beautiful, and with an air of personal distinction. Exit messenger-boy. Enters boy with card of Mr. Jack Adrian. "Show him up," Enters Adrian, a nice young man. "You were so good to me on that long trip from San Francisco. Now I must tell you the truth. I am a divorced woman." Adrian visibly shocked. "You are going to be married I know—be good to her, be good to her!" Exit Adrian. Enters Lawyer Cleve. "I have only one request—let me see my daughter before she is married. Think! it is ten years! I was innocent!" Cleve visibly affected. Sends for Mrs. Hatch's sometime husband. "Oh, let me see my daughter!" Tears and entreaties. "Granted, but you must not speak to her." Exeunt lawyer and client. Mrs. Hatch sinks to her knees. Curtain.

Act two. Scene: Central Park, May Day. Crowds of children. Enters Mrs. Hatch, nervous. Enters old servant. They embrace. Appears among the children as protectress Gladys, daughter of Mrs. Hatch. Mrs. Hatch, in tears, looks longingly from an arbor at her daughter. Exit Gladys. "I must see her again, oh, I must see her again." A plot! "I shall see her once more before I die." Curtain.

Act three. Scene: Home of Gladys. Gladys's father tells Adrian the truth. Wedding presents being unpacked. Great jollity. Gladys sober. "I wish my real mother were here now." Enters Mrs. Hatch with wedding-dress, disguised as the modiste's assistant.

But it would be improper to reveal more than this, for in the third act the situation becomes dramatic, and in the fourth the tangle is unraveled. The story is bright, interesting, and thoroughly readable, but marked by no great psychological insight.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

The War Lord Articulate.

"The Kaiser's Speeches" is scarcely an accurate title for the volume which has been prepared by Wolf von Schierbrand, formerly Associated Press correspondent at Berlin. More than half the book consists of editorial comments and explanations. A few pregnant paragraphs from each address are all that are given in most cases. The book has no index, and the arrangement is somewhat arbitrary. Despite this, however, the work gives a good picture of the German war lord. The comments form almost a biography, and seem to be fair and just. The editor, as a German-American, has made prominent that which will chiefly interest readers in this country.

Of prime interest, in view of recent Socialistic gains in Germany, is the chapter on "The Kaiser and the Laboring Classes," wherein are given excerpts from the 1898 speech in which he called the Socialists "a horde of men unworthy to bear the name of Germans." In the chapter on "The Kaiser and Americans," Schierbrand expresses the opinion that the Kaiser was deeply hurt by the Coghlan "Me und Gott" incident, and that Prince Henry's visit was largely due to that piece of post-prandial discourtesy. The Kaiser's pronounced views on painting, music, and the drama are set forth most interestingly, the comments on his own painting, his collaboration in plays, and his double veto of the national judges' decision to give the Schiller prize to Hauptmann for his "The Sunken Bell," being especially notable. The other chapters, each displaying some particular facet in the character of this many-sided man, naturally do not fail to entertain.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50.

Hunting and Feminine Athletics.

Two books appropriate to the season appear from the Macmillan's press. "The Water Fowl Family," by T. S. Van Dyke and Leonard C. Sanford, continues in admirable fashion the American Sportsman's Library, edited by Caspar Whitney. This is the series to which our literary and Nimrodic President contributed the major part of a volume on "The Deer Family," while other equally com-

petent, if not so distinguished, writers have confined themselves to game of different sorts, finned, winged, and four-footed.

Both the chapters by Sanford and those by Van Dyke pleasingly combine instruction with entertainment. Among scientific information about the waders and the swimmers are interjected anecdotes of adventures amusing or the opposite—tales of lucky shots, unlucky and inadvertent tumbles, cartridges that stuck most damnably, and wondrous bags shot at the eleventh hour, when hope was all but gone. Mr. Van Dyke's section deals entirely with the Pacific Coast, covering the field thoroughly. The list of full-page illustrations is a long one.

The second volume for consideration is "Athletics and Out-Door Sports for Women," by some seventeen different writers, with an introduction by Lucille Eaton Hill, director of physical training at Wellesley. There are two hundred first-rate illustrations, mostly from half-tones, and the subjects treated, each in a separate chapter, are physical training at home, gymnasium work, dancing, cross-country walking, swimming, skating, rowing, golf, running, tennis, hockey, basketball, "equestrianism," fencing, bowling, track athletics. So far as we can judge, each subject is in competent hands, and the book will be found thoroughly satisfying by the physically ambitious and feminine.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

New Publications.

Goethe's "Egmont," edited with an introduction and notes, by Robert Waller Deering, Ph. D., professor of Germanic languages in Western Reserve University, is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

The editor of the *Northwestern Miller*, William C. Edgar, has written the "Story of a Grain of Wheat," giving some account of the chemical and mechanical composition of the wheat berry, of wheat's ancient and modern history, of Argentina as a wheat-growing country, and of the wheat-fields and milling interest of the North-West. The book is practical, and there are forty illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Mary Catherine Crowley, author of "Love Thrives in War," is always careful to get her historical facts straight. The book will therefore prove mildly entertaining, perhaps, to those who are interested in the history of the region about Detroit, and would like to absorb it easily. The story is not an unusual one, and contains the inevitable ingredients of love, adventure, and war. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

To get four books in three months from the facile pen of Justin Huntly McCarthy is rather crowding the matter, and we are inclined to think the last the least interesting of the quartet. It is a story of the adventures, or rather, misadventures, of a party of utopians, who sail from England to found a liberal commonwealth in the Pacific. Among the dreamers is the beautiful Marjorie, whose name gives title to the book. The ship is wrecked, the party fall foul a band of pirates, and only escape after a fierce and bloody encounter. Marjorie plights her troth on the last page of the book but one. The book will interest youthful minds more than mature ones. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

The lowly hen is glorified for American consumption in "The Poultry Book," which is to be published in eighteen parts, with thirty-six color, and two hundred and fifty other plates. Part I is just off the press. The work was written some years ago by Harrison Weir, F. R. H. S., a famous English poultry fancier. Now, for American readers, it has largely been revised and added to by Willis Grant Johnson, and many other experts. When the work is complete, the publishers say, it will be the standard. Judging by the first part, the volume will be very attractive typographically, and the pictures, from drawings by Weir and from photographs, are remarkably good. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, per part, 60 cents net.

New editions rain thick upon us. The latest is of the works of Charles Kingsley. The publishers say that it will be in fourteen 12mo. volumes, printed from new type, on deckle-edge paper. There are to be forty full-page photogravures, thirty of which will be from paintings by Lee Woodward Zeigler. Maurice Kingsley, the novelist's eldest son, will write the introductions. Numerous errors in previous editions will be corrected, the notes

to "Letters and Memories" will be revised, erroneous dating of poems will be changed, and two hitherto fugitive poems, published anonymously, will be recaptured. Two novels—"Hereward the Wake" and "Alton Locke," each in two volumes—have already appeared. Mechanically, the books are not all that could be desired. The binding is faulty, the deckle edges are so excessively deckle that there is frequently a variation of a half-inch in the width of pages, and the paintings by Zeigler are ill drawn, though very well reproduced and pleasing in ensemble. Type and quality of paper are all right. Published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York.

We welcome from the pen of William F. Butler a new English version of Louis Cornaro's celebrated treatise on "The Temperate Life." This spry and likeable old gentleman attained a full hundred years by a system of diet, and left the world with regret, saying, indeed, at eighty-three, "I never knew the world was beautiful until I reached old age." The first edition of the book was published in Italy, in 1588, and has since been translated into all European languages. Its author is not a dogmatist, and lays down only general rules of conduct, so that the work still has not a little interest besides that to which its antiquity entitles it. Mr. Butler has also given, in the same volume, a number of classic essays on the same general subject. Published by the Author, Milwaukee.

Marie Corelli's Biography.

In its satirical review of the biography of "Marie Corelli: The Writer and the Woman," by T. F. G. Coates and R. S. Warren Bell, the *London Daily News* thus summarizes some of the eulogistic paragraphs concerning Miss Corelli, whose "turgid mixtures of the sensational, the supernatural, and the sacred have no more claim to be regarded as literature than the advertisement in the average American yellow journal of some one's unspeakable pills":

Indeed, Miss Corelli can afford to smile at the critics, for she has triumphed over them all. Her first book received four reviews, each about ten lines long. Her latest book was not issued to the press for review, but three hundred and fifty journals purchased the book in order to comment on it in obedience to the demand of their readers. "Temporal Power" was produced last year with a first edition of 120,000, and 30,000 additional copies have since been printed. Mr. Gladstone hailed her "wonderful gift" and the "magnetism of her pen." Tennyson wrote a letter of commendation to the unknown author of "Ardath," "the majestic opening of which," the authors somewhat unkindly remark, "is not unlike many of the poet's own sublime pen pictures." Of her first book one writer wrote saying it had saved him from committing suicide: others that the book had exercised a comforting and generally beneficent influence over them. Her works have been translated into all European languages: "Barabbas" into Persian, Greek, and Hindustani. She is extremely popular in Norway and Sweden. "Vendetta" is always the vogue in Italy. "Were she to visit Australia or New Zealand she would receive an almost royal welcome." She is "thoroughly appreciated by the royal family," and Queen Victoria, as is well known, demanded a complete set of her novels. "She hits very hard," say the authors gleefully. "Her enemies win beneath her blows and revile her in wholesale terms because they can not overcome her in fair combat."

A fortnight ago, on the authority of the *London Academy*, we said that Maurice Hewlett explained the title of his new novel, "The Queen's Quair," by defining a quair as a cashier, a quire, a little book." Now, Mr. Hewlett writes to the *Academy*: "I hope you will allow me to point out, with reference to a paragraph in your issue of the twenty-third, that I did not assert a quair to be a 'cashier,' but a *cahier*, which is a very different thing."



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It has been remarked that Clyde Fitch, with that fertility of resource which is making him famous, has in turn dramatized a wedding, a christening, and a funeral. It is perhaps yet on the cards that we may in a Fitch play witness an agitated household awaiting the terrestrial arrival of an expected heir. We may even, perchance, hear the inaugural wail of the first born. What a chance for an effect! Stranger things have not happened, perhaps—but found lodgment, I dare say, in Mr. Fitch's teeming brain.

"The Climbers," the play in which Amelia Bingham opened her season at the Columbia on Monday night, is distinguished as the one which celebrates a funeral. Not, be it understood, that the defunct appears in *propria persona*; the nearest approach we ever made to that crowning sensation was in Hoyt's odious "Milk-White Flag." No, Clyde Fitch's instinct is too unerring to permit him to guide the sensibilities of a theatrical audience to the danger point. So we are not actually present at the funeral, but witness the return of the mourners, the grief of the daughters, the revivification of the sprightly widow over her cup of tea, and the preliminary spark, the sky-rocket ascent, and the premature explosion of an acrimonious family row.

Then the lawyer arrives and makes the financial statement which must inevitably follow the decease of the head of the house, and which so often contains unpleasant surprises for the survivors—surprises which test the restraining capacity of the feminine temper to the last point of tenuity; a fact of which Mr. Fitch, with his customary insight into the littleness of human nature, has not failed to avail himself.

This artisan of artisans, who draws such correct deductions when he turns that well known little pocket magnifying glass of his upon human frailties, has never yet drawn a character of noble, virile outlines, or of lasting vitality. Yet, in his own field, Clyde Fitch, with all his limitations, is extremely clever, and in "The Climbers" he is at his cleverest.

The first act, which is a sort of exposition of character, is extremely interesting, the dialogue brisk, concise, and full of satirical humor. The shallow worldliness of the widow, her open anger directed against the memory of her husband, when she finds herself left penniless, the bargaining over the Parisian finery, and the lively interest and shrewd commercial instincts of herself and her favorite daughter are all daringly indicated, but the humor of it all, cynical as it is, holds the disagreeable elements in the background, and the act, as it stands, is one of the best things Mr. Fitch has ever done.

Yet this act, we are told, is the one which caused the play to be condemned by Frohman before Miss Bingham accepted it. Frohman knows—none better—how curiously undependable upon are the caprices of public sensibilities. He was unwilling to take the risk of offending them, and Miss Bingham, with her usual clear business perspicacity, promptly gathered in this extremely lucrative play when chance threw it her way.

As in the majority of Mr. Fitch's plays, his preamble far outweighs in merit the body of his discourse. Never do his abilities shine so brightly as when he is engaged upon one of his favorite "effects." They are generally slight in structure, but adroit in build, and almost invariably succeed in their purpose. In "The Climbers," however, there is a dramatic strength and reality in the first suggestion of the serious interests involved, and the climax to the first act has force and significance. From this point on, there is a steady fall from the high comedy tone so auspiciously inaugurated in the first act. The author, as usual, introduces smart dialogue and social detail, and again, as usual, quite disregards that canon of dramatic composition which decrees that all dramatic dialogue, jokes excepted, should have some significant relation to the general plot.

Indeed, what should be minor details to him form the main structure of his plays,

the drama coming at first in interludes and as a connecting thread to his bits of masterly stage-craft. Hence, the story proper of "The Climbers," although much stronger, both in dramatic action and in sentiment, than that of "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," has its insincerities, its incongruities, and quite too frequently the god in the machine pokes out his head.

Mr. Fitch is too fresh-spirited and fluent in his work ever to give the spectator a sense of his own weariness, yet one can imagine him ruminating to himself: "Dear me, what a pity—this continual necessity of suspending these weddings, christenings, and funerals, bridge-parties and transatlantic trips that the public so love! But I suppose I really must hitch them together into some kind of coherent play!" And so he does, and really makes quite a good thing of it, if one has not too exacting an appetite for strong, sincere, forceful drama.

Amelia Bingham, at once manager and actress, heads a very good company, and has the play mounted in such a way as to present unusually realistic effects. As an instance, there is a snow scene in which the snow—a powdery composition of an unknown nature—receives footprints and scatters in a fine spray, while the scenes which represent interiors are set forth with a warmth of color and an appearance of luxury which is very inviting to the eye.

Miss Bingham herself has a good business head on her shapely shoulders, and has made it the goal of her ambition to be the leading lady in a New York theatre. It is scarcely surprising that a woman with such excellent business qualifications should disclose in her personality some evidences of a lack of the artistic temperament. This lack, however, is partially atoned for by her straight-ahead methods of acting, which lend a certain sincerity to her results. She is a good-looking woman (who would be both better and younger looking if she would not bleach her hair), with a plump, well-corseted figure, which shows up well in full dress.

In emotional scenes, Miss Bingham takes her fences gallantly, but her great lack is her voice, which is of unmusical quality, and behaves treacherously when she calls upon it to soften with tenderness, or swell with anger or alarm.

Wilton Lackaye plays the ungrateful rôle of a weak rascal with great skill. The character is well conceived by the author, and Mr. Lackaye plays it in such a manner as to make his auditors enter into the palterings and self-evasions of an unstable nature. Miss Adellyer Wesley takes the character of the newly widowed, and in every assertive tone of her voice, in every sallow, self-absorbed expression of her face, intelligently adapts her personality to that of the character. As Edward Warden, Mr. Abingdon portrays a conventionally romantic type—the strong-hearted, silent lover, who practices renunciation, and leaving himself out of the calculation, plans entirely for the happiness of the beloved one: not a very real character, but done by the actor in a manner to induce conviction.

Miss Bijou Fernandez is quick-witted and pliable enough to make much of a very "fat" part. Mr. Lawford is an easy comedian, and Miss Frances Ring has just that flicker of mischief in her eye, just that touch of crispness in her manner, necessary to invest the character of Clara Hunter with the appropriate characteristics.

All other minor rôles, including one played by a sister of Wilton Lackaye, were carefully done, so that the general effect is one of finish down to the slightest details.

At the Central Theatre they are playing "Josh Whitcomb," with liberal variations, and with so close an approximation, in the last act at least, to the rural drama of the day, that one finds one's self almost suspecting the original founder of this school of drama to be imitating himself. And yet I made a curious discovery, the other night, in renewing, after many years of estrangement, my acquaintanceship with "Josh Whitcomb," which is that it is not rural drama at all, but merely the faint beginnings of it. The first three acts, in fact, transpire altogether within the urban precincts of Boston, the scenes shifting, with wondrous agility, from a reception in, so to speak, marble halls, to street scenes in the tenderloin district, in which a bootblack, a policeman, a vagrant, and other nondescript gentry agreeably diversify the scenes by turns. We find ourselves in a garret as well, assisting at the demise of Mrs. Potato Bug Bill, and again at an evening gathering in the house of Nellie Primrose, a handsome and gorgeously attired young lady, who renders a whistling solo

with flute-like ease, and whose guests have social accomplishments to burn.

Mrs. Potato Bug Bill is of a different type. Her consort is a carelessly attired gentleman of leisure, who is devoting himself, with the enthusiasm of an artist, to the permanent heightening of an expansive sunset flush on his nose. To further his purpose, Mr. Potato Bug Bill pawns all the family furniture, leaving his starving wife genteelly expiring in a cambric nightgown, whose laundering is unimpeachable, and whose trimmings are up to date. The sprightly daughter of the moribund, a darling child with tripping feet, who is apparently some few months younger (or perhaps older) than her mother, earns a precarious living by sweeping street-crossings and warbling nickels out of the pockets of benevolent passers-by. This precocious young person has won the affections of a bootblack of similar tender years, who drops a tear when he alludes to a defunct parent and intimates that "dese poor kids has dere feelings same as rich ones."

How unfamiliar it all sounds! I rubbed my eyes, and in spite of my distinct remembrance of Denman Thompson himself, almost believed I had never seen the play. However, if we attempt to rub up our recollections of the famous original, they are all stray disconnected bits—harmoniously inclined gentlemen traveling in fairs, street fights and street sights, happy tramps, fire alarms, and vague girls from vague perspectives, flitting on to light up the scene with pink party-dresses, and bare necks.

So it is at the Central Theatre where James Corrigan, hearing a life-like resemblance to Denman Thompson, and no resemblance at all to himself, figures amusingly as the bewildered old hayseed, going off half-cooked at city sights, and occasionally stepping obligingly aside to make way for the specialists. For the modern version, like its original, is merely a series of slightly connected scenes, the sentiments of which are aimed full at the readily receptive and the soft-hearted, and the whole affair, aside from the exhibition of Uncle Josh's rural eccentricities, forming a kind of background to musical vaudeville.

In the fourth act, Uncle Josh, Aunt Matilda, old Cy, an adopted orphan, and a bashful swain, form a small group which has fathered and mothered so numerous a progeny in the latter-day rural drama. They are all assembled at the old homestead, whither a large contingent of city guests come, and after a parting shy at melodrama, the play twinkles on to a cheerful close.

In its altered guise, it is rather more broadly farcical than in its earlier days, and there is, here and there, an unexplained hiatus, but in its old age the play has gleams of its earlier vitality, and while the pathos is of the most primitive description, there is still a rough, homely vigor to the humor, which wins a ready appeal from lovers of laughter. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Henry Wadsworth ceases to be cashier of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank on July 1st. Mr. Wadsworth is to be the first of a number of employees of the company to retire on pension.

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Last week of the Nance O'Neil season—Commencing Monday, July 13th **Romeo and Juliet.**

Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, July 5th. A prodigious show! Mabel McKinley, the favorite niece of the late President McKinley; Charles Dickinson and Company; the Great Harbicks; Mosher, Houghton and Mosher; Young and DeVoe; Julien Rose; the Wang Doodle Comedy Four; the Biograph; and last week of Barney Fagan and Henrietta Byron.

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Estate of Frederic T. Larsen, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of Frederic T. Larsen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix of said estate, at the law offices of J. L. Kennedy, Room 417, Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EUGENIA T. LARSEN,
Administratrix of the estate of Frederic T. Larsen, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, June 15, 1903.
J. L. KENNEDY, Attorney for Administratrix, Room 417, Parrott Building, 855 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Nance O'Neil's Repertoire for Next Week.

During the third week of her stay at the California Theatre, Nance O'Neil will appear in a series of notable revivals of the plays in which she has scored her greater successes. On Monday night "Magda" will be the bill, with McKee Rankin and L. R. Stockwell in their old parts of Colonel Schwartz and General Von Klebs. On Tuesday night, "Queen Elizabeth" will be given; Wednesday night, Ithen's "Hedda Gabler"; Thursday night, either "La Tosca" or "Fedora"; Friday and Saturday nights, "The Jewess"; Saturday matinee, a farewell performance of "Magda"; and on Sunday night, "Oliver Twist," with Nance O'Neil as Nancy Sykes, McKee Rankin in his famous character study of Bill Sykes, and L. R. Stockwell in his old comedy part of "the artful dodger." The production of "Romeo and Juliet," already referred to in these columns, has been reserved for the concluding week of Miss O'Neil's engagement at the California.

Second Week of "The Climbers."

Amelia Bingham has scored such a well-deserved success in Clyde Fitch's play, "The Climbers," that it is to be continued another week. From a dramatic point of view, this play must be regarded as among Mr. Fitch's best achievements. It can hardly be called a great play; but it is marvelously clever, and grips the attention of the audience from curtain to curtain. It is put upon the stage in splendid shape, and the costumes of the ladies are rich and artistic. Miss Bingham, herself an actress of more than common ability, has surrounded herself with an excellent company, strong at all points, and the performance is therefore more than satisfactory; it is admirable. The last week of Miss Bingham's engagement is to be devoted to Haddon Chambers' strong play, "A Modern Magdalen," which deals with the struggles of a music-hall singer to make her way in the world, her downfall, and her final redemption and sacrifice as a nurse upon the battle-field.

White Whittlesley in "Brother Officers."

"Monhars" is to be followed at the Alcazar Theatre on Monday night by Leo Trevor's three-act comedy-drama, "Brother Officers," with White Whittlesley in the rôle of Lieutenant John Hinds, a sort of rough diamond, promoted from the ranks to a swagger regiment for bravery on the field. His previous acts of prowess included one which called for great daring, and in carrying it out he saved the life of Pleydell, an officer of the regiment which he joins. The plot of the play has to do in the main with the efforts of this officer to teach Hinds how to be a gentleman, for he had been in the wilds of India so long that his ability to be quite the proper thing in the smartest regiment in the service was somewhat lacking. The complications arising from Hinds' endeavors to follow his friend's advice, his attempts to be genial and easy, form a splendid comedy element, which is interspersed with dramatic situations, telling of Pleydell's troubles with a gambler, who threatens to bring disgrace upon him. Hinds manages to shield his brother-officer, who wins his sweetheart, Baroness Roydan, and continues to be received as an honored member of the First Lancers. It transpires, however, that Hinds has himself fallen in love with the baroness; but, after smoothing things over for his best friend, he resigns from the regiment and goes back to India, leaving the two lovers to their happiness. "Brother Officers" is to give way to an elaborate production of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Success of "Twirly-Whirly."

"Twirly-Whirly" is an entertaining mixture of spectacle, melody, and hurlesque, and judging from the excellent audiences which flock to Fischer's Theatre nightly, the travesty is good for many weeks yet. It has congenial rôles for all the favorites, and ludicrously portrays the pranks of self-styled geniuses of the Mary McLane type, the vanities of high society, the hairline diversions of the rich, the affectations of popular actresses, and the greed of our wealth-seeking business men. Among the musical gems are Maude Amher's automobile song, "The Long, Long Green"; Olive Vail's Spanish dance, vocal march, and waltz duet; Harry Hermen's song and hurlesque hornpipe; and Winfield Blake's new coon song, in which he is assisted by Flossie Hope, Gertie Emerson, and the entire chorus. Extensive preparations are being made for the double bill—travesties on "Under the Red Robe" and "The Three Musketeers"—which is to follow "Twirly-Whirly."

"Kidnaped" at the Central.

Those who delight in strenuous melodrama will find a play to their liking in "Kidnaped," in which James Corrigan will appear during the second week of his engagement at the Central Theatre. It abounds in sensational incidents and thrilling climaxes, and gives Mr. Corrigan a fine chance as Michael McMooney to score as a Hibernian fun-maker. The plot of the play revolves about a villain portrait-painter, who, to rid himself of the wife whom he has robbed of her wealth, has her committed to an insane asylum, through perjury and fraud. The wife escapes and seeks refuge in a studio, which proves to be her own husband's. He fails to recognize her because of the great change, and she dramatically bids him paint the picture of the woman whose life he has wrecked. He thereupon slays her, and lays the crime at the door of his rival in a second intended matrimonial affair. Thence follows plot and counter-plot, and the complications keep the interest at high tension until justice has at last been meted

out to the villain. The play abounds in striking scenic effects, among others a startling "leap for life and love" from Brooklyn Bridge, "a hundred and fifty feet to the bottom," and the burning of an old wine-cellar, in which the hero and villain are imprisoned.

"In Central Park" at the Grand.

Even more gorgeous in costume and stage setting than "In Washington" is the latest Rogers Brothers' musical eccentricity, "In Central Park," which is crowding the Grand Opera House. Among the novelty songs introduced are Shafter Howard's drinking song, "Extra Dry," which Cheridah Simpson gives with a snap and dash that wins many encores nightly; new parodies by Raymond and Caverly; a trio, "Rosalie, My Royal Rose," by Cheridah Simpson, Raymond, and Caverly; "The Duchess of Central Park," by Camille Walling; coster song, "Father Wants the Cradle Back," and ballad, "There's Nobody Just Like You," by Harold Crane; song and dance, "You Have Such Beautiful Dreams," and a Japanese serenade entitled "Kijo," by Budd Ross and Anna Wilks; "Matrimonial Agent," by Herbert Sears; "The Girl You'd Just Like to Know," by Louise Moore; and "Music of the Military Band," by Cheridah Simpson and chorus.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

Miss Mahel McKinley, "the favorite niece of the late President McKinley," will head the bill at the Orpheum next week. She is a soprano of note, having studied with La Cource in Paris and Isidor Luckstone in New York. The latter's brother, Oscar, acts as her accompanist. Charles Dickson, the popular comedian, who has not been seen here for some years, will make his vaudeville debut in San Francisco in his successful curtain-raiser, "A Pressing Matter." Among the other newcomers are William and Kitty Harbeck, remarkable hoop rollers; Mosher, Houghton, and Mosher, expert and comedy bicyclists; and Young and DeVoe, whose acrobatic dancing specialty was one of the great hits of the spectacle, "Mr. Bluebeard," during its long New York run this season. For their second and last week, Barney Fagan and Henrietta Byron will present their best musical and dancing sketch, "The Twentieth-Century Girl," and Julien Rose, "our Hebrew friend," who has set the city laughing, will give an entire change of stories and songs. The Wang Doodle Comedy Four and the biograph complete the programme.

Stevens in "Wang."

"Wang" is to be revived at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday night, with Edwin Stevens in the title-rôle. The remainder of the cast will again include Ferris Hartman as the keeper of the royal elephant; Edward Wehh as the inn-keeper and the dancing-master; Arthur Cunningham as the French comel; Caro Roma as Marie; Annie Myers as the Princess of Siam; Oscar Lee as the young lieutenant; and Frances Gibson as the elder daughter. "Wang" is to be followed by Harry B. Smith and Reginald de Koven's romantic opera, "The Highwayman," with Edwin Stevens in the rôle of Foxy Quiller.

Attorney Charles S. Wheeler owns a handsome club-house on the McCloud River, on which he has been paying taxes in Siskiyou County on an assessed valuation of \$5,000. The Shasta County supervisors believed the building, although near the line, to be in Shasta County, where its assessed valuation is placed at \$20,000. They instructed the county surveyor to look up the matter, and he has reported that the club-house is in the latter county. If Siskiyou does not make an adverse report, therefore, Shasta will gather in the taxes on the property hereafter.

Miss Marion Jones lost the title of national tennis champion to Miss Elizabeth Moore, former champion, at Philadelphia on Saturday last by a score of 7-5, 8-6. The match was the chief feature of the concluding day of the women's lawn-tennis tournament for the championship of the United States.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Caserley has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Miss Bingham's First Appearances Here.

Amelia Bingham is by no means a stranger to San Francisco, although she has not been seen here for some years. Old theatre-goers will remember her first appearance here at the Bush Street Theatre, in November, 1891, when she played with McKee Rankin's company in "The Canuck." The cast was as follows: Jean Baptiste Cadeaux, a French-Canadian farmer on the border line, McKee Rankin; Cyrus Stehbins, a Vermont farmer, Charles H. Clark; Tom Stehbins, a Wall Street broker, Paul Menifee; Pat Hawley, an Irish farm-hand, Charles H. Crosby; Jim Hogan, of the New York fancy, L. Melville Bingham; Archange Cadeaux, Jean's daughter, and Angelique, Cadeaux's niece, Phyllis Rankin; Hester Keane, an adventuress, Amelia Bingham; and Martha Ann Stehbins, Cyrus' wife, Myra C. Brooks.

During this engagement, Miss Bingham also appeared in "The Runaway Wife," when the cast was as follows: Arthur Eastman, McKee Rankin; Talhot Vane, afterward Lord Chamleigh, Paul Menifee; Dr. Prescott, Charles Clark; Arthur Vere, Lloyd Bingham; Sir Lancelotte Travers, Charles Crosby; David, an old servant, Mr. Dewar; Boh, a farm-hand, T. A. McKee; Little Arthur, Eva Kelley; Lady Alice, Amelia Bingham; Lillian Hays, Phyllis Rankin; Lady Yawn, Ada Atkinson; and Hester Eastman, Mrs. F. M. Bates.

On Friday, June 26th, Francis E. Beck was married in the presence of relatives and a few friends to Miss Alice M. Ogg at the residence of the bride's mother on Ashbury Street. Mr. Beck has bought a pretty home at 840 Ashbury Street, where he will take his bride after their return from the East. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Martha A. Newton.

Blanche Bates, fresh from her Eastern triumph in "The Darling of the Gods" at the Belasco Theatre in New York, is enjoying a brief vacation in San Francisco. She will open again in the metropolis on September 1st in this play.

Thomas J. Clunie, the well-known attorney, died on Tuesday, at the age of fifty-three years, from an acute attack of Bright's disease.

Klaw & Erlanger and Gottloh, Marx & Co., are making elaborate preparations for the production of "Ben Hur" in this city at the Grand Opera House.

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VANITY FAIR.

In a letter to the *Argonaut* from Shanghai, Charles Lorrimer writes thus of the modernization of the Chinese court: "On May 28th, the Empress Dowager, who is the most strenuous and dominating character at Peking, had an entertainment at the palace, with European music and dancing. Sir Robert Hart's private string band, composed of Chinese boys trained by a Portuguese conductor, furnished the music, playing operatic airs and popular songs, to the intense delight of her majesty. The two Misses Yü Keng (daughters of the ex-minister to Paris), who are in figure, gowns, manner, and sympathies more Parisian than the Parisians, danced a minuet dressed as a French peasant boy and girl. Hitherto in China a woman who dressed as a man brought lasting disgrace not only on herself, but also on her relatives. Afterward Lady Yü, a German lady, and four Chinese princesses went through a very stately set of lancers, at which the Empress Dowager looked on with evident pleasure, no doubt finding the strange and complicated posturings more attractive than wearisome discussions concerning Russia's conquest of Manchuria. Incredible as it may seem, this smiling Empress Dowager is the very same woman who in 1900 loathed foreigners and all their works, and, without sounding the cost, determined to exterminate them root and branch. All that now remains to complete the reformed reverse of the medal is that the Empress Dowager should learn the cake-walk and duly perform it at the next diplomatic audience, with the ben-pecked emperor."

Another British peerage, carrying with it a historic name and the possession of one of the most famous mansions in England, a great rent roll, and heirlooms of priceless value, is at stake in the London law courts. When it is mentioned that the title is that of Lord Sackville, now borne by the former British minister at Washington, then Sir Lionel Sackville-West, and that the estate of "Knole," at Sevenoaks, Kent, is the prize of the contest, the reason is apparent for the interest taken in America in the lawsuit. After seven years' tenure of the British legation at Washington, during which period there was little to ruffle the ordinary routine of his post, Sir Lionel Sackville-West's diplomatic career was abruptly brought to an end. He made a grave mistake during the first Cleveland-Harrison campaign by replying to a fake letter from a man in California named Murchison, who asked the minister's advice as to which candidate American citizens of English birth should support. The minister promptly replied that President Cleveland's reelection would be satisfactory to England. The letter was made public, and Sir Lionel promptly received his passports. About this time he was notified of the death of his brother, the first Baron Sackville, bringing with it his own succession to the title and to the Knole estate. He left Washington in November, 1888, and, since then, has lived in retirement at Knole. Of his three daughters, who were well known in Washington society and did the honors of the legation, one, Flora, married a French diplomat, M. Salanson. The second, Victoria, married her cousin, Mr. Lionel Edward Sackville-West, son of Lord Sackville's brother, the Hon. William Sackville-West, who is now the acknowledged heir presumptive to the barony. This daughter has made her home with her father, now nearly seventy-six years of age. The third was chaperoned by the late Mary, Countess of Derby, her father's sister. It is the only brother of the three daughters—all strikingly beautiful women, resembling their mother—who has now come forward claiming to be acknowledged the lawful heir to his father's title and estates. In the peerages the names of this family of Lord Sackville are not given. He is described as unmarried, and his brother, who is himself seventy-two years old, is named as the heir.

The mystery (says the New York *Herald's* London correspondent) is unraveled by one of those romances in real life which so often surpass the novelist's imagination. The son, Ernest Henri Jean Baptiste Sackville-West, only a few days ago became the plaintiff in an action against his father, Lord Sackville, and other members of the Sackville-West family. He wishes to establish his claim to the title and estate, and therefore applied to the court of chancery for the appointment of a commission to examine witnesses and make inquiries in Spain and France, there being a danger that such evidence might, through death or otherwise, be unobtainable when the question of succession actually arises. It was stated in court that five years ago the defendant, in the present action, namely, Lord

Sackville, his brother and nephew, the first and second presumptive heirs, respectively, began an action against Ernest Sackville-West to establish the fact that he was not the lawful son of Lord Sackville, and was not entitled, on Lord Sackville's death, to any estate or interest in the family estates or the peerage. Some Spanish witnesses were then examined, but Mr. Ernest Sackville-West contends now that he was without the means to take the proper measures for his protection in that action. He is now, it appears, backed by influential friends. The leader of the Spanish bar has interested himself in the case, because the mother of Mr. Ernest Sackville-West and his three sisters was a beautiful Spanish dancer, Josephine Duran de Ortega. The Sackville family is divided against itself, two of the sisters warmly espousing their brother's cause, but Lord Sackville himself, who has treated his son as though he were his legitimate offspring, declares that he has been repaid with gross ingratitude. Lord Sackville has not concealed the fact that he passed fifteen years in a happy union with the mother of his son and three daughters, but he denies that a marriage ever took place. He sent the son to Africa to settle there as a farmer, following the custom of many heads of families, who thus try to escape the inconvenience and embarrassment of unwelcome scions of their stock. But the war came, young Sackville-West enlisted as a yeoman and he has now returned to prosecute his claim.

It has just been discovered that the much-discussed women's hotel in New York, the Martha Washington, is not perfect in its appointments after all. There is not a single mirror on the second floor, which is the public promenade of the hotel. Through a suite of drawing-room, library, writing-room, etc., the "permanents" proudly conduct their guests to show how a woman's hotel should look. It is on this floor also that the women guests assemble in their best attire on dress parade. The other day some women were being shown through the parlors, when one who wore a wonderful flower-bedecked head grew increasingly pensive. The signs were unmistakable. After an unusually protracted pause she ejaculated suddenly: "I have an inward conviction that my hat is on crooked." Her eyes hunted the walls for a mirror, but none was in sight. A search of the entire floor developed the fact that there were no mirrors. There is little doubt there will soon be many mirrors on the walls of the parlor floor, for the five hundred women guests which the hotel shelters are up in arms, for they refuse to depend on one another to find out if their hats are on straight.

According to the dispatches, the Sitka Indians have gained an additional \$6,000, which is a good-sized fortune to them, by the active competition of fur dealers to secure their catch of sealskins amounting to about 500 skins. By active bidding prices were raised from \$10 to \$22.50 per skin, with little regard to the average quality of skins brought forward. For years on and off, a Sitka firm has handled the largest part of the skins, hides, and pelts shipped from there. Now Alaska game laws prohibit the shipment of hides, but the firm remained ready to purchase all the skins the Indians could bring in. When the pelts began to arrive the Sitka firm found a buyer in the field from Portland. Their bidding back and forth soon raised the price to \$22.50, which the Sitka firm is allowing the Portland buyer to pay for every seal-skin the Indians can produce. The result is to double the amount of ready cash among the Sitka natives, and as the Sitka firm in question conducts a large general merchandise store, it feels amply repaid for the loss of the sealskin business.

Mme. du Gast, celebrated in various ways, but chiefly because she is the only French lady who has ever driven an automobile in a race, bates motor cars. She told a correspondent so on the eve of the start for the first stage of the disastrous Paris-Madrid contest, in which she successfully and without meeting with the least accident piloted a huge eighty-five-horse-power Dietrich machine herself from Versailles to Bordeaux. "Horrid smelling, noisy things, motor cars. Fancy driving about town in one! I would never think of such a thing. Look at my brougham, neat and smart looking, drawn by a couple of spanking bays. That's the way to go about comfortably; that's the only tasteful, elegant means of locomotion. But racing is a different thing. I love the excitement, the exhilaration, and the frenzy that gets hold of one when one goes at a terrific speed. It's the danger that fascinates me. Just to know

that a turn of half an inch of the steering wheel would mean certain death; that, in actual fact, even barring mistakes of driving, death faces one all along the course, where unforeseen obstacles may crop up at any moment—that is what I adore in motor racing. Danger attracts me irresistibly. I went up in a balloon and down in a mine, where I worked in a shaft for a whole day, just because I wanted to feel the delicious sensation of danger. I find now that motor-racing gives me this excitement more than anything else. But as for merely taking a leisurely drive in a horrid, smelly car, I wouldn't think of it."

Mrs. Eleanor Dole (*née* Gallagher), the divorced wife of Attorney-General Dole, of Hawaii, and at present an actress, is out with a denunciation of Boston young men and Boston women of all ages, which will hardly be relished by the inhabitants of the city which has fallen under her displeasure. She says Boston's young men are far more dissipated and immoral than are the youths of San Francisco. "It is becoming rather tiresome to me," says Mrs. Dole, "to hear San Francisco continually referred to by these Bostonians as a fast and dissipated town, and in the same breath their own cultish, faddish, foolish city referred to as the storm centre of morality and virtue. It is ridiculous. The young men of Boston are far more dissipated than those of San Francisco, and I know several young men from San Francisco who have gone to Harvard and have absolutely been run out of town by the attentions of Boston women."

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The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Monday, June 29, 1903, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Bay Co. Power 5%.	2,000	@ 105	105	106
Market St. Ry 1st				
Con. 5%.....	1,000	@ 117½	117	118
N. R. of Cal. 5%...	1,000	@ 121	121½
Pac. Gas Impt. 4%.	4,000	@ 96	96½	98
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 120½	120	
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1909.....	3,000	@ 110¾	110¾	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
std. 1909.....	5,000	@ 107¾	107¾	
S. V. Water 4% 2d.	5,000	@ 99½	99¾	100¾
	Shares.	STOCKS.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Water.				
Spring Valley.....	247	@ 84- 84½	84½	85
	Shares.	BANKS.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Bank of Cal.....	45	@ 575	600
	Shares.	POWERS.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Giant Con.....	50	@ 73½- 73½	73½	74
Vigorit.....	200	@ 5¾	6
	Shares.	SUGARS.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Hana P. Co.....	275	@ 1¾	1	2
Honokaa S. Co.....	105	@ 11	11½
Hutchinson.....	30	@ 12¾- 13	12¾	
	Shares.	GAS AND ELECTRIC.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Pacific Gas.....	200	@ 47- 47½	47½	48
S. F. Gas & Electric	350	@ 58- 61	58½	59½
	Shares.	TRUSTS CERTIFICATES.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
S. F. Gas & Electric	1,300	@ 56- 59	56½	57
	Shares.	MISCELLANEOUS.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Alaska Packers...	30	@ 152- 153	152½	
Cal. Fruit Canners.	15	@ 90	90	92
Cal. Wine Assn....	65	@ 99½	100

The Stock and Bond Exchange adjourns from Monday, June 29th, until Monday, July 6th, at 10:30 A. M.

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LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In 1860 Lord Palmerston is said to have prophesied: "Before the century is out, these clever and pretty women from New York will pull the strings in half the chanceries of Europe."

A Highland waiter once refused to serve the late Max O'Rell at dinner, and when reproved, explained: "It's no' to be expected that a self-respecting Scotsman could serve him with ceeveelity. Didn't he say we took to the kilt because our feet were too large to get through trousers?"

It is said that once, when District Attorney Jerome was a very small boy, he and his father got into a New York stage to ride uptown. It was crowded, but the elder Jerome found one seat, whereupon he sat, taking upon his knee young Travers. Presently the stage stopped and a handsomely dressed woman got in. Nobody having got out, there was no seat, and nobody offered to make room. Finally, the strain on the elder Jerome became too great, and looking reprovingly at Travers, he said: "Travers, why don't you get up and give the lady your seat?"

The first Lord Ampthill once called upon Bismarck, and, while he waited in an ante-room before being received by the German chancellor, out came Count Harry Arnim, fanning himself with his handkerchief, and looking as if he were about to choke. "Well," he said, "I can not understand how Bismarck can bear that—smoking the strongest Havanas in a stuffy little room. I had to beg him to open the window." When the Englishman entered the apartment, he found Bismarck apparently gasping for breath at the open window. "What strange tastes some people have," the chancellor said; "Arnim has just been with me, and he was so overpoweringly perfumed that I could stand it no longer, and had to open the window."

A suburban Philadelphia banker tells with great satisfaction a story that illustrates well the almost incredible prowess in egg-laying of his hens. "Some time ago," he says, "an egg was left for a nest egg in the place where my hens lay. This nest egg, the other day, hatched, and I have now one lonely little chick, which several dozen mothers care for. Here is the explanation of this miracle: My hens are such steady layers that one would no sooner get off the nest egg, having deposited a fresh egg beside it, than another would slip on, and in her turn lay. Thus by dozens of different mothers the solitary egg was hatched. Though no one hen 'sat' or 'clocked' on it, nevertheless it was kept always warm, and in due time there stepped forth from it a lonely but vigorous little chick."

A story is told of an attempt made by a Swedish missionary to obtain a foothold in Abyssinia. No sooner had he begun to preach than he was brought before King Menelek, who asked him why he had left his home in Scandinavia in order to come to Abyssinia. The missionary promptly replied that he had come to convert the Abyssinian Jews, who are regarded as fair game for the outside propagandist. "Are there no Jews in your country?" asked Menelek. The missionary admitted that there were a few. "And in all the countries that you have passed through did you find no Jews or beathens?" the king continued. Jews and beathens, the missionary admitted, were plentiful. "Then," said Menelek, "carry this man beyond the frontier, and let him not return until he has converted all the Jews and beathens which lie between his country and mine."

While in the frozen Arctic region in search of the North Pole, the Duke of the Abruzzi was told this tale of the adventures of a young Eskimo who had secretly courted the daughter of an enemy. The butts of the lovers were not far removed, but one night the terrific cold ripped a great crevasse in the ice, and the young man's house was left isolated. A gorge one hundred feet deep and twenty feet wide separated it from the igloo, or hut, containing his sweetheart, but there was a narrow bridge of ice left across the crevasse, and this the young man found, would bear his weight. Eskimos sleep in bags. The lover decided that he would that night cross the ice bridge, steal the maiden he loved, bear her to his hut, and then break down the bridge, so that he

and she together might enjoy their boneymoon unmolested. He planned very successfully. He crept, in the dead of night, into his enemy's hut; he snatched up the maiden in her sack without awaking any one; he bore her over the ice bridge safely, and then he opened the sack to embrace his bride. But, beholding its contents, he gave a loud cry. It was not the maiden, but her father that he had stolen.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Polly's Preparations.

Polly, put the kettle on—
(It has been sterilized, I hope?)
Polly, put the kettle on—
(And washed with antiseptic soap?)
Polly, put the kettle on—
(The water's filtered, scrubbed, sundried, dusted, polished, shaken, brushed, sifted, pasteurized, and ironed, I see!)
Polly, put the kettle on; we'll all take tea.
—Jack Appleton in Cincinnati Tribune.

The Motor.

TO-DAY.

The rich man's fancy, Fashion's latest craze,
A costly toy forever out of gear,
Topic on which men endlessly dilate,
Lawless the motor dashes through the land,
Scattering confusion, raising clouds of dust,
Annihilating distance, killing time,
Its riders, like the highwaymen of old,
All masked and hooded, fearfully disguised,
To humble wayfarers a source of dread;
A gaudy plaything, painted and veneered,
Pastime to some, but useless to mankind.

TO-MORROW.

Flaunted by Fashion, carelessly cast out
To join the rusty forms of once-loved hikes,
Playing no more, its day of work has come.
Swiftly this erstwhile toy of idle men
At ordered hours along an ordered road
Bears city toilers to and from their work;
Out from the airless streets, the dirt, the noise,
Into the sunlight of their own green land;
Solving the problem of the crowded town,
Giving to England's country back her sons.
Useful to all, a blessing to mankind.
—Eva Anstruther in Westminster Gazette.

Pyrotechnic Seven Ages of Man.

All the world's a Fourth of July,
And all the men and women are hut fireworks.
They have their fizzles and explosions,
And one man in his time sees many stars.
At first the infant, with firecracker,
That hurls the house and frightens all the women.
Then comes the pistol, when the boyish fiend
Shoots out the jackstones, marbles, junk, and nails;
Dislodges fingers; puts out people's eyes.
And maims for life a great part of his friends.
Then comes the lover, with his pulling crackers.
His mild torpedoes for the frightened girls;
And thus he plays his part.
Then comes the justice, with his pouch and gun,
Who tramps afield to shoot one little hind.
And then the soldier, with his rifled cannon,
His howitzer, petard, and bomb;
His Remington and Enfield, shot and shell,
And all the dread accoutrements of war.
And last of all, that ends this pyrotechnic history,
Comes second childhood's exhibition—
Its Roman candles, floods of colored light;
Its pin-wheels scattering fiery spray;
Its bengal lights emitting fiery sheen,
Yet dim and shadowy to his fading sight.
Then disappears he in the realms of space,
Like some great rocket gone up to the sky
With dazzling train of many-colored fire,
His mind, his heart, his thoughts, his soul, are gone;
His body useless as a rocket-stick.—Ex.

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy
cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

Joaquin Miller's Picturesque Speech.

According to Edward J. Livernash, Joaquin Miller, the "poet of the Sierras," is a man of exceptionally forceful and picturesque speech, even in ordinary conversation. His remarkable capacity for marshaling startling expletives was never more tryingly tested than during his trip to the Klondike with Mr. Livernash, who says: "All the members of our party were fond of coffee, and when one day the strainer was missing, instead of undertaking a twenty-mile trip over ice and snow to the nearest store where a coffee strainer could be bought, I took a new tin cup and riddled the bottom of it with the point of an awl. This served, or would have served, the purpose admirably, but for a serio-tragic accident. Our whole supply of liquor was reduced to about a gill of wine. By common consent this was set apart as the poet's, who, as the oldest member of the party and the most renowned, was to have first consideration. Mr. Miller appreciated the honor, but determined that so precious a draught should not be quaffed until a fitting occasion warranted it.

"One evening—it chanced to be the same day that I had, unknown to my comrades, improvised the coffee strainer—there rode up to our door a young and strikingly handsome woman mounted on a good horse. She afterward gained fame and fortune as a mining woman, but at this time was a comparative stranger to us. The poet was visibly impressed. The background of ice and snow, the setting sun, the lone and radiant horsewoman, flushed by her ride, all stimulated his chivalry and his love of the beautiful and unique. 'This is the time, if ever, for the drinking of that last drop of wine,' said he; 'here, in the ends of the earth, with the sun leaving us to the darkness of an illimitable desolation, a woman appears to remind us that there is hope, life, and beauty in the world.' Madam," continued the poet, with vast dignity, holding in one hand the luckless tin cup that I had punctured and in the other the bottle with its final contents, 'I pour a libation and I drink to your health and happiness.'

"So saying, he upturned the bottle, looking away from the horsewoman just long enough to make certain that there was no slip between the bottle and the cup. Then, as the wine began to flow, he turned his eyes again to the young lady, and, while the precious beverage trickled through the punctured tin cup to the porous tundra, the 'poet of the Sierras,' all unconscious of his loss, gave utterance to an eloquent apostrophe, which included in its picturesque rhetoric the charms of woman, the glories of nature, and the potency of wine. At the climax he raised the cup to his lips and tipped back his head. The strainer was, of course, absolutely empty. The poet gazed at the perforated bottom, and then, as the truth of the catastrophe flashed upon him, he forgot all about the feminine charms and natural scenery, and broke forth into a volume of oburgation startling even to men accustomed to the strenuous vocabulary of the frontier. It was not profanity, but rather a poem of passion. As it was not recorded, a masterpiece of invective was lost to the world. At the first volley of the poet's ricocheting adjectives the young woman fled."

The beginning of Window Happiness is a shadow roller that is obedient and faithful—one that is guaranteed not to give trouble.

THAT ONE IS THE GENUINE

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER.



AMERICAN LINE

New York—Southampton—London.
New York... July 8, 10 am | St. Paul... July 22, 10 am
Philadelphia... July 15, 10 am | New York... August 5, 10 am
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Haverford... July 11 | Friesland... July 25
Noordland... July 18 | Westernland... August 1

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Minneapolis... July 11, 6:30 am | Minnetonka... July 25, 6 am
Mesaba... July 18, 9 am | Minneapolis... Aug. 1, 11:30 am
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
New England... July 9 | New England... August 6
Mayflower (new)... July 16 | Mayflower... August 13
Commonwealth... July 30 | Commonwealth... August 20
Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Canada... July 18 | Dominion... August 1
Kensington... July 25 | Southwark... August 5

BOSTON MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE

Azores, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa.
Vancouver... Saturday, July 18, Aug. 29, Oct. 19
Cambrian... Saturday, Aug. 8, Sept. 19

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

New Two-Screw Steamers of 12,500 tons.
New York—Rotterdam, via Boulogne.
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a m.
Ryndam... July 8 | Rotterdam... July 29
Noordam... July 15 | Potsdam... August 5

RED STAR LINE

New York—Antwerp—Paris.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a m.
Zeeland... July 11 | Vaderland... July 25
Finland... July 18 | Kronland... August 1

WHITE STAR LINE

New York—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Teutonic... July 8, noon | Cedric... July 17, 10:30 am
Arabic... July 10, 6 am | Victorian... July 21, 6 am
Germanic... July 15, noon | Majestic... July 22, noon
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,
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Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Doric... Thursday, July 23
Coptic (Calling at Manila)... Tuesday, August 18
Gaelic... Friday, September 11
Doric... Wednesday, October 7
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG calling at Kobe (Hirogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903
Hongkong Maru... Tuesday, July 7
Nippon Maru... Friday, July 31
America Maru... Wednesday, August 26
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, July 4, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, July 10, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, July 16, 1903, at 2 P. M.
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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Charles E. Laughton announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Evelyn Laughton, to Mr. Gerard Morris Barretto, Jr., of Larchmont, N. Y. The wedding will take place in September.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Richardson, daughter of Mrs. William A. Richardson, and Dr. Edward S. Grigshy, who is at present in Nome.

The wedding of Miss Viola Piercy and Mr. William Wesley Burnett took place at the residence of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. C. U. Dunphy, on Washington Street, on Wednesday afternoon. The ceremony was performed at five o'clock by Rev. Father Cottle, of St. Brigid's Church. The wedding was a quiet affair, only relatives and a few intimate friends being present.

The wedding of Miss Adelaide Upson, of Sacramento, and Mr. William Ross Ormsby took place on Friday afternoon, June 27th, at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Charles A. Belden, in Ross Valley. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by Rev. Dr. Eldredge, of St. John's Presbyterian Church, of San Francisco, in the presence of relatives and intimate friends only. Miss Marion Upson, a sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and the flower-girls were Miss Lucy Hanchett and Miss Alice Hanchett, nieces of the bride. Mr. W. W. Douglas, of Sacramento, was the best man. Upon their return from a wedding journey in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby will reside at 3300 Washington Street, in this city.

The wedding of Miss Lena Towle Brower, daughter of Mr. Celsus Brower, and Mr. George W. Whitaker took place at the home of the bride's mother, in Bakersfield, on Wednesday, June 24th. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. R. Fuller. After a wedding journey to the Yosemite, Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker will reside in San Francisco, at the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Vallejo Street.

The wedding of Miss Jessie Galbraith, daughter of Mrs. Ellen Galbraith, and Dr. Charles Alfred Morris took place at the home of the bride's mother, 712 Castro Street, on Thursday evening. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by the Rev. J. P. Turner, of the Mission of the Good Samaritan. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her brother, Mr. Harvey Galbraith. Miss Alma Galbraith was her sister's maid of honor, and Mrs. C. H. Fairchild, of Alameda, was the matron of honor. Dr. Crayton C. Snyder assisted the groom as best man. After a wedding journey in Southern California, Dr. and Mrs. Morris will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Sadie A. Smith, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Smith, and Dr. Harry F. Worley took place in the First Methodist Church, of Oakland, on Monday night. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by Rev. E. R. Dille. Miss Minnie Smith, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and Miss Annie Enrick, Miss Violet Trower, Miss May Etzy, Miss Myrtle Smith, Miss O. E. Baker, and Miss Grace Smith were the bridesmaids. Mr. O. B. Smith, Jr., a brother of the bride, was the best man, and Mr. Guy Fleming, Mr. Edgar Thompson, Mr. Frank Norman, Mr. Hugul Gorsuch, and Mr. Wilson Wythe acted as ushers. The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride, on Twelfth Street, and later in the day Dr. and Mrs. Worley left on their wedding journey. On their return they will reside in Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Marion Wellington Kirby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Cook, and Mr. William Hardy Alexander will take place at St. John Episcopal Church on Monday evening at eight-fifteen o'clock. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. Martin N. Ray.

The wedding of Miss Beryl Whitney, daughter of Mr. J. Parker Whitney, and Mr. Thomas H. Graydon, the noted Harvard football player, took place in Boston on Tuesday night.

The officers of the Seventh Infantry gave an informal hop on Monday evening at the Presidio Club. The dance was given partly as a compliment to the Seventeenth for the many courtesies extended to the officers of the Seventh while stationed at Vancouver. Among others present were Captain and Mrs. Arthur Kerwin, Lieutenant and Mrs. Martin Crimmins, Lieutenant and Mrs. Graham, Lieutenant and Mrs. Halsted, Miss Maus, Colonel and Mrs. Woodruff, Miss Adah Howell, Miss Alma McClung, Miss Gladys McClung, Miss Mariner, Lieutenant and Mrs. Victor Lewis, Miss Kathleen Kent, Miss Ethel Kent, Major and Mrs. Ducat, Miss Bessie Cole, Miss Florence Cole, the Misses McCalla, Miss Gertrude Eells, Miss Amy Porter, Miss

Harvey Anthony, Miss Laura Van Wyck, and Miss Melita Pease.

Mrs. Harry Roosevelt, who has recently returned from the Philippines, was the guest of honor at an informal luncheon given by her cousin, Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool. Covers were laid for ten.

Mrs. M. P. Jones and Mrs. W. J. Somers gave a tea and card-party at the Hotel Rafael on Tuesday, at which they entertained Mrs. W. E. Dean, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. George D. Toy, Mrs. H. P. Sonntag, Mrs. Peter McBean, Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mrs. F. H. Green, Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mrs. W. L. Dean, Mrs. F. B. Anderson, Mrs. William Gwin, Miss Gwin, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Maurice Casey, and Mrs. A. Stevens.

Mrs. Gerrit Livingston Lansing and Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent will give a card-party on Tuesday afternoon, July 9th, at their summer residence, "Fernside," at Alameda, in honor of Mrs. Daggett and Mrs. Gihbons.

Sale of the "Lurline."

The yacht *Lurline* recently went on a cruise in southern waters. As already mentioned in the *Argonaut*, when she attempted to land at Catalina Island she was not provided with a ticket. Apparently, at this hospitable watering-place, it is necessary to have a coupon, a birth certificate, a passport, and a certificate of naturalization before a yacht can land. As a result, Commodore Spreckels and his guests departed without having set foot on Catalina Island. After they were gone, the people who run this hospitable watering-place realized their error, and tried to bring them back, but it was no go.

While south, Commodore Spreckels concluded to sell his fine schooner yacht. It is to be hoped that the Catalina Island reception was not the impelling cause. But that is not probable. It is said that the commodore intends to build a larger and finer yacht than the *Lurline*. She has been purchased by a Southern California yachtsman. She is one of the historic boats of San Francisco, and her disappearance will be felt with keen regret by many yachtsmen here.

The Bohemian Club's Midsummer Jinks.

The midsummer high jinks of the Bohemian Club will be held Saturday, August 8th, at the club's grove, near Guerneville. The excursion of club members will leave by Tihuron Ferry at 11 A. M., arriving at the grove about 2 P. M., on special train. The late train will reach the grove about 6:30 P. M. The club's special train will leave the grove, as usual, on Sunday, August 9th, at 2 P. M., arriving in San Francisco at 6 P. M. Dinner will be served at the club upon the arrival of the members. The price of the ticket is ten dollars.

The camp will be open for members on and after Thursday, July 30th, and the club will make no provision for hoarding members after 2 P. M. of Thursday, August 13th. The charge for subsistence will be two dollars per day. Tents will be provided by the club for the use of members on and after July 30th.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Commodore William W. Kimball, U. S. N., of the United States steamship *Alert*, at present stationed in Monterey Bay, is staying at the Hotel Del Monte with Mrs. Kimball.

Major William L. Kneeder, U. S. A., who has been on temporary duty as surgeon at Camp Monterey, has returned to his station at San Diego Barracks.

Captain Richard Clover, U. S. N., and Mrs. Clover arrived from Washington, D. C., early in the week, and are at the Palace Hotel. Mrs. Clover in a few days will leave for her country place, "Lavigne," in Napa County, where she will spend a portion of the summer months.

Captain Benjamin C. Morse, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., who sailed on the *Sherman* a few days ago, is well known in San Francisco. He was an aid on General Shafter's staff, and was afterward assistant adjutant-general.

Colonel John B. Kerr, Twelfth Cavalry, U. S. A., Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Simpson and Henry P. McCain, of the adjutant-general's department, U. S. A., Major William A. Mann, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Captain William W. Gihson, of the ordnance department, U. S. A., Captain William C. Rivers, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Captain Robert E. L. Michie, Twelfth Cavalry, U. S. A., were among the officers of the general staff who were ordered to Manila on the transport *Thomas*, which sailed on Wednesday.

Major Arthur C. Ducat, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., will leave in a few days for Willets, where he will inspect the National Guardsmen, who will camp there.

Commander Chauncey Thomas, U. S. N., and Mrs. Thomas were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Major Allie W. Williams, U. S. A., post surgeon at the Presidio, who went to Washington with the Nineteenth Infantry, has returned to his post.

Lieutenant E. L. Holland Ruhottom, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., is in the city on a leave of absence from Wawona.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Brownell in Baltimore, Ind., has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

— THE LARGEST VARIETY OF PAPER-COVERED novels for summer reading can be found at Cooper's Book Store, 745 Market Street.

Liebold Harness Company.

If you want an up-to-date harness, at a reasonable price, call at 211 Larkin Street. We have everything for the horse and stable.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the more important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

The question of the guardianship of the person and estate of Peter J. Donahue came up for hearing in the superior court early in the week, and Judge Sloss continued the case for a week. Peter Donahue is declared by his relatives to be suffering from impaired mental faculties. Baroness von Schroeder, cousin of the demented capitalist, has been identified for some months past with an effort to have the estate of Peter Donahue placed in charge of a guardian. Following her return from Europe in March last, she applied for letters of guardianship over the person and estate of Donahue, and the matter has been pending in the local courts ever since. The London courts, at the instigation of Richard Burke, appointed Cardinal Vaughan the guardian of Donahue's person last year, but the recent death of the noted prelate leaves the demented capitalist without a guardian. Donahue's estate is said to be worth in the neighborhood of \$1,500,000, and is largely situated in this city. It includes a one-fourth interest in the Occidental Hotel (a half interest in the Cosmopolitan Hotel (Fifth and Mission Streets), several lots on Mission and Fremont Streets, and in other parts of the city, and the ranch "Laurelwood" in Santa Clara County. He has also large interests in the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company.

The taking of depositions here for use in the trial of the Hopper-Dunsmuir will contest at Victoria, B. C., closed last Saturday at the British consulate. The testimony in behalf of Edna Wallace Hopper, who is attempting to break the will of her stepfather, Alexander Dunsmuir, and recover nearly \$1,000,000 which he left to his brother, James Dunsmuir, the ex-premier of British Columbia, has been of a most unusual character. According to the witnesses, the millionaire, during the latter part of his life, suffered greatly from alcoholic excesses. The trial at Victoria will open July 7th, and is expected to develop many sensational features. In addition to the large amount of testimony taken here and in New York, which will require a week to read to the jury, the attorneys on each side are planning to call many new witnesses.

The will of the late Samuel Foster, who died on June 15th, has been filed for probate. His estate is estimated to be worth \$50,000, of which \$35,000 is separate property. He disposes of it as follows: To his widow, Mary A. Foster, one-half of the community property and one-third of the separate property; to Lyman D. Foster, his son, \$10,000, and the residue of the separate estate after taking therefrom the deceased's quarter interest in the Massachusetts estate of his father, which he bequeaths to his two nieces, Mary L. Elder and Martha F. Jacques, share and share alike.

Mrs. John F. Swift has applied for letters of administration upon the estates of Palmer Woods, William Woods, Daphne Woods, and Margaret Vroom. The people whose estates she wishes to control were nephews and a niece of the petitioner and the heirs of their uncle, Joseph Woods, whose \$273,000 estate caused considerable litigation in Judge Trout's court several years ago. The three nephews all enlisted in the army of their country, and fought valiantly in the Spanish-American war till death overtook the first two at Santiago, and the latter fell at Manila shortly afterward. Less than a year later Miss Vroom died. Each of them possessed property worth but \$100.

— WOULD EXCHANGE HOUSE AND LOT (NORTH east corner), 50x150, in Alameda for house and lot, or lot and cash, in San Francisco. Box 62, Argonaut office.

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Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps, as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

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Bay Gelding, fifteen hands high, cob build, young and sound. Good for riding or driving—is a fine tandem leader. Apply

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	1902 Cases	1903 Cases
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G. H. Mumm & Co.	49,249	54,900
Ruinart, Père & Fils	6,051	8,526
Pommery & Greno	11,301	6,310
Vve Clicquot	4,455	6,060
Louis Roederer	4,037	4,116
Piper Heidsieck	5,276	3,209
Pol Roger	1,863	3,507
Dry Monopole	2,500	2,648
Duc de Montehello	1,611	2,407
P. Ruinart	1,697	1,697
Perrier Jouet	635	1,000
Bouche	714	672
Jules Mumm & Co.	394	669
Royal	—	284
Ayala	389	200
Reinghold	—	125
Bollinger	—	100
Various other imports	7,375	8,730
Grand total	139,621	165,688

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have returned from a visit to Portland, Or., and have gone to their Burlingame villa for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green have returned to San Francisco after a trip of some six months abroad.

Mr. J. M. Quay has left for Lake Tahoe, where he will spend several weeks as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Brigham.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs was in London when last heard from.

Mrs. Joseph Crockett has leased her residence, at 2029 California Street, to Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester are sojourning at Santa Monica.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is making a short stay at the Hotel Vendome, San José, before leaving for Del Monte, where she will spend a month.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey are in New York after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin at Newport. They will sail soon for Europe, accompanied by Miss Harvey, who has been in school.

Mrs. John A. Darling will make a visit to Monterey with her daughter, Mrs. Ernest la Montagne, during the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mr. William Thomas has departed for Alaska. He will make the trip up the Yukon, and will be absent a month.

Miss Sallie Maynard is the guest of Miss Jennie Flood at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Glass have returned from their visit to the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill will spend the summer on the McCloud River, where their son, who has recently returned from school in the East, will visit them.

Mrs. Gardiner Shaw, after a visit to the Yosemite Valley, is visiting Mrs. Burns Macdonald at Blithedale.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Seaman, Mrs. Charles Seaman, Mrs. E. E. Harris, and Miss Clara Huntington left New York for California last week. They will spend two months on the Pacific Coast.

Miss Bernie Brown has been spending a few days at Del Monte.

Mrs. I. Lawrence Poole, who is staying with friends at Napa, will visit Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock at Lake Tahoe next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Schmiedell and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibble, of Ross Valley, are sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Hopkins were in Baden-Baden, Germany, when last heard from.

Miss Josephine Loughborough will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George B. de Latour during the Fourth of July holidays.

Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson has returned from Europe, and with Mr. Robinson has gone to Newport for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckbee are guests at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor Bien, who have been in Paris since their marriage, a year and a half ago, are spending the summer at "The Terrace," Oconomowoc, Wis., the country place of Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Peck, of Chicago.

Lady Bache Cunard arrived in New York from Europe last week.

Mr. Frank Baden-Powell, a brother of General Baden-Powell, of England, arrived from the Orient early in the week, and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Bowie Detrick has been visiting friends at San Rafael during the week.

Mrs. W. I. Elkins, Jr., and family, of Philadelphia, were guests at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad von Gerichten (née Wicke) are at present on their wedding journey in Europe. Mr. Von Gerichten is well known in San Francisco as a musical composer and prominent member of the Bohemian Club.

Miss Florence Nightingale and Miss May Burdge have returned from an extended European trip and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. Marion Smith at Shelter Island.

Mrs. Kirk Munroe, wife of the well-known author, is visiting San Francisco. She came here early in the week to meet her husband, who is due to arrive from the Orient on the steamer Peking on July 4th.

Mrs. Charles Keeney has departed for New York, where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. Theodore E. Tomlinson, for a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy (née Hopkins) have been sojourning at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Landers are occupying their country place, "The Gables," at San Leandro.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Drown are at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mrs. Charles Minor Goodall is spending the month of July at Catalina Island.

Mr. Frederick A. Greenwood was at Del Monte last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus B. Costigan have returned from their visit to Southern California.

Mr. James D. Phelan spent a few days in San José during the week.

Miss Chrissie Taft is the guest of Mrs. Henry Butters at her country place, "Constantia."

The Princess Poniatowski is spending a few weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Ives and Miss Florence Ives have taken a cottage at San José for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown will spend a portion of the summer at the country home of Colonel and Mrs. Edgar F. Preston.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Watson are guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. George M. Pinckard and her son, Mr. Eyre Pinckard, have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Neil Reis, who have been traveling in the Orient for some months, have returned to San Francisco.

Mrs. Alexander Center and Miss Elizabeth

Center expect to sail for Japan in September. They intend to spend the greater part of a year traveling in the Orient and in Europe.

Mrs. Theodore Blakeman and Miss Leontine Blakeman will spend the month of July at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. DeRuyter will spend a portion of the summer at the Van Ness ranch in Napa Valley.

Mr. Knox Maddox will pass the Fourth of July at Lake Tahoe, remaining there during the month of July.

Miss Gertrude Van Wyck is visiting friends in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McIntosh have returned from their visit to New York, and are at their cottage in San Mateo.

Mr. Edward McAfee expects soon to spend several weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Charles N. Felton arrived from the East last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur V. Callaghan are in the Yosemite Valley. Their little son is with Mrs. Van Wyck, Mrs. Callaghan's mother.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. H. Lippman, Mr. James P. Sweeney, Mr. E. H. Kinney, Mr. P. George Gow, Mr. F. A. Hyde, Mr. J. Hoyt Toler, Mr. C. Howe, Mr. W. Billar, Mr. R. D. Purdy, and Mr. Melvin G. Jeffress.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. D. C. Randolph, of New York, Mr. M. Gay Pearce, of London, Mr. O. M. Hopkins and Mr. A. Harrison, of Chicago, Mr. F. W. Braddock, of Washington D. C., Mr. S. B. Chase, of New Orleans, Mr. J. M. Hetrick, of Carson, Mr. George Coleman, of Montreal, Miss L. L. McDonald, Miss Blythe McDonald, Mr. D. L. McDonald, Mr. James A. Simms, Mr. D. L. McFarland, Mr. A. Lincoln Cooks, Mr. W. E. Baker, and Dr. H. W. Brayton, Jr.

If you want to escape the noise and bustle of the city on the Fourth of July, take a trip on the Scenic Railway to the Tavern of Tamalpais, where perfect peace and quiet can be found, and where the accommodations are excellent and the panoramic view of the country is unsurpassed.

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Dividend Notices.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND Trust Company, corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the six months ending June 30, 1903, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company, as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3-6-10 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal after July 1, 1903.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street.—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1903, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3 1/4) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1903. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1903.

CYRUS W. CARMAN, Cashier.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister, and Jones Streets, San Francisco, June 26, 1903.—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3 1/8) per cent. per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1903, free from all taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1903.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

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King Peter the First, by the grace of God and the use of the revolver King of Serbia, is much perturbed in spirit. His people have received him cordially, but all of the foreign ministers have left Belgrade. The manner of his accession by assassination has unpleasantly impressed the crowned heads. They have stipulated that before their ministers return to Belgrade, something must be done toward punishing the late monarch's murderers.

This is an extremely awkward position for King Peter. If he does not punish the murderers, he remains practically unrecognized by Europe, and many plots for his downfall will be hatched in other capitals as well as in his own. If he proceeds to punish the assassins, they will almost certainly assassinate him, too. Hence the perplexity of Peter.

It is probable that the Servian king will allow matters to drift until he is a little more firmly established on his blood-stained throne. Then, if Europe forces him to do so, he will arrest the assassins on various pleas. Most of these gentlemen will then commit suicide in their cells. Whenever embarrassing prisoners encumber royal prisons in European countries, they have a mania for committing suicide in their cells.

In the meantime, the assassins of King Alexander—now the ministers and trusted chiefs of King Peter—are engaged in carefully editing and revising the "official story of the revolution." This will probably point out that the conspirators did not intend to kill King Alexander, but only to persuade him to abdicate; that they were engaged in a harmless discussion of the matter in the palace one evening; that suddenly the king appeared and opened fire on them with a revolver; that at the same time Queen Draga attacked them with an axe; that purely in self-defense they were obliged to protect themselves, and in the mêlée both king and queen were unfortunately slain; that they dragged themselves while dying toward the palace windows, and fell out into the garden, some two stories below, which accounts for the fractured and mutilated condition of the bodies; that the reason Lieutenant Petrovick's head was found in the garden, while his body was on the palace roof, was due to the fact that the queen accidentally hit him with her axe while making a swipe at Colonel Maschin, chief conspirator.

In the meantime, King Peter is reported to be stirring up all manner of quarrels among the conspirators, and setting afloat rumors which lead to quarrels between the conspirators and other army officers who failed to get in on the plot. This prudent and politic course is leading to a ceaseless round of duels. What with the duels, and the conspirators who commit suicide in their cells, King Peter will soon be securely seated on his throne "by the grace of God."

All sorts of unexpected phases crop out in the new Federal food-law. One of the latest developments is this: When American wines were to be judged at the Paris Exposition of 1900, they were thrown out by the French jurors because they "bore false and misleading names, such as 'Burgundy,' 'Bordeaux,' etc." There was much grumbling among California wine-growers, but we said at the time that it served them right—California wines are good enough to be judged under their own names and on their own merits, without masquerading as French vintages. Some of the most successful of our California wine-growers have always sold their products under California names.

But while forced to criticize our California wine-growers, we are now pleased at a chance for reprisal. The Frenchmen did not come into court with clean hands. We are always gratified when we see the engineer hoist with his own petard. The French jurors did not throw out the California wines because they were falsely labeled, but because they feared their competition. Turn about is fair play. Now, under the Federal pure-food law, we can insist that sophisticated French wines must be labeled with their true names, as the French jurors insisted we should label ours. If they have falsely labeled their wines, our government will condemn them. There are very few French wines coming to this country that are not falsely labeled. The

French Government is very rigid about the adulteration of products for home consumption, but very lax about the adulteration of products for exportation abroad. Many "French wines" are very mysterious concoctions. French wine-growers purchase large quantities of cheap Spanish and Italian wines for blending and sophisticating. Much of the wine exported from France is made of raisins, while cynical French wine-bibbers are in the habit of saying that in France wine is made out of everything—even of grapes.

Dr. Wheeler's stay at Washington, the pointed hospitality extended to him at the White House, the esteem in which he is held by President Roosevelt—all these things, taken in conjunction with some friction in the Board of Regents of the State University, have propagated quite a crop of rumors. When Dr. Wheeler accepted the post of president of California's State university, he stipulated that he should have a free hand in the matter of appointments. He was right. Any man who pretends to be president of a university, when in reality he is domineered by the politicians in the Board of Regents, is a pretty poor thing. The regents had been unsuccessful in getting a good man to accept the presidency at Berkeley, so they were forced to yield to Dr. Wheeler's stipulation. Since his incumbency he has had complete control over appointments, and has pruned off some dead wood from the faculty. In this we think he has had the approval of the public.

But he has made enemies. Not the least powerful were those among the regents who chafed under the loss of their appointing power. Rumors have arisen of friction in the Board. It is said that matters have reached such a point that Dr. Wheeler is not unwilling to lay down his charge.

To those of us who are familiar with California politics and politicians, the situation is not new. Similar crises have occurred before in the history of the university. When it was very young, an educator of more than national fame, D. C. Gilman, left the populous East and came to what was then only a frontier outpost to build up a university. But such were the petty cliques, the cabals, the intrigues among the regents, such the political pitfalls sown for President Gilman's feet, that he gave up his task in disgust. As his enemies accused him of maladministration of that task, he demanded a legislative investigation. This was accorded him, and his administration was cleared and vindicated. Having triumphed over his enemies, he shook from his shoes the dust of California, and left it not to return. He left it, too, to accept a more important post, that of president of Johns Hopkins University.

If Dr. Wheeler should leave California, those among us with knowledge of the Gilman episode will recall that at the later president's coming we had a prophetic feeling in our bones. We feared he might not tarry long among us. It is said that when Prince Alexander of Battenburg was "called" to the throne of Bulgaria he hastened, before he should accept, to seek the advice of Prince Bismarck. The veteran statesman listened attentively to the story of the Battenburg princeling, and when his advice was asked, replied: "Certainly, your highness, I advise you to accept the throne. To have occupied it will always be an agreeable reminiscence." So to some of us seemed the incumbency of Dr. Wheeler. Let us, like Prince Bismarck, hope that if his stay in California ends, it may at least be an agreeable reminiscence.

There will be no lack of posts awaiting Dr. Wheeler if he should leave California. It is said that President Roosevelt would willingly install him in one of the first-class diplomatic posts abroad, were it

Dr. Wheeler is not rich. It is unfortunate that the ambassadors of the United States should be restricted to millionaires, as the salaries are so small as to render the places prohibitory to men of modest means. It is hinted, however, that Dr. Wheeler might accept the position of minister either at The Hague or at Athens, both of which are inexpensive cities. With his scholarly tastes and his high rank as a Greek scholar, Dr. Wheeler would doubtless prefer Athens.

But it is also hinted that the President may appoint him to a position on the Isthmian Canal Commission. As such a position requires vast general knowledge and high personal character, Dr. Wheeler is eminently fitted for such a post under those heads. Furthermore, the salary of canal commissioner would be large, and its acceptance would not involve exile—which is what a diplomatic position means to most Americans of active mind. Furthermore, such a post would not be for two or three years only. During the War of the Rebellion a humorous court-martial—whose members did not believe in the immediate conclusion of a certain military and engineering project—sentenced a prisoner to "hard labor for life on the Dutch Gap Canal." Correspondingly, we believe that the completion of the Isthmian Canal is so far in the future that a position as canal commissioner means a position for life. If, therefore, Dr. Wheeler is going to resign his charge at Berkeley; if he is going to accept any post other than an educational one; if the President is going to offer him the position of Isthmian Canal Commissioner; if his acceptance of it means that he would not be marooned in Europe; if it means that he would remain on this Continent; if it means that we should frequently see him in California—if all these hypotheses should turn out to be verities, why then we hope that Dr. Wheeler may be a Commissioner of the Isthmian Canal.

The National Liberal party in Mexico has lately held its convention and nominated General Porfirio Diaz to succeed himself as president of that republic. The situation now is that all political parties are agreed on the reelection of the president. He has accepted the candidacy, and that he will receive another term is almost a foregone conclusion. Something more than a year ago General Diaz announced his intention to retire at the end of his present term, but though he is now seventy-three years of age, the people of Mexico are not yet ready to intrust the government to other hands. General Diaz is now a candidate for his seventh quadrennial term, presenting a career most remarkable in a republic. What his rule has done for Mexico is quite as remarkable. Upon his first accession he found the country what it had always been, a country of revolutions, "sloth in the mart," if not "schism within the temple." Like Richelieu, he has recreated Mexico. Where indolence was, he has planted alertness and ambition. Where retrogression prevailed, progress and civilization have been substituted. He has replaced an uncertain and unstable government by one stable and responsible. Though his methods may have savored of those of a dictator, there has been more progress in education, manufacture, commerce, and jurisprudence during his administration than in all the preceding years back to the Spanish conquest. The transformation of the republic is a surprising phenomenon in the history of social evolutions, and for that very reason it arouses misgivings as to its permanence and solidity. To dispel those misgivings, and to establish the fact that Mexico has learned the art of peaceful self-government, is the last task which General Diaz has imposed upon himself, with the hearty cooperation of the progressive classes of Mexicans. It is to be hoped that he will accomplish it. Without him it is deemed impossible, because, as one of the convention orators has said, "it consists in converting passive order into active order; inanimate inaction into the action of a living organism; submission to authority into submission to the law; the mandate of power into the supreme concert of regulatory institutions."

Some years ago a vigorous milk-inspector struck terror to the hearts of the swindling milkmen of San Francisco. He stopped their wagons, tested the milk, and, when it was found adulterated, dumped it into the sewer. But this official did not last long. The interests allied against him were too powerful, so he had to go. Since his time the swindling milkmen have thrived. Under complacent milk-inspectors, they have been able to sell with impunity their deleterious mixtures. Men in the business say that the swindling milkmen of San Francisco have been selling over five thousand gallons of water daily as milk. During the last five years this would make about nine million gallons of water sold as milk, which at current prices would mean nearly three millions of dollars. The worst of it is that the swindling milkmen do not even use pure water in their adulteration. Many cases of typhoid are traceable to foul milk. No typhoid germ can come from a cow's udder. Such germs frequently come from the foul water put into milk by murderous milkmen who take it from dirty ditches, putrescent sinks, and glandular horse troughs.

The reputable milk-dealers of San Francisco are willing to pay a large salary for a milk-inspector who will protect them from the ruinous competition of the swindling milkmen.

But it is not advisable to relegate these functions of the health board to persons in the milk business, even if they are honest. It is the duty of the health board to appoint trustworthy inspectors, and to see that they keep the milk of the city up to a high grade.

A curious feature of this swindling milk business is that it may become a labor-union question. The Milk Drivers' Union are reported to object to driving for the swindling milkmen, as they are obliged to keep account of four distinct grades of milk. The four grades are known as "straight" milk, "two quart," "four quart," and "six quart" milk—the "quarts" referring to the quantity of milk contained in the can. The drivers find it difficult to keep the run of so many kinds of milk. They get mixed at times, and deliver the wrong grade of milk. Not being expert chemists or toxicologists, they sometimes deliver diluted extract of typhoid to a man who has paid for "straight" milk. This causes dissatisfaction.

The United States Treasury statement for the fiscal year which closed June 30th shows the revenues of the government during the year to have been \$558,887,526, of which \$283,891,719 was derived from the customs, \$230,115,256 from internal revenue, and the balance from miscellaneous sources. The expenditures for civil and miscellaneous purposes has been \$125,018,312; for war, including rivers and harbors, \$118,549,683; for the navy, \$82,696,803; for Indians, \$12,931,056; for pensions, \$138,425,618; and for interest, \$28,356,618; leaving a surplus for the year of \$52,779,930. Although since January 1st the duty has been removed from tea, and since January 15th the duty on coal has been related, the receipts from customs are \$29,447,010 greater than the previous year, while the operation of the act repealing the war revenue reduced the receipts from internal revenue by \$41,764,866. The total revenues show a decrease of \$3,500,707, and the expenditures an increase of \$34,985,732. The available cash in the Treasury on the date of the statement was \$231,545,012—an increase of \$19,357,651 over the same date last year. The amount of gold in the Treasury has increased between the two dates by \$71,439,598. The latest statement shows the gold on hand to be \$631,639,898. At the beginning of the year the Treasury notes of 1890 amounted to \$30,000,000, which has been reduced by the coinage of silver bullion to \$19,243,000. National bank depositories are holding \$151,724,432 of public moneys—an increase for the year of \$27,741,365. The number of depositories is 710, being an increase of 136. Bonds to the amount of \$16,529,600 have been purchased during the year for the sinking fund, reducing the interest charge by \$661,437, and the interest on the general interest bearing debt of the United States has been reduced \$1,339,962.

Robert E. Pattison, twice governor of Pennsylvania, and now mentioned as a candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket, has been interviewed and found something interesting to say. We have culled from the telegraphic report some of his opinions. "All this talk about Cleveland as a Presidential possibility," says the governor, "is idle, and the Democracy had better hush itself with feasible ideas. The third-term principle can not be eliminated and would certainly lead to his defeat. This is my sole objection to Mr. Cleveland." As to the general outlook for the Democrats, he said:

Changed conditions are liable to occur. If the business conditions of the country remain as they are for another year, I believe it will be difficult to disturb the present political conditions. The unprecedented appropriations made by the last Congress are in line with Republican principles to burden the taxpayer. The Democratic principle of leaving the money in the hands of the people is old-fashioned and not popular at the present time. Whether the post-office scandals will figure in the next election depends largely on the power of the administration to punish the offenders.

He had this to say of newspaper influence on elections:

The people are not as easily swayed by editorials as they were forty years ago. They do their own thinking nowadays, and are more independent. The independent journals now have the large circulations with which the strictly party papers do not compare. The independent paper is potential in influencing the vote which decides the contest, the strictly party press in arousing enthusiasm along party lines in both parties.

He had little to say of candidates. For himself he was "from the wrong State," the Democratic party being the minority party in Pennsylvania. But he considered Judge Parker "a strong man and New York a potential State."

Representatives Pou, of North Carolina, and Patterson, of Tennessee, have both talked for publication. They agree with Governor Pattison on the eligibility of Judge Parker as a candidate "with whom we ought to stand a good chance to win," but they go a little farther by adding Senator Gorman to the list of availables.

Senator Allison, of Iowa, is a great literary artist. So deftly has he manipulated words that nobody knows what the tariff plank in the Iowa Republican platform means. "It is no recession from the position we took last year" say the backers of the Iowa idea. "We are perfectly satisfied" say the standpatters. And there you are! The tactful senator has removed the sting from the business end of the wasp without getting stung. "Duties that are too low," concludes the tariff plank, "should be increased, and duties that are too high should be reduced." What could be simpler! That is a plank upon which men of many political creeds might safely stand. The really significant phrase in the platform of 1902—"shelter to monopoly"—has been eliminated. The President is said to have characterized it as "tactless in phraseology." And what remains to the revisionists looks a good deal like what has been described as "a barren idealism." The great movement toward the protection principle in Europe, this country's unparalleled prosperity, the seemingly effective

method of regulating trusts found in the Sherman law, the growing belief that some of the big trusts are likely to crumble, carrying stock-holders, not competitors, in the crash, and the imminence of a national campaign when it is imperative that the party be harmonious—all these things have doubtless combined to reduce the Iowa idea to its present condition of innocuous desuetude.

How vastly different are conditions now from those forty years ago is strikingly shown by the laying of the Pacific Cable. American Pacific cable. Then, the completion of the Atlantic cable was a tremendous event in the world's history. To-day, the completion of the Pacific cable on the Fourth of July is the mere incident of a week, already passing out of people's minds. The first message sent over the Atlantic cable was by Queen Victoria to President Buchanan. The first over the Pacific was President Roosevelt's brief message to Governor Taft, "I open the American Pacific cable with greetings to you and the people of the Philippines," requiring only nine minutes for its transmission to Manila and thence by way of Suez around the world. Governor Taft, with true sagacity, incorporated in his reply an earnest plea "for a reduction of the tariff on Filipino products." Let us hope that the quicker, cheaper, and more direct news service between Manila and this city may rekindle the public's waning interest in Philippine affairs.

The new cable is 8,300 miles long, contains 19,000,000 pounds of iron and steel, 2,000,000 pounds of jute, 3,000,000 pounds of copper, 2,000,000 pounds of ruhher, and great quantities of other material. Between San Francisco and Manila it touches at Honolulu, Midway Islands, and Guam, and traverses the greatest uninhabited waste of water on the globe. And all the millions that Mr. Mackay and his company have put into it are practically a wager that Marconi's wireless transoceanic system will never work. Mr. Mackay is doubtless well advised; the confident laying of this costly cable can only greatly weaken public confidence in Marconi's sanguine promises.

A Market Street store recently applied to the San Francisco supervisors for permission to construct a street-crossing and "safety isle" opposite their entrance. The street committee has declined to approve the application, on the ground that "it might lead to the presenting of many similar requests from other business houses." This action seems to us anything but progressive. The supervisors naturally would not permit the erection of any structures on the streets which did not conform to their regulations. Since the San Francisco board is such a hack-number that it can not keep up to date with modern street improvements, as the aldermen of other cities do, the next best thing for them to do is to permit private citizens to construct the public conveniences which they neglect. San Francisco is an object of ridicule in the eyes of strangers for its lack of street-crossing conveniences, and a stench in the nostrils of strangers as well as of its own citizens for its lack of certain other conveniences. Two of these have been furnished to the city as object-lessons by the Merchants' Association. "Safety isles" are badly needed on Market Street in several places. The supervisors will neither construct them themselves, nor permit others to do so. Really, our present board ought to be labeled, classified, and put on exhibition in the Academy of Science Museum, along with the other mummies and fossils.

When Mayor Schmitz advocated cutting down the redundant salary roll of San Francisco's municipal employees, Commissioner Michael Casey, of the Board of Public Works, the mayor's bitter political enemy, offered to do the work of Chief of the Bureau of Streets, if the mayor's brother, Frank Schmitz, Superintendent of Public Buildings, were retired. The mayor at once stated that as Commissioner Casey thus admitted that there was no need for a Chief of the Bureau of Streets, he [the mayor] would veto the salary appropriation for the board if the position were not abolished. Of course, the mayor thus invited reprisals. Casey and his colleagues at once removed Frank Schmitz in order to punish Mayor Schmitz for his attempt at municipal economy. The mayor of course expected this, and made no attempt to retain his brother as superintendent, saying that Frank Schmitz had always held as good positions as this one in the public employ, and doubtless could again. This incident is another proof, if one were needed, that Mayor Schmitz is quite sincere in his attempt to economize the public's money, even if his action should cut off the salary of a relative.

The war of the gas companies in this city is at an end. The San Francisco Gas and Electric Company—the pioneer in the field—has absorbed the rival companies, and is now in supreme control of the situation. The most serious opposition that the old company had to meet was that of the Independent Electric Light and Power Company, organized by Claus Spreckels. The establishment of this company was the result of a dispute between Claus Spreckels and Joseph Crockett, the latter at that time president of the old company. The cause of the dispute was the smoke from a gas plant which Spreckels complained of, and Crockett refused to abate. After a time, Crockett was forced to resign his presidency, but the war continued. In the field covered by the independent company, Mr. Spreckels made contracts at the rate of 75 cents a thousand feet, and had signed nearly 10,000 contracts when the war came to an end. He has consistently refused to enter into any combine to raise the price of gas, but he has as consistently declared that he would sell out the plant when offered his price. He received \$6,000,000 in cash and \$5,000,000 in bonds, of which \$8,000,000, possibly \$10,000,000, will be issued—this besides \$460,000 in book accounts. His profit on the deal is estimated at between

\$2,500,000 and \$3,000,000. The old company announces that for the present the price of gas will be one dollar a thousand feet.

According to the original founding grant of Stanford University, the duty of employing professors and teachers is delegated to the trustees. For some years, however, Mrs. Stanford, disregarding this clause, has placed the selection of faculty members solely in the hands of President Jordan. In an address to the trustees in October, 1902, she slightly departed from this policy, saying that "the board of trustees should adopt such a plan for the nomination and appointment of professors and teachers as . . . may prove to be desirable," but that "during my administration the president of the university shall have exclusive control over the appointment and dismissal of professors and teachers, as he has had heretofore." Now, according to the statements of the *Chronicle*, Mrs. Stanford has "changed her views as to the delegation of powers to the president." In her address to the board of trustees on her election to its presidency this week, she is reported to have said:

You shall accordingly assume the foregoing and any other functions of the trustees which I have delegated to the president of the university during my administration, and after full investigation and deliberation you shall formulate general rules providing for the government of the university, and defining the powers and duties of the president and faculty.

The election commissioners have been called upon to decide a dispute among the leaders of the Union Labor party. There are two antagonistic committees, both claiming to be the only legitimate representatives of that organization. Both committees have presented petitions to the election commissioners asking for a place on the primary election ballot, and the commissioners can recognize only one of them. In one of the petitions the number of delegates to be elected to the Union Labor convention is placed at 320, in the other at 199. One of the committees, represented by A. H. Ewell as chairman and George F. Aubertine as secretary, was appointed in 1901, and claims that, under the law, it is entitled to hold for two years and until the assembling of the next municipal convention. The other committee, represented by August Harders as chairman and George J. Berger as secretary, was appointed by the Union Labor convention, which was held last year. This was not a municipal convention, and so the Ewell committee claims that it has not been superseded. The commissioners have referred the question to City Attorney Lane, and will not act in the matter until they have received his opinion.

The figures turned in to Collector Stratton, representing the business done at the custom-house during the last fiscal year, show a most satisfactory increase in volume of goods received through this port. During the year the customs receipts amounted to \$7,850,705, an increase of \$300,000 over the previous year, and of nearly fifty per cent. over the receipts of seven years ago. During the year 1902, the duties collected on coal in this port amounted to \$500,000, and those on tea to \$600,000. These duties were not collected last year, and represent a loss of more than one million dollars, which would have added to the increase of this year. The number of entries of imported goods was 21,519, an increase of 2,300 entries in six years. The number of withdrawals for consumption was 9,782, an increase of more than one hundred per cent. in six years. There has been a steady increase in the business of the custom-house during the six years covered by the figures presented, representing the growing importance of San Francisco as the port of entry for the Oriental trade.

The supreme court has decided that street railways which are operated in more than one county must be assessed by the State Board of Equalization and not by the assessors of the counties in which they are operated. The case in which the point was decided was brought by the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway Company against Joseph H. Scott, tax-collector of this city and county. The majority opinion of the court holds that the word "railways," as used in the section of the constitution relating to assessments, includes street railways as well as steam roads. Chief Justice Beatty dissents from the majority opinion. He holds that city railway corporations will avail themselves of the opportunity offered by the decision to evade taxation for municipal purposes upon the property originating in municipal grant, and deriving its value from the same municipal conditions that make municipal administration necessary and costly. The State Board of Equalization must apportion the taxes between the two counties on the basis of the mileage in each, which bears no relation to the cost of municipal administration. The case would seem to be one that calls for constitutional amendment rather than judicial decision.

The Democratic County Committee has issued a call for the municipal convention of that party, to be composed of 339 delegates, the apportionment being based on each 100 votes cast for Lane in the last State election. The delegates are to be elected at the primary to be held on August 11th. Incidentally, there was a discussion over the powers of the committee of seven, which had prepared the call for the convention. This committee was appointed under a resolution which empowered them to frame a call for the convention and to prepare a plan for the participation of all Democrats in the primary, but it was thought that the committee was usurping power that did not belong to it. The most important work of the meeting was the adoption of a resolution urging the various assembly-district organizations to present the question of municipal ownership of water-works—"the most important question confronting the people of this city"—

at all meetings, so that the delegates to the municipal convention may be prepared to urge on the voters the imperative necessity of speedily acquiring a city water-works and water-supply. It is their intention to make this a leading issue in the coming municipal campaign.

Assessor Dodge, of this city and county, and Assessor Dalton, of Alameda County, have assessed the ferry franchise and the boats of the Southern Pacific Company running between this city and Oakland. The Alameda assessment on the franchise is placed at \$1,050,000, and a similar assessment has been made by Assessor Dodge. The eight ferry-boats have also been assessed, the highest assessment being upon the *Berkeley*, which is placed at \$61,000 on each side of the bay. The railroad company claims that the assessment is illegal, and refuses to pay, so the question will probably be submitted to the courts for determination. The assessors are acting under Section 3,643 of the Political Code, which provides that, where ferry-boats are operated between fixed points and at stated intervals between different counties, the franchises and water craft shall be assessed one-half in each county. The railroad company has heretofore paid taxes on the ferry-boats, one-half in Alameda County and one-half in this county, but objects to paying taxes on the franchise. It is claimed that the franchises can not be separated and assessed in different places. The railroad company further claims that the ferry system has never been operated under a separate franchise, but under the general franchise of the company.

The San Mateo Electric Railway is now equipped with commodious and comfortable cars. This was an absolute necessity, for the ride is a long one, and, if the road hoped to compete with the Southern Pacific Company, it was necessary to make the passengers comfortable. The United Railroads, having thus taken the first step, it is to be hoped that the work of improvement will be continued, until all of its lines are equipped with modern cars. At present, the cars are neither comfortable nor commodious. No other city of the size of San Francisco has so inadequate a service. Even the primitive bob-tailed car has not completely disappeared from the streets of this city. If the United Railroads hopes to retain the good will of its patrons it will not delay in extending this necessary improvement. And in these days of strikes, it needs the public's good will.

VISITING VESUVIUS.

By Jerome A. Hart.

"Visiting Vesuvius?" the reader may exclaim; "why, you speak as if it were a habit."

Not exactly that, but one may "visit" the volcano without being always received, although Vesuvius is generally at home. I say "generally" at home, for when the volcanic monster comes forth from his igneous caverns, and goes calling on the cities and towns around the base of the mountain, I suppose he may be said to be "out." But that is a subtle point in volcanic etiquette.

Yes, one may visit Vesuvius without being received. Such has been our experience. On our first visit to Naples, the mountain was not receiving. A mild eruption had just taken place. As a result, the authorities had forbidden the ascent of the volcano. Soldiers and constabulary surrounded the base of the mountain. It is true that daring young tourists, American and English, were trying to break through the cordon, and were daily getting jailed. But as I had an imperfect appreciation of the delights of Italian prisons, it required little persuasion from the police to keep me from ascending the mountain.

When next we were at Naples, the weather in sunny Italy was not so sunny as it might have been. Clouds encircled the mighty mountain, and up above them the vast cone was covered with a cap of snow. For many days a cold, raw rain poured down upon sunny Naples. Occasionally the rain ceased for a few minutes, when it hailed. This time the authorities again forbade the ascent of the mountain—at least above the observatory, down to which the snow-cap ran; below the observatory nobody cared to go. Thus it happened that it was only possible for us to visit Vesuvius after having visited Naples several times.

The road out of Naples toward Vesuvius is the same route that one follows to reach Pompeii. When intending to go up the mountain the tourist leaves the Pompeii road at Resina, the modern city which overlies Herculaneum. Apropos

of these two ancient towns, it is remarkable how many people speak of them as the only buried cities in the vicinity. In fact, there are many, and it may not be uninteresting to mention them here. Next to the two familiar ones, the one whose name is most frequently heard is Stabiae. Then there is Cumæ, the oldest Greek colony in Italy; Baia, a watering-place, resort of the Roman swells in the first year of our Lord; Parthenope, Palæopolis, and Neapolis, three buried cities lying under modern Naples, from the last of which it took its name; Dikearchia (later called Puteoli, now Pozzuoli), another Greek city of large wealth and with much commerce; Capua, one of the great military posts of ancient Rome, now covered by a modern city, also a garrison; and Suessola, whose medicinal springs held high repute among the gouty epicures of the Roman time.

Cataclysmic have been the earth's throes around that laboring monster, Vesuvius, for some of these buried cities, which were great seaports two thousand years ago, are now far inland. On the other hand, off shore at Baia, you may look down from a boat when in smooth water, and discover ancient

houses and streets far below you at the bottom of the sea. Some of these buried cities were much larger and more important places than either Pompeii or Herculaneum. Yet to many travelers their names seem unfamiliar.

We quit the Pompeii road at Resina, just over the entrance to the gloomy ruins of Herculaneum. We soon leave the town of Resina behind us, but not its officials, for the communal authority extends clear up to the crater. We wind up the mountain side, amid vineyards and olive orchards, and at every vineyard gate a hard-featured peasant woman, with an unpleasant smile, offers us the "genuine" Lacrimæ Christi wine. Experienced mountain-climbers are said to avoid it when going up, or they never "get there." I should avoid it coming down, for similar reasons. It is very fiery, strong, and heady; an Italian gentleman intending to stab an old friend with whom he had a tiff might find it useful as a stimulant, but I should scarcely recommend it as a table wine.

Our road repeatedly crosses the great lava stream of 1872. The government road ends at a point about 2,400 feet above the sea, a quarter of a mile beyond the observatory. Here a private road begins, running for about two miles to the lower station of the funicular railway; this road was built in 1880 by the French company which constructed the wire railway. Since 1888, both this carriage road and the wire railway have belonged to the Cook tourist agency. The lower end of the railway is 2,600 feet above the sea. The railway itself is 2,600 feet long, and the upper end is 1,300 feet higher than the lower. The altitude of the highest point on the cone of Mt. Vesuvius varies. Up to a recent period it was 4,300 feet, but since the eruption of eight years ago the cone has been slowly sinking. It is now some 200 feet lower than in 1895.

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There is a good deal of kicking among tourists over the "monopoly" of the Cook carriage-road, but I confess I do not see why. There can be no "monopoly" on a mountain the size of Vesuvius. Besides, this turnpike is like any other private road—one must pay toll. The landlords of the Hotel Suisse and the Hotel Diomède at Pompeii have both constructed private bridle-paths up the mountain, for using which paths people have to pay. If the tourist does not like to pay toll on these private roads, he can blaze a trail of his own; there is certainly a good deal of mountain there for him to select from—it is about thirty miles around. The Cook people take a tourist from Naples to the top of the cone and back (carriage and railway fare and guide-fees included) for 21 francs. If the tourist does not come in their carriages, they charge him 18 francs for the railway fare alone, and 5 francs toll for the use of the carriage road; this makes 23 francs to the Cook agency, in addition to what he pays for his non-Cook carriage; this latter conveyance will cost him say 25 francs, or a total of 48 francs. The Cook agency also charges pedestrians 5 francs toll over their carriage-road. The mountain-climbers who are footing it, and are confronted with this toll, are thereby plunged into a state of frenzy. But if I were a mountain-climber (which I am not), I think I would climb "across lots," instead of taking the easy way of a tourist turnpike.

Lest this be construed as sneering at the ardent mountain-climber, I may explain that the Vesuvius ascent is easy. It is probably fatiguing, but it is neither dangerous nor difficult. For that matter, it is fatiguing even to ascend the mountain in a carriage, for it is a long, dusty, and tiresome trip. Lest some one should cry out upon me for a Vesuvian vandal, let me add that I do not forget the view. The view from Vesuvius is indeed magnificent, but to crawl up a steep and dusty mountain road for several hours behind two horses at a slow walk does not strike me as exhilarating. The descent is infinitely more pleasurable; the winding turns are made more rapidly; the view of mountains and islands, cities and sea, changes at every minute. In short, the ascent is not an unalloyed pleasure; but the descent is pure joy.

In this matter of mountain-climbing I will admit that I am without shame. I have such low tastes that I am glad there is a funicular railway up the volcano, or I never should have got there. If I should ever go again, I would expect to go the whole distance in forty minutes by an electric railway for a moderate sum, instead of spending four or five hours, paying thirty or forty francs, and crawling in a carriage behind two tired horses up the mountain side. When we were there this winter, the Cook people were building an electric railway all the way from Naples to the foot of the funicular railway, which they already own. It was to be completed for this summer's season of tourist travel; very probably it is in operation now. Those horrified people who cry out in indignation at going all the way up Vesuvius by rail need not get excited. There are roads and trails there still. If you do not like the railway, you can drive on the turnpike. If you do not want to pay toll on the turnpike, you can travel by trail. If that is too easy, you can hoof it across the lava beds. Thus, those who don't like the funicular, can walk.

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It must not be supposed that I advise tourists to join the "personally conducted" Cook's parties who are taken from Naples up to the crater, four in a carriage, at a fixed price. I have no doubt that they get good value for their money, for whatever the Cook people do, they do well. Personally, I object to being jammed into a carriage with job-lots of total strangers all day. Many people do not object to this, and with them I have no quarrel. I would rather pay more and have a whole carriage—less company and more room. Bad taste possibly, but I can't help it. But I do advise tourists to hire their carriages from the Cook agency. The Cook people will give you whatever you choose to pay for—from a one-horse victoria to a six-in-hand wagonette. Furthermore they have the pick of the Naples horses and vehicles; if the doubts this, and tries to hire something on his own

ADMINISTRATIVE CHANGES AT STANFORD.

DISUNION IN UNION LABOR PARTY.

CUSTOMS RECEIPTS AT THIS PORT.

THE ASSESSMENT OF STREET RAILWAYS.

DEMOCRATS FAVOR PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.

either falls heir to Cook's leavings, or gets hold of drivers whom they have dropped for extortion.

There is a good deal of cheap depreciation of these tourist agencies. But I observe that those who sneer most loudly at them, when in London or Paris, are the most dependent on the agencies when in out-of-the-way places. And with reason, for it would be almost impossible for the average tourist to make his way about at all in some Oriental countries without the aid of the agencies. This is notably the case in Palestine, where even William, the War Lord of Germany, was obliged to rely for saddle-animals, and transportation facilities generally, on the Cook agency. Kitchener also used them to transport troops from Egypt into the Soudan.

At Vesuvius the Cooks have completely revolutionized the conditions which previously rendered the ascent intolerable. Not only are they building a new electric railway, but they have shown great enterprise in operating the funicular railway, subject as it is to many accidents of various kinds. Three times when I have been at Naples the road has been temporarily stopped. Once it had been buried by the drifting cinders, another time it was covered with snow, and on the third occasion the upper end had been wrecked by an eruption. In addition to providing mechanical means for aiding tourists, the Cooks have also shielded them from the attacks of the natives. The various communes around and upon the mountain have always lived on the travelers. For generations they have despoiled tourists at their own sweet will, and they now resent their being protected by this agency. But the Cooks have brought them into some sort of order, so that it is possible to ascend the mountain without being robbed.

All the way up the mountain side we were haunted by mysterious music. Whenever we approached a bend in the road, there would arise from behind a wall the sounds of "Santa Lucia," or sometimes "Funiculà, funiculà." When we got round the corner of the wall we would find a hand of wandering minstrels, energetically scraping fiddles, plucking on harps, or blowing on brass horns; sometimes even the humble piano-organ was lying in wait for us behind great blocks of lava, and would suddenly burst forth into volumes of more or less sweet sound. But whenever I shook my head and waved a negative finger, saying, "Niente, niente" (Italian for "Nit"), there would be a sudden silence, and the musicians would disappear. The number of times I terminated the strains of "Santa Lucia" between Resina and the observatory would be almost beyond belief were I to enumerate them. So numerous were these mountain musicians that I had my arm in the air nearly all the time. I began to feel like an orchestra conductor. In fact, considering my destination, my orchestral occupation, and that I was bound toward the sulphur and brimstone hole on top of Vesuvius, I might have been likened to Orpheus on the road to hell. But on second thoughts the comparison would not hold, for while Orpheus was moving the very rocks to music, I was moving some very rocky music back to the rocks again.

At the top of the long drive up the mountain is an inn, where an excellent luncheon can be obtained. There are the usual photographs for sale, and the usual register, or "album," in which nobodies have written nothing—"thoughts on first seeing Vesuvius, by Mrs. Lemuel Aminidab Doolittle, Moosatackmaguntic, Maine, U. S. A.," or "Pensées sur la baie de Naples, par Jeanne Groselle Poirier, en voyage de nocces avec son cher mari, Hector Achille Poirier, epicier en gros, Pont-a-Mousson, France."

The funicular railway is like all mountain railways, and when you reach its top you are at the base of the cone. Here all must walk. Did I say all? Then I was wrong. Among the many queer things you see while traveling, not the least queer is the number of imperfect people you see doing things. It is not uncommon to see a rich blind man being led around and the sights described to him. As for the rich halt and the wealthy lame, they are legion. You see people carried in chairs by stalwart chair-men in all sorts of places abroad. You see old people and invalids being carried around gigantic ruins in Egypt. You see them continually being packed around Pompeii. But I must admit I was surprised to see such people being carried in chairs up to the very brink of the crater of Vesuvius.

At the upper station of the funicular railway, at the base of the cone, the first obligatory charge for guides is made. You are forced to take a guide to the mouth of the crater at the fixed price of 3.50 lire per person—about 70 cents. This fee must be paid—the volcano is within the jurisdiction of the Commune of Resina, and the guides are authorized officials and wear commune badges. The tax is a little higher than it need be, but the commune can scarcely be blamed for making the taking of guides obligatory. Many tourists would dodge the tax if they could—some through economy, some through bravado. But at times guides are beyond question necessary. Many lives would be lost every year were people to attempt ascending to the crater without guides. The cone is often covered with snow; at times the smoke from the crater is blinding; the wind frequently fills the air with fine cinders, so that one can not see. It would be an easy matter for a stranger to lose his way, and even to fall into the crater. A ticket issued by the Commune of Resina, authorizing two travelers to visit the crater of Vesuvius with guide, reads as follows:

Dalla Stazione Superiore

al

Cono Attivo

Per comitiva di 2 Viaggiatori L. 7.00

Tariffa per le guide del Vesuvio, giusta il regolamento approvato con decreto dell' Ill. mo. Signor Prefetto della Provincia di Napoli

Here the Cook agency has an inspector to keep the guides in order. When I had paid for our tickets and chosen our

guides, we began the ascent of the cone. It is only a fifteen-minute climb, but it is pretty hard work while it lasts. The loose cinders' under foot make walking very difficult. You seem to slide back two feet for every one that you take forward. You can go in a chair, or you can hire two guides to take either arm and a third to push you from behind, or you can cling to a stout strap hooked to the belt of a single guide, or you can go it alone. Most people start out to go it alone, and wind up by hiring assistance.

The day we went to the crater a fierce gale was howling around the top of the mountain. About two hundred yards to windward of us a group of men were climbing the cone by the Resina trail; from them, the wind blew clouds of ashes, which filled our eyes, our ears, our noses, which stung and blinded us. But at last we reached the top, we stood panting on the brink of the crater, we looked into the awful depths below.

How did it look? Well, there are many disillusionings in traveling. It is, of course, an interesting thing to climb to the top of one of the great volcanoes of the world. It is a revelation to look into its crater. "How did it look?" you ask. Well, it looked exactly like the dump of a mine or a smelting-works. I have seen many such dumps, where masses of heated cinders and slag lie at the bottom of a big pit. In these mine-dumps one may see smoke and steam pouring up in vast volumes from the heated cinders and slag. So was it at the crater of Vesuvius. The smoke was sulphurous and suffocating. It finished the work of blinding our eyes, already half-blinded with ashes. Soon we could see nothing at all, still we had the satisfaction of saying to ourselves that we had seen the crater of Vesuvius. Further to complete the parallel between the volcano's crater and a mine-dump, the crater looked as if it had been made by man. It was an irregular rectangle with sloping sides. Of course, this conformation was due to the talus falling down from the embankments of slag, lava, and old cinders on which we stood. The shape of the pit is continually changing. This particular crater was only a few days old, and was already approaching perilously near to the guardian's hut.

We found the guides civil enough, but there is not a little grumbling among the tourists whom they stop, and forbid the ascent of the crater without a guide. But it is the law. When the crater is enveloped in smoke or steam, as I have said, it is easy for strangers to lose their way and tumble into either the main crater or some of the baby craters, which lie around incubating. While a tourist or two would not greatly matter to the world, the Italian Government appears reluctant to lose one. Hence its loving care.

The various communes jealously guard their privileges. This scene took place under our eyes while we were at the base of the cone. It was so absorbing that our own guides kept us waiting, and did not climb the cone until the incident was ended. A tourist suddenly hove in sight, who did not come from the direction of the railway route. The Resina guides immediately sighted him, for he was accompanied by two strange guides. Like birds of prey, all the guides gathered around. The wrangling which at once broke out was not unlike the clangor of contending gulls over a choice bit of offal. The tourist, it turned out, was accompanied by guides from Pompeii. The Resina guides fiercely resented their appearance, and ordered them to depart. The Pompeian guides with equal fierceness refused. Around the poor tourist the battle raged. He spoke no language save his own. Heavens knows what that was—Bulgarian, mayhap, or possibly Polish—but he would gaze dumbly from time to time at the circle of scowling faces around him, as though he would very much like to know what it was all about. Just as the guides were about to come to blows over their prey, two carabinieri—rural police officers—appeared, of whom there are many on the mountain. With a magisterial air they restored peace if not silence, and then ordered the contending factions to state their case. It was done at great length and in vociferous Sicilian, Neapolitan, and Italian. When the carabinieri had heard the case at length, they advanced gravely to a certain monument on the mountain, a stone cairn. Here one of them drew a line with his toe in the shifting, drifting cinders, just such a line as we boys used to draw when we played "straight line" for keeps or ran foot races.

"Here," said he, oracularly, to the Pompeian guides—"here is your limit. You can come up this far with your tourist—beyond that you can not go. Thus says the law." The other carabinieri nodded with owl's gravity.

With yells of joy the Resina guides fell upon the hapless tourist who came up the Pompeii trail. Two of them grabbed him by either arm, a third hooked a strap into his belt and pulled him from in front, a fourth pushed him from behind, and in the twinkling of an eye they hustled him up the trail toward the crater, while the baffled Pompeian guides remained behind on the fatal line, gnashing their teeth.

When this took place, our own guides, who had been interested spectators, acting as a very noisy gallery, also took up their line of march, and we, too, went up to the crater.

When we left our guides on the descent, and reached the funicular railway, a sharp-faced young woman, accompanied by a guide, got on to the same car with us. The cars are small ones, holding about six people. Noticing that we were speaking English, she asked whether we were Americans or English people, and being told that we were Americans, at once became extremely confidential. She had climbed the crater in a pair of shabby high-heeled slippers, which she proceeded to remove. She explained this by saying that she had been advised not to wear her best shoes on the cone, as the hot ashes would certainly ruin them, hence she had worn these old ones. The guide was carrying her hand-bag,

which she had him open. Out of it she produced a pair of new and natty shoes; then she began to unbutton a long pair of cloth gaiters, knee high; when she had removed these, she began to button her shiny shoes—all this on the open car, with the fierce wind blowing her skirts about her shanks, to the amazement of the guide, who gazed at her in open-mouthed wonder. I must confess I shared his surprise. I have seen some odd things, but the spectacle of a young woman on Vesuvius taking off a pair of knee-high gaiters in a high wind in the presence of a Neapolitan guide and some total strangers was certainly surprising.

On our way down the mountain, a beautiful Italian boy approached, put his hand on our carriage, and gave us a sunny smile (25 centesimi). He walked along a few yards, and then went forward and patted the near horse's flank (10 centesimi). He stooped down and presented to madama a small piece of lava (15 centesimi). I purposely put the price low, as Vesuvius is entirely composed of lava and is 30 miles around. Again he walked along in silence a few yards, and then remarked "fine day" (10 centesimi). He saw a yellow flower by the side of the road, which he gathered and presented to madama with another sunny smile (35 centesimi).

Here I interfered. "Fair youth," said I, "waste not thy time upon heedless and unappreciative travelers like ourselves. We need no little pieces of lava; our horses care not for caresses; we have no use for sunny Italian smiles. Here is a coin, fair youth; it is the smallest I have; had I a smaller it would be yours, but take it with my blessing," and here I handed him a soldo, which is about a cent.

There used to be a small coin current in Italy which I have not seen of late years. It was worth about a fifth of a cent, and was called, I believe, a *baiochio*. I have had the habit, when returning home after a trip, of keeping my uncurrent coin as souvenirs. The experienced traveler always endeavors to cross a frontier with as little as possible of the coin of the land he is leaving. In this he is actively seconded by the natives, who do not confine their efforts to their own coin—they endeavor to relieve him of his own as well. They are generally quite successful. However that may be, the seasoned traveler knows he will lose heavily in dealing with the money-changers on the frontier, so at his last stop—in France, let us say—he usually secures just enough French money to carry him to the German line. But there he may have a few sous left; correspondingly, when he leaves Germany, a few pfennig; when he leaves Austria, a few kreutzer; when he leaves Turkey, a few nickel piastres, or *metallik*. On returning home I have always deposited these uncurrent coins in the extended basket of a beautiful flower-girl in my room—a porcelain girl, by the way, with turquoise eyes and a dazzling Dresden-china smile. She has a most remarkable collection in her basket, and among the coins I recalled distinctly several of these *baiochi*, some bearing the head of Pio Nono, some the features of King Bomba of Naples, and all worth, as I said, about a fifth of a cent. How I yearned for one of them! It would have filled my soul with joy had I been able to present a *baiochio* to my Vesuvius youth with the sunny smile. But I gave him the smallest I had.

The handsome boy gazed at the copper coin with the expression of a man who has just bitten into a bad oyster. He protested that he did not want it, and tried to give it back to me. He said he was not after money—that he desired to walk with us, partly for the pleasure of the promenade, and partly for the pleasure of our society.

"Hark ye, good youth," quoth I, "waste not your time upon us. The coin which I have presented to you is all you will get. Far down the dusty road behold your carriage. In it there is a Chicago millionaire with his wife, his mother-in-law, and eke his wife's sister. He is rich and generous. I am poor and mean. Go—fly to the Chicago millionaire. Give the ladies yellow flowers. Give them of the priceless lava of which the mighty mountain is composed. Give them your sunny smile, and then touch the Chicago man—I mean, touch the Chicago man's heart."

The youth with the sunny smile understood me. He did not like me much for my cent, but he followed my advice, and like the mountain chamois he bounded over the lava blocks, making a short cut to the Chicago man's carriage. During the drive down the mountain I noticed how assiduous he was in his attentions, and that the Chicago ladies' laps were covered with beautiful wild flowers, gathered by the road-side, and that the very air was perfumed with sunny Italian smiles.

But when the Chicago man's carriage was at the foot of the toll road, I heard a violent altercation going on, and stopped to see what was the matter. The youth with the sunny smile was demanding of the Chicago millionaire the sum of five francs. He said he had been hired by that gentleman to walk along by the carriage, push it down hill, pick flowers, gather lava, and generally to make himself useless. The bystanders all agreed with him—they were all guides, carriage-drivers, and hotel-touts, and therefore utterly unprejudiced. They showed the Chicago man that he was wrong in grinding the face of the poor, so he reluctantly dug up five francs, and presented it to the youth with the sunny smile.

Ah, he was indeed a beautiful boy, with his jet-black eyes, his curling hair, and his bright and sunny smile. But I am glad I passed him up to the Chicago man.

Secretary Moody is given as authority for a remarkable statement. "When, recently, I traveled with the President," he is reported to have said, "I remarked to him the possibilities of personal danger, and he said that, if an attempt was made upon him, he would condone the lynching of the guilty party. 'But,' said I, 'are you certain they would secure the right person in such a moment? Are you certain that they might not even take you?' The question had never presented itself to the President in that light before, and he agreed that there were dangers which deprived lynching of justification."

AN INSPIRED AVALANCHE.

The Unique Weapon of Henry Parthniss.

It was two years ago that the greatest hydraulic pipe line of its kind in the world was completed at the noted Sweepstake Mine in Trinity County. The contractors who moved the materials for twenty miles of steel pipe over steep grades from Redding to the mine, sixty miles away, point to their achievement as a record. They are proud, too, that during all the time that they had six hundred men employed in difficult and often dangerous work, only one life was sacrificed, and that there was only one serious mishap before the line was turned over—one beyond human foreseeing. But that mishap cost the contractors several thousand dollars for repairs, and the remarkable circumstances of it cost them a great deal of perplexity. While the great pipe, winding among the mountains, was being tested with a small volume of water, the flow suddenly ceased late one night. A force of men hastened along the line, and in a few hours found the seat of trouble. A landslide of thousands of cubic yards of gravel and earth had swept away a long section of pipe from a shelf where it followed along the mountain side and the water was forming a lake in the cañon. Landslides are not uncommon in the steep mountains of Trinity, but they come after the phenomenal rains, and though this slide came down a precipitous ravine, there had been no rain for months, and how it could have started was a puzzle which neither old residents nor contractors could solve. A hunter, who camped half a mile away in the woods that night, told of having heard a sound like the muffled roar of a cannon, but this was thought not unnatural when tons of flying gravel struck upon a half-empty steel cylinder thirty inches in diameter, and neither this nor any other circumstance shed light upon the strange disaster.

If old Henry Parthniss had not been born with a streak of ill luck in his fortunes, he himself must have been the discoverer of the famous Sweepstake Mine. It was the Coffee Creek boom which carried the veteran miner into the section, and after failing to find "pay dirt" there, he went to Weaverville, loaded his burro with supplies, and struck off through the woods into virgin territory. He camped in the Sweepstake Ravine for a week, and prospected the decomposed boulders, but somehow he did not quite get into the ancient channel where the gold was later found. Leaving a trail of pick-marks behind him, he moved on ten miles to wild, rough Grizzly Creek, which is so nearly inaccessible that none but bear hunters had ever gone there. Just as in the Sweepstake Channel, the rock was decomposed and very soft. He worked into what seemed to be a rotten ledge and found that the water from the hillside above had percolated through it for unnumbered years. There was evidence of gold having been present in the formation, but it had washed out and away. Parthniss believed that at a depth he would find the yellow metal undisturbed, and he set to work with a firm faith in his ultimate "miner's luck." At the end of a year he had driven a tunnel, sunk a shaft, and taken out enough gold in small free bits to buy provisions on his infrequent trips to Weaverville. He required little, and the burro lived on manzanita and scenery. When he was beginning to grow impatient he learned of the discovery of the Sweepstake Mine, and of its sale to a syndicate for a fabulous amount. He went back to work with renewed strength. The Sweepstake people had let contracts for great pipe lines to bring water to their giants, and one line was to tap Grizzly Creek, close to the rude cabin he had built. When, at length, the pipe crew camped for a couple of days on the creek to lay the last section of pipe and build a water-gate, they found an old miner digging furiously in a long tunnel.

The occasional grains of free gold were no longer found as Parthniss left the surface, but he kept on, and just as his supplies were all but exhausted, he uncovered the most peculiar ledge he had ever seen. There was dark, almost red, metal in it, and the vein showed every indication of widening with depth. Parthniss threw down his pick and set off with the burro over the trackless mountains to buy more bacon and powder at Weaverville. As he left his cabin he saw two men turning water into the pipe at the water-gate. The pipe was to run one-third full for two weeks, they told him, in order to test it before venturing the full pressure.

The fame of the Sweepstake bonanza had spread over the East. Mining experts had quietly arrived at Weaverville to look for other good things in the neighborhood. One of these was John Leslie Hendricks, M. E., confidential agent of New York capital, which had profited heavily by backing his advice, and was ready to do it again. He met Henry Parthniss, and the old miner told him about the Mountain Lion Claim—of the new ledge which was the queerest he had ever seen, but which he believed was full of gold. Hendricks was much interested. He did not relish the prospect of making the difficult trip to the claim until he had substantial evidence that it was worth while, but he would like to examine that peculiar ore and test it. Parthniss scratched his head. Eager to keep at work in the tunnel, he did not want to make a trip to Weaverville every time he had a small quantity of ore ready, and he did not want to miss this opportunity of getting expert opinion on his ledge, with the possibility of a sale. A bright idea came to him. There was the pipe with a stream of water now running down it.

"Do you ever get over to the Sweepstake?" he asked.

"Why, I am bunking over there to study that novel proposition in the way of one of the biggest gold mines on record."

"Good!" cried Parthniss; "what's to hinder my enclosing my specimens in a powder can every evening, dropping them into the pipe, and you watching for the can at midnight at the dump at the Sweepstake, and nobody ever being the wiser?" And thus was the plan arranged.

John Rodman and Charley Matthews, miners employed by the Sweepstake, carefully gauged the flow of water through the gate until it was at the required volume, and sat down to rest.

"Let's go up there while the old man is away and see what he has got in his tunnel," suggested Rodman. In ten minutes they were bending over the Parthniss ledge with a candle. Rodman broke off a piece of ore and held it close to the light.

"Whew! Do you recognize that stuff, Matt? I'm an Injun if it's not the very same kind of decomposed gold as the Sweepstake. I'll bet a good deal that this old quartz-miner hasn't the slightest suspicion that he has struck a ledge of the real thing."

Matthews examined the piece, his eyes sparkling, and agreed.

"Listen here," began Rodman, excitedly, "let's buy this claim before the old boy finds out what he has got, and I guess we won't need to worry about the Sweepstake any more."

Henry Parthniss, tired but happy, was cooking his supper when the men he had seen turning water into the pipe appeared, accepted his invitation to eat, and soon offered him two hundred dollars for his claim. "We're willing to bet that much on a blind proposition," explained Rodman.

Parthniss shook his head. He had worked too long on that claim to sell it for a song, and besides, he wasn't talking sale until he got a little expert opinion on his ledge. Yes, one of the experts at Weaverville was going to test his samples. No, the expert was not coming to the claim—not right away; a little bird was going to carry the samples out to him.

Midway between Grizzly Creek and the Sweepstake Mine several lengths of pipe had been left out and an open flume had been built in the breach. At this point the volume of water could be measured to ascertain if any were leaking and the pressure could be gauged. Late that night, John Rodman and Charley Matthews sat on the side of the flume, smoking their pipes, and occasionally dropping their recording instruments into the stream. "Matt, there's untold quantities of iron in these mountains, and when we get a railroad in here to haul it out there'll be fortunes for lots of us. I've got some good claims myself, where the stuff sticks out of the ground." He fished a handful of shining bits from his pocket and displayed them on his palm.

"Hello, what the devil is this?" exclaimed Matthews, as he shot an arm into the water and drew forth a tin powder-can. Rodman uttered a rough exclamation, and held the lantern. Matthews unscrewed the top, looked into the can, and emptied a quantity of small pieces of ore into his hat.

"Well, I'm danged!" broke out Rodman; "the gold out of the old man's claim, as I'm a sinner. So this pipe is the little bird, is it? And, of course, Mr. Expert is waiting down at the dump. All right. But I guess he won't buy the claim we happen to want ourselves."

He reached for the empty can, poured the samples from his iron claim into it, screwed on the top, and dropped the can back into the water.

"Rod, you're a genius," was his comrade's expression, and the two fell to the scheme which they intended should cause the expert to declare the Mountain Lion Claim nothing more than a ledge of iron-ore, and too remote from transportation facilities to be of any value whatever. Then old Henry Parthniss would be glad enough to take two hundred dollars for his mine.

Foreman Nelson was sorry to lose two good men next morning, but if Rodman and Matthews had their hearts set upon going prospecting, of course he would have to pay them off and let them go. They set out with supplies, doubled back through the woods, and camped at sundown close to the section of flume in the great pipe line. Again they waited on the flume as midnight approached, but they showed no interest in the flow of water more than to curse the current for being so slow. At last a tin object in the water flashed back the light. Ah! Just as they expected, the little bird was to fly again that night. Ten minutes later the men climbed up the hill to their camp. A pound of rich samples from the Mountain Lion Mine was in Rodman's pocket, while a tin can bobbed on down the pipe, carrying some pretty bits of iron-ore to a man who was waiting at the camp.

On the two following nights a traveling can was intercepted, and its cargo of gold changed to a cargo of iron. As night again settled upon the mountains, Matthews said to his partner: "I guess that expert has seen enough to make him not want to lose any more sleep to catch cans full of iron shooting out of the pipe, and I'm tired enough to want to do a little sleeping myself before the night's half gone."

"Don't be a fool," returned his partner; "if a single can of the real stuff got by now, you know it would ruin our scheme."

Matthews had been drinking, and was eager for an argument. The determination of the other prevailed,

but they continued their loud words as they slid down the gravelly bed of the steep little ravine and took positions on the pipe line.

Old Henry Parthniss had worked feverishly in getting out this strange sort of yellow metal from his ledge, and sending the choicest specimens of it down the pipe. But no answer came back, and the suspense wore upon him. He had told the mine expert that he would return to Weaverville in a week. But surely he had already sent down enough of the stuff to prove whether or not it was gold which marked his ledge in widening lines, and he could not wait a week for his answer. On the day that closed with the two novel highwaymen quarreling by the flume, he had poked the donkey out of sleep at daylight and headed him across the ridge toward Weaverville. By noon he was sitting with Hendricks in a room of the hotel.

The mining expert was trying to break it gently to the old man. "Yes, your ledge is worth holding, and when the time comes when iron-ore can be handled to advantage here you will make a stake."

"Man, you are wild!" cried the miner; "there is no iron in my claim."

Hendricks took some dark samples from his pocket. "These are unmistakably iron, without a trace of gold among them."

"But those are not from my mine," exclaimed Parthniss. Hendricks went out and fetched a box containing all the ore specimens which had come to him down the flume by their night express. Parthniss was amazed. He showed a particle of the real ore which he chanced to have with him, and the two men agreed that somebody was tampering with the cans which traveled the flume in the dark.

The miner wore out many sticks in clubbing the burro back to Grizzly Creek in the fastest time he had ever made in going the distance. His rage grew as he traveled. He reached his tunnel, dug out a few specimens, put them into a can and the can into the mouth of the pipe, and then, supperless and neglecting even to empty his pockets of things brought from the town, he set off down the pipe line. The flow in the pipe was no swifter than an excited man could walk, and Parthniss, forgetting that he was already leg-weary and gaunt, fought his way through the brush at places where he could make short cuts and gain upon his unseen companion. He believed he was keeping some distance ahead of the floating can.

Tirelessly he strode along for miles. He knew where the section of flume was built in the pipe line, and knew, too, that by scaling the bluff just before he reached the flume he could save himself some difficult walking. He had gone not a hundred yards along the bluff when he stumbled over the stake rope of a tent, the tent being screened by trees from his notice in the semi-darkness. As he got up, his muttered words were cut short by the sound of voices. Men were quarreling somewhere near at hand. He moved cautiously along, until he stood at the head of the steep little ravine. Peering down a hundred feet, he saw the figures of two men sitting upon the side of the flume, and presently the wrangling died out as one of them gave his attention to finding a match and lighting a lantern. Parthniss knew this place. The narrow little ravine was like a gash in the face of the bluff. The rain had caused many a landslide to shoot down here, and when the contractors were building the pipe line they had spoken of the loose gravel in the ravine with misgivings.

The man who had lighted the lantern held it close to his face as he turned the wick, and Parthniss recognized Jack Rodman, who had offered him two hundred dollars for his mine.

"Swing the light over the flume," commanded the other man, whom Parthniss recognized as Charley Matthews; "that can of red rocks ought to be due about now if it's coming to-night."

The old miner's hands clutched as intuition revealed the whole plan to him. In a flash he saw how two wretched rascals were all but succeeding in their plot to rob him of the treasure which had cost him years of struggle and heartache. The involuntary cry in his breast for revenge was all but audible. His hands sought a ready weapon. He flung himself against a great log at his feet to heave it down upon them, but the weight resisted his strength. Even now the robbers had caught the can and were emptying its contents—his gold!

Old Henry Parthniss passed his hands swiftly through his pockets, though he knew he had no weapon upon him. From inside of his flannel shirt he drew out a parcel of stuff which he had purchased to use in opening up his ledge. He whipped off the wrappings and selected the first of the candle-like sticks. Into the loose gravel at his feet he thrust it until only the end protruded. In another moment he had strung a fuse. While the men on the flume bent over his can of gold, Parthniss struck a match in the shadow of his coat, stooped to the ground with it, then turned and noiselessly ran back from the brink.

Before the explosion of the dynamite stick had fairly begun its deep reverberations among the peaks, startling the quiet night into a strange din, thousands of tons of gravel and loose earth had shot down the ravine, carrying into the cañon below everything in its path, and particularly a section of the great Sweepstake pipe line and two men, who must have been dead from the shock even before being swept by the flying earth down into their deep, deep grave.

RUFUS M. ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1903.

THE NEW CARLYLE LETTERS.

Sir James Crichton-Browne's Fierce Attack on James Anthony Froude, Thomas Carlyle's Friend, Biographer, and Literary Executor—Extracts from Mrs. Carlyle's Letters.

The "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," annotated by Thomas Carlyle, and edited by Alexander Carlyle, with an introduction by Sir James Crichton-Browne, instead of settling the Carlyle-Froude controversy, seems only to have stirred up another literary tempest, more acrimonious even than before. In England, especially, the reviews and friends and admirers of Carlyle and Froude have come out with bitter comments in the magazines. One journal speaks of the whole affair as the "Carlyle Vendetta." In the *Fortnightly Review*, W. S. Lilly supports Sir James Crichton-Browne in his attack on Froude. "There is a class of pseudomaniacs," he says, "just as there is a class of kleptomaniacs; and it was Froude's misfortune that he belonged to it." Ronald MacNeill, in the *Contemporary Review*, prophesies Froude's vindication, while in the *National Review*, E. T. Cook takes the pacific middle ground, observing that "the many attacks on Mr. Froude seem to me to be out of place, for the life-story, which he disclosed, requires surely no violent partisanship on either side." Andrew Lang, in the *London Morning Post*, confesses to an unalterable belief that Froude, as historian or biographer, never consciously and knowingly gave a false impression. That it is easy for meddlers in history to make a mistake, Mr. Lang admits, and adds: "I have done so from misunderstanding, or from that indolence which, when we have found a fact to suit our purpose, blinds us to a fact which upsets or damages our theory. Having got his desirable fact, an author either does not read on, or does so in a mental condition which blinds him to the relative values of what he finds recorded. This is an error of the mind; it is not a proof of 'the will to create a false impression.'"

That Froude emasculated and cut the letters so as to prove his contention that the Carlyles were not happy in their home life, is plain to be seen after reading the "New Letters," but the bitter abuse of Froude found all through these pages is too savage to be just. More than this, the systematic attempt to magnify Carlyle's virtues and to belittle those of his wife is too elaborate to be convincing. Carlyle is eulogized as "a supremely great and good man," while Mrs. Carlyle is described as a victim of "masked insanity" and of the morphine habit. "Few positions more distressing can be conceived of," says Sir James Crichton-Browne, in his introduction, "than that of Carlyle, who, while wrestling with a heavy and brawny task and himself harassed by hypochondria, had to bear the incessant pin-pricks, aye! and stilleto plunges, too, of an ailing, unreasonable, and hot-tempered wife, possessed by groundless jealousy."

Sir James adds of the Carlyle memoirs and letters edited by Anthony Froude:

They opened the floodgates of malevolence, supplied all the shams, quacks, and fools—twenty-seven million in number—and sects and coteries whom Carlyle had scourged in his lifetime with nasty missiles with which to pelt his memory, and shocked even fair-minded people by the contrast they suggested between the nobility of his teaching and the seemingly crabbled and selfish temper of his life. Froude first shattered Carlyle's reputation in the "Reminiscences," and continued through the subsequent volumes, although it must be admitted with a diminishing movement in the last two, to grind it to powder. He succeeded in producing a false and forbidding presentment of the man he was under a solemn obligation to limn faithfully. It is impossible to believe that Froude contemplated or foresaw the evil he wrought.

Sir James adds:

Whatever secondary influences may have contributed to embitter or exasperate Froude while chronicling the "Life of Carlyle," it is always to be borne in mind that it was the preconceived idea that was the primary source of all his errors. It was deeply rooted in his mind that Carlyle had, throughout their whole union, behaved badly to his wife, and had deputed him, as a sort of literary undertaker, to superintend a posthumous penance in the publication of his confessions. No wonder that Froude had been described, in his editorial capacity in relation to Carlyle, as like a man driving a hearse.

Sir James admits that Froude may have been the recipient of some remorseful confidences from Carlyle, but remarks:

Even had he, in the plainest terms, professed remorse and set forth the grounds of it, Froude should have been chary in accepting the statement. It is characteristic of men of fine intellect that, when nipped by the autumnal frosts, they manifest excessive testiness on the one hand, and excessive self-reproach on the other, and that when hereafter they arraign themselves without a jot of justification of high crimes and misdemeanors against the lost one.

As for the letters themselves, they abundantly bear out Mrs. Carlyle's well-established reputation as a brilliant correspondent—a born letter-writer. Clever in the extreme, sparkling with wit, and glowing with fine humor, they yet breathe the warmest humanity. Certainly no woman who was not in love with her husband could have been as cruelly hurt as she was by a fancied slight on that husband's part. Here is how she writes to him on her birthday, July 14, 1846, when she was at Seaforth and he at home in Chelsea. She had expected a letter from him with some slight remembrance of the occasion. So she hastened down to the post-office to receive it on its arrival. The postmistress, however, informed her that none had arrived. She writes:

Not a line from you on my birthday—on the fifth day! I did not burst out crying—did not faint—did not do anything absurd, so far as I know; but I walked back again without speaking a word, and with such a tumult of wretchedness in my heart as you who know me can conceive.

And then I shut myself in my own room to fancy everything that was most tormenting. Were you finally so out of patience with me that you had resolved to write me no more at all? Had you gone to Addiscombe and found no leisure there to remember my existence? Were you taken ill; so ill that you could not write? That last idea made me mad to get off to the railway and back to London. Oh, mercy! what a two hours I had of it! And just when I was at my wit's end I heard Julia crying out through the house: "Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle! Are you there? Here is a letter for you!" And so there was, after all! The postmistress had overlooked it and given it to Robert when he went afterward, not knowing that I had been. I wonder what love-letter was ever received with such thankfulness! Oh, my dear, I am not fit for living in this world with this organization. I am as much broken to pieces by that little accident as if I had come through an attack of cholera or typhus fever. I can not even steady my hand to write decently. But I felt an irresistible need of thanking you by return of post. Yes, I have kissed the dear little card-case.

Here is an interesting excerpt, full of wit:

I am rather knocked up to-day; my stewing in that church yesterday morning and my visit to the Martineaus at night were too much for one day; not that the visit bored me like the sermon; on the contrary, it was far too entertaining. I found there the clergyman who had preached to me in the morning, and three other men. And there was a great deal of really clever speech transacted—which was the more exciting that one is not in the habit of it here. If you had heard me "putting down virtue and all that sort of thing," in opposition to the sermon I had been forced to listen to in the morning, you would have wondered where I had found the impudence. As for the arguments, I got them, of course, all out of you. But the best of all was to hear James Martineau hacking me out in all that—almost as emphatically as yourself could have done. In taking me down to supper he said, with a heavy sigh, "that it was to be hoped the world would have soon heard the last of all that hothouse about virtue and happiness."

He is anything but happy, I am sure; a more concentrated expression of melancholy I never saw in a human face. I fancy him to be the victim of conscience, which is the next thing to being the victim of green tea. His heart and intellect both protest against this bondage; and so he is a man divided against himself. I should like to convert him—me! If he could be reduced into a wholesome state of spontaneous blackguardism for six months he would "come out very strong." But he feels that there is no credit in being (spiritually) jolly in his present immaculate condition. And so he is as sad as any sinner of us all.

The following glimpse of a famous female contemporary is amusing:

I saw a very curious sight the other night, the only one I have been to for a long time, viz., some thousands of the grandest and most cultivated people in England, all gazing in ecstasy, and applauding to death, over a woman—not even pretty—balancing herself on the extreme point of one great toe, and stretching the other foot high into the air—much higher than decency ever dreamt of. It was Taglioni, our chief dancer at the opera, and this is her chief feat, repeated over and over to weariness—at least to my weariness. But duchesses were flinging bouquets at her feet, and not a man (except Carlyle) who did not seem disposed to fling himself. I counted twenty-five bouquets! But what of that? The empress of all the Russias once, in a fit of enthusiasm, flung her diamond bracelet at the feet of this same Taglioni—"virtue its own reward" (in this world)? Dancing is, and singing and some other things, still more frivolous; but for virtue? It may be strongly doubted (as Edinburgh people say to everything one tells them).

Here is a letter to her husband, in which she gives an amusing little fling at a famous male contemporary:

Did you know that Alfred Tennyson is to have a pension of two hundred pounds a year after all? Peel has stated his intention of recommending him for his gracious majesty, and that is considered final—"A chacun selon sa capacité!" Lady Harriet told me he wanted to marry; "must have a woman to live beside; would prefer a lady, but can not afford one; and so must marry a maid-servant." Mrs. Henry Taylor said she was about to write to him in behalf of their housemaid, who was quite a superior character in her way.

For Robert Browning, Mrs. Carlyle felt but little admiration. "My private opinion of Browning," she says, "is, in spite of Mr. C.'s favor for him, that he is 'nothing,' or very little more 'but a fluff of feathers.' She is true and good, and the most womanly creature." A couple of months later she writes: "I like Browning less and less, and even she does not grow on me." But Mrs. Carlyle was one of the first to hail the advent of George Eliot. "There is an unknown entity," she notes, "who is pleased to pass by the name of George Eliot, to whom I have owed acknowledgment for the present of her novel, 'Adam Bede,' a really charming book, which, novel though it be, I advise you to read; and I engage that you will not find the time misspent, under penalty of reading the dreariest Book of Sermons you like to impose on me—if you do!"

Whether Mrs. Carlyle made a practice of fling into the arms of all her old lovers is not made known, but this is how she met one of them after many years:

Flinging my accustomed indifference and the "three thousand unactualities" to the winds, I sprang into the arms of George Rennie and kissed him a great many times! Oh, what a happy meeting! For he was as glad to see me as I was to see him. Oh, it has done me so much good, this meeting! My bright whole-hearted, impulsive youth seemed conjured back by his hearty embrace. For certain, my lately deadly weakness was conjured away! A spell on my nerves it had been, which dissolved in the unwonted feeling of gladness. I am a different woman this evening. I am well! I am in an atmosphere of home and long ago! It was only when I looked at his tall son he brought with him, who takes after his mother, that I could realize the lifetime that lay between our talks in the drawing-room at Haddington and our talk here in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. Dear me! I shouldn't wonder if I were too excited to sleep, however.

The following is an account of a home-coming—where Thomas Carlyle certainly does not appear as an indifferent spouse:

I arrived quite safe, and the dreaded moment of re-entering a house, which I had left in a sort of a hearse, with a firm conviction of returning no more, was tumbled head over heels by Mr. C. rushing out into the street to meet me, in his dressing-gown, and in violent agitation—John had given him reason to expect us an hour and a half earlier. He had been momentarily expecting a telegram to say I had died on the road.

In 1836, Mrs. Carlyle took her first ride in a railway car, and her impressions are worth quoting:

On Tuesday afternoon I reached Liverpool after a flight (for it can be called nothing else) of thirty-four miles within

an hour and a quarter. I was dreadfully frightened before the train started; in the nervous weak state I was then in it seemed to me certain that I should faint, and the impossibility of getting the horrid thing stop! But I felt no difference between the motion of the steam carriage and that in which I had come from London; it did not seem to be going any faster. . . . The greatest difficulty was in getting my trunk from among the hundreds of others where it was tumbled. "You must take your turn, ma'am, you must take your turn," was all the satisfaction I could get in pressing toward the heap. At last I said: "Stand out of the road, will you? There is the trunk before my eyes, and I will lift it away without troubling any one." Whereupon the clerk cried out in rage: "For God's sake give that lady her trunk and let us be rid of her!"

In 1838 Carlyle got on with his lecturing more easily than in the previous year. One evening, Mrs. Carlyle rose from her sick-bed and went secretly to hear him, and was impressed with the fact that, "having a very fine light from above shining down on him, he really looked a surprisingly beautiful man." The following year he had still further improved in his delivery:

He has got through the things this year much more smoothly and quite as brilliantly as last year; but in defect of the usual measure of agitation beforehand, he has taken to the new and unusual crochet of being ready to hang himself after, in the idea that he has made "a horrible pluster [mess] of it." No demonstrations of the highest satisfaction on the part of his audience can convince him to the contrary; and he remains, under applause that would turn the heads of most lecturers, haunted by the pale ghost of last day's lecture "shaking its gory locks at him" till next day's arrives to take its place and torment him in its turn.—"A very absurd."

Interspersed among the letters in the second volume is one of Mrs. Carlyle's diaries and note-books, written in the summer of 1856, at the time of her greatest depression. Along with the melancholy reflections of an invalid, it presents a group of striking epigrams. Here are a few:

Hunting happiness is like chasing sparrows to lay salt on their tails.

Ears are given to men as to pitchers that they may be carried about by them.

No never confirmed; but I have been vaccinated.

Did you understand the sermon? Wad I hae the presumption? answered the old Scotchwoman.

As lazy as Ludlam's dog, that leaned his head against a wall to bark.

As hussy as a hen with one chicken.

The volumes are handsomely bound in red and gold, and are supplemented with sixteen well-chosen pictures, tinted portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle serving as frontispieces.

Published by John Lane, New York; price (two volumes), \$6.00 net.

OLD FAVORITES.

Alone.

I walk down the valley of silence—
Down the dim, noiseless valley alone,
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I found but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly,
I craved what the world never gave,
And I said: "In the world each ideal
That shines like a star on life's wave
Is wrecked on the shores of the real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still found the false with the true;
I sought 'mid the human for heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue,
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart tired of the human,
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar,
And I heard a voice call me; since then
I walk down the valley of silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
'Tis my trysting place with the divine,
And I fall at the feet of the holy.
And above me a voice said: "Be mine!"
And there rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo: "My heart shall be thine!"

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
I weep and I dream and I pray.
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
That fall on the roses in May,
And my prayer, like a perfume from censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the valley of silence
I dream all the songs that I sing,
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for each wing
That to hearts, like the dove of the deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are hillows
That never shall break on the heath;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah me, how my spirit was stirred!—
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley like angels—
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there,
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

—Abram Joseph Ryan.

FOOT-HILL JEHUS.

Geraldine Bonner's Picturesque Assortment of Drivers—Too Proud to Take Tips—Unwarranted Suspicious—One Liveryman's Joke.

The Californian drivers that we met in our journey through the foot-hills will forever have my interest and respect.

In the first place, they were without exception considerate of their horses. There was but one who showed any inclination to beat his team into a show of spirited prancings, and he did it only when we passed buggies with girls in them whom he evidently knew. Then he would ignore the girls, smack the horses smartly with the whip, and dash by, coldly indifferent, sprinkling them with scornful dust. The girls laughed loudly, blushed, and, on the whole, had the air of thinking it a very coquettish performance. Different localities have their different ethics of flirtation. A friend of mine, who once passed some weeks in a Kansas prairie town, told me that the waiter-girls at the hotel—the belles of the region—always knew that a man was seriously smitten when he tried to trip them up as they entered the dining-room with a heavy tray.

Another and even more potent reason for my respect for the foot-hill livery men is that one of them refused a tip. This is only the second individual I have met with in many wanderings who would not take a proffered gift of money. The other was a gendarme in the Park of St. Cloud, in Paris. He was one of the handsomest, the most gentlemanly, the most courteous, of men. After rescuing us from a drunken *cocher*—it was an adventure of comic-opera absurdity, but would take too long to tell—I offered him a piece of money (it was a good tip, too), but he bowed and said, with a truly French grace, that he took no money for protecting the interests of foreign ladies who happened to be driving in the Park of St. Cloud.

I tell this because it seemed to me at the time odd, and, by the light of subsequent experiences, quite extraordinary. It may be that all the drivers in foot-hill California refuse tips. The one I tried it on was one of the first we had, and after having had my money returned to me in a bluff but perfectly gentlemanly manner, I tried it no more.

That particular driver was a long, lank man in a duster, and an industrious and infatigable chewer of tobacco. All our drivers did this, however, except the boy who beat the horses, and one we had for a thirty-mile excursion in the middle of our trip. The particular man I speak of was at the outset of our acquaintance very much misjudged by me. We stopped at a wayside "hotel" to screw up a bolt that had loosened. The "hotel" had a bar attachment, and after screwing up the bolt and taking a refreshing bite off his tobacco, the driver came to the carriage side and said, politely: "Would you ladies like to have a Queen Charlotte?"

I did not know what a Queen Charlotte was, save that it was evidently some beverage to be had at the bar. I regret to confess that I conceived it to be an intoxicant, and refused it with a cold glare.

Afterward, especially when I had learned that a Queen Charlotte was as mild and innocent as a lemonade, I felt ashamed and strove to placate the driver—for I thought his feelings were hurt—by talking with him over the back of the seat about hold-ups.

It was late in the evening and very dark when the tip question came on the carpet. He had told us the road was long and he thought it doubtful whether he could get us to our destination by midnight. Three more moonless chill hours of these mountain roads did not tend to brighten the mind, already rendered sombre by the talk of hold-ups. He was standing by the light of the open door—it was just after a stop for dinner—when I approached him, and, putting the money in his hand, said: "I want you to make the horses go faster. I don't like being out so late. Try and get in by half-past eleven."

He turned over the money, and said: "Why did you give me this. What's it for?"

"For you," I said, extremely embarrassed; "I want you to make better time. The horses are not tired."

"Well, I'll do that all right," he answered; "I'll get you there as quick as I can. But I don't want you to pay me for it."

And with a very manly—or shall I say gentlemanly?—air he gave me back my money.

This man was one of the nicest drivers we had. He bade us good-by like an old friend. The two painful episodes of the Queen Charlotte and the tip were forgotten, and in parting we shook hands, and he said he was glad to have met us and hoped we'd meet again, as if we were at a tea. Altogether, he was a first-rate sort of a man, and very good company.

I think the most interesting driver was the one who took us the long interior drive of thirty miles. He was young, highly intelligent, bursting with interest in everything, and very bad tempered. He had quite berated my companion the day before because we had ordered the carriage and then not taken it, and he had not got the message that we had changed our minds until the horses were harnessed. He seemed to be fairly infuriated over this, though it was not our fault. Twice luring the drive he got angry and flatly contradicted is, once on the subject of the known eccentricities of itery people, and another time on the wrongful claims of school-teachers in demanding pensions.

He struck me as a man of unusually alert and quick intelligence, starving for the stimulus of congenial

minds. His attitude toward us was perfectly easy and friendly, and it was evident that he was going to get all the amusement, interest, and information out of our society that he could in the one day we were to spend together. We, on our part, were exceedingly interested in him. His knowledge of woodcraft was remarkable. There was no tree, shrub, or plant in the country we traversed that he did not seem to know all about. He was conversant with the habits of the birds of the locality. He even seemed to know something of the larger geological theories of the formation of the country side. This was all the more remarkable, as country people seem, as a rule, curiously ignorant of the phenomena of nature which surround them.

In the picnic part of the excursion he suggested that he should accompany us and carry the wraps. So we took him along and found him an entirely polite and chivalrous escort. Like most, hot-tempered people, when he was amiable he was exceedingly so. Ruffle him up the wrong way and he instantly grew alert, his eyes snapping, the sudden rush of anger reddening his face, and giving him the appearance of bristling all over.

On the long homeward drive he did not talk much, but he listened to our conversation, openly and intently. He sat sideways on the front seat, his profile turned to us, every now and then a slight, amused smile crossing it. Never have I seen so flattering a listener. We felt that we had the conversational gifts of Mme. de Staël and Robert Burns rolled into one. When he missed something he would bend back, and say: "Wait—what was that?" The first time he did this, one of us politely remarked to him that we were addressing the other. He muttered a word of apology, but looked annoyed and disappointed. In a few minutes he had lost another of the pearls and diamonds that fell from our lips, and he leaned back again and, with a more authoritative note, said: "Hold on, I didn't hear that."

After this there was nothing for it but to carry on the conversation in a high key. And this we did with a good grace, feeling compensated for all effort in the thought that our brilliancy and wit were fully appreciated.

Our young driver, who beat his horses, also evinced an interest in the improving talk with which we beguiled the way. The others were quietly indifferent, though if we sought to engage them in converse they generally responded with readiness. One very old man, who took us over fifteen miles of an exceedingly rough road, was evidently listening when I thought he was not. I was instructing my companion in the mining lore I had learned in Virginia City, and of which I was extremely proud.

"Don't you know there are two walls to the vein, the foot wall, and the hanging wall?" I said, with all the vanity of the instructor.

The old man turned round and brought an eye full of sly humor to bear on me. "You'll make quite a good miner of her before you're done," was his remark.

This old man, by the way, was a very interesting personality. He had been half a century in that part of the country, and described to us the various moribund camps we passed through in the days when they and he and California had been young. He might have sat for a picture of a bonanza-less pioneer, who had mellowed tranquilly and serenely where Fate happened to have dropped him. He must have been well over seventy, and had a shock of gray hair that fell from beneath the brim of a wide black felt hat and brushed his coat collar. His old, pale face was enormously wrinkled, and it was plain, as night advanced and the moon only shone dimly through clouds, that he had difficulty in seeing the road. His spirit, however, was full of humor and youth, and his manner was a cheery combination of perfectly tempered respect and a sort of fatherly jocoseness.

Propos of jocoseness, one of the Jehus had an attack of it at our expense, and played a joke on us that caused us a few moments of shaken alarm. The livery stable was opposite the hotel, on the piazza of which we sat in the cool of the afternoon awaiting our equipage. Suddenly the doors of the stable were flung wide, the driver appeared, and shouted at us, "All ready. Here you are!" then stood aside to allow the most remarkable-looking turn-out to emerge into the street. It was a four-seated buckboard, so antiquated and weather-beaten that it might have crossed the plains in '49. Two shaggy, broken-kneed horses, with a moth-eaten appearance of skin, and clothed in rags of rope and harness, were in the shafts, and the driver was a saturnine individual in blue jeans, who had passed down the street a few minutes before, evidently under the influence of potatoes that were not so mild as Queen Charlottes.

We looked at one another for a moment of staring alarm. Was it all we could get? Well, we wouldn't take it, that was all there was about it! We were preparing to sweep forward to the steps and declare our dissatisfaction when the amazing rig rattled by, the occupant casting a surly glance at us from beneath a sagging hat-brim. Simultaneously, the depths of the stable gave forth a new and shining sully, drawn by a pair of well-groomed, sleek-coated horses, our driver, his face as red as the bandanna round his neck, holding the reins. When we afterward asked him how he had had the heart to frighten us so, he was overcome with bashfulness, buried his chin in his red bandanna, and nothing could be extracted from him but suppressed bursts of laughter.

We had this driver but a very short time. Where

the road crossed a barren hill-top we encountered a covered wagon, with the customary dustered figure on the front seat, and a lean-faced man smoking a cigar beside him. With a short sentence our driver halted, alighted, and turning to us, with blushing politeness, said: "Sorry to leave you, ladies, but this gentleman will drive you on," and in a moment the second dustered Jehu had climbed to our front seat.

He was a quiet man, who chewed tobacco continuously, and spoke in short sentences. In answer to our question as to where he was coming from, he replied: "Takin' a drummer from Angel's." My companion, more learned in these ways than I am, said he was the best driver we had. Certainly he got a better speed out of the horses than any of his predecessors, and it is also true there did not seem to be half so many rocks and chuck-holes in that particular stretch of road. He was honest, too, for when I offered to pay him extra for a detour of seven miles we made him take, he considered the subject, and then said he didn't think it was necessary.

GERALDINE BONNER.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2, 1903.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Joseph Pulitzer, the proprietor of the New York *World* for twenty years, has for sixteen years been unable to read the paper or go to the office, having suffered the loss of sight, of health, of sleep, although continuing the burden of responsibility for the conduct and character of the paper, "to which," he recently wrote, "I give every moment of my waking time."

Alfred H. Smith, the new general manager of the New York Central Railway, began his career as a messenger-boy in the Cleveland office of the Lake Shore, at a salary of four dollars a week. He has since then been successively "gang" laborer, brakeman, conductor, telegraph-operator, train-dispatcher, division superintendent, and general superintendent. He is thirty-nine years old, and is the youngest of five children.

Arthur Barclay, the newly elected president of Liberia, is of pure African stock, born in Jamaica, whence his parents emigrated to the African republic when he was still a child. He has already held several government positions there, among them those of postmaster-general and secretary of the treasury. At his inauguration, which takes place in December, Mr. Barclay will become the thirteenth president since Liberia became independent in 1847.

The honorary degree of master of laws, given *summa cum laude* to the Yale Law School graduate student with the best record for his course, was this year awarded to a Chinese student, Chung Hui Wang, a graduate of Tientsin University, China, '09, and a resident of Canton. Another feature of the Yale Commencement was the restoration of Herbert W. Bowen, United States minister to Venezuela, to enrollment as a member of the class of '78, and the conferring on him of the degree of M. A. He failed to get his bachelor's degree in 1878 because of a boyish prank.

The oldest graduate of West Point is Colonel John Beardsley, now living in Athens, N. Y. He was born in Fairfield, N. Y., in 1816, and graduated from West Point in the class of 1841. He was appointed lieutenant in the Eighth Regiment of Infantry, served in the Seminole War in Florida, afterward in the war with Mexico, and was wounded in the Battle of Molino del Rey, and compelled to resign his commission on account of inflammation of his eyes, which threatened loss of sight. When the Civil War broke out he was appointed colonel of the Ninth New York Volunteer Cavalry, and served as such.

August Bebel, the leader of the German Socialist party which lately has made such amazing gains, was born in Cologne sixty-three years ago, the son of an infantry sergeant. He learned the trade of a tanner, and at the age of twenty joined the Social Democratic party founded by Wilhelm Liebknecht. He has served many brief terms in jail for his opinion's sake. The annexation of Alsace and Lorraine he denounced as a mistake, tracing to it the vast armaments which now burden Europe. "Hunger duties" is the term he applied to the new tariff on imported food, and he characterized Germany's conduct in China as "shameful," saying it was marked by "bestiality lower than among the beasts." He has repeatedly criticised Emperor William, even intimating on one occasion that the Kaiser was insane.

Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, who died in London last week, was band-master of the British Guards' Band for forty-seven years. He received his musical education at the Royal Academy of Music, and in 1856 he was appointed band-master of her majesty's Grenadier Guards. He played the Grenadier Guards home from the Crimea, and his "Guards" waltz, composed for the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, in 1861, also his old familiar "Mabel" waltz, made him known all over the world. His military compositions are used by most band-masters. In 1872, at the request of the United States Government, Godfrey brought the Guards' Band across the seas to participate in the Boston Peace Jubilee. In 1887, in honor of Queen Victoria's jubilee, he was given a commission in the Guards, taking the rank of lieutenant. This is worthy of mention, as no other band-master in the British service has attained to such distinction.

LITERARY NOTES.

More Good Work from "Q."

Those who have pored over and reveled in the many previous books of A. T. Quiller-Couch will rejoice over the appearance of his new book, "The Adventures of Harry Revel."

With the author's unflinching store of originality this tale of adventure runs through the career of a foundling lad, shedding side-lights of romance, pathos, detective work, and grim tragedy. Harry Revel, the ten-year-old in the foundling hospital, lays the basis of his career by his habit of sleep-walking. After a hair-raising exhibition of his somnambulistic powers on a church steeple, a chimney-sweep sees promise of proficiency in his profession and makes him his apprentice. The sweeping of chimneys might be a prosaic enough calling to the average person, but in the hands of Quiller-Couch it proves an inexhaustible field for adventure. Climbing over roofs one morning at daybreak, young Revel, the sweep, strikes the trail of a ghastly murder. Thereupon the scene shifts to the deck of the *Glad Tidings*, bound for Looe, but before reaching port, the boy, in order to spare his protectors, swims, naked, ashore.

The adventures of that one night, or the remnant of that one night, might, if elaborated a trifle, make up a good-sized volume in themselves. Falling among smugglers, over-hearing an incriminating conversation, tracking a marked coin, meeting and being cared for by the lovely Isahel, and finally saving her from an impending disaster, are only a few of the thrilling incidents that befell this little fellow, still in his swimming array, during the remnant of that night.

Through his later experience, when he sees active service in the wars, again encounters the murderer, and is in at the death when he is brought to justice, the same spirit of adventure and daring flows and leaves the reader hoping for a possible sequel.

A rare quality of this book is that it will hold an equal charm for the boy and the man. For, while the boy will delight in the plain telling of the tale, the mature mind will gather the subtle humor and satire of the author, feel the keenness of his observation, and the truth of his characters while he takes the dash of adventure as an old salt hails a dash of spray in his face.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

A Hundred Years in Art.

Charles Waldstein's "Art in the Nineteenth Century" is a clear exposition of a subject in which too many writers hewiliveredly wallow, touching no bottom, and attaining no goal. The basis of the book was a lecture delivered before the students of the University of Cambridge, introducing a course to which the literary and artistic notables of England and other countries contributed. The work merely outlines—gives a bird's-eye view—of the subject. But Professor Waldstein holds some opinions firmly. He emphatically repudiates the idea that the nineteenth century has been a time of littleness in art. He objects to the phrase, "the age of science," meaning that it was not as well the age of artistic greatness. He holds that the century has seen unparalleled expansion—the realization of Nature, not as a mere setting for man, but for herself; the portrayal of the common man without feeling of condescension, but frankly, because he is a manifestation of life. Especially in the domain of fiction does Professor Waldstein think the age has excelled. He finds great not only the period just passed, which knew Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, and Hugo, but the present. "I for one am astounded," he says, "at the number of remarkable books produced every year, books that a hundred or even fifty years ago would have been discussed for years by the thoughtful and critical. If I were challenged I could single out many works that seem to me lasting types of literature which, for all that, hardly succeed in rising above the horizon, and never penetrate into the domain of popularity." "Art in the Nineteenth Century" is a strong and searching piece of criticism.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 60 cents.

A Notable Reprint.

The celebrated treasury of quaint and interesting old English essays and discourses, collected several years ago by Professor Arher under the title "An English Garner," has now been rearranged and reissued in twelve volumes with new indexes and introductions by competent scholars, among whom are Andrew Lang, Sidney Lee, A. W. Pollard, etc. Volumes one and two, called "Voyages and Travels," are introduced by C. Raymond

Beazely. They contain accounts of voyages of the period between 1551 and 1600, and include the relations of Sir John Hawkins, Thomas Stevens, John Chilton, Thomas Cavendish, and many others. Another volume is entitled "Social England," and the "tracts," dating from 1576 to 1708, cover a great variety of subjects—from "Of English Dogs, the diversities, the names, the natures, and the properties," to "An Account of the Torments the French Protestants Endure Aboard the Gallies." A fourth volume, "Critical Essays and Literary Fragments," has an introduction by J. Clinton Collins, and contains notable articles by many different English writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. All the works are exact reprints.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The large volume on "The Island of Formosa," which the Macmillan Company are just publishing, was printed in Yokohama, and has a frontispiece in color by a Japanese artist and colored reproductions of Chinese posters, as well as numerous photographic illustrations. James Davidson, the author, has been for eight or nine years United States consul in Formosa.

The translation of Benvenuto Cellini's "Life of Himself," prepared by Miss Anne Macdonell as the opening volume of the new series of "Temple Autobiographies," is almost ready for publication.

The author of the book of "Perverted Provverbs," who writes under the name of "Col. D. Streamer," is Captain Harry Graham, aide-de-camp to the governor-general of Canada. He is the author of "Ballads of the Boer War," and of several books of humorous verse, "The Baby's Baedeker," "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes," etc.

Hilaire Belloc, who began his literary career with a nonsense book for the nursery, who continued it with two remarkable studies of Danton and of Robespierre, and who has also written, in lighter vein, a volume called "The Road to Rome," has now had published in England a satire on contemporary journalism and authorship, called "Caliban's Guide to Letters." An American edition will doubtless appear soon.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish at once the pamphlet entitled "My Relations with Carlyle," that was written for private circulation by James Anthony Froude after he published his memorials of Carlyle. It is now republished by Froude's executors as a reply to Sir James Crichton-Browne's introduction to the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle." With Mr. Froude's own statement will be given a letter from the late Sir James Stephen, that was also printed for private circulation in 1886.

Hamblen Sears, author of "None but the Brave," has just finished a new novel with the scenes shifting from Cape Cod and Boston to New York City. It is entitled "Richard Daunt," and will be published in the fall.

Charles Marriott, the author of "The Column," has completed a new novel, "The House on the Sands," which will be published in the autumn. The scene is laid in Cornwall, and there is a political element in the plot.

Among the season's novels in course of dramatization are "Lees and Leaven," by Edward W. Townsend; "The Filigree Ball," by Anna Katherine Green; "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," by Charles Major; "Hearts Courageous," by Hallie Erminie Rives; and "John Ermine of the Yellowstone," by Fredric Remington, which will be produced by James K. Hackett.

Thomas Dixon, Jr.'s new novel will be called "The One Woman," and it will be issued August 1st. The theme is socialism, which is described as a deadly force, annihilating home life and weakening the structure of Anglo-Saxon manhood.

Jacob A. Riis, who has been called by President Roosevelt "New York's most useful citizen," is getting together material for a book called "Theodore Roosevelt, the Citizen."

Mrs. Carter H. Harrison, wife of the mayor of Chicago, is writing another book of fairy tales, along the lines of her first book, "Prince Silver Wings."

Herbert Spencer's recent volume of miscellaneous papers, entitled "Facts and Comments," has attracted no little attention. These somhre papers close with some reflections on space, in which Mr. Spencer states a feeling

which, doubtless, many have shared: "Of late years the thought that without origin or cause infinite space has ever existed and must ever exist, produces in me a feeling from which I shrink." And those are the concluding words of what seems to be Mr. Spencer's concluding hook: "I shrink."

Shrewdly cognizant of the late tragedy in Serbia, a volume entitled "Famous Assassinations" is to be published at once. The work will contain accounts of some thirty of the most significant political assassinations in the world's history, beginning with the murder of Philip of Macedon, in 336 B. C., and ending with the assassination of William McKinley.

The letters written by John Ruskin to Mary and Helen Gladstone, daughters of the statesman, are to be published in this country soon. Ruskin was intimately acquainted with the Gladstone family, and spent much time with them at Hawarden. The letters were written in the intervals between Ruskin's sojourns there. An introduction has been supplied by George Wyndham.

Joaquin Miller on "Race Suicide."

President Roosevelt in swaddling clothes, suspended by ribbons from the bill of a stork, furnishes the illustration for the cover of a new poem, in ten cantos, by Joaquin Miller, entitled "As It Was in the Beginning." In the "prefatory postscript" the poet writes:

When, like a sentinel on his watch-tower, the President, with his divine audacity and San Juan valor, voiced the real heart of the Americans against "race suicide," I hastened to do my part in my own way, ill or well, in holding up his hands on the firing line. . . . I venture this new book with confidence, not only because it is right, proper, clean, courageous, but now seems opportune. "Let the galled jade wince!" I give no quarter and ask none, except pardon for errors incident to great haste. I cry aloud from my mountain top, as a seer, and say: The cherry-blossom bird of Nippon must he more with us, else another century and prolific Canada, like another Germany from the North, may descend upon us and take hack train loads of tribute. We are coming to be too entirely Frenchish.

That the poem is truly Rooseveltian in its strenuousness may be gleaned from these stirring stanzas of canto IX:

God's pity for the breasts that bear
A little babe, then banish it
To stranger hands, to alien care,
To live or die as chance sees fit.
Poor, helpless hands reached anywhere,
As God gave them to reach and reach,
With only helplessness in each!
Poor little hands, pushed here, pushed there,
And all night long for mother's breast.
Poor, restless hands that will not rest
And gather strength to reach out strong
To mother in the rosy morn!
Nay, nay, they gather scorn for scorn
And hate for hate the lorn night long—
Poor dying babe! to reach about
In blackness, as a thing cast out!

God's pity for the thing of lust
That hears a frail babe to be thrust
Forth from her arms to alien thrall,
As shutting out the light of day,
As shutting off God's very breath!
But thrice God's pity, let us pray,
For her who bears no babe at all,
But gayly leads up Fashion's Hall
And grinning leads the dance of death.
That sexless, steel-braced breast of bone
Is like to some assassin cell,
A whited sepulchre of stone,
A grave-yard at the gates of hell,
A mart where motherhood is sold,
A house of murders manifold!

A few stanzas further on the poet says:

And oh, for prophet's tongue of pen
To scourge, not only, and accuse
The childless mother, but such men
As know their wives but to abuse!
Give me the brave, child-loving Jew,
The full-sexed Jew of either sex,
Who loves, brings forth and nothing reckes
Of care or cost, as Christians do—
Dulled souls who will not hear or see
How Christ once raised his lowly head
And, as rebuking, gently said,
The while He took them tenderly,
"Let little children come to me." . . .

Hear me this prophecy and heed
Except we cleanse us kirk or creed,
Except we wash us word and deed
The Jew shall rule us, reign the Jew.
And just because the Jew is true,
Is true to nature, true to truth;
Is clean, is chaste, as trustful Ruth
Who bore us David, Solomon—
The Babe, that far, first Christmas dawn.

The poem is dedicated to "The Mothers of Men."

The New York *Mail and Express* points out the fact that in a list of twenty volumes of poems reviewed in a recent number of a literary paper, four were published by the authors themselves, and nine by bouses that merely act as publishing agents for authors. The inference is that the great mass of poetry goes heging for a publisher, with the author so convinced of the importance of his message to the world that he would rather be his own publisher than leave his pipings unprinted.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Woman of the Wild.

Pauline Bradford Mackie, in "The Voice in the Desert," has accomplished the feat of bringing the mountain to Mohammed. For those who have never seen the desert, never felt the burning glare of its sands, or the brilliant blueness of its skies, feel involuntarily, as they read from page to page, the atmosphere of the desert grow thick and dense about them, and see before them the unbroken sweep of its desolation.

The drama of the book is played in the little desert town of Sahuaro, where the native growth of "tall fluted cacti stands like broken Doric columns" to beat back the encroaching tide of civilization, and where the lizard hops like a canary bird to eat crumbs from a lady's hand.

It is here that Lispenard, idealist, dreamer, and resident clergyman, meets Trent, the friend of his youth, and here, arm in arm, they walk out into the wilderness night, into a "land of fading blue and gray of infinite distance," we read, where "the gray breast of the desert becomes warmer-hued as they walk through an arroyo of yellow sand, or shows silvery green where the grease-wood spreads itself, fighting for life against the burning heat and draught."

The contrast of the two women is a notable bit of work in the story-teller's art. Adele, the wife of Lispenard, with her still youthful beauty, her wild-rose coloring, and curling tendrils of hair, is all that is sweet, contradictory, womanly, and maternal—the rose of the East compared with Yucca, the scentless cactus of the desert. Yucca, whose father, for a whim, has named her after the stately desert blossom, embodies this strange, colorless fascination of the wilderness. "In her own person she typified the desert, fair to those who found her fair, strange to those who found her strange. Her beauty was a reflection like that of the little indigo chameleon. The sands were bright and her hair was gold. Did he not know that in reality those sparkling sands were dull and lifeless; that the soft masses of her hair were neither brown nor yellow but a monotonous ash-tint? She cast a spell upon him as the desert had and forced him to admit the strange beauty of them both." Was ever closer analogy drawn between women and desert?

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Law of Mental Medicine."

Some suspicion always attaches to so-called scientific works on psychological subjects which become very popular with general readers. The relations of the brain to the mind and all the other allied problems are so wrapped in obscurity that real scientists commonly write about them, if they write at all, hesitatingly, with many "I don't know" and "It is doubtful" and "It is not known," which repel the general reader who wants plain facts only. The pseudo-scientist, on the other hand, is apt to transmute tentative hypotheses of researchers into theories or proved facts, and to erect thereupon a glittering structure of assumptions and deductions, pleasing to the casual eye, but liable to topple at a touch. The works of Thompson Jay Hudson, notably his "Law of Psychic Phenomena," and the just-issued "Law of Mental Medicine," fall into neither category. Only a faint suspicion of stretching facts to fit theories attaches to them; in the main they are scientific in method, and soundly based, as well as sufficiently untechnical for the general reader.

The avowed object of Dr. Hudson's latest book is "primarily to assist in placing mental therapeutics on a firmly scientific basis, and incidentally to place within the reach of the humblest intellect the most effective methods of healing the sick by mental processes." The author goes exhaustively into the history of "mental healing" and "laying on of hands," carefully making clear the cleavage between therapeutics and religion. Then he discusses in order the physical mechanism through which mental healing is effected, the phenomena of sleep, and the problems of hypnotism and thought-transference, as they relate to suggestive therapeutics.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.20.

"The Jewish Encyclopedia."

With the fourth volume of the great "Jewish Encyclopedia" the publishers send some interesting advertisements from which we glean that the work will employ in its preparation 600 scholars, will be complete in twelve volumes, containing a total of 8,000 pages and 2,000 illustrations. Its cost is esti-

mated at \$600,000. These are the material facts, and examination of the four volumes that have already appeared convince us that the work will rank high in literary merit, in authoritativeness and in contemporaneity. It is no exaggeration to say that the work will prove a landmark in the history of the race whose future, both in this country and abroad, has become of such poignant interest. New York is now the first city of the world in number of Jews. The history and the views of so great a proportion of our urban population as the Jews now form, can not be a matter of indifference to thinking people. The present volume is particularly notable in that it contains an article of thirty pages by a noted French publicist on the Dreyfus case—perhaps the most authoritative statement of the facts that has yet been made.

Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; sold only by subscription; price, \$6.00 per volume.

New Publications.

Among recent novels are "They that Took the Sword," by Nathaniel Stephenson; "The Catholic" and "A Roman Mystery," by Richard Bagot. Published by John Lane, New York; price, each, \$1.50.

"From Cornhill to Cairo" and "The Book of Snobs" are the latest additions to the Dent edition of Thackeray in course of publication. The work is edited by Walter Jerrold and illustrated by Charles E. Brock. Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, per volume, \$1.00.

That reprints of standard works in handy form are popular is evidenced by the number that continue to appear. The latest is an admirable edition of Anthony Trollope's "Framley Parsonage," which we used to know in two bulky volumes, but which now, by the use of thin paper, is compressed into one, and that one only six inches tall. The print is large and clear, the paper perfectly opaque, and the binding neat. Published by Jone Lane, New York.

"The Detached Pirate" is the odd title of a novel, by Helen Milecete, told in a series of letters from a divorced woman to her friend. Safely unmoored from her marital wharf, this blithe pirate in petticoats sets sail under the colors of a single woman in pursuit of a little "fun." But her courage fails her. She is obliged to flee from, rather than pursue, amorous barks, and, finally, is glad enough to seek a safe harbor and roam no more. The letters are vivacious, with more than a touch of flippancy, and with traces of sensationalism. The pictures in color by I. H.

Coliga, a new illustrator, are quite good. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

The chief among the picturesque writings of George Wharton James—"In and Around the Grand Canyon"—has passed into a second edition, to which a few additions have been made. The book has one great merit—its author was in love with his subject and possessed of boundless enthusiasm and energy. Every visitor to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado should find the book a necessity. The illustrations, certainly, can not but commend themselves. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$2.50.

Why Kipling Wouldn't Lecture.

A very characteristic Kipling letter has again been brought into print by the death of Major Pond, the manager of celebrities. It seems that in 1895, while Mr. Kipling was living in Vermont, the major tried to get him to make a lecture tour of the country, offering compensation well proportioned to the author's celebrity, then at its height. Mr. Kipling evidently considered the proposition with some care, but only to reject it, for he wrote:

There is such a thing as paying one hundred and twenty-five cents for a dollar, and, though I suppose there is money in the lecturing business, it seems to me that the bother, the fuss, the being at everybody's beck and call, the night journeys, and so on, make it very dear. I've seen a few men who've lived through the fight, but they did not look happy. I might do it as soon as I had two mortgages on my house, a lien on the horses, and a bill of sale on the furniture, and writer's cramp in both hands; but at present I'm busy and contented to go on with the regular writing business. You forget that I have already wandered over most of the States, and there isn't enough money in sight to hire me to face again some of the hotels and some of the railway systems that I have met with. America is a great country, but she is not made for lecturing in.

A statistician studying the question of the use of wood pulp in the manufacture of paper has lately estimated the amount of material used in the production of nine popular novels. Of these books 1,600,000 copies were sold. In the making of them 2,000,000 pounds of paper were employed, and as one spruce-tree yields about 500 pounds of paper, these nine novels are stated to have caused the destruction of 4,000 trees.

The proprietors of a popular English weekly have hit upon a rather surprising scheme for stimulating its popularity. Somewhere in the British Islands they have hidden the sum of five hundred pounds, and it is to become the lawful property of whoever manages to find it. A clew as to the whereabouts of the treasure will be embodied in a serial story which is to be printed in the periodical.

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What a sound, sweet, wholesome little play "Brother Officers" is! How fresh and pure its sentiment, how pleasing the romance, and how simple and involuntary the atmosphere of ease and refinement surrounding the little coterie to whose society John Hinds, raised from a sergeant's rank for bravery on the field of battle, is so suddenly elevated.

There are so many good points in the play; the very title is most happily chosen, expressing in advance the peculiarly close tie between two comrades bound to each other by intimate association as well as by the gratitude and loyalty of manly hearts. All the emotions experienced by the onlooker are of a nature refreshing to the spirit. The appeal to the sympathies is constant, but not fatiguing, and one feels the kindling glow of a generous joy in beholding hearts of gold brought into mutual relation and dependence. And, with the inspiring of all these pleasant emotions, the author has not neglected other sources of interest and pleasure. The introduction of the spectator into the assembly-room of a swagger English regiment, the spectacle of gorgeous warriors acting as hosts to their sweethearts and to their womenkind generally, the pretty picture of a social phase of high-class English life, the intimate talk of the men, with its bits of racy English slang, and the glimpses into the etiquette of social regimental life, all have their distinct dramatic value, with some degree of novelty as well.

Captain Marshall, in "The Second in Command," makes use of a similar setting for his first act, but bright and entertaining as his play is, Leo Trevor, besides anticipating the better-known author in this particular, easily out-distanced him in the compactness and consistency of his plot, and the greater loveliness, truth, and sincerity of his leading characters.

We have already seen "Brother Officers" presented under ideal conditions. Seldom or never has Henry Miller succeeded more thoroughly in identifying himself with a character he has portrayed than with that of John Hinds, and Margaret Anglin, with that rare quality she has of acting a character from the heart out, expressed in simple, noble outlines all the graces of heart and nature with which Captain Trevor endowed his heroine. But the piece in itself is so direct and sure in its appeal to the sympathies, and the characters are so playable, that the acting of the Alcazar company, as is always the case when good dramatic material is provided, gains proportionately in poise and significance.

White Whittlesey, although thoroughly identified with the school of romantic unrealism, is obliged, in the character of John Hinds, temporarily to forswear elegance of appearance and demeanor, and to commensurate his aspect almost to the degree of plebeianism. This he accomplishes very successfully in the first act, although an unswerving realist would be apt to recall the fact that a soldier from the ranks, exposed to the terrifying scrutiny of his social superiors, would be more apt to hold himself mechanically in the rigid attitude of "attention" than to relax into the state of physical tremor, as shown by Mr. Whittlesey. Still, from a dramatic point of view, it was effective, showing the collapsed condition of John Hinds' courage, and how abjectly the hero of many battle-fields could show the white feather in the presence of lovely, high-born ladies. Mr. Whittlesey's first appearance was illustrative of how telling small details of costume are on the stage; although John Hinds was carefully attired in a neat gray suit, with well-creased trousers, there were several damning evidences that stamped him as the "plebe." His gayly spotted handkerchief could not be overlooked; and let that rash class of men who affect high-colored neckties take note of the fact that his was bright red. Whether it was the author or the actor who was responsible for this shrewd bit of detail, I do not know; but whoever it was availed himself of the knowledge that the deadly red necktie

is almost as antagonistic to distinction of appearance as a damaged eye, or a nose with an inclination to starboard.

The first act of "Brother Officers" does little beyond putting the reader *au fait* of the situation; but what a perfectly delightful climax it has. One feels a quick, keen thrill of pleasure at seeing a beautiful, generous impulse so swiftly and tactfully obeyed. At the same moment, the discomfited officer, thus sweetly and graciously delivered from his painful embarrassment, forgets it all in the glow and ardor of his gratitude, and becomes a man again, laying his homage freely and gratefully at the feet of his gentle deliverer.

In subsequent acts, Mr. Whittlesey fails to make patent that taint of the commons left in John Hinds, in spite of his year's tutoring at the hands of his brother-officer. Mr. Whittlesey, in fact, easily dominated the stage, and on the whole had the air of being fashioned of finer clay than any of the other men, except Mr. Wyngate, who was a pleasant, easy, open-hearted Lieutenant Bleydell, with a very fair approximation to the charm of that darling of drawing-rooms and favorite of dress-rooms.

There is, by the by, a sort of old-fashioned English romanticism in the character creation of the young officer, with his fine, manly traits, in close contrast with a blind recklessness amounting almost to dishonor in money matters. It is, in fact, a bit of traditional character handed down from the English novels of Anthony Trollope's time. John Hinds is the truer man of the two, but the Baroness Royden loves her social equal. The play is written from the standpoint of the aristocrat, and, with that remnant of the plebeian left in him from his ignoble birth and training, John Hinds, a rough diamond, polished only by attrition with his betters, as the husband of the lady he loves would inevitably "get on her nerves"—so declares Lord Hunstanton—and his dictum is accepted by the listener as the authority of one who speaks for his own class.

White Whittlesey, as has been said, does not make this point of view plausible, although it must be confessed that the romantic interest does not particularly suffer thereby.

The company, strengthened by the addition of Messrs. Wyngate, Byers, and Butler, makes a very good showing, each character, save that of Lady Margaret Pleydell, being presented in the proper light. With the best intentions in the world, Adele Belgarde fails to understand or make patent that gentle, whimsical discernment, flickering through the kindly conventionality of Lancelot's mother, presenting her rather as a piece of bland, fashionable inanity.

As with its immediate predecessor, "In Central Park" is a gorgeous exposition of the chorus-girl, with frequent interludes of comedy made to order. The public-in-general dearly loves comedy made to order, and thoughtful managers, with an eye to the main chance, invariably see that they get it. Why, then, should a dejected minority who like spontaneous comedy, comedy with brains, or, at least, with real humor behind it, repine? Not, I think, from any objection to the public-in-general having its tastes thus fondly catered to, but rather from a discouraged perception that the public-in-particular had better dispense with divergent tastes that are generally overlooked by the managers, because gratifying them entails greater expenditure.

Raymond and Caverly, to come down to a case in point, are two cheerful, brass-junged mountebanks, who have not an iota of originality in them, and scarcely a ray of natural, irrepressible humor. But they give themselves over heartily to the business of clowning, cut capers, make grimaces, and bellow through their repertoire of jokes from the funny column with such an air of open, honest relish, and with such a perfect abandonment of all encumbering dignity that the worthy pair are enormously popular, and are repeatedly hauled out to satisfy the demands of an insatiable audience until their last joke is flabby with overwork. Yet they have little to offer beyond what they have memorized or copied from others. Weber and Field, no doubt, are the inspirers of the line of comedy work taken up by the comedians at Fischer's, and again by the pair at the Grand Opera House. The famous originals are so successful in their special kind of clowning that it has come to be regarded as almost a classic in its line. Fortunate it is for all originators that no imitator, no matter how pat his imitation, can ever succeed in catching that untranslatable aura of individual humor that each natural comedian possesses in his own right.

I fancy that Budd Ross, who is playing the part of the office-boy, shows promise of developing into a genuine comedian, partly because of the slight savor of individuality to what he does; and partly because his comic effects, the contortions, for instance, which he undergoes on his first entrance, have the air of being the result of exuberant spirits, rather than funny business done with a set purpose to amuse.

His little dark-haired doll of a partner, too, chubby-faced Anna Wilks, has her own little fragment of personal attractiveness. Hard as it is to define, and transient, perhaps, as a spring bloom, there it is, separating her from the others, and giving her a prominent place in the company. To be sure, one is puzzled sometimes by the untoward eminence of others who have few qualities to account for it. Some of the minor principals, whom it will be more polite to leave nameless—one wonders if they have a pull, that girls without positive beauty, coquetry, or natural charm, whose acquired stage substitute for these qualities is faintly irritating to the sensibilities, are pushed forward to undue prominence. One is forced to the conviction that they have earned it by greater industry than their prettier mates, and that if they trip through their dancing steps with greater mathematical accuracy, and smirk more widely than the others, their greater industry and stricter attention to business is just as much to their credit as that of the type-writing girl, or her snub-nosed sister peeling vegetables in a pickle factory. For, after all, they are all engaged, with varying degrees of zeal, in the universal business of Making a Living.

"In Central Park" is conducted on the same general lines as "In Washington," and, like its predecessor, has its innumerable choruses, its twin comedians, its singing and joking quartet, its grand march, its stray couples who flirt, quarrel, and make up, and its special couple who give special turns in singing and dancing. Superficial as it all is, this most popular form of stage entertainment has so many devotees among people who merely demand for theatrical amusement a tuneful, if meaningless, hammering against the tympanum, and a perpetual procession of gayly clad chorus-girls imaged across the retina, that the management have good reason to feel that they are on the right financial track.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Union League Club has received from William F. and Blanche M. Burbank an offer of the premises now occupied by the Pacific-Union Club, on Union Square, to be vacated on the completion of the new club-house now building for the latter organization on the opposite corner, at Stockton and Post Streets. The owners say they would sell at \$40 per square foot. The area covered by the building thus offered fronts 137.6 each on Stockton and Post Streets, and at \$40 per square foot, the price asked by the Burbanks, foots up \$77,350.40. The club thinks this price too high, and has almost decided to purchase the site on the south-east corner of Stockton Street and Union Square Avenue, offered at \$137,500, and erect thereon a twelve-story building at an estimated cost of \$160,000. The property has a frontage of 44 feet on Stockton Street, with a depth of 70 feet. It is planned to rent the eight lower floors for business purposes, using the remaining four floors as club-rooms.

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Monday, July 30th—Mr. Herschel Mayall in Faust.

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To-night "The Jewess." Commencing Monday evening, last week of Miss NANCE O'NEIL, appearing for the first time in America in

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Next—The Neil-Morocco Company for a season of seven weeks, opening in In the Palace of the King.

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Week commencing Sunday matinee, July 12th. Vaudeville de luxe! De Koltz; Bailey and Madison; Hodges and Launchbure; Charles Dickson and Company in "Heart to Heart Talks"; Mosher, Houghton and Mosher; Young and DeVoe; Julian Rose; the Biograph; and last week of Mabel McKinley.

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c; Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"A Modern Magdalen" at the Columbia.

At the Columbia Theatre on Monday night Amelia Bingham will appear for the first time in this city in Haddon Chambers's strong play, "A Modern Magdalen," which holds a record of three hundred nights in New York. It is a work of unusual power, and with such players in the leading roles as Wilton Lackaye, W. L. Abington, Amelia Bingham, Bijou Fernandez, Frances Ring, and others, a very interesting and effective interpretation may be expected. "A Modern Magdalen" is to be played for but one week, and as it proved such a big matinee bill throughout the East, there will be a special matinee on Wednesday, in addition to the regular Saturday matinee. Following "A Modern Magdalen," Miss Bingham will present "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson."

Nance O'Neil as Juliet.

At the California Theatre to-night and tomorrow night Nance O'Neil gives the farewell performances of "The Jewess." On Monday night she will essay for the first time in America a portrayal of Juliet, in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." The event will be a decided novelty, inasmuch as we have never seen Nance O'Neil in anything save the intensely dramatic roles, for which she is so admirably adapted. Miss O'Neil in such a character as the gentle, love-lorn Juliet will be new to her San Francisco admirers, and considerable speculation has already been aroused as to her probable conception of the character. The noted tragedienne has a habit of being original in everything she does, and she will probably give us a new and original Juliet. That she will not follow on traditional lines is a foregone conclusion, and it is this feature that promises to give a largely added interest to the performance. E. J. Ratcliff will appear as Romeo.

The following attraction at the California Theatre will be the Neill-Moroso Company, which opens a season of seven weeks on Monday night, July 20th. "In the Palace of the King" will be the initial play.

A Success at the Tivoli.

The revival of "Wang" at the Tivoli Opera House last week so distinct a success that it will be repeated again during the coming week. Ferris Hartman, as the keeper of the royal elephant, is as funny as ever, and Annie Myers is charming as Prince Mataya. Bertha Davis as Marie and Caro Rome as the Widow Primrose never fail to score, and Edwin Stevens well sustains the title role. Meanwhile, the Tivoli company are rehearsing Smith and De Koven's comic opera, "The Highwayman," which is to be put on for the first time at popular prices the week after next. Theatregoers will be pleased to learn that Camille d'Arville, whose rank in the soprano part of Lady Constance Sinclair is well known, has been engaged for the production. The piece abounds in pretty music and catchy comedy. One of the big parts is that of Foxy Quiller, which will be taken by Edwin Stevens. Bertha Davis will appear as Lady Pamela. Annie Myers as Doll Primrose, Edward Webb as Toby Winkle, Oscar Lee as Captain Rodney, and Arthur Cunningham as Dick Fitzgerald.

Third Week of "In Central Park."

The Grand Opera House continues to amuse crowds nightly with the musical eccentricity, "In Central Park." It is a good show of its kind, and San Francisco audiences reward it by the most generous patronage. The funny men, Raymond and Caverly, have made a bit. Their strong hold is as German dialect comedians, and the gags and witticisms are many of them, of their own composition. Cheridab Simpson is also a genuine delight. She acts gracefully and with magnetism, and her pleasing soprano voice is one of the chief attractions of the performance. Harold Crane, Budd Ross, Anna Wilks, Louise Moore, and Herbert Sears contribute to the general success. Charles H. Jones's march of pretty girls excites enthusiasm. "In Central Park," after its third week, will be succeeded by "In Wall Street."

"Muldoon's Picnic" at the Central.

"Muldoon's Picnic," an old and funny farce-comedy, will be the attraction at the Central Theatre for the third and last week of Comedian James Corrigan's engagement, commencing next Monday night. The regular stock company will be augmented for the production by Conlon and Ryder, who are famous as fun-makers and singers of comic songs. There will be specialties in great variety in every act. The rise of the Muldoon family from humble beginnings on the Bowery to the splendor and affluence of Fifth Avenue, and their debut into the smart set, with all the ludicrous incidents that accompany the metamorphosis, give wide scope to the comedians for the exercise of their laugh-producing genius. Following the Corrigan season, July 20th, will come the grand opening of the new Central Theatre stock company, with Herschel Mayall as leading man, in a spectacular production of "Faust."

At the Orpheum.

De Kolta, the renowned wizard, who has just completed a run of eight months at the Eden Musée, New York, will make his American debut in vaudeville at the Orpheum this coming week. His mysterious problems and magical illusions will undoubtedly puzzle the Orpheum audience. Bailey and Madison, grotesque eccentrics, will also make their first appearance here. Hodges and Launch-

mere, known as the "American Nightingales," will present their act, introducing big-class medleys, German yodling, piano solos and fancy buck and wing dancing, Mabel McKinley, the pleasing soprano, and niece of the late President, has surpassed all expectations. She made her vaudeville debut last Sunday, and was immediately accorded a front rank among singers. For her second and last week she will change her selections, singing the beautiful waltz-song from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," a "Danza" by Chadwick, and a Japanese love-song, Charles Dickson, in a new sketch; Julian Rose, "our Hebrew friend"; Young and DeVoie, in their specialty, "Dancing by Book"; Mosher, Houghton, and Mosher, expert and comedy bicyclists; and the biograph, with new motion pictures, will complete the bill.

New Bill at the Alcazar.

White Whittlesley as an ideal hero of romance will find fine opportunities in the Alcazar's production of "The Prisoner of Zenda" next week. The charm of Anthony Hope's fantastic and fascinating romance has been felt by many readers, and the fine acting adaptation by Edward E. Rose helped to build up the fortunes of those popular matinee idols, E. H. Sothern and James K. Hackett. The dual role of Rudolf, the Elphberg king, and Rudolf, the up-to-date English gentleman, will accurately fit the Whittlesley personality. Interest attaches to the local debut of Harry S. Hillard, the Alcazar's new juvenile man, who comes from the East. The cast includes, among others, Bertha Creighton, Juliet Crosby, Adele Belgrade, Marie Howe, Charles Wynate, Fred Butler, Henry Shumer, H. D. Byers, Walter Belasco, and Harry Spear. The winter palace at Streslau, the castle of Tarlenheim, and the famous dungeon scene will all be finely mounted. The production for July 20th will be Hall Caine's drama, "The Manxman," in which James O'Neill will again star next season.

New Burlesques at Fischer's.

Although, for lack of room, people are turned away at every performance of "Twirly-Wirly" at Fischer's Theatre, the management has decided to take the burlesque off, and will put on the new play Monday evening. The new bill Monday night will be a combination of two burlesques—"Under the Red Globe" and "The Three Musketeers." The programme of novelties is most extensive. Among the new features is the latest song, "The Leader of Vanity Fair," sung by Maude Amber, and the chorus; "The Peroxide Sisters," a song and dance, by the Misses Hope and Emerson; "For Love is King," arranged for and sung by Winfield Blake; "Soldiers," a funny song and march, acted and sung by Kolb, Dill, Bernard, and Whelan; a new coon song and dance, in which six of the excellent little clog dancers at Fischer's will help out Kolb and Dill; "Ob, Fudge," a new topical song, by Harry Hermens; and some specialty numbers by the quartet. In addition to these numbers there are, as usual, the big lot of surprises that always come with the shows at Fischer's.

Lotta M. Crabtree, the former stage favorite and the donor of the fountain at the junction of Market and Geary Streets, has sold her realty in this city. In 1869 Lotta's mother bought for her a piece of property on the south side of Turk Street, 87-6 east of Hyde. It is a lot 50x137-6, with an L 50x87-6, on which are four buildings, all the worse for their thirty-four years of wear. For this property Lotta paid \$12,000. She has now sold the property for \$50,000. The purchaser is Covington Pringle. Lotta and her mother came out to California about four weeks ago for the purpose of disposing of this property, as Miss Crabtree is desirous of consolidating her interests in the East. She has been very successful in her business investments, and is the possessor of \$1,000,000 of real estate in Boston. Her mother is eighty-five years of age, but is hale and hearty.

Charles Frohman has signed a contract with Francis Wilson binding him to appear under Frohman's management in the United States and England for three years from September, 1904. Wilson will continue to appear in "Erminie" under his present management during the coming season, after which he will abandon comic opera to appear in legitimate comedy.

Local Artists to Exhibit.

An exhibition of drawings in black and white, the originals of illustrations which have appeared in local newspapers and magazines, will be held at an early date in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel. The examples to be shown are, for the most part, wash and pen and ink drawings, together with some examples of pencil, crayon, and water-color work. The various stages of picture-making will be shown, from the drawing as it leaves the artist's hand to the printed picture. The artists who will exhibit are Theodore Langguth, Fred W. Small, Jack Rogers, W. Francis, John E. Sheridan, H. M. Bunker, of the *Chronicle*; W. H. Matthies, C. S. Donnelly, Merle Johnson, J. M. Kelley, M. W. Newberry, Dan C. Sweeney, Bert A. Igoe, William Stevens, V. Nabl, Ralph Springer, Henry Raleigh, and George Kiddie, of the *Examiner*; Oscar M. Bryn, Maurice del Mue, George S. Parmenter, R. Thompson, C. O. Robbhand, J. W. Rennell, J. A. Cahill, S. Schubel, R. G. Russom, G. H. Bronstrup, and W. A. Coulter, of the *Call*; T. A. Dorgan, R. O. Yordley, H. G. Peter, Haig Patigam, Laura E. Fosters, A. Fulton, and J. Kabler, of the *Bulletin*; Marie Feiling, of the *Past*; R. H. Bassett, M. M. Harris, C. D. Pitchford, and A. M. Nelson, of the *Sunset Magazine*; and Stanley C. Arthur, of the *California Ladies' Magazine*.

Henry E. Dixey, the actor, is having lots of trouble. The Bingham agreed to bring him out this fall in a Fitch play, "The Last of the Dandies," done in England by Beerbobm Tree. But it seems it was not to be. Mr. Fitch couldn't deliver the play, Mr. Bingham couldn't deliver the part, and Dixey, therefore, couldn't star in it. Now Mr. Bingham is suing Mr. Fitch, alleging failure of agreement; Mr. Dixey is suing Mr. Bingham, alleging that he was long idle, and that his salary should be forthcoming, even though the play was not; and Mr. Fitch is suing Mr. Bingham for back royalties on his other plays in the Bingham repertoire, "The Climbers" and "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," which Mr. Bingham is holding back to protect the fifteen hundred dollars he says he paid for the delivery of "The Last of the Dandies."

After an arduous but highly profitable season, both artistically and financially, Richard Mansfield is resting in so far as his physical and mental energy will let him. Frequent cruises around Long Island Sound in his sailing yacht are his principal diversion. Mr. Mansfield's season will begin October 12th at the Lyric Theatre, New York. It is a new playhouse, which he will dedicate by presenting for the first time on any stage a version by Mme. de Meisner of Count Alexis Tolstoy's tragic theme, "Ivan the Terrible." Later in the New York engagement he will present "Old Heidelberg," a comedy of German student life, which has been very successful in Germany for the past three or four seasons, and in London last winter, when it was done by George Alexander.

The trip to Mount Tamalpais is still the chief attraction in the way of an outing with grand scenic effects. There are no accessories lacking, on the journey by rail up the mountain, or at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

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VANITY FAIR.

According to a successful woman insurance-agent of Chicago, more and more insurance is being taken out by women every year. "They are now considered good risks," she says, "whereas formerly a woman had to pay an extra premium to secure insurance. About six years ago that hindrance was removed, and now nearly all of the life-insurance companies accept them on the same basis as men. One of the old conservative companies just yielded the point a few weeks ago, but still makes an exception to married women, as several of the other companies do. The mortality among women is no greater than among men, and their liability to accident is not so great. As for the class of women that take out insurance, I suppose that trained nurses and women physicians have a larger percentage than have other professions. After that come the teachers in schools, then dressmakers, milliners, cashiers, clerks in department-stores, and others, but very few stenographers. It is a singular thing that we always find it difficult to convince a stenographer of the value of life-insurance. Professional women are more apt to insure than others, and insurance has recently become popular among actresses. They are taking out twenty-year endowment policies as investments for old age. As a rule, actresses do not save their money, and do not have anything left after their popularity has passed. We insure a good many women in private life also. It is becoming quite common, and very soon as many women as men will take out policies upon their lives, particularly those who have others dependent upon them."

Mrs. Leland Stanford, it is said, carries a larger amount of insurance than any other woman in the world. Her policies amount to more than a million dollars. Mrs. Frank O. Lowden, of Chicago, carries \$250,000, probably more than any other woman in the West, and Mrs. McReynolds carries \$200,000. Helen Gould and one of her sisters have \$100,000 each. Anna Held carries \$100,000; Mrs. Leslie Carter, \$50,000; Nordica, \$50,000; Maud Adams, \$25,000; Blanche Walsh, \$10,000; Katherine Grey, \$10,000; Blanche Bates, \$10,000; Maxine Elliott, \$10,000; Lulu Glaser, \$10,000; Pauline Hall, \$10,000; Laura Joyce, \$10,000; and others similar amounts.

The custom of drinking the "little glass" of after-dinner liqueur is growing rapidly in London as well as in Paris, and from the former world-capital the custom gravitates by imitation to New York and westward. Of the more famous sweet liqueurs the big merchants report Benedictine as leading in the sales, with Chartreuse next and Kummel in the third place, growing more rapidly in favor than either. Kirsch has succumbed to Kummel. Noyau is little used, but Dutch Curacao holds it own and Crème de Menthe enjoys an all-round vogue. New "bitters," liqueurs, and cordials are constantly being concocted, or, rather, their more important names are invented. Their material is in very many cases merely raw Scotch whisky "doctored" in France. But the foreign wine merchants, especially those in London, recommend fine old brandy as better than all the kickshaws which a chemist can put together. The French Academy of Medicine has recently denounced the "little glass" habit as deadly. A doctor quoted by the London *Telegraph* says that the only wholesome bitter is gentian root, because it is so cheap that it is not worth while adulterating it. Absinthe, which with the potency of alcohol combines the poison of an herb, is no liqueur, though sometimes wrongly described as such, as it is always drunk before meals with water.

Mrs. Burton Harrison is out with an arraignment of Americans for their summer habits. She thinks custom has made us blind to one glaring defect in our social life. "I allude," she says, "to the utterly irrational way of carrying our winter pleasures, the entertainments that belong by right to our season of urban gayety, into the long hot months when nature and the unfettered heart of mankind cry aloud for simpler joys. All other nations save our own have a time when the leaders and participants in social diversion withdraw from the theatre of their conspicuous performances before the world, and enshrine themselves in the seclusion of country homes, where nothing happily occurs that is worthy of chronicle in print. The great lady of the British aristocracy seeks her northern moor or castle, where, clad in serge, with a sailor hat, she is abroad all day in the heather, or on the water, not to be distinguished in action or attire from the school-girl off for her holi-

day. So also the Paris belle marquise. During these months of inaction in the service of the gay world, she is at least storing up fresh powers of enjoyment against the time when duty calls her to take her place again as a purveyor in fashion's mart. And she has tact enough to see that people are more glad to welcome back a favorite than to applaud her every day. But we Americans," continues Mrs. Harrison, "give no one a chance to welcome us back. We are always before the curtain, in the full blaze of limelight, manœuvring to the music of an unflagging orchestra. Who is there among the readers of daily newspapers who can not tell one the whereabouts and proceedings of Mrs. This or That, during every month of her busy year spent in chasing pleasure at home or abroad? There is no season when the dear creature is cruel enough to hide herself from our gaze. Her summers are like her autumns, winters, springs. She dances, dresses, yachts, gives house-parties, travels, jaunts, invents novelties in entertaining, with almost delirious rapidity. If she is fortunate enough to possess a country home fitted and equipped with the manifold luxuries of modern life, or a great estate, or even a fancy farm, nothing concerning it or her relations to it is ever withheld from the public. The camera, penetrating everywhere, reveals her in her stable yard, on her golf links, among her dogs, or cows, or fowls; in the act of gardening, riding, driving four-in-hand, automobiling, canoeing, sailing her boat, or jumping her hunter over a pair of bars. Wherever she elects to go, when tired of what town life has been able to supply to her insatiable appetite for amusement, we may be sure it will not be long before we hear a full account of it.

"And it is the same with the whole family. Once established in a hotel or cottage at the popular resort, there is no holding back from the current that carries all the world on its heaving bosom. Soon father, mother, boys, and girls are engulfed in the gayeties the elders may deary but are not strong enough to resist. They resume the mode of existence that has engrossed them during the winter past. They lunch, they dine together, they call on each other without mercy, they must be always *en grande toilette*, seeing and being seen: their dances occur night after night, their afternoon drive is the same old pageant of Vanity Fair transferred from Fifth Avenue, only, being more concentrated, it is far more brilliant in effect. Never absent is the nervous strain of trying to keep up with the procession that is the hane of our modern life. It is like black care sitting behind the conquering hero of finance, who sees his family the victims, rather than the beneficiaries, of the millions he has given so much of his own life to obtain for them. It racks the temper and robs of her best charm the wife and mother, who, at heart knowing her own folly, can not control the desire to see herself and hers making as brave a show as any of the rest. And all the while the pace is increasing—the standard of magnificence in establishment, dress, and equipage is being pushed upward—the nervous strain goes on intensifying. Certainly we are a wondrous young nation, but in some matters we have yet to learn common sense!"

The exposure by the German archaeologist, Fürtwängler, of the fraud perpetrated on the Louvre Museum in the case of the so-called tiara of Saitaphernes, has led to a general investigation of the manufacture of professed antiques of every description. The famous tiara in question deceived all the experts in Paris, who were convinced that this really exquisite hit of gold-work had been excavated near Odessa, and that its production dated back very many centuries. On their report it was bought by the museum for 200,000 francs. Detection finally came from an examination under the microscope, which showed that the chisel-marks were too bright to be the result of ancient workmanship. For the moment, therefore, the cry of *la tiara!* has passed into the current vocabulary of the boulevardier as a stereotyped form of expressing utter incredulity. Such conspicuous instances of this kind of fraud (says the *Commercial Advertiser*) are not so very common. The last was the celebrated Shapira forgery of a huge leathern scroll containing the greater part of the Old Testament. It was offered to the British Museum for the huge sum of £1,000,000, which might have been paid had not the profound Semitic scholar, Dr. Ginsburg, detected the spurious character of the scroll. But while frauds on so magnificent a scale are rare, clever imitators of every sort of curio have attained to a wonderful degree of skill. Persons are now making great sums of money by purchasing dilapidated

old buildings in Rouen, Orléans, and other French towns. These buildings they pull down and sell the beams and rafters to dishonest antiquaries, who carve them into panels or into "ancient" furniture. Many of these carvers, however, can dispense with genuinely antique wood, for they have learned how to make it worm-eaten and how to put dry rot into the carved parts after the chiseling has been done. This deceives almost every one; for it is known that the chisel can not be used on wood that has dry rot. Marble is a favorite material for these ingenious persons to work upon; for marble can be dealt with in such a way as to make detection almost impossible. The necessary color can be given it by burning damp straw beneath it. Many shrewd tricks are devised to attract a purchaser. The most easily deceived amateur is the one who does not go to the dealer but who mouses about in out-of-the-way places in the belief that he can thus light upon some rare *objet d'art* which no one else as yet has noticed. The ingenious vender of modern antiques takes good care that the explorer shall always find some seeming treasure. A carved hestead in a back slum, a curious old clock in some humble lodging-house, perhaps even a dusty painting half hidden in the dealer's own living rooms and apparently neglected—these things tempt the amateur into making sudden bargains over which he rejoices loudly on returning home, only to find a little later that he has been badly taken in.

"Ef dey's milk in Paradise, dey mus' have cows dar," said Brother Williams; "en ef dey got honey dar, dey sho' mus' have bees, en whar bees is dey's blossoms, and whar blossoms is dey's always watermillions in season—bless de Lawd!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Nelson's Amycose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, July 8, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	740	@ 107½	108½	109
Los An. Ry 5%.....	2,000	@ 114	113½	
Pac. Elec. Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 108	107½	
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 120¼	120	
S. V. Water 6%.....	4,000	@ 107½	107½	
S. V. Water 4% 2d	3,000	@ 100½	100½	100¾
	STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa.....	110	@ 58½-60	59	61
Spring Valley.....	310	@ 86-87½	87	88½
	POWERS.	Shares.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Giant Con.....	100	@ 73-73½	73	
	SUGARS.	Shares.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Hana P. Co.....	1,695	@ 37½-75	40	75
Hutchinson.....	20	@ 13	13	13½
Kilauea S. Co.....	35	@ 5	5	8½
Onomea S. Co.....	100	@ 22½	23	
	GAS AND ELECTRIC.	Shares.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Central L. & P.....	100	@ 4½	4	5
Mutual Electric.....	1,150	@ 9½-12	11¾	
Pacific Gas.....	320	@ 54-55	54	55
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,300	@ 69½-72¼	69	69½
	TRUSTEE CERTIFICATES.	Shares.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,165	@ 69-70	68	69½
	MISCELLANEOUS.	Shares.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Cal. Fruit Canners.....	35	@ 90-90½	90	91½
Cal. Wine Assn.....	40	@ 99¼-99½	100	
Oceanic S. Co.....	20	@ 7½	8	
Pacific Coast Borax.....	75	@ 165-166	166	

The sugars have been quiet, with narrow fluctuations. Hana Plantation Company levied an assessment of \$2.00 per share, and on sales of 1,695 shares sold off to 37½, closing at 40 bid, 75 asked.

The powders were quiet with no change worth mentioning.

Spring Valley Water was strong, and advanced three points to 87½, closing at 86½ asked.

Contra Costa Water sold up to 60 on sales of 110 shares, closing at 59 bid, 61 asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric on sales of 1,300 shares sold up thirteen and one-half points to 72¼, closed in good demand at 69 bid. Pacific Gas Improvement advanced seven and one-half points to 55, closing at 54 bid, 55 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

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Local and Eastern

Grain, Stocks, Bonds, Cotton, Etc.

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The FINEST COCOA in the World
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup
Forty Highest Awards in Europe
and America.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited
Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

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COUNTY RELY UPON

THE OAKLAND HERALD FOR ALL THE NEWS

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THE HERALD publishes each day complete foreign, cable, and domestic telegraphic news.

THE HERALD records fully each day, and particularly on Saturday, the doings of Greater Oakland society.

THE HERALD is without question the best advertising medium in the County of Alameda.

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We sell and rent better machines for less money than any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue.

Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,

536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

LANGUAGES.

FRENCH-SPANISH SIMPLIFIED; SEVENTH edition. T. B. de Philippe, A. M., LL. D., 320 Post.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. We have a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

MILL VALLEY.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES to rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRAMES AND FRAMES. From quality to price, quality at the top, prices rock bottom. The new dainty ovals in Flemish Oak are among the late effects. Bring your photographs of dear ones to the framing department of Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A little girl thus described a dachshund she had seen: "It was one of those funny ones—you know, the ones that are a dog and a half long and half a dog high. You must know the sort. It is a dog that only has four legs, but looks as if it ought to have six."

Miss Helen Gould was recently entertaining one of the girls' clubs, in which she is interested, at her home on the Hudson. After the girls had walked about the grounds and conservatories for a time, she invited them to wander over the house and see the pictures and objects of art. While they were thus engaged she overheard one of the girls remark, confidently, to a companion: "Say, Mamie, even heaven won't feaze Miss Gould after this place."

During Ethel Barrymore's last engagement in Chicago she was invited to an after-the-performance dinner. The hostess and a number of her guests occupied boxes at the play. Among these was a rather fresh young man, who thought he had made an impression on Miss Barrymore. He kept his eyes on her throughout the play, and tried hard to create the impression that she noticed it. At the dinner he had the good fortune to sit next to the actress. When an opportunity came he remarked to her under his breath: "Did you see me wink at you during the third act?" "Yes," responded Miss Barrymore, in a louder tone, "didn't you hear my heart beat?"

When President Roosevelt was in Sharon Springs, Mo., a countryman is said to have stepped up and said to a member of the Presidential party: "Whar's the President?" Mr. Roosevelt, scenting something good, said: "Do you wish to see him particularly?" "I never seen hut one President in my life, an', of course, I would like to see him on gin'ral principles," replied the countryman, "hut what I wants to see this one fur mos' particular is to see if he's got them squirrel teeth the papers say he has." And then there the President displayed his "squirrel" teeth in the broadest of grins. "Gosh ter hiazes, you're the feller," said the man as he hurried away.

Sir Edward Malet tells a remarkable story of a certain cardinal, who, when pressed by an admiring circle of ladies at an evening party to say whether he had ever received any startling confessions, replied that the first person who had come to him after he had taken orders, desired absolution for a murder which he confessed he had committed. A gentle shudder ran through the frames of the audience. This was turned to consternation when, ten minutes later, an elderly marquess entered the apartment, and eagerly claimed acquaintance with the cardinal. "But I see your eminence does not remember me," he said: "you will do so when I remind you that I was the first person who confessed to you after you entered the service of the church!"

A recent hook, "The Log of a Cowboy," contains this characteristic Far-Western story, told by one of the "cow-punchers" about the camp-fire: "I was at a dance once in Live Oak County, and there was a rough stuttering fellow there by the name of Lem Todhunter. The girls, it seems, didn't care to dance with him, and pretended they couldn't understand him. He had asked every girl at the party, and received the same answer from each—they couldn't understand him. 'W-w-w-e-l-l, g-g-g-go to hell, then. C-c-c-can y-y-you understand that?' he said to the last girl, and her brother threatened to mangle him horribly if he didn't apologize, to which he finally agreed. He went back into the house and said to the girl: 'Y-y-you n-n-n-needn't g-g-g-go to hell; y-y-your h-h-b-brother and I have m-m-made other 'r-r-r-rangements.'"

Mme. Waddington, wife of the former French ambassador to England, relates an amusing story of a state dinner at Hatfield House at which the German emperor was present. "In the middle of the affair," she says, "I suddenly felt that my necklace was unclasped. It was sewed on the corsage in front, as the pearls are large and heavy, and I am always afraid of breaking the string. I asked Soveral [the Portuguese minister], who was next to me, if he couldn't clasp it for me. He tried, but was nervous or awkward; at any rate, couldn't manage it, and we were both getting red and flustered, when suddenly we heard the emperor

from his table calling M. Waddington's attention to the fact that 'le Portugal était en train d'étrangler la France'; also Staal, saying that his 'collègue du Portugal se livrait à une gymnastique étrange.' They all made various jokes at my expense, and the Prince of Wales said: 'Let me do it,' and again we heard the emperor remarking 'Maintenant, c'est plus sérieux—l'Angleterre s'en mêle.' M. Waddington, who had his back to me, and who couldn't see what was going on, was decidedly mystified and wondered what on earth I was doing to attract so much attention; in fact, was rather annoyed. When we got up from the table, the Prince of Wales and I retreated to a corner of the terrace, and he cut the stitches that held the necklace in front with his knife (which again looked funny to the people assembled on the terrace). He advised me to put the pearls, not in my pocket, but in a safe place, as they were very handsome; so I put them inside."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Some Family History.

She had fifteen million dollars,
Placed in bonds, and shares, and rents;
He had fifteen million dollars,
So they merged their sentiments.
Now they've raised a son who's valued
At exactly thirty cents.

—Chicago Tribune.

The Umpire's Rubaiyat.

A book of rules, a frown upon my brow,
An indicator, a good eye and thou
Beside me, shrieking "Lohster, thou art rank!"
Oh, this, methinks, were agony enow.

Strange, is it not, that when I call a strike,
I rouse in every breast sincere dislike?
Yet if I call that self-same curve a ball
I am abused by Tom and Dick and Mike.

What boots it though a player he tagged out
Beyond the slightest shadow of a doubt?
The very instant that I wave my hand,
From stand and bleachers comes a threatening shout.

I sometimes think that when my race is run,
When three strikes have been called, and, all undone,
I hear St. Peter read his riot act
I'll kick on his decision, just for fun!

Milwaukee Sentinel.

Fourth of July Hymn.

Oh, say, did you hear through the dawn's early light
The shout of the kid and the cracker's loud snapping?
And did you in vain toss and hope that you might
Still gain the sweet joy of a little more napping?
Did you rip, did you tear, while the things burst in air,
And the kids ripped around as if crazy out there?
Oh, say, did you long in your anger to fly
From the boy and the bomb and the Fourth of July?

Oh, the dog runs and hides, and the hachelor sits
Alone thinking things that can never be printed;
The horses rear up and, unmindful of bits,
Rip things all to pieces with ardor unstinted.

And from long before dawn the wild racket goes on,
And the squibs and the shreds are spread thick on the lawn,
While the star-spangled banners triumphantly fly
O'er the land where things hum on the Fourth of July.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

Tesla Bricquettes are
Excellent domestic fuel
Since recently improved.
Let us send you
A ton—and please you.

TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

Cæsar at the Telephone.

Flushed with victory, Colonel Julius Cæsar left the scene of the battle and hurried to the nearest telephone booth.

"Hello, central," he said; "give me Rome."

"A little louder, please," said central.

"Give me ROME!"

"Stand closer to the 'phone, put your lips against the receiver, and speak in a firm tone," ordered central.

"Think I am going to climb into this thing?" asked Cæsar; "you connect me with Rome or there'll be another magazine article provided for around here, with you as the central illustration."

"Here's your party," was the only reply.

"Hello!" yelled Cæsar; "is this Rome?"

"Yes."

"Gimme me the palace."

The connection was made.

"Hello! Is this the palace?"

"Yes."

"Who is this?"

"Horatio Claudius, the messenger."

"Hello, 'Ratius.'"

"Hello, who is speaking?"

"Why this is Cæsar."

"Sneezer?"

"No! Cæsar!"

"Wheezer! I don't know any Wheezers."

"I said Cæsar!"

"Geezer? Who in the wor—"

"Cæsar! C-A-E-S-A-R-I! Dadgum you! Can't you hear thunder? Julius Cæsar! Me! It! The whole thing! Got it now? Understand who's yelping to you?"

"Yes, sire."

"That sounds more like it. Pretty state of affairs when I have to identify myself every time I want to issue an order! Nice state of things, I must say! Now, listen—"

"Yes, sire."

"We've just won a great battle, and I want you to put a bulletin on the walls of the city where everybody can see it."

"Yes, sire."

"Better write it down now, so you'll get it right. Listen, now. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sire."

"Well, say, 'Veni, Vidi, Vici!'"

"Yes, sire; I have it. Beany, Bidy, Bicy."

"No, no! Veni, Vidi, Vici!"

"Sheeny, shiddy—"

"Great heavens! Were you never at school? Veni, Vidi, Vici!"

"Oh! Weeny, Widy, Wicy. I'll go and tell Mrs. Calphurnia—"

"Here! Wait! You haven't got it at all! I said Veni, Vidi—"

"I have it now. Clean eye, cried I—"

"Now, by the shade of Mars, this is too much! Out upon thee, dog! Would that my fist could reach thee, even as my voice doth! Back to the woods!"

"Tell me once again, and I—"

"I'll tell you to—"

Here central broke in, asking: "Did you get your party?"

Then did the royal rage of the late J. Cæsar manifest itself, and the telephone building was scattered over the plain, while the central girls fled, shrieking for home and mother.

And thus it was that the loyal population of Rome must needs wait until the slow feet of a messenger brought them tidings of the glorious victory.—Chicago Tribune.

Truth will out: "What did you steal that cradle for?" asked the police magistrate. "Oh, just for a kid," replied the prisoner, who was lost to all sense of shame.—Chicago News.

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, on Bay, between Powell and Mason Streets, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

AMERICAN LINE

New York—Southampton—London.
New York...July 8, 10 am | St. Paul...July 22, 10 am
Philadelphia...July 15, 10 am | New York...August 5, 10 am
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Haverford...July 11 | Friesland...July 25
Noordland...July 18 | Westernland...August 1

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Minneapolis...July 11, 6:30 am | Minnetonka...July 25, 6 am
Mesaba...July 18, 9 am | Minneapolis...Aug. 1, 11:30 am
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
New England...July 9 | New England...August 6
Mayflower (new)...July 16 | Mayflower...August 13
Commonwealth...July 30 | Columbus...August 20
Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Canada...July 18 | Dominion...August 1
Kensington...July 25 | Southwark...August 8

BOSTON Mediterranean SERVICE

Azores, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa.
Vancouver...Saturday, July 18, Aug. 29, Oct. 10
Cambrian...Saturday, Aug. 8, Sept. 19

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 tons.
New York—Rotterdam, via Boulogne.
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a. m.
Ryndam...July 8 | Rotterdam...July 29
Noordam...July 15 | Potsdam...August 5

RED STAR LINE

New York—Antwerp—Paris.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a. m.
Zeeland...July 11 | Vaderland...July 25
Finland...July 18 | Kroonland...August 1

WHITE STAR LINE

New York—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Teutonic...July 8, noon | Cedric...July 17, 10:30 am
Arabic...July 10, 6 am | Victorian...July 21, 6 am
Germanic...July 15, noon | Majestic...July 22, noon
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows:
Doric...Thursday, July 17, 1903
Doric (Calling at Manila)...Tuesday, August 18
Gaelic...Friday, September 11
Doric...Wednesday, October 7
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street,
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

TOYO KISEN KAISHA (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.) IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Nippon Maru...Friday, July 31
America Maru...Wednesday, August 26
(Calling at Manila)
Hongkong Maru...Saturday, September 19
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, corner First.
W. H. AVEKEY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, July 16, 1903, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, July 25, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, August 15, 1903, at 11 A. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

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CASH SHARES BEARING 5% INTEREST - \$125.00
ON JULY 15th WILL BE ADVANCED TO - \$150.00

FULL INFORMATION AT OFFICES, 713 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Mrs. Gertrude Bailey Haight, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Bailey, of Oakland, and Mr. Clarence Van Houten King took place Thursday afternoon, July 24, at the First Swedenborgian Church in this city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Joseph Worcester, and was followed by a wedding supper at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Bangs, in Oakland. Later, Mr. and Mrs. King departed for Portland, en route to Boston, where they will make their home.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Moss Coleman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Coleman, and Mr. Walter William Farrar took place at noon on Thursday, July 24, in the chapel of Trinity Church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. William H. Venable, curate of Christ's Church, Sausalito. Miss Daisy Pabst was maid of honor, and Mr. Frank Clunie was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Farrar will reside in Sausalito.

The wedding of Miss Therese Morgan, daughter of Mrs. William P. Morgan, and Mr. Norris Davis will take place in the early winter.

The wedding of Miss Theresa Dinkelspiel and Mr. Edward Kalisher took place in London on July 4th. The bride is the daughter of the late L. P. Dinkelspiel, and is well known in this city. For a number of years she has lived abroad with her mother. Mr. and Mrs. Kalisher will return to San Francisco in the fall to reside here permanently.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels gave a children's soap-bubble party on Sunday at her residence on Pacific Avenue. Among the older people present were Mrs. Sterling Postley, Mrs. Sands W. Forman, Mrs. Arthur Brander, and Miss Lily Spreckels. The children were Lolita Burling, Grace Gibson, Norma Burling, Ruth Robinson, Alice Wengenheim, and Arthur Brander.

Mrs. W. E. Dean was hostess at a dinner on Sunday evening at the Hotel Rafael. The guests included Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Mabel Toy, Miss Elsie Sperry, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Kierstedt, U. S. A., Mr. Athol McBean, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson, Miss Van Wyck, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mr. Everett Bee, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Dean, and Miss Helen Dean.

Mr. and Mrs. James Follis gave a dinner on the Fourth of July, at the Hotel Rafael, in honor of Miss Ethel Tompkins and Miss Cora Smedberg. The latter is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Minthorne Tompkins at San Anselmo.

Mrs. Easton recently gave a luncheon at her Burlingame residence in honor of her granddaughter, Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison. Among the guests were Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Francis Carolan, and Mrs. Augustus Taylor.

Mrs. Henry Scott and Miss Laura McKinstry were entertained during their stay in England at the country places of the Duchess of Devonshire, Princess Hatfield, Princess Christina of Hesse-Coburg, and others.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained Baroness von Schroeder, Mr. and Mrs. James Donahue, and several others at luncheon recently, at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Walter E. Dean gave a card-party at the Hotel Rafael recently. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Walter L. Dean and Miss Helen Dean.

Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst and her mother, Mrs. J. F. Porter, of Watsonville, entertained a house-party of eighteen during the week. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering, Miss Reed Hutchins, Miss Genevieve Callaghan, Miss Elizabeth Hutchins, Mrs. Linda H. Bryan, Miss Flora Hutchins, Mrs. Ketchum, Mr. William Parsons, of Washington, D. C., Mr. Charles E. Vogelsang, Dr. R. Lorini, Mr. Harry Hawks, Mr. Stewart Anderson, Mr. William Hamilton, Mr. R. P. Quinn, and Judge J. G. Maguire.

Raphael Weill is leaving in a day or two for a stay of a few months in Paris, and Thursday his friends of the Bohemian Club entertained him at a dinner. Those present were Mr. Sylvian Weill, Mr. S. Steinhardt, Mr. William D. English, Mr. S. D. Barstow, Mr. Ryland B. Wallace, Dr. George Chismore, Dr. Benjamin Swan, Mr. John C. Wilson, General Lucius S. Foote, Mr. George T. Bromley, Mr. Harry Marshall, Mr. Hugh Burke, and Mr. E. Gallois.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major Edward E. Hardin, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., left last Monday for Nevada to

inspect the organization of the National Guard of that State.

Lieutenant William R. Bettison, U. S. A., leaves Monday for West Point, where he has been appointed professor of chemistry for the next four years.

Naval-Constructor Lawrence S. Adams, U. S. N., and Mrs. Adams are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Collier, at Clear Lake.

Lieutenant Oliver P. M. Hazzard, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., is in the city on a leave of absence from Fort Ethan Allen.

Dr. Charles F. Stokes, U. S. N., and Mrs. Stokes (née Bermingham) have left the League Island Navy Yard, and taken up their residence in Washington, D. C., to which place Dr. Stokes was recently ordered.

Lieutenant James B. Gilmer, U. S. N., of the United States steamship *Alert*, has departed for his home in Virginia, where he will spend a month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Henry S. Greenleaf, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio, after an extended leave of absence in the East.

Lieutenant Clarence Deems, Jr., U. S. A., will leave July 22d for a month's leave of absence. His wedding to Miss Harriet Brush will take place early in August.

Colonel Jacob B. Rawles, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rawles will make their permanent home in San Francisco. They are contemplating building a home on Green Street.

Mrs. William T. Sampson, widow of Rear-Admiral Sampson, U. S. N., accompanied by her son, Howard, sailed recently for Germany for an indefinite visit.

Captain Frederick E. Johnston, U. S. A., left for the East last week. He will visit several of the Eastern cities.

A number of social affairs are planned in honor of the officers of the French cruiser *Protet*. They were entertained extensively by the army and navy in San Diego. During their visit there Commodore Adegard and his officers gave a large reception on board the cruiser.

General George H. Burton, U. S. A., inspector-general of the army, is making an inspection tour of the posts of the North and North-West. Later, the Pacific Coast will be included in his itinerary.

Lieutenant Thomas L. Rhoads, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has left the general hospital at the Presidio. He has gone to Arkansas Hot Springs.

Lieutenant Edmund L. Zane, U. S. A., will sail for Manila August 1st. He will spend a few weeks in San Francisco before leaving.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the more important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

The will of Thomas J. Clunie has been filed for probate. The instrument was made on June 23, 1903, and names as executors his brother, Andrew J. Clunie, E. A. Bridgford, and Burrell G. White. The value of the property is estimated at about \$700,000. The largest share of the deceased lawyer's estate is left to his adopted son, Jack, who is now seven and one-half years of age. To him is devised the Clunie Building, valued at \$400,000, all jewelry and personal effects, and other property. To his wife, from whom he had been separated, is given the Clunie Opera House, and two valuable properties in Sacramento, and the Clunie homestead at the corner of Fell and Lyon Streets in this city. Numerous minor bequests are left to relatives and children of his brothers. The existence of an adopted son was not generally known. That there is such an heir is shown by the records of the county clerk's office, where it is recorded that "Jack Clairing" was adopted on January 4, 1902. When the ceremony of adoption was completed before Judge Dunne, a woman whose name was given as Ada Egerton testified that the boy came into her custody when he was six months old. She gave her written consent that the boy should become the adopted son of Thomas J. Clunie. According to the laws of the State, a husband who desires to adopt a child must have the consent of his wife. To overcome this provision a clause was inserted in the record of the adoption to the effect that Thomas J. Clunie and his wife, Florence Clunie, were lawfully separated from each other.

The hearing of the petition of the Baroness von Schroeder for letters of guardianship over the person and estate of her cousin, Peter James Donahue, was postponed on Tuesday for one week. Efforts of the lawyers representing the baroness and Richard Burke, of Ireland (who, in the interest of his children, is opposing her application), to effect a compromise, are said, so far, to have failed. James P. Donahue, of Iowa, a cousin of Peter Donahue, is said now to be disinclined to accept the post of guardian. Added to these perplexities, is another in the shape of a report that Peter, disputing the allegations of the baroness that he needs a guardian for his estate, has engaged a lawyer here to represent him in a protest when the petition for letters is called for a hearing. It is also stated that Burke is opposed to the baroness having anything to do with the management of Peter Donahue's estate. To strengthen his opposition, it is said that Burke has demanded of the baroness her proof of Peter's incompetency, it being realized that there actually is little legal proof at hand that the absent cousin is really needful of a guardian.

You Will Find

none but high-class jewelry and silverware in the store of A. Hirschman, 712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, Mutual Savings Bank Building.

OWNER LEAVING FOR EUROPE DESIRES TO SELL a new Ivers & Pond Piano at a sacrifice. Address Piano, care Argonaut.

The Copper King Failure.

According to the schedule of liabilities and assets of the insolvent Copper King Mining Company (Limited), of London, England, filed recently, the debts are \$614,223, of which \$508,695 is unsecured. The total assets are given at \$306,704, probably a sanguine estimate. The Copper King property is located in Fresno County, and the company has a smelter at Bay Point, Contra Costa County, filled with costly and useless machinery. The two stellar figures in the smash-up are Frank L. Gardner and W. H. Daily. The former gained notoriety about fifteen years ago by running off to Australia with Carrie Swain, an actress. Five years ago Gardner drifted back to California from Paris, where he and his consort had been keeping a magnificent establishment. He and Daily "promoted" the Copper King deal in London, and Daily became the manager of the mining property, purchased for \$25,000. The list of the principal local creditors of the Copper King, with the amount of claims, includes the Crocker-Woolworth National Bank (secured by property valued at \$150,000), \$100,000; Bay Counties Power Company (unsecured), \$12,581; Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Company, \$3,077; Joseph Dickson Crucible Company, \$3,495; Mayrick & Deering (attorneys' fees), \$11,937; Risdon Iron and Locomotive Works, \$10,404; Crocker-Woolworth National Bank (notes and interest), \$152,974; total unsecured claims, \$508,693.

Arbitrary Assessments.

Assessor Washington Dodge has filed with the clerk of the board of supervisors a long list of names of persons who declined to make out statements of their possessions for the purpose of assessment, and whom he in consequence arbitrarily assesses. Among those so assessed are the following estates and individuals: Estate of Jennie A. and Charles F. Crocker, \$1,713,610; estate of Jacob G. Jackson, deceased, \$12,500; estate of Lillie von Hager, deceased, \$7,315; estate of August J. Gerdan, \$12,500; estate of Henry P. Jones, \$10,000. Daniel Meyer, \$1,000,000; Crocker Estate Company, \$275,000; Rudolph Spreckels, \$80,000; W. H. Crocker, \$80,000; Robert Oxenard, \$25,000; J. M. McDonald, \$25,000; Ignatz Steinhart, \$20,000; Mahoney Brothers, \$20,000; T. I. Bergin, \$20,000; T. H. Williams, John Wigmore & Sons Company, C. S. Wheeler, Sidney V. Smith, J. K. Prior, Dr. J. O. Hirschfelder, \$10,000 each; D. N. Walter, Louis Lissak, Mrs. R. Tobin, J. B. Reinsteins, Miss J. Josselyn, \$5,000 each; J. A. Wright, James A. Watt, Henry Lachman, A. H. Reichling, J. W. Raphael, Samuel Newman, A. F. Morrison, J. G. Maguire, W. C. Christopher, Horace B. Chase, \$2,500 each; A. J. Clunie, George T. Marye, Henry Kowalsky, Abraham Ruef, and R. J. Tobin, \$1,000 each; James Denman, \$520.

Arrangements are being made for a run of the Automobile Club of California to Del Monte during the month of August. It is intended to proceed from San Francisco to San José on Thursday, August 6th, to stay the night in San José, and to go on next day by way of Watsonville, reaching Del Monte Friday evening. For the following three or four days the automobilists will make up touring parties to visit the pretty spots around Del Monte. They will have the exclusive privilege of running over the seventeen-mile drive, and will be able to hold any contests, either of speed, endurance, or any other sort, they may desire.

The stage bound for Bartlett Springs was held up by a lone highwayman on Monday night. The driver was chatting with the passengers about the hold-up which occurred a year ago, and had just pointed out the place where he was stopped before, when a masked man stepped into the centre of the road, leveled a gun at the driver, and ordered him to stop the team, and the passengers to get out and line up. Thirteen passengers obeyed, and, at command, piled their valuables in the centre of the road.

Ezra Kendall, in the comedy success, "The Vinegar Buyer," has just closed his engagement at the Bijou Theatre, New York, and will come to the Columbia Theatre, following the engagement of Amelia Bingham. Kendall is said to have created quite a strong impression by his delightfully amusing comedy work in the rôle of Joe Miller.

The American jackies on the Kearsarge gave a minstrel show and boxing exhibition at the naval manoeuvres at Kiel recently. Twenty men and four officers from each of the German ships were present. It was the first time that many of the German sailors had seen boxing.

After the Fourth.

After the Fourth,
Then quiet reigns, and rest, and peace;
All sounds infernal have found surcease;
At Hotel Vendome we'll weight increase
After the Fourth.

After the Fourth,
There's urban comfort 'mid rural joys;
We'll swine, and bowl with ten pin toys;
At Vendome we'll again be boys
After the Fourth!

Liebold Harness Company.

If you want an up-to-date harness, at a reasonable price, call at 211 Larkin Street. We have everything for the horse and stable.

THE LADIES' SHIRT WAIST CUTTER OF THE coast is Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

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Why is Pears' Soap—the best in the world, the soap with no free alkali in it—sold for 15 cents a cake?

It was made for a hospital soap in the first place, made by request, the doctors wanted a soap that would wash as sharp as any and do no harm to the skin. That means a soap all soap, with no free alkali in it, nothing but soap; there is nothing mysterious in it. Cost depends on quantity; quantity comes of quality.

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G. H. MUMM & CO.'S EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE

Now coming to this market is of the remarkable vintage of 1898, which is more delicate, breezy, and better than the 1893; it is especially dry, without being heavy, and recognized as one of the finest vintages ever imported.

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THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Homer King, Miss Hazel King, and Miss Genevieve King are at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne are at their country place at Menlo Park.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl, of San Mateo, are now occupying their summer residence at Montecito, Santa Barbara.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington accompanied her daughter, Mrs. Gilbert Brook Perkins, on the return of the latter to the East.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Drown have returned from a short visit to the Hotel Vendome. Their country residence in Los Gatos will soon be under construction.

Mrs. Charles Cooper, of Honolulu, is visiting friends in Oakland.

Mr. John Tarn McGrew and Mrs. McGrew are in town on a visit from Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger expect to leave for Monterey July 15th with their children, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. E. P. Preston has returned from a voyage to Tahiti.

Mr. E. M. Greenway, who has been traveling through Southern California, will spend the coming week at Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin returned on Monday last from a visit to Santa Barbara.

Miss Alice Sprague has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague at their Menlo Park residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Riley are occupying their cottage at Montecito, Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding and Miss Suzanne Blanding are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Will Tevis at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Martin Crimmins will depart soon for the East, where she will be the guest of Mr. John D. Crimmins at his Long Island country residence. Lieutenant Crimmins will join her later in the summer.

Mrs. Beverly McMonagle and Mrs. Frederick Moody spent last week in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Mrs. Moody has returned to her Burlingame residence.

Mr. Adolph Spreckels left for the East on Wednesday evening. He will be gone a month.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill have left Paso Robles, and are now at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sunderland, of Reno, are in San Francisco for a brief sojourn. Mrs. Sunderland was Miss Beulah Stubbs.

Mrs. Fred Macondray, who recently returned from the Philippines, is the guest of Mrs. Percy Selby at Menlo Park.

Miss Adah Howell is the guest of Miss Ethyl Hager at Monterey.

Mr. William Wolf and family returned on Wednesday last, after a month's visit at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott, her niece, Miss Browne, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Newell, Miss Marie Bull, and Miss Kathleen Bull are spending the summer at the Japanese village near Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Webster are at Santa Barbara.

Senator George C. Perkins and Miss Pansy Perkins have departed for New York, en route to Europe, to be gone several months.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. M. Allen, in San Mateo during the past week.

Mrs. O. B. Bidwell, Jr., has returned to her home in Norfolk, Va., after a visit of several weeks to her sister, Mrs. George Riddell.

Mr. Lawrence E. Van Winkle has been spending a fortnight at Santa Barbara.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Will Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, and Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin will leave for Prosser Creek, near Boca, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the latter part of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Peixotto are in New York, whence they will sail shortly for Spain.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes expect to leave the latter part of the month for a six weeks' trip to the Yellowstone.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page are sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Lilienthal, who have been traveling in Europe for the past few months, are at present sojourning in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. James Donahue are the guests of the Baroness von Schroeder at San Rafael.

Mr. A. W. Blow and Miss Blow are at Santa Barbara.

Miss Grace Spreckels is the guest of Mrs. Drury Melone at her residence, "Oak Knoll," in Napa County.

Mr. Henry Heyman and Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto are at Santa Barbara.

Miss Helen Richardson has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler at the McCloud River.

After a six weeks' sojourn at Coronado, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., have returned to their residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer returned last Wednesday on the Oceanic steamship *Sonoma* from their wedding trip to Honolulu.

Miss Nina Gordon, of Washington, D. C., will spend a few months visiting in San Francisco. She is a daughter of Colonel D. S. Gordon, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase will spend the month of August at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. James Otis and family are spending the summer at the residence of Mr. Canfield, Mrs. Otis's father.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Roos and family are at Santa Barbara.

Miss Caroline Ayers has returned to her home in Menlo, after spending several days in town with Miss Lucie King.

Mrs. Leland Stanford will leave for an extended trip abroad early in the fall.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs has been sojourning in Santa Barbara.

Miss Edna Dickens and Miss Helen Dickens departed for Santa Barbara on Wednesday.

day. They will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Stow for several months at "La Patera," the country place of the Stows. Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Alexander and their three daughters sailed on the *Celtic* for Liverpool on June 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin are at Lake Tahoe. Prince Poniatowski has returned from his trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope are in the city for a few days from their Burlingame residence.

Mr. George Lewis will leave the city in a few days for a two weeks' fishing trip to Lake Tahoe.

Miss Pearl Landers has returned from her visit to Miss Lethly Hager in Monterey, and is now in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Lally and family are spending the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, who, with her family, has been spending a few weeks in San Rafael, will return to the city on Monday.

Colonel and Mrs. Oscar Fitzalan Long will leave for Washington in August. They recently spent several days in Santa Barbara.

Mr. James D. Phelan has returned from his several weeks' visit to the southern part of the State.

Dr. and Mrs. Earl Brownell will arrive in San Francisco on the first of August. They will occupy a house on Broadway during their visit.

Mrs. John P. Jackson, Jr., has been spending several weeks in the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Bliss and Miss Hope Bliss are at their country residence, "Glenbrook," Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Dennis Searles has been the guest for a month of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Ayers, at Menlo Park.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Daugherty, Mrs. William B. Collier, Mrs. Milton Latham, Miss Wilson, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, Mr. Baldwin Wood, Mr. W. J. Wiley, Mr. J. B. Nevins, and Mr. R. G. Hanford.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mrs. C. T. Mills of Mills College, Mrs. E. B. Carson and Miss Ruth Carson, of Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Klein, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Shainwald, Mrs. L. Roesch, Mr. Eugene A. Beauce, Mr. B. T. Flint, and Mr. Fred W. Crossett.

Among the San Franciscans recently at Santa Barbara, are Mrs. H. M. Heinemann, Mrs. James T. Webster, Mrs. R. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Sonntag, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bachman, Mr. and Mrs. John Barneson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rosenfeld, Mr. A. Sbarboro and family, Mr. C. G. Hooker, Mrs. George W. Bowers, Miss Florence Smith, Miss Buckley, Miss Agnes Sullivan, Mrs. William Smith O'Brien, Miss W. O'Brien, Miss W. C. Morrow, Miss Rodgers, and Miss M. C. Taylor.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Richardson and Miss Addie Bennett, of Portsmouth, Va., Mr. and Mrs. Hadfield, Sir C. C. and Lady Scott Moncrieff, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson King, Mrs. Wall, Miss Seeborn, and Mr. Jack C. Slaney, of England, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Morrison, of Ross Valley, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Wood and Miss E. S. McClure, of Toronto, Canada, Mrs. William Beckman, of Sacramento, Mrs. MacAdam, Mrs. W. H. Kennedy, Miss Lola Kennedy, and Miss Gertrude Kennedy, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. F. Dunn, Mme. Caro Roma Douglas, Mrs. S. A. Gladding, Mr. Martin Joyce, and Mr. George K. Fish.

The reports from Paso Robles Hot Springs indicate that many are enjoying the attractions of this delightful resort. The cool nights, the hot springs, the mud baths, the excellent roads, and charming scenery have attracted large numbers of prominent people to Paso Robles, while the good dove-shooting will attract sportsmen during July. A well-known hunter and writer returned this week and declared enthusiastically that he had not had such sport in years.

— THE LARGEST VARIETY OF PAPER-COVERED novels for summer reading can be found at Cooper's Book Store, 746 Market Street.

— A WELL-BROKEN RIDING HORSE FOR SALE at the Vendome Stables, San José. Price reasonable. Bay gelding, fifteen hands high; has been driven in the lead in tandem and four-in-hand; is young and sound.

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Dancing Masters all over the United States recommend Bowdlear's Pulverized Floor Wax. It makes neither dust nor dirt, does not stick to the shoes or rub into lumps on the floor. Sprinkle on and the dancers will do the rest. Does not soil dresses or clothes of the finest fabric.

For sale by Mack & Co., Langley & Michaels, and Redington & Co., San Francisco; Kirk, Geary & Co., Sacramento; and F. W. Braun & Co., Los Angeles.

Bowdlear's Floor Wax.

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30 select tours, \$245 to \$1,000, including all traveling expenses. The full story is told in our pamphlets. A postal will bring them.

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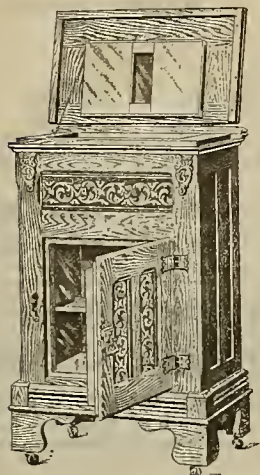
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7.30A	Niles, Lathrop, Stockton	7.25P
8.00A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville (connects at Marysville for Gridley, Biggs and Chico)	7.55P
8.00A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	10.25A
8.00A	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville	4.25P
8.00A	Port Costa, Martinez, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield	5.25P
8.30A	Shasta Express—Devon, Weimar (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Fruto, Red Bluff, Portland	7.55P
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8.30A	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Toulumne and Angels	4.25P
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3.70P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7.55P
4.00P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	9.25A
4.10P	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Los Angeles	10.25P
4.30P	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Los Angeles	4.25P
4.30P	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore	11.55A
5.00P	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, connects at Sausalito for Santa Barbara	8.55A
5.00P	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Los Banos	12.25P
5.30P	Niles, San Jose Local	7.25A
5.00P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	10.25A
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7.00P	Vallejo	7.55P
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8.30 a. m.	8.30 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.	6.20 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.	7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.	6.20 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.	7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.	6.20 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.	7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.	6.20 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.	7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
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A number of years ago Great Britain found her Indian subjects deprived of a market for one of their most profitable products—opium. The Chinese Government had discovered, or pretended to discover, that the use of opium was bad for the Chinese. Therefore, it forbade its importation or sale. No one has ever suspected John Bull of indifference or inertia when his pocket was attacked. The Indian revenue was threatened, and John Bull flew

into a justifiable rage. He sent his fleets to China, and speedily cannonaded the Chinese Government into a reasonable condition. As a result, the sale of Indian opium to the Chinese increased, and China has become the amorphous and opiumistic mass she is to-day. Since that time, many nations have taunted John Bull with his lack of morality in this opium business. But John has contented himself with a fat smile, and a gesture toward the credit side of his Indian budget.

History repeats itself. In the Philippines we are now confronted with an opium perplexity similar, but different. John Bull's opium-fiends have taken the taint to the Philippines with them. The Filipinos have caught it. It is attacking even Americans and Europeans. The opium vice is said to be rapidly pervading the Philippines. The Philippine Government is determined to "regulate" the use of the drug, as they "regulated" prostitution and other tropical habits. They have therefore determined to create an opium monopoly. Their intention was to farm out the sale of opium to the highest bidder. In this way the importation of the drug could be kept under government control, a heavy license imposed on the vice, and an enormous sum collected to swell the shrinking revenues of the Philippine Government.

But unexpected opposition has arisen. It comes from two sources—the Chinese merchants in the Philippines, and the religious cranks here at home. The Chinese merchants object to the monopoly because it will deprive them of an extremely profitable trade. The religious cranks here at home object to the American Government legalizing the traffic in any kind of vice.

We can scarcely find words to express our condemnation of these fanatics and cranks. What harm is there in imposing restrictions on opium-smoking? What damage is done by collecting a tax on this and other forms of vice? Even if the government does not license the opium vice, will not the islanders smoke opium anyway? Besides, what have these cranks got to do with it? What business is it of theirs? To attack the Philippine Commission in this way is a fire from the rear. It is treason.

Besides, everybody knows that the opium-user is not like the alcoholic. The whisky drunkard beats his wife, quarrels with his neighbors, sometimes maims and kills, goes to jail, or is hanged. The opium-user, on the other hand, never harms anybody except himself. He never beats his wife, he never abuses his children, he never kills anybody. He simply passes his life in a pleasant, lingering, languorous pipe-dream. Then why not let the Filipinos all become opium-users, and drowsily doze their lives away, dreaming of benevolent assimilation?

Last Easter morning one Hussner, a German military officer, met one Hortmann, a German private soldier, on a street in Essen.

As the soldier failed to salute the officer to his satisfaction, Hussner murdered him on the spot in cold blood. The murderer was tried by a court-martial; instead of being executed, he was sentenced to four years' imprisonment. Now the emperor has become an accessory to the murder by commuting the murderer's sentence to two years' imprisonment. This "imprisonment" is merely detention, without military duty, in a fortress town, and is not imprisonment at all. Slight as is this punishment, it is freely stated in Germany that the murderer will soon be pardoned by the emperor, and allowed to go free.

The recent enormous increase in the Socialistic vote is partly due to this action of the emperor. It has aroused a storm of indignation throughout all Germany. The previous increase of the Socialistic vote

had already alarmed the narrow-headed agrarian aristocratic classes of Prussia, which means official Germany. They have good cause to be alarmed. There is a very luke-warm feeling in South Germany toward Prussia. The pictures of Kaiser Wilhelm that one sees on every hand in Prussia are little in evidence in the south. In all the great factory towns of Germany—north, south, east, and west—there is little love for the emperor, and none at all for the emperor's government. Such crimes as this military murder will not help to placate the people's restlessness under the Hohenzollern yoke.

This German theory of the sacro-sanctitude of the military officer as against the private soldier has a parallel in the German governmental idea of the relations of the soldier and the civilian. It is an inevitable concomitant of militarism. It is in Germany somewhat as it was in the days of the first French Empire, when life was made intolerable for civilians by the ruffianly officers of Napoleon. They did not hesitate to take a table from a group of civilians in a café; to drive a party of gentlemen from a box in the theatre, for which box they had paid; or to caress any woman whose face pleased them, and if her escort resented it, to cut him down with their sabres. They even had a term of derision for the civilian—he was merely a "Pékin." It is inexpressibly gratifying to read that many a military ruffian of those days was sent to his long home by a plain "Pékin"—some on the dueling field, but more on the spot where the insult took place. It is also pleasing to recall that in our own days, when Warrior Boulanger grossly insulted Citizen Floquet, "le Brave Général" was pinked by the "Pékin." And once, when a German officer in Berlin insulted an American lady, an athletic male relative cuffed his ears for him, and when the German drew his sword, the athletic American broke it in two across his knee, and threw the pieces in the German's face.

This ruffianly military spirit still exists in Germany. In that country, military officers continually insult civilians, and sometimes murder them. When they do, the affair is treated as lightly by the emperor and his government as has been this recent military murder.

When he first acceded to the throne, the kaleidoscopic Kaiser coquetted with the Socialists. But, like the royal butt of Buckingham's satire, he is everything by turns, and nothing long. He soon became alarmed at the Socialists' growing numbers, and from fair words he turned to threats. Not long ago the emperor made one of his impulsive speeches to his army at a review, when he said: "You are my soldiers. You are my children. You have sworn loyalty to your Kaiser. Do not fail to keep your oath, for if need arise I shall call upon you to shoot down the Socialists, and you must obey orders, even if your fathers and mothers, your wives and sisters, should be in range of your guns."

William the War Lord of Germany is a mighty monarch. But if he begins shooting down Socialists, let him remember the Battle of Sedan of 1870. His grandfather, Der Greise Kaiser, could, from the other world, give a hint or two to Der Reise Kaiser. The Gray Emperor could tell the Globe-Trotting Emperor that if you shoot at Socialists they sometimes shoot back.

There was a regrettable lack in the recent Fourth of July in San Francisco. It was the absence of the usual Fourth of July poem.

Careful critics are unanimous in the conclusion that the Fourth of July poems in America are easily unique. There is nothing like them anywhere. For San Francisco to abandon a literary field

entire world practically admits is the property of American poets, seems to us inadvisable. The Fourth of July Literary Committee offers in extenuation of its fault the poor and paltry plea that none of the poems submitted were "up to the mark."

What mark? What is the municipal mark in poetry? What is the Fourth of July level? What is the altitude attainable by the patriotic poet? To what heights is permitted to soar the American muse? Who determines all these disputed points? It must be the Fourth of July Literary Committee. That committee is the creature of the board of supervisors, and as the supervisors are elected by the people it is evident that this is a municipal matter. Therefore, there is a municipal muse. Therefore, poetry should be municipalized.

Of late, in Italy, there has arisen a widespread movement for the "municipalization of bread." This is explainable when one reflects that in many parts of Italy so poor are the people that they subsist almost entirely on bread. Therefore, an increase in the price of bread, or a diminution in the size of the loaf, means much to them. Of late the bakers have been taking these prudential measures; they say that they have been forced to do so or lose money. But the politicians are clamoring for municipalizing the bakeries. Bread, they say, like air, light, and water, is a public necessity; therefore, it is a public utility; therefore, it should be municipalized.

It is a far cry from bread to poetry. There are few who will look upon poetry as one of the necessities of life. Probably there is no man who would not be dissatisfied if, when asking for bread, he were given a poem. But even if poems are not necessary to ordinary life, they are indispensable on extraordinary occasions, like Fourth of July celebrations. Therefore, rather than again to see the total omission of poetry from our Fourth of July celebration, we recommend the municipalization of poetry to the extent, at least, that the supervisors shall treat it like other supplies, and advertise for bids. Careful specifications might be drawn up by poetry experts—poets, say, who had failed in the rhyming business, and had become editorial writers, police-court reporters, society editors, etc. Upon their carefully drawn specifications poets might then bid. We feel delicate about making suggestions to the supervisors and their poetry experts, but we might say that it would be comparatively easy to indicate the meter, feet, and rhythm, together with the number of lines. Thus, the specifications might call for "150 lines of trochaic octameter"—which is like Poe's "Raven"; or, if something more stately were desired, they might read: "200 lines of iambic pentameter"—which is the meter of Grey's "Elegy." Of course, it would be easy to give a variety to the poets bidding, such as the anapestic and dactylic meters. It would be well, however, to exclude blank-verse from the iambic-pentameter contest, as poor blank-verse is too easy, and good blank-verse is too hard. Correspondingly, municipal poets writing quatrains and rhyming only two lines instead of four, should also be barred. In all the poets' labor-unions nowadays, running two unrhymed lines in four-line stanzas is looked upon as non-union workmanship. Their authors are declared to be scab poets, and their work is boycotted.

Doubtless, many affected and critical persons may be found who will sneer at these remarks as indicating Philistinism. But we beg to point out to them that the municipal monuments in America, whether obelisks, columns, portrait statues, or groups, are all erected on these aldermanic and utilitarian lines. The monument committee is appointed by the aldermen, bids are called for, and the lowest bidder gets the job. If municipal plastic art, why not municipal poetic art? If municipal mausoleums, why not municipal poems?

Committees of citizens have been scouring Contra Costa County for a fortnight in pursuit of two lascivious ruffians who dragged Mary Silva from a horse, chained her hands behind her, padlocked the chain, gagged her with a handkerchief, and then outraged her. The ruffians were not found, and the sheriff finally concluded to look for them on the ranch of Mary Silva's father. There the ruffians were found, and their name was John Diaz, a farm-hand, and friend of the family. When locked up, John confessed that he was the father of the girl's unborn child; that, fearing exposure, the girl hatched this story; that she stole the chain from a neighbor's gate, and used his bicycle padlock; that she requested him to fasten the chain so tightly that it would bruise

her wrists; that she arranged the time of the imaginary assault skillfully, so that he, Diaz, should be ostentatiously working around the yard of her father's farmhouse. When Diaz had finished these startling admissions, Mary also confessed that they were entirely true.

It was, perhaps, fortunate that no brace of tramps was found by the enraged citizens when they were scouring Contra Costa County. Not that we any of us set great store by the lives of a couple of tramps, but still they might have been lynched, and it is, perhaps, just as well not to have a lynching when the gentleman lynched turns out to be the wrong gentleman—and we very much fear that at times he often is.

It would afford but little satisfaction to even a tramp who had been lynched to learn in the sweet by and by that his fair fame had been restored by the confession of the real criminal. Truth is mighty, and will prevail—the eternal years of God are hers; but, as Tom Reed said, she needs every one of them. The truth about crimes for which men are lynched does not always come to light. It is a wise child that knows its own father, and it is a wise mob that knows the right culprit.

The fact that Mary Silva was mounted on a horse when the imaginary ruffians attacked her, recalls the fact that in the California Reports there is a story of another young woman whose dreadful tale finally got as high as the supreme court. That august body, in a memorable decision, held that it was impossible for a young woman on horseback to be seduced by a man on foot.

From 1899 to the end of 1902 there were organized in this country about eighty-two industrial corporations, or "combines," with a capital of \$4,318,005,646. It was asserted at the time that the organizers were "merely capitalizing American industries to suit the new intrinsic values of America." There were also warnings at home and abroad that disaster would attend on aggregations organized as these were, in spite of the claim of the promoters that if there was water in them "it had been squeezed out by the market." The trust theory has been rudely shaken, and the warnings justified by some of the results. The embarrassment of the Maltng Trust and the bankruptcy of the Asphalt Trust have been followed by the startling insolvency of the Shipbuilding Trust. A recent compilation by a Wall Street authority shows that seventeen large industrial corporations have been in financial difficulties within the last year or so. Six of them have had to be reorganized, some have suspended dividends, some have never paid dividends, and all are still floundering in financial quagmires. The seventeen companies have a total capitalization of \$776,594,000. Some of the difficulties are attributable to bad management, some to over-capitalization, and all generally to an insufficiency of working capital. Individual owners could show up the values of their business in such a way as to obtain the confidence of local banks and capitalists, and so obtain ready money borrowed on their notes to tide them over any stringency. The big combines sometimes need ready cash as urgently to conduct their affairs, and generally in greater amounts. It has been found difficult by lenders to get at the basis of the securities offered, and such efforts to probe them have led to the discovery that enormous sums of the capital of trusts have been taken out to pay the services of promoters and organizers. Such conditions have made lenders so cautious that many of the trusts have not been able to borrow at all, and the want of ready cash has forced them into difficulties. Finding it difficult to make both ends meet, they expected "to shift the burden upon the outside investor," who would have to stand the brunt. When the ordeal has been gone through of getting down again to a rock-bottom basis, some good results will appear in separating the combines which may be characterized as "wheat" from those which are undoubtedly "chaff."

There has been considerable expectation that the next Congress would enact some measure of currency reform. It seems to have been agreed upon by the administration, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Finance Committee of the Senate that some legislation is needed to relieve the annual demand for money at crop-moving time. The Western banks keep large reserves in New York, which they draw upon heavily at such a time, and as the money has already been loaned out to Wall Street speculators and others, calling it in creates a stringency in the East, and a demand for a greater volume of currency to meet it. The currency-reform people propose to effect relief by means of the Aldrich bill, which is designed to create an elastic credit currency, or, more specifically, a bank-note currency, which will expand as business expands, and contract as business contracts. There is serious division of opinion as to the need for tinkering with the currency—always a delicate and dangerous subject for experimentation. Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, who expects to be elected the next Speaker of the House of Representatives, is reported as saying that a reform measure is not needed, that no such legislation would be permitted in the House, and that the demand for it finds its centre in Wall Street only. The charge that he proposes to use the well-known power of the Speaker to prevent legislation led him subsequently to add that "no man has the power to prevent the majority from working its will, and any one attempting the exercise of such power would write himself down worse than an ass and a

knave." This must mean that the question, if it arises, will have a fair chance for itself in the House. Mr. Cannon's belief that it is best to let the currency alone is based on the present prosperous conditions and the large increase of money in circulation in the last two years. The Treasury statement has shown an expansion of some \$500,000,000; the Sherman notes have been practically extinguished; the bank circulation is \$56,000,000 larger than a year ago; the bonded debt is \$100,000,000 smaller, and the annual interest charge proportionately curtailed. These conditions will serve to create a strong body of opposition to any currency measure, and insure its subjection to severe scrutiny, which will do no harm, whether Mr. Cannon is eventually proved right or wrong.

The political pot in San Francisco is beginning to bubble.

The most notable event of the week has been the savage assault of the *Chronicle* on Mayor Schmitz. Some have attributed this to political rivalry, as there is an impression that M. H. de Young desires the Republican nomination for mayor. This story, however, is denied by David Rich, who is a very close political friend of Mr. de Young. Another story is that the *Chronicle's* onslaught is due to jealousies engendered at the Roosevelt reception. This seems unlikely—it is more apt to be a political matter. There can be no doubt that Mayor Schmitz is looked upon with apprehension by most of the Republican candidates for mayor. The reasons are that he has always been a Republican; that he is popular with the labor voters; that he was the labor-union candidate at the last election; that he won out in the face of much newspaper opposition. Therefore, if he be not eligible for the straight Republican nomination, he might, if nominated by the labor party, be indorsed by the Republicans. We suppose that the Republicans in this town have tired at last of indorsing "Citizens," "Non-Partisans," and other nondescript candidates, and thereby electing Democrats in disguise. If the Republicans are not going to nominate a straight-out ticket, and are, going to indorse anybody, they might as well indorse a Republican.

Although, as we said, Mayor Schmitz is popular with the labor-unions and the laboring masses, he is not popular with the labor leaders. He has some venomous enemies among them. Some are his own appointees. His most bitter enemy, Casey, he created, like Frankenstein. These labor politicians are sparing no effort to down Schmitz. But the mayor also has his wing of the labor party, and they have adopted resolutions denouncing Casey and his factions. At the time of the last election, the *Argonaut* remarked that the Union Labor party would not hold together for three years. It seems that we grossly overstated the time. It is difficult to tell which of these factions constitutes a majority of the labor party. We strongly incline to the belief, however, that Casey and the labor-leaders represent only themselves, and that Schmitz has behind him the mass of the labor vote.

In the Democratic camp the name of Franklin K. Lane is the most frequently mentioned as the nominee for mayor. It is believed that the new policy of the *Examiner*—since W. R. Hearst is an avowed candidate for the Presidency—will lead that journal to support Lane if he be nominated. It will be remembered that when his nomination for governor was impending, the *Examiner* threatened to bolt, and that it supported his candidacy in a half-hearted manner.

There are many people who have thought, perhaps still think, that the "initiative and referendum" is a sure cure for many and various legislative ills and maladies. To such, the brief story of the sudden rise and swift demise of Oregon's referendum measure may be interesting, possibly instructive. The required amendment to the constitution was submitted to the people and adopted in 1898. The *Oregonian*, the only big paper in Oregon, supported it. But shortly after it was adopted, wild-cat mines tried to nullify a corporation tax, a railway tried to hinder the construction of a portage road, and last, but emphatically not least, the labor-unions of Portland tried to invoke the referendum to nullify the legislature's appropriation of five hundred thousand dollars for the Lewis and Clark Fair, because the carpenters' union feared the fair would bring "cheap labor" to work on the exposition buildings. All these attempts failed, but they created bad feeling, and contempt for the once joyfully hailed referendum. Now the circuit court, on a technicality, has unanimously declared the amendment unconstitutional. And there are few to mourn it. Even the paper that so warmly championed it admits that it is dead beyond resurrection. "The vengeful trinity of loot, labor, and lunacy," it says, "has stabbed the referendum to death for all future time. The pen of Cowgill, the arrow of bold Cock Robin, and the hammer of the carpenters' union have done the business." The initiative and referendum in theory, and the initiative and referendum in practice, appear to differ much.

Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, a possible Democratic Presidential candidate, visited Atlanta on July 3d as an invited guest of the Georgia Bar Association at its annual assembly. He was greeted on his arrival as our next President, and his visit was in many other ways significant. As far as the judge is concerned, there is no evidence of politics in the visit which he made to the South. He maintained a modest and dignified attitude, and practically ignored all allusions to his mooted candidacy for the office of President. His address to the lawyers was on the subject of "Due Process of Law," in which he traced the origin of the phrase in England, its application there, and its relation to our jurisprudence, particularly in its constitutional aspect and its bearing upon the interpretation of State and Federal powers. Judge Parker had much to say of the Fourteenth Amendment in that connection, which must have been pleasant to his

MR. CANNON
AND THE
CURRENCY.

A YOUNG GIRL'S
MYTHICAL
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JUDGE PARKER'S
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TO GEORGIA.

audience, whether with deliberate intention or not. "At no time in the history of the country," he said, "could this amendment have been adopted, prior to the so-called reconstruction period. If it were not now a part of the Constitution it is not probable that it could be incorporated into that instrument." The supposition was that its sole purpose was to benefit the negro race, and he believed that the Supreme Court could be relied upon to exercise its restraining power as against the States so conservatively that there would be no danger that the amendment would ever be permitted "to fetter and degrade the States."

In spite of the judicial character which Judge Parker studiously maintained, his hosts of the South persisted in attaching some political significance to his advent among them, the reports of which show that if he had come as an avowed candidate he would have been most cordially received and welcomed. He was accorded a public reception in Atlanta in the State supreme court-room at the Capitol, where he was greeted by the governor, the legislators, and State officials generally, and where he was prominently mentioned as "our next President," to which he made no direct response, except the remark that "we must have a Democratic President." He was the guest also of the Bar Association at an elaborate banquet, where he met most of the prominent State politicians, and apparently made friends enough among them to insure himself the vote of the State in the next convention—if he wanted it. If Judge Parker is really a candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1904, that fact is known only to himself and his most intimate friends. He has steadily adhered to a commendable reticence on the subject, and discouraged all attempts to make it appear publicly that he is an aspirant for political honors. It seems not the less true, however, that the effect of his visit South has been as valuable politically to him as though it was frankly made in the interest of a campaign for the Presidency.

A new development of the mooted operation of the Geary Street road by the municipality has just come to hand. The Pacific Power Company has made a tender of its plant to the city for \$28,500. It calls attention to the fact that the city engineer estimates the cost of a plant, to operate the proposed electric Geary Street road, at \$93,500, which is \$65,000 more than the company is willing to sell for. It also is willing to rent its plant for \$1,800 a year, and it asserts that the annual interest on bonds necessary to buy real estate and erect buildings would amount to about \$5,800. The plant is used to supply current to the United Railroads pending the completion of the North Beach plant. From this offer it would seem that the city engineer puts the cost of municipal power at four times the cost of private power. Probably he is quite right in his estimate. Doubtless the private power company is also right. If it costs only one-fourth as much for private individuals to produce electric power as it would cost the city to produce it, perhaps it would be cheaper for the city to hire private individuals to operate its electric road. This offer of the Pacific Power Company seems rather a hody-blow at the municipal operation of public utilities.

The North Shore Railway Company have given out an "explanation" why there are so many wrecks on their road. (There was another this week.) They say that some miscreant unknown has been wiring pieces of iron and other things undescribed to the rails. They affirm that track-inspectors have discovered such impedimenta upon several occasions. The conditions of the case preclude the idea that the alleged wrecker might be inspired by the hope of richly robbing the passengers or the express-car. The only alternative, therefore, is to believe that he is a murderous maniac. The North Shore people are, they say, hotly hunting this villain, and it will fare ill with him, if caught.

All this may be very true. Or it may not be. But, at any rate, other things than murderous maniacs irk the people who have to ride on the North Shore. For instance, the humpty-bump track, the slow trains—necessarily slow because the track is bad—and the impossibility of getting anywhere on schedule time. Folks who live on this line can't hoof it to their work in San Francisco. The North Shore has a virtual monopoly. The public gave it to them. And it is only just that the owners of this road return to the public good service therefor. This is not the year 1874—it is 1903.

Those mistaken persons who think that President Roosevelt is not pushing the postal-scandal inquiry with sufficient vigor should take careful note of the character and politics of the two men whom he has appointed as special prosecutors to run down the "grafters" in the Post-Office Department. One of them is a Democrat, the other a Mugwump. Both of them are absolutely fearless. Charles J. Bonaparte, especially, seems to have especially designed by Providence for his present job. The New York Evening Post, a Democratic paper which is quick to blame and slow to praise, has this to say of him:

He is a man for whom no office, no renown, no adventitious honor of any sort, glosses over the simple facts of history. He does not know what it is to idolize a popular hero. A public man, to him, is good or bad, wise or foolish, according to the facts of the record. As an overseer of Harvard University, he voted against conferring the degree of doctor of laws upon President McKinley. His objection was based upon the ground that he did not think such a degree appropriate for a man of Mr. McKinley's career and attainments. Another illustration of his independence was furnished by his course in first going to the extreme limit of denunciation of the McKinley policy of annexation; then refusing the vice-presidency of the Anti-Imperialist League because he regarded it as the duty of every citizen, after the Philippines were once acquired, to write in putting down insurrection there; next announcing that, in spite of his belief that President McKinley and his

party had broken faith on the question of civil service reform, he should vote the Republican ticket because Bryan's candidacy was a menace to American institutions; and finally voting against McKinley's L.L.D. because he did not think the proposed beneficiary deserved it. He takes an almost cannibalistic delight in first skinning and then boning his fellow-man—if his fellow-man is a rascal.

Assessor Washington Dodge has turned over to the board of supervisors an annual report for this year that must be as satisfactory to the taxpayers as it is to the assessor himself. It shows an increase of \$7,483,466 in assessable property over the assessment roll of last year. As the reductions in valuation of old dwelling-houses this year amount to \$13,492,060, the total increase is in excess of \$20,000,000. Three-quarters of this increase results from the assessment of personal property that has heretofore escaped assessment, the remainder resulting from the increased value of real estate through improvements. As this is the last year of Assessor Dodge's incumbency of five years, it is interesting to review the work he has done. He early discovered gross irregularities in the assessment of residence property, and began a systematic inspection and revision, with the result that the assessments of more than one-third of the buildings in the city were reduced because of age deterioration. Over-assessment on real estate has been corrected, the reductions amounting to \$22,000,000. On the other hand, assessments on real estate in favored sections have been increased. The greatest increase, however, has been, as stated, in the assessment of personal property. During the six years prior to his incumbency the personal property roll averaged \$7,000,000; to-day it exceeds \$127,000,000. Upon assuming office Assessor Dodge pledged himself to conduct it on business principles, and he has redeemed his pledge.

The census bureau has recently issued a bulletin giving statistics of street and electric railways for the year 1902, which contains some interesting facts about the roads in this State. The number of companies is 35, and the net income was \$2,461,414. From this income \$653,412 was paid in dividends. The taxes paid amounted to \$471,136, and the interest amounted to \$1,617,555, nearly all of the interest being on funded debt. The number of people killed was only 27, but 5,461 were injured—an enormous casualty rate. For damages \$130,769 was paid during the year. The total length of single track is 839.95 miles. There are 665 miles of line operated by overhead trolley, 85 miles by cable, and 42 miles by animals, showing how completely electricity is superseding other motive power. Classified according to the separate companies, the United Railways of this city owns about one-quarter of the mileage of the State, and about one-half of the cars, carried more than one-half of the passengers, and was responsible for about four-fifths of the accidents. The most congested traffic in the State was on the Los Angeles Electric Incline Railroad, which carried 2,000,000 passengers one mile. The most congested traffic in San Francisco was on the California Street road, the passenger mileage being 776,267. The passenger mileage of the United Railways was 408,899.

Last month, Henry S. Potter, one of the commissioners of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, returned from a trip to the Orient. As his baggage was considerably more hunky on his return than it had been three months earlier, when he left this port, the suspicions of the customs officers were aroused, and, though he made formal declaration to the effect that he had no dutiable articles, his baggage was searched. Placed here and there among his effects were one hundred dutiable articles. These goods had a foreign appraised value of \$144, and a domestic appraised value of \$217. The inspector reported that some of the articles were found in the sleeves and folds of Mr. Potter's garments. The penalty for an attempt to smuggle is three times the value of the articles, and Collector Stratton imposed a fine of \$651 on him. Mr. Potter is a prominent Missouri politician, as well as a commissioner, and the case was reported to the authorities of the Treasury Department in Washington. Orders have now come from Washington to remit the fine, and to release the goods on the ground that Mr. Potter disclaims any intention of violating the revenue laws, and complains of the humiliation he has been subjected to by reason of the facts having been given to the public press. The secretary further orders that in future information regarding such matters shall not be given to the press until it is clearly apparent that there was a willful intention to violate the revenue laws.

In political aspirations the people of this State have much the characteristic of sheep. No sooner is the ambition of one political leader to secure a rich plum announced, than all the others discover that for a long time they have been hankering for just that office. Recently, U. S. Grant, Jr., decided that he would prefer the Vice-Presidential nomination to the senatorship. As a man of wealth is generally chosen, and as Mr. Grant spent one hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars in the senatorial fight, there was a chance that, with a solid delegation, his ambition might be gratified. Then the hornets began to fly. The Bulla-Hughes faction in Los Angeles protested that the only man in California, or even in the United States, entitled to the nomination was Senator Thomas R. Bard. Then the friends of Governor Pardee announced that he was the only proper man for the position, and the Gage opponents of Grant and Bard hailed his name with delight. Pardee, by the way, has got into trouble with the Bulla-Hughes faction through his action regarding the trustees of the Whittier School. During his last days Gage nominated two trustees, expecting thereby to retain the superintendent, a Gage man, in office. Pardee held up the nominations at the

request of the Bulla faction, which wanted the superintendency, but later renominated the same two men.

Articles of incorporation have been filed in Sacramento of a company proposing to build a railroad connecting Sacramento and Stockton. The incorporators are I. W. Hellman, Jr., Charles Holbrook, J. M. Israel, C. A. Harp, and John C. Kirkpatrick. The capital is \$3,000,000, and of this \$100,000 has been subscribed. The road it is proposed to build is to run some distance across the tule lands, and will be much shorter than the roundabout Southern Pacific line. It is also proposed to construct a branch line from Walnut Creek to Antioch, connecting with both the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé. Another branch is proposed, connecting with the Southern Pacific at Woodbridge, and tapping a rich section. Speculation is naturally rife as to who is behind the scheme. Mr. Hellman admits that he has no direct connection with the road, but appears as the representative of the Union Trust Company, which is financing it for persons who do not wish to be known. The Southern Pacific was at first thought to be behind the scenes in the deal, but officials of the company positively deny that this is so. Officials of the Santa Fé also deny all knowledge of like connection.

"RACE SUICIDE."

A Married Woman Attacks President Roosevelt's Theories—She Says Mature American Women Can Decide Such Matters Better than He.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: As a woman and as an American citizen, I protest against the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt as our next President. I consider him unfit for the office on the grounds of working against the highest and best interests of two-thirds of the American people. The women and children of the United States constitute about that proportion, and I consider him a foe to both. The devotion of President McKinley to his wife was beautiful, and endeared him, more than any other one thing, to the hearts of the American people. Mr. Roosevelt's Western trip was not so characterized. Still, that is his concern and no one else's; but his dictation as to the private affairs of the home demands a reply from American women who feel that the well-being of that home is at stake, and I think that my expression of the facts in the case voices the sentiment of the vast majority of women.

We expect in our highest official certain qualities, among them humanity, broadmindedness, and a desire that the future shall be blessed by what transpires in the present, but in this question of "race suicide," President Roosevelt shows himself lacking in all three. Had he been a close student of our financial, social, and industrial system, he could scarcely have failed to realize that the great need of our country is not more children, more and still more, but that each family should have fewer, and those better born and better reared. All the poverty and crime of the world can be traced directly to the fact that human beings, as children, are born lacking in physical or mental vigor, with perverted moral traits, and that their early years lacked in wise guidance and suitable environment. Will President Roosevelt's advice, "more children," remedy this state of things? A child's natural right is to be well-born, strong-bodied, clear-brained, loving, joyous, and eager. Can a mother give birth to such a child when toil and dreary surroundings have broken her health and dulled her sensibilities, when she can not properly take care of the ones she has, when she looks forward to the future with gloomy forebodings, when she has no thought but of hate and anger for the unwelcome intruder forced on her against her will?

Every family is not financially so well situated as is Mr. Roosevelt's. From the slums of the great city, from the small towns where parents bravely struggle to keep the wolf from the door, from the overworked farmer's wife comes the same cry: "We can not properly provide for the ones we already have!" But Roosevelt never stops to "count the cost." Home to the wide-awake, earnest woman means the centre of all things, but not the circumference. Home remains, as it has ever been, woman's joy and pride, but the circumference of that home has immeasurably widened.

To-day she has a thousand hopes and aims, where fifty years ago she had but one. The nervous condition of American women being what it is, it is impossible for her to attend to her manifold duties and interests, and at the same time rear a large number of children. One thoughtful-souled child, tenderly loved and wisely trained, is worth ten thousand times more to the State than are the children of an harassed, faded creature, whose whole life is summed up in the fact that "ten children call her ma."

The physical and spiritual energy required to give birth to and rear a large number of children is incalculable. Since we are suffering from over-population rather than from the lack of it, this energy could better be turned into other channels. It is not only an unnecessary waste, but hinders the development of woman, and thus of the entire race. It fills up the charitable and penal institutions, and gives problems that the yet unborn must solve.

Every one knows what child-birth means to a woman. Inconvenience, ill health, isolation, long hours of gloom and foreboding, and at the last, that torture, that agony indescribable which every woman must endure when she becomes a mother. There is nothing that can compare with it in the terrifying horror of it all. Surely, if there is anything on God's green earth that should be decided for one's self, it is this. Surely, of all things woman herself should be allowed to say when and how often she shall have a mother. It is she alone who must suffer. "It is she alone who may die. No man has a right to say: 'This great suffering you shall endure, and the care and responsibility you must carry all your life long.' Even the husband, no matter how honorable or loving he may be in this matter, can say no word. How much less right, then, has an outsider to declare what she must do? Should not Mr. Roosevelt attend to his public duties and let the private affairs of the home be decided by those concerned? Yet he hastens to add that those not holding his views he "holds in scorn and contempt!"

On the President's Western trip remarks were made concerning the inconsistency of his speaking in the Mormon Temple, and the report was: "Well, there is a similarity between his views and those of the Latter-Day Saints on one subject." And it is true. The Mormons teach that it is woman's duty to have as many children as possible, and that her salvation can only be secured by being "sealed" to a man. Mr. Roosevelt made no statements on her salvation, but insists that it is her duty to have many children, and asserts, further, that "a woman's greatest honor and glory consists in being a wife and mother." It seems to me that a mature woman is quite as capable as Mr. Roosevelt to decide in what her "greatest honor and glory" consists!

President Roosevelt can make no law, but I consider that he uses his vast influence to the detriment of the home and its inmates, and I protest, as

ONE WHO LOVES HER S

A NEURASTHENIC COMEDY.

One of Sardou's Droll Plays.

The veteran playwright, Victorien Sardou, still holds the boards, and does not lag superfluous on the stage, although he is past seventy. The younger playwrights are hard put to it to beat him. Still they do not beat him. Recently three of his plays were running at the Paris theatres, and a fourth, his new play, "Robespierre," was running in London. These revivals in Paris of his early plays show the life and vigor they contain.

One of his early plays when revived had a surprising run. This is "Les Gens Nerveux." To-day it might fitly be called "Neurasthenics."

The play begins with the appearance of Tiburce, a post-office employee, who has come to seek the hand of Marion, the adopted daughter of Marteau, a neurasthenic capitalist. Living in the same house are Bergerin, also a rich neurasthenic bachelor, and Tuffier, another wealthy neurasthenic, with a nervous son. When the astonished Tiburce learns into what sort of a place he has fallen, he remarks:

"Well, this is a nice place." Bergerin a neurasthenic, old man Tuffier a neurasthenic, young Tuffier a neurasthenic, and old man Marteau a neurasthenic. Why, the very house must have epilepsy."

Louis here enters in a rage at the servants, for not answering his bell. He begins pounding on the table and yelling at the top of his voice for the servants until Tiburce, frightened, escapes.

This new neurasthenic is in love with Marion, whose hand Tiburce has come to seek. Louis loves the lady madly, but his irritable nerves so upset her that in the opening of the play they have a violent quarrel, and she vows never to see him again. On the heels of this quarrel M. Tuffier comes in, and the nervous father remarks to the nervous son:

"What, you again? I thought I told you to keep out of my sight. You know you are so nervous you always put me in a nervous state, and to-day the weather is changing so that my nerves are all on edge."

Here Mme. Tuffier enters; she is a French Mrs. Toodles, and she rambles on until she drives her nervous husband half mad:

Louis—Come, come, father, the weather will not upset you. Don't be so fearful.

Tuffier—Me, fearful! Why, you rascal, I'm not fearful. I was in the militia for eighteen months, and I never was afraid. Why, I was in camp at St. Germain.

Mme. Tuffier [with her fancy-work in her hand, and who never hears anything but the last word of a sentence]—So you are talking of St. Germain.

Tuffier—Well!

Mme. Tuffier—So you still intend to go and visit the Lacombe family at St. Germain.

Tuffier—Mme. Tuffier, I have told you a hundred times that you had a mania for gettings things mixed.

Mme. Tuffier—Mania! I knew perfectly well that you would insist on this mania of yours for going to St. Germain, and I consider it absolutely ridiculous, because—

Tuffier—Good heavens! Now she's wound up.

Mme. Tuffier—Because you knew perfectly well the Lacombes do not expect us until late in the summer. Do they Louis?

Tuffier—My God! [Groans dismally.]

Mme. Tuffier—Besides, you know perfectly well the Lacombes are not rich—not that I condemn them for that—poverty is no crime. But they are not rolling in wealth, and it would upset them a great deal if we were to drop in on them without warning.

Tuffier—Mme. Tuffier, will you let me speak?

Mme. Tuffier—Besides, it is three miles from the station to the Lacombe's house, and you know perfectly well in your condition of health you have no business to make that drive.

Tuffier and Louis [shouting together]—Let up! Let up! "Stop! for heaven's sake, stop!" he cries, as he falls into a chair and shakes his fist at his wife. As Bergerin enters, he explains: "It's Mme. Tuffier. She will kill me, Bergerin." And as Mme. Tuffier again begins to talk, he shrieks: "Take her away! Take her away!"

Louis unfastens his father's cravat, and says: "Come and help me to restore him, M. Bergerin."

But Bergerin turns his back, and hastily replies: "Oh, no, indeed, Louis, I could not stand it. I break down even at seeing an animal suffer. I would not look at Tuffier suffer for anything in the world. Why, the mere thought of it almost gives me a nervous attack. I must sit down." He carefully turns his back on Tuffier, sits down, and goes on: "Oh, my dear young man, I'm nothing but a bundle of nerves. The least emotion, the least opposition, the least contrariety, upsets me, even a change in the weather. Why, take to-day. A harsh, cold wind is beginning to blow from the north."

Tuffier here suddenly recovers and interrupts: "It isn't! It's a moist wind, and it's blowing from the south."

But Bergerin waves Tuffier aside and ignores him. He goes on: "Ah, if you knew what a strict régime I am forced to follow! I am obliged to lead a calm and measured life. I must take pleasant walks, I am forced to confine myself to the best of cooking, I must go to the theatre often, and only to see pleasant spectacles. I am obliged to have a most comfortable chamber, with rich hangings and thick carpets. I must avoid all painful impressions, I must not gaze upon suffering and misery. For this reason, I am condemned to a life of celibacy, I am deprived of the society of lively woman. Love, love quarrels, jealousy—all these things would agitate my unfortunate nerves. If it is difficult to get along with a wife, think of children. A child cries at night. It suffers while teething. I would have to get up at night and go for the doctor. Do you think I could see my infant suffer? No, no, poor little one! I would be obliged to leave my wife with the baby, and go to the country."

Here the chief neurasthenic enters. It is Marteau. He has his hands behind his back, his head inclined upon his breast with a most lugubrious air. Every one receives him in silence. He shakes Tuffier's hand without looking at him, and passes on in silence. He salutes Bergerin in the same silent way. He reaches Tiburce, whom he does not know, but Marteau takes his hand without looking at him, begins shaking it, stops, looks at him in astonishment, drops his hand, and walks away:

Bergerin—Feeling bad to-day?

Marteau—Yes.

Bergerin—Nerves?

Marteau—Yes.

Tuffier—Change in the wind?

Marteau—Yes.

Bergerin—That's what I said. North wind.

Tuffier—No, south wind.

Marteau—Yes.

Bergerin—Have you tried those electric belts?

[Marteau unfolds a newspaper and hands it to Tuffier.]

Tuffier—Shall I read it?

[Marteau points out the place, nods his head, and sinks back in his chair.]

Tuffier [reading]—"Ten thousand francs reward to any person who can cure a chronic nervous affection. Address No. 35 Church Street. Monsieur M—." M. Is that you, Marteau?

[Marteau nods his head.]

Tuffier—Did any one answer it?

[Marteau holds up ten fingers.]

Bergerin—Quacks?

[Marteau nods his head.]

Tuffier—Where are they?

[Marteau makes a kick.]

Tuffier—Fired out?

[Marteau nods his head.]

Tiburce here interrupts with some suggestion concerning the quacks, which leads Marteau to ask who he is. Bergerin presents him, and announces that he is employed in the post-office, at a salary of twelve hundred francs, and that he has ten thousand francs income, and that he has come to solicit the hand of Marteau's adopted daughter, Marion:

Marteau [exploding]—How is this for luck? My dinner went wrong; the roast was raw; the chicken was burned; the coffee was cold, and my stomach is out of order to-night. This is all that is necessary to upset it completely. [He walks feverishly up and down.] How can I know the good qualities or defects of this gentleman, because the temperament of a son-in-law is a vital point. [Addressing Bergerin.] Is his temperament nervous?

Tiburce—No, sir. No.

Marteau [still walking up and down and not noticing Tiburce]—Sanguine?

Tiburce—No.

Marteau—Bilious?

Tiburce—No.

Marteau—Bilioso-sanguine?

Tiburce—No.

Marteau—Nervoso-sanguine?

Tiburce—No.

Marteau—Nervoso-bilioso-sanguine?

Tiburce—No, no!

Marteau [stopping in front of Bergerin]—Then he has absolutely no temperament at all. If no temperament, then no character.

Tiburce [in a weak tone]—Is it absolutely necessary that I must have some temperament? Well, then, I think I am inclined to be sanguine.

Marteau—Sanguine? Ah! predisposed to congestion, to apoplexy. He would be dangerous to his wife, his children, to his father-in-law. Black-balled!

Tiburce—No, I didn't mean sanguine. Bilious is what I meant—bilious.

Marteau—Bilious? Then this means predisposition to melancholia; to gloom, to madness—dangerous to his wife, to his children, to his father-in-law. Black-balled!

Tiburce—Excuse me, but I remember now that I am not bilious, I think I am nervous.

Marteau, Bergerin, and Tuffier [all shouting together]—Nervous!

Tiburce—That is, a little nervous.

Marteau—Then that would settle you. A nervous son-in-law would be all that is lacking to drive me crazy. But if, on the other hand, you are of a cheerful temperament, always thoughtful, easy to get along with, I would consider your claims. But if you always choose such disagreeable subjects of conversation; if you can not laugh without laughing too loudly, nor blow your nose without making a noise; if you can not agree to remain absolutely motionless, and, above all, if you continue to use that smelly pomade on your hair, and to wear such loud waistcoats and shrieking neckties, you are unanimously black-balled.

Tiburce—But—

Marteau—Don't interrupt me. So I have sworn that my two daughters shall marry no matter whom, so that he be not nervous. Do you understand.

Tiburce—Ah, sir, I am exactly your man, then. There is not the slightest trace of nervousness about me.

Marteau—That's an easy thing to say, we'll see about that. [He comes behind Tiburce, and while Tiburce is not observing he hits him a tremendous blow on the shoulder, suddenly seizes his wrist, takes out his watch, and begins to count his pulse.]

Tiburce [surprised]—Ouch! You nearly dislocated my shoulder.

Marteau [calmly counting]—That's nothing. His pulse is even, steady, very good; let's try another test. [Going to the sofa.] Come here young man [making the motion of scratching the horse-hair sofa], let's see if you can do this with your nails.

Tiburce—That's easy. [He scratches the horse-hair violently with his nails.]

Bergerin, Tuffier, and Marteau [all three put their fingers in their ears]—Enough, enough, for heaven's sake stop!

Tiburce—Is that all?

Marteau—Not yet. [He gives him a cork and a knife.] Now, let's see you cut this cork. [Tiburce cuts the cork, which squeaks loudly.]

Tuffier, Bergerin, and Marteau [grind their teeth and shout together]—Enough, enough, stop! [Tuffier snatches the knife and cork from Tiburce's hands.]

Marteau [solemnly, to Tiburce]—Young man, you have passed all the tests—you are not nervous. You feel nothing. You are simply a machine. You have no nerves. I permit you to make application for the hand of Marion.

Louis [entering suddenly]—What, Marion?

Marteau [firmly]—Yes, Marion.

Louis—I forbid him to marry Marion.

Marteau—Leave, monsieur.

Louis [screaming]—If he marries her I will kill him.

Tiburce—Kill me?

Louis [tearing his hair]—Yes, and I shall set fire to the house.

[Tiburce, Tuffier, Bergerin, and Marteau all rush to the window and shout "Fire! Fire!"]

At this moment César, Marteau's nephew, enters and demands to know where the fire is, but the entire gathering informs him it is "nothing but nerves." Marteau suddenly bethinks himself, and says to César: "Why, you rascal, did I not drive you from here with my malediction?" To which César replies: "Yes, uncle, but I brought it back. I couldn't borrow a thing on it." "What, then," asks Marteau, "brings you under

my roof?" "I have come for ten thousand francs," replied César, taking out a newspaper, and beginning to read: "Ten thousand francs reward to the person who can cure a chronic, inveterate, nervous affection." The exasperated Marteau takes a cane to chastise his nephew, and the ne'er-do-well escapes just in time.

We next find Lucie playing scales on the piano. Marion is setting the clock. Marteau is seated in a reclining-chair, wrapped from head to foot in electro-medical chains. The clock is striking nine o'clock, half-past nine, ten o'clock, half-past ten, and so on. The maid, Placide, is dusting the outer room. Marteau suddenly explodes, and shouts:

"For God's sake, Marion!"

"What is it, papa?" replies Marion, continuing to turn the hands.

Marteau suddenly changes to the utmost mildness. "No," he mutters, "I must not fly into a rage with the electro-magnetic chains on me. With these powerful currents, you never can tell with electricity what may happen." Then, addressing Marion in honeyed tones: "Do you think you'll soon be finished, my dearest child?"

"But, papa," replies Marion, "I must make it strike on the hour."

"Don't you think you could skip a few?" asks Marteau.

"What an idea, papa! Why, it would strike all wrong. I'll soon be finished, I'm nearly at half-past eleven—and it's half-past twelve now."

"I verily believe," mutters Marteau, "that those machines were invented to drive people crazy. Whenever I try to wind them the hand is always on one of the key-holes. I never knew it to fail." As the clock strikes twelve, Marteau bawls: "Jumping Jehosophat, they'll drive me crazy! Lucie!"

"Yes, papa," says Lucie, without stopping her scales.

"I mustn't get angry," says Marteau, and mildly asks: "Lucie, my child, is it absolutely necessary for you to do that?"

"Why, yes, papa," replies Lucie, "I must practice my music."

He rings the bell, and the maid answers.

"If my nephew, César," he roars, "dares to present himself here, shut the door in his face. Do you hear?"

"Yes, but I won't though," replies the maid.

"What, you impudent thing—you won't?" roars the master. "It's lucky for you that I have on these electric chains, and that I don't dare to fly into a passion. I discharge you."

"Discharge, indeed!" replies the maid. "The same as yesterday and the day before, I suppose?"

"No!" shouts the furious Marteau, "for good this time."

And he begins tearing his chains from him and hurling them in pieces at Placide. Marion and Lucie push her out of the door, and urge him to be calm. He grows calmer, and bids them go to the piano and do their scales. They place themselves at the piano and begin to play four-handed scales. Marteau writhes. "To think," says he, "that I should be in these chains since seven o'clock this morning with this result." The four-handed scales continue more loudly than ever. Marteau grinds his teeth. A violent pounding is heard on the ceiling. It develops that the other neurasthenics on the floor above objects to the music. They are testifying their displeasure by pounding on the floor. Bergerin with the tongs, and Tuffier with a cane.

There follows an interview between the three rich neurasthenics and Tiburce, the suitor for the hand of Marion. Marteau tells him that some fifteen years before, an old friend had died leaving forty thousand francs to him (Marteau), twelve thousand francs to Bergerin, and thirteen thousand francs to Tuffier. They had just left the lawyer's office after settling up this succession, when, turning the corner of a street, they saw an infant lying on the sidewalk wrapped in a rug. It was evidently a foundling. No one knew anything about it. The pitiful plight of the little one so moved Marteau, that he proposed to the others that he should adopt it, and that all three of them should contribute toward the little girl's dot; that they should purchase a coffer, in which all three should put, year in and year out, what they had to spare. Marteau shows to Tiburce this coffer, and tells him that the dot of Marion is within. Tiburce desires that it be opened, but César suddenly enters, and demands to know whether Tiburce wishes to wed the young lady or the dot. Tiburce is somewhat embarrassed, and is finally given two hours to decide whether he will marry the lady without opening the coffer. Each one of the three fathers has a key to the coffer. In the meantime, Louis, the neurasthenic, son of Tuffier, appears, and first threatens to drown himself, when he hears that Marion is to marry Tiburce, and when he encounters that gentleman, changes his mind and determines to kill him. At the end of the second act, Tiburce is fleeing, with Louis in hot pursuit.

The three fathers and Tiburce and Louis are assembled, Louis's appearance causing some little alarm to Tiburce. The coffer is about to be opened, and Tiburce announces that he is willing to sign the marriage contract before the opening. Both Bergerin and Tuffier show great reluctance to give up their keys. They make all sorts of demands, until finally Marteau, in disgust, orders the notary to draw up the contract, giving the coffer to the newly married couple locked. But such is the wrangling involved by the proposition that Tiburce finally renounces the lady. Marteau then gives her to Louis, with the contents of the coffer, which he, finally securing the keys, opens. All look in. It contains nothing. All three of the adoptive fathers have failed to put anything into the savings-bank. But Marteau had foreseen this end. He takes out a pocket-book containing fifty thousand francs, which, in expectation of the empty coffer, he had brought with him, and he gives this to Marion for her dower when she weds Louis.—Translated for the Argonaut by J. A. H.

A government pension of £250 yearly has been granted to Justin McCarthy for his services to literature.

LEO XIII.

An Intimate View of the Roman Pontiff—His Forbidden Book—His Wit, Verses, Pets, Eccentricities, Wealth, and Jewels—His Famous and Cutting Retort.

In the life of this man, who was born before the Battle of Waterloo was fought, and who, for more than twenty-five years, has been the supreme head of the most powerful religious organization in the world, there have been events which, to the future historian, will loom large. But this article may more fitly deal with intimate and curious things rather than with momentous ones—glimpses of the Pope's daily life, his views about medicine, his fondness for snuff, his absent-mindedness, stories of his youth—all these things which seldom find their way into print.

Even in early life, Joachim Vincent Raphael Ludovico Pecci, to give him his full name, was noted for the charm of his manners. King Leopold of Belgium, to whose court Pecci was appointed apostolic nuncio when he was thirty-three, is reported to have once remarked to him: "Really, monsignor, you are as clever a politician as you are an excellent churchman"; and on another occasion: "I am sorry I can not suffer myself to be converted by you, but you are so winning a theologian that I shall ask the Pope to give you a cardinal's hat"; to which the nuncio replied that "a hundred times more grateful than the hat would it be to me to make some impression on your heart."

Pecci, as a young man, also visited Queen Victoria, and was greatly impressed—a feeling which was reciprocated. And Pope Leo and Paul Krüger are said to have been the only statesmen whom Bismarck thoroughly and honestly admired.

That Pope Leo was a poet of no mean merit, one of the best Latinists of the time, and master of Spanish, French, and Italian, besides possessing a reading knowledge of English, is well known. That he was the author of a book that is on the Index Expurgatorius is not so familiar a fact. A decree of the Sacred College against Count Pecci's book was issued on January 13, 1875. It is rare that a book once on the list is ever removed. Names of volumes forbidden centuries ago still appear with those under the ban of recent date. Thus it happens that Leo the Thirteenth has allowed the condemnation of the work of his younger days to appear year after year. The name of the author, however, for reasons which may easily be inferred, is not printed opposite the name of the book. In its place is the announcement that the author "has, in a praiseworthy way, made submission and disavowed the book."

Pope Leo's work is entitled "Concerning the Most Sacred Blood of Mary: Studies to Bring About the Veneration of the Same." Jean de Bonnefon, an authority on clerical affairs, writes thus of the origin of this interesting contribution to religious literature:

Joachim Pecci, as is well known, had already done the church important service under Gregory the Sixteenth as delegate, legate, and nuncio in Brussels. He had shown especial energy as legate in Benevento, whither he had been sent to bring the rebellious and thieving great ones of that district to reason. One of the mightiest of these, a marquis, said to him: "Monsignor, I am going to Rome, where I shall speak to three cardinals, and have you driven from the place." Pecci replied: "All right; but before you go to Rome you will pass three months in prison." And in truth, he had the marquis arrested and thrown into prison; he confiscated his estate, and routed the hand whose leader the marquis was. For his services Gregory the Sixteenth made Pecci Archbishop of Perugia and cardinal; but he had to wait long for his hat, as Gregory died soon thereafter, and his successor, Pius the Ninth, was no admirer of Pecci. From time to time Pecci's friends endeavored to influence the Pope in his favor, but in vain. Finally, a good friend advised Pecci to try to obtain his end in another way; to write a book. Pecci followed this advice. Pius was a great worshiper of Mary, whose glory he had already increased by a new dogma, and he was also in favor of special veneration of the precious blood of Christ. Therefore, Pecci wrote a book on the precious blood of Christ; and after long citations and learned deductions he came to the conclusion that there should be an official "festival of the sacred blood of Mary." The book appeared in 1874. In Rome, however, where they knew that Pecci was no mystic, the political object of the book was at once understood. It was therefore placed upon the Index Expurgatorius, where it still stands.

Leo the Thirteenth was not only a facile writer but a great reader. Few books of note, ancient or modern, were unknown to him. Of the Italian poets Dante was his favorite. He had the deepest admiration for St. Thomas Aquinas. He was also a close and critical reader of the newspapers, Italian and foreign, and insisted upon having all articles of importance communicated to him every evening by his secretary. Even on his deathbed he expressed a desire to see the newspapers, and Dr. Laponni, wishing to prevent him from reading any of the alarming news which had appeared, even in the clerical journals, had a special edition of the *Voce Della Verità*, the Vatican paper, printed for the Pope, who, according to the dispatches, "was delighted in hearing read to him the public confidence in the steady amelioration in his condition."

The Pontiff is one of the many persons who, delicate and ailing from childhood, yet attain to a good old age. He never had a strong constitution. At twenty he was condemned to death from consumption by his physician, and then wrote verses on his ill-health, which begin:

"Scarce twenty years thou numberest, Joachim,
And fell diseases thy young life invade!
Yet pains, when charmed by verse, seem half allayed;
Recount thy sorrows, then, in mournful hymn."

The seventy-two years he has seen after writing thus

in "mournful hymn" must be credited to his undaunted spirit and regular mode of life. A writer in *Figaro*, some years ago, said:

The Pope takes no medicine, not even a tonic. He does not believe in medicines. His theory is that God requires His creatures to observe the laws of nature as faithfully as the moral laws, and if they do so their lives will be spared to the end of their usefulness. He employs a physician to teach him what the laws of nature are, and to advise him in the manner of obedience.

Formerly, Pope Leo spent some time each day in his gardens watching the gardeners at their work, or noting the growth of his oranges. He had his animal pets, notably a beautiful gazelle, which used to run up to greet its master and take food from his hands. He even would amuse himself by catching birds in a net trap. But of late years the Pope has seldom, if ever, stepped out of doors, and his daily life, before his last illness, was of the simplest. He rose about six o'clock, and immediately celebrated mass in his private chapel. At eight he broke his fast, eating chocolate, milk, and eggs. At eleven he indulged in a cup of broth. At two o'clock he was served with the principal meal of the day—hashed meat or minced chicken, eggs, well-cooked vegetables, and very ripe fruit—all soft foods, since, having no teeth and feeble stomach, digestion required to be helped. A dish to which Pope Leo, like most Italians, was particularly partial, was boiled vermicelli, the paste for which was especially prepared by the nuns of Santa Marta, being made of fine flour kneaded with new-laid eggs, and rolled into tiny vermicelli, which, after being rightly boiled, was seasoned with butter and a dash of grated Parmesan cheese. At eight or nine o'clock came the last meal of the day, consisting of eggs, vegetables, and fruit. After this meal the Pope frequently indulged in a game of chess, of which he was passionately fond, and for which he kept with him a monk who was an especially skillful player. He then retired at eleven.

Of wine the Pope drank very little, and that little an excellent claret sent him from a convent in Bordeaux. He was wont to cut it, as if with water, with a little white wine of Grottafratta. But if little wine, he used much snuff. He had a predilection for a Spanish tobacco, which was dark brown, almost black. He was used to take large pinches of it, "dropping a good part of them over his soutane so that where he had been was always marked by little heaps of snuff." Nor was the carpet all that suffered. In his later years the Pope's hand trembled violently, and table-linen was always much soiled by coffee and wine. Besides, the Pope in fits of abstraction often wiped his pen upon the sleeve of his white soutane, so that his faithful body-servant, Centra, lived in mortal fear that the Pope would be seen in his spotted state, and on audience days always closely examined his master, ready to invest him, if necessary, with a clean robe, cajoling, exhorting, and insisting if the Pope demurred. It may be imagined, from this, that the Religieuses Reparatrices, who, for love of it, attended to the Pope's washing, had something to do. These sisters had charge of his linen and wardrobe, the soutanes, pelisses, coverings, shawls for the shoulders in winter, the fine red silk handkerchiefs the Pope always used, and, it is certain, "did them up" admirably, and the linen to a marvelous whiteness. However, they never dared to give away any of the papal linen (for which there is a great demand among the devout), though it used commonly to be done in the days of Pius the Ninth. But Leo the Thirteenth would not permit it, making an exception only in the case of the white skull-caps. Regarding these, this incident is told:

An American lady asked for and obtained two of these caps. Some time after, at an audience, the Pope saw this lady holding a beautiful new cap filled with gold, for the "denier" of St. Peter. "Ah!" said the Pope, laughing, "it is for a cap you have come? Wait." And he took off his own and exchanged with the lady after having poured the gold into the hands of a chamberlain.

Though small in stature, Leo the Thirteenth was a man of curious and extraordinary majesty. He has been described as a "bent, dried-up, white-clad skeleton, with the power and intellect of youth." "When he entered a room," wrote Cardinal Gibbons, "he seemed to flit across the floor, less like a being of mere flesh and blood than an embodied ghost." His hands were finely shaped, and almost translucent. When he spoke his eyes lighted up, in his wan cheeks, with strange fire. He never wore glasses, and took great and rather naive pride in that fact, and in his longevity, frequently speaking of it to his friends and associates.

The wealth of Leo the Thirteenth is variously estimated. The jewels alone are of enormous value. The Pope's collection contains, for example, one Kimberley diamond, valued at \$4,000,000, which came to him through ex-President Krüger. There are thirty tiaras set in diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls, and upwards of a hundred rings, one of the most magnificent being a present from the Sultan. This contains a marvelously beautiful blue diamond, which is valued at nearly \$250,000. Of gold crosses the collection contains 318, set with all kinds of precious stones. The number of chalices and vessels used in the ceremonies of the church exceeds two thousand, and they are all more or less richly incrustured with jewels of every existing variety. In addition to his jewels, the Pontiff has other large possessions. The amount of his ready money is estimated by the New York *Tribune* at \$20,000,000, the bulk of it deposited in the Bank of England, and the residue in various state banks.

In society from the earliest of the social diarists' recollection, Leo the Thirteenth has been noted as a wit. It is said that he had the greatest power of repartee of any man in Europe, and that he never lost the mastery of any situation, whether grotesque, painful, awkward, or ridiculous. But his humor was of the sublime kind; it was never mordant and stinging. Only once (and then while he was Cardinal Pecci) in all these *contes drolatiques* does he appear to have made a retort that stabbed. In this case, so the story runs, a well-known nobleman was rash enough to boast at a club in Rome that he could and would put the holy father at a disadvantage. "You will get the worst of it," his circle warned him: "you will wish you had let him alone."

But the nobleman, who may be called Count de Threestars, was a headstrong man, and he was bold in his assurance. Bets were freely offered, and it was arranged that the trial of wit should take place on the occasion of a diplomatic dinner, when the Count de Threestars should be placed near the cardinal, and given his opportunity. The evening arrived, and the naughty nobleman was seated on the left of the cardinal, where he could be under the charm and grace of the distinguished man, and where all in the secret should hear the music of his voice. The dessert was far advanced when, in the most natural way, the Count de Threestars, in perfectly assumed courtesy, offered the cardinal his snuff-box, that he might partake. It was a jewel of workmanship, and with his thumb slipped beneath, the nobleman held it so that its lid inclined to give the best view of its decoration, this being a certain Venus, painted in a frank and fearless fashion. The circle was watching, breathless in admiring horror, wondering what should be the outcome of this daring intrusion upon a man of such piety and spotless morals as Cardinal Pecci. The holy father looked steadily at the Venus for a moment. Then he threw his head back and half closed his eyes as if to get a good focus—all the while giving the lookers-on an eternity within some seconds. Finally, he raised his eyebrows in interrogation, and said to the nobleman, sweetly: "Mme. la Comtesse?" ("Your wife?")

INDIVIDUALITIES.

A former private soldier is to be head of the army under the President. General Young began his military career as a private in the Twelfth Pennsylvania Infantry in 1861. When he retires next January he will be succeeded by another former private soldier—General Chaffee. General Chaffee enlisted as a private soldier in the Sixth Cavalry, in 1861, and will not retire until 1906. So the first two chiefs of the general staff will be soldiers who have risen from the ranks.

The late Cardinal Vaughan (according to *Truth*) was probably the handsomest and most distinguished-looking of the Roman ecclesiastical hierarchy. Just as Cardinal Manning looked the learned ascetic, so he looked a true Roman prince of the church. But he was most simple in his tastes and habits. Several times Roman Catholic ladies presented him with costly robes, and on one occasion they presented him with a carriage. But they found that he soon sold their gifts, and spent the money in charity. They, therefore, at last "lent" him a carriage, in order to oblige him to retain it.

William Ellis Corey, president of the Carnegie Steel Company, selected as assistant to Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation, and virtually his successor, while not as picturesque, is very similar to the steel combine president. He is thirty-seven years old, the son of a coal merchant, and attended the public schools until he was sixteen, when he obtained a position at a trivial salary in the Edgar Thomson Steel Works. He studied chemistry at home, and at twenty-one he was made superintendent of the plant in the Homestead Steel Works. In 1895, he became president of the Carnegie Steel Company. His inventions are numerous, and have been of great value to steel manufacturers.

General Jimenez, ex-president of the Dominican Republic, has arrived in New York. He has been appointed fiscal agent of the Dominican Government for the United States and Europe, and wishes to secure a loan, either here or abroad, for his government. While General Jimenez was in Santo Domingo it was reported that he was again seeking the presidency by announcing that, if he were elected, a New York banking firm would loan the country thirty millions of dollars. General A. Woz y Gil, the president, notified General Jimenez that he would be considered an enemy of the government unless he stopped campaigning. The canvass ended. One of the reasons why Jimenez has been sent here by Woz y Gil is thought to be to prevent him from starting another revolution.

Professor Edward A. Steiner, of Grinnell College, who returned from Russia last week, spent some time on the estate of Count Tolstoy. "The count," he says, "was exceedingly ill when I arrived, and had been removed upstairs from the quarters which he had long occupied, a sort of hovel-like room on the lowest floor of the house. He is now better, but he remains, and will doubtless always remain, a broken-down man. Soon after my arrival three spiritualistic students came from England, who were desirous of converting Tolstoy to spiritualism. They were not at all welcome, but they lived in the house and were well treated. Countess Tolstoy was in Moscow. These three men fastened themselves upon Tolstoy, and gave him no rest for two days and two nights. They worked very hard over him with their ideas of conversion, and the struggle was still on when the countess returned. She put them out of the house."

Frédéric Masson, who has just been elected a member of the French Academy, is famed as one of the greatest living authorities on Napoleon. He represents in its most acute phase the French Napoleonic cult. His collection of Napoleonic relics is second to none, except that of Prince Roland Bonaparte. He has spent a lifetime in connoiting the minutest details of Napoleon's public and particularly private life. But M. Masson is more than a mere antiquarian and commentator upon unpublished documents. He has a magic touch which gives life to the personages whom he discusses, and it is said that his election to the Academy represents a most important literary acquisition to that august body. His chief opponent was Gustave Larroumet, who had roused the bitter enmity of Jules Claretie, the manager of the *Comédie-Française*. A satiric correspondent of the New York *Times* remarks that "in the councils of the French Academy, Jules Claretie is a force. He has so many free theatre tickets to give away."

A WARM SUNDAY.

Harry Goes to Church.

Sunday was such a hot day that mamma did not want to go to church, but asked Aunt May, as a particular favor, if she would not take Harry.

Now, as a rule, Harry finds church very trying. In the first place, he has to be perfectly clean, which is a nuisance; then he has to be perfectly still, which is worse; and there is absolutely nothing to do, which is worst of all.

Before they start Aunt May goes through his pockets. From their hidden recesses she extracts a jack-knife with two broken blades; the marbles which he was furtively going to finger all sermon time; the pill-box in which he keeps the half-dollar father gave him when he did not break a window for a week; the fish-hook Uncle George lent him, and which he sat on the day the baby was christened and screamed so loud that even the baby stopped crying; and the hat-band that he and Rosalie stole out of the hat of Aunt May's young man, when he was talking to Aunt May in the reception-room.

All these treasures Aunt May takes from him, and locks up in the hall drawer. Then he has his hair brushed. Mamma looks critically at his face, father at his hands. Aunt May brushes his back with a hat-brush. Bridget rushes downstairs with a handkerchief. Nurse throws his gloves over the banisters, and they set off.

The service has not begun when they reach the church. Father goes in first. Aunt May wants to sit in the corner of the pew; and so does Harry. They have a subdued struggle, and Harry gets the favored spot. Aunt May climbs in over his feet, seats herself, and does not look at him for some time. Her haughty and indifferent demeanor so alarms him that he determines to outdo himself in ways polite. He will have the unusual pleasure of hearing Aunt May commend his conduct. So he sits resolutely still, and attends.

The church is very hot. There is a soft pulsing of moving fans, and a low monotonous voice intones the service. Through the opened slits of windows, green tree-tops bend in the warm breeze. Harry rolls his handkerchief into a ball, rubs his forehead, and shifts about uneasily. Finally he says in a loud stage whisper: "Aunt May, I'm just boiling. If you can't lend me your fan I think I'll have a fit, or something."

Aunt May hands him a red Japanese fan, which he unfurls and waves proudly. The occupation is new and pleasant. He fans slowly, then faster, then furiously till all the sticks creak. Aunt May, with her eyes on the minister, pokes his knee with the tips of her fingers, and he desists.

Then he fans like the different ladies in his vicinity. The little fat one with the beads fans in and out toward her chest in short, sharp strokes. He tries this, and finds it very amusing to imitate the way she has her head on one side, and he lips drawn down at the corners. Near her is a young girl, whose gauze fan moves in slow, regular sweeps. Harry tries this style. It is easier, and the sticks emit a sharp, loud creak with every movement. His unconscious model leans back, looking languidly from under her lowered eyelids. Harry likes her pose. He catches it admirably, and with a listless dreamy air waves his fan back and forth, takes longer and longer sweeps, till he strikes it against the side of the pew, and it falls out into the aisle.

In consternation he looks at Aunt May. She has risen and is searching for a place in her book. Her cheeks are rather flushed, but she appears not to have seen the accident.

He rises and thinks the situation over. He *must* have the fan for it is so oppressively warm. Glancing askance he sees it lying a long way out in the middle of the aisle. If he goes after it, Aunt May will undoubtedly seize him, and pull him back. It is a case where strategy is necessary.

He opens a prayer-book, lifts it up in his two hands, and, holding firmly to the back of the pew in front with his elbows, slowly slides one large and heavily booted foot into the aisle. He wonders if the noise it makes scraping about on the carpet sounds as loud to everybody else as it does to him. With wary uneasiness, he glances at Aunt May. She turns a leaf and her eyes travel down the page. She is reading the psalter, every other verse out loud. And when it is her turn to read—lo! instead of repeating the words of David, she says in a soft, low voice, without moving her eyes: "Harry, if you don't immediately stop that noise, I'll tell your mother, and you won't have any ice-cream for dinner."

It is almost like ventriloquism to hear Aunt May say this. Harry, lost in admiration of her powers, stares at her, and, impelled by alarmed respect, draws in his foot. But it is dreadfully hot. Other little boys and girls are waving fans, and their little bangs and curls are fluttering in the breeze. Harry's flesh is weak.

He waits till Aunt May is absorbed in the psalms, and this time gripping tight with his elbows, slides both feet into the aisle, and feels for the fan. His body describes a wonderful curve, but he seizes the object of his reach, firm and tight between his calf-skin toes, and carefully, slowly, breathlessly, begins to draw it nearer. It is painfully exciting. He has to keep his eyes intently fixed on the book, while all the time he is drawing the fan ever nearer and nearer. He almost has it within

reach, when—horror of horrors—one of his elbows slips and he falls with a crash, gripping the pew with his fingers, and striking his chin a resounding blow against the back of the seat in front.

Of course everybody hears him. A dozen people twist round in their seats and stare at him. Aunt May gives him one glance, and then, fiery red to the curls on her forehead, settles herself back in her seat, and stares at the minister.

This accident sobers him for some time. He is so good that Aunt May only has to pinch him twice—once when he puts his feet upon the back of the seat in front and scrapes them along with a loud noise, and once when, thinking his bitten tongue is bleeding, he puts his handkerchief into his mouth, and then holds it up against the light by the two corners, searching for the gory stain. He feels that only exceptionally good conduct will condone for his past misdemeanors. Only something unusual, something superfine in its perfect correctness, will right him in Aunt May's eyes. He will be as like father, who is, of course, a model of good behavior, as possible. Brightened by this thought, he follows father's every movement. When the litany begins, father leans forward, bows on his hand, and responds with a rich, deep voice. At the second response, Aunt May gasps and lifts her face. Harry's voice, loud and sonorous as he can make it, fills the church. He does it twice before she can edge close to him, and, twitching him by the jacket, mutter from the leaves of her book: "Harry, stop that noise."

"Aunt May," lifting his innocent face and large surprised eyes, "I'm not making a speck of noise."

"Don't answer those responses so loud. Don't answer them at all."

"Why, I'm only doing what father does."

"Well, stop it. Father doesn't roar."

"Mamma has always told me to do it," with an air of injured protest. "She told me to before I left this morning."

"Well, she wasn't coming with you. I'm sure if she'd heard she would have told you to stop. Won't you please do it for my sake?" imploringly.

Harry consents and is silent.

Now father, having a good ear for music and an agreeable voice, is fond of joining in the hymns. The first hymn is a particular favorite of his, "Onward Christian Soldiers," and Harry at the familiar strains pricks up his ears. He asks Aunt May to find his place, and studies the words. When father rises and uplifts his melodious tenor, Harry also rises. The first verse he hums softly. But in the second he breaks out loud and joyous, utterly oblivious of time and tune.

"At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee:
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!"

sings Harry, his high, shrill child's voice rising superior to roll of organ and chant of choir. Even father is dismayed.

"Harry's making a good deal of noise. Can't you stop him?" he whispers to Aunt May, leaning forward to peer uneasily at his musical son. Harry does not notice the consternation created by his performance. With his elbows resting on the top of the pew, the hymn-book held up high in both hands, and waving back and forth as he beats time with it, he emits the shrillest discords in happy unconsciousness.

Social instincts are strong in Aunt May. She is not yet past dissembling. With her eyes on her book, she draws near her nephew, and treads on his toes firmly and fiercely. Harry, in artless surprise, turns and looks with raised, anxious brows up into her face; then meeting no response, curiously down at her foot. It is undoubtedly firmly planted on his own.

"Aunt May," he says, drawing away his foot with a jerk, "what are you treading on my toe for?"

The music ceasing suddenly, this remark is audible. Aunt May sinks to her seat and wishes she had died before she came to church. Before the sermon begins, she exhorts Harry. She appeals to his pity and his mercy. She tamely acknowledges his power. In abject fear she offers him bribes of candy and soda-water, of letting him look through the big end of her opera-glass, or try on her skates. He can even take to pieces the puzzle-ring Uncle Sam gave her last Christmas. Harry listens with an air of condescension. Yes, he will be good and sit perfectly still.

"It won't last very long," says Aunt May, pleadingly. "just keep quiet and you won't find it very long."

Harry smiles, and promises, and starts out in an exemplary attitude, his eyes fixed on the minister. But it seems to be a very long sermon. It is extremely hot, and Harry thinks of Aunt May's promises, and wishes he could go home and screw and unscrew the opera-glasses. In imagination he selects his candy and soda-water, and thinks that he will insist on the latter on the way home.

Aunt May begins to breathe naturally, and actually listens to the sermon. When Harry cautiously takes all the books out of the rack she is only disturbed for a moment. He sets them up on the seat beside him in the form of a house, and tells himself a story under his breath, about its imaginary occupants. Aunt May is in peace. She has known him to amuse himself so for hours. He opens unseen doors for the exit and entrance of his hero and heroine. They mount imaginary horses and ride away. They come back and battle softly, kill each other, and the survivors make up. Harry is engrossed. Aunt May folds her hands and is at rest.

Presently she feels a gentle touch on her arm, and Harry whispers: "Aunt May, has Mr. Jones a glass eye?"

"Keep quiet. I don't know."

"Bridget said he had. I've been watching him for ever so long, and he's never stopped winking. And last summer our waiter in the Catskills had a glass eye, and he never wank once all summer."

"Yes, yes, I know. Now do be quiet."

Harry subsides, presently to murmur: "When's the man coming round for the money?"

"Oh, very soon now," cheerily.

"Can I give it to him?"

Aunt May puts two silver pieces in his hand. Harry clinks them, then drops one in the bottom of the pew, and it rolls out in the aisle. He scrambles after it and comes up with a red face.

"I didn't really mean to do that," he explains in a loud stage whisper, "but it was so hot I was trying to see if they'd both stick to my fingers, and one did, but the other fell off."

Aunt May's spirit is broken by this time.

"Just a few more minutes, Harry," she begs, "can't you manage to keep still for a few more minutes?"

"If it's only a few I can, but you've been saying that for nearly an hour."

"Well, really it's only a short time now. As soon as the minister comes out of the pulpit—that's where he is now—it will be over. Do, like a dear boy, try and be still till then."

"All right," manfully, "I will."

He really does. He is exemplary in his absolute quietude. As the minister turns to descend the pulpit steps, Aunt May draws a great breath of relief and then starts—for Harry, snatching up his hat, is gone. It is done so quickly that she has just time to reach backward and seize his shoulder over the back of the pew.

"Come back," she gasps, "what has happened to you? Are you crazy?"

"You said it would be over when the minister came out of that place he's been standing in," says Harry, in his disappointment and surprise speaking aloud in his natural voice. "You did say that, Aunt May, you know you did," he reiterates, as she drags him back into the pew.

Aunt May holds him after that. It is only for a few moments as she said, but for those few moments she maintains a strong, close grip on him. Even when he drops the money in the plate she does not relinquish her hold. As at last they go out side by side, Harry says, joyously: "Now, Aunt May, remember the soda-water and the candy and the opera-glasses!"

And he wonders what makes Aunt May say to father: "Another Sunday like this, and I should have nothing but the deepest sympathy for King Herod when he killed the children."

GERALDINE BONNER.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1903.

In accordance with the wish of the late Senator Ingalls, his widow has placed at his grave one of the huge red boulders with which the Kansas prairies are strewn. The stone weighs five tons, and bears a bronze tablet with the following inscription selected from Senator Ingalls's work, "Blue Grass": "When the fitful fever is ended, and the foolish wrangle of market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the blanket of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead."

The Bureau of Insular Affairs at Washington has reserved for sale to numismatists sets of coins recently made for the Philippines. There are seven in the set—the peso, the half-peso, the 20-centavo, and the 10-centavo piece, of silver; and the 5-centavo, the centavo, and the half-centavo, of bronze. The peso is worth 50 cents, the centavo one-half cent. The whole series is worth 97 cents, and the bureau offers them new from the mint for \$2.00.

The British political vocabulary promises to be enriched with a new epithet. The enemies of Chamberlain and the opponents of his tariff policy have taken to calling him and his followers "Dearloafers," in allusion to the supposed effect the proposed tariff will have on the price of bread. The modern disciples of Cobden expect the word to catch the fancy of the multitude and work Chamberlain's political ruin at the polls.

According to records of lynchings, as preserved by the Chicago *Tribune* for seventeen years, there are but four States—Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Utah—in which mob vengeance has not prevailed. The South has furnished four-fifths of the recorded lynchings, having executed 2,080 out of the 2,516 illegally killed. Of the total, 1,673 were negroes.

Says the New York *Sun*: "Practically, the Presbyterian churches and the other churches, which draw their system of doctrine from the Westminster Confession and similar standards of faith, have abandoned the doctrine of hell. At the bottom they are all Universalists, whatever their creeds may say."

Germany's system of primary commercial education and the seriousness with which the education of clerks is regarded is illustrated by the rule in force in one school: "Apprentices are absolutely forbidden to attend dances or to take dancing lessons."

THE "TRUTH" ABOUT CARLYLE.

Extracts from a Posthumous Pamphlet in Which Froude Defends His Conduct as Biographer and Literary Executor—The "Real Reason" of the Marital Unhappiness.

As an answer to the serious charges contained in the introduction and foot-notes of the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," reviewed at length in last week's *Argonaut*, the sons of James Anthony Froude have just brought out a posthumous pamphlet prepared by Froude himself, which throws much new light on the domestic relations of the Carlyles, and tends to prove that he did not distort facts to make a good story. After his much-discussed biographical volumes had brought forth a torrent of abuse, Froude decided to prepare some brief exculpatory notes, telling all the facts as he knew them. These were found after his death in a dispatch-box with a copy of Carlyle's will and a few business papers. His sons preserved them in manuscript, and only on the re-opening of the controversy, a few months ago, when the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle" cast such reflections on their father's memory, did they decide that the time had arrived when the facts should be made known, and Froude's notes on "My Relations With Carlyle" should be published.

In his defense Froude disclaims any personal motive in trying to belittle either Carlyle or his wife:

I thought her the most brilliant and interesting woman that I had ever fallen in with; so much thought, so much lightness and brilliancy, such sparkling scorn and tenderness combined. I had never met with together in any human being. It was evident that she was suffering; she was always in indifferent health, she had no natural cheerfulness, at least none when I knew her. Rumor said that she and Carlyle quarreled often, and I could easily believe it from occasional expressions about him which fell from her. But it was clear, too, that she greatly admired him. Various hints were dropped in the circle which gathered at the house in Cheyne Row about the nature of the relations between them, that their marriage was not a real marriage, and was only a companionship, etc. I paid no attention to a matter which was no business of mine. I have never been curious about family secrets, and have always as a rule of my life declined to listen to communications which were no business of mine. It was enough for me to be admitted to the Cheyne Row tea-parties on my occasional visits and enjoy the brilliancy of the conversation, whether it was with him or with her.

For Carlyle himself, Froude felt a great admiration, but it was an admiration too complete for pleasant social relationship. "His manner was impatient and overbearing. He denounced everybody and everything." Nevertheless, when Froude removed to London in 1860, and Carlyle himself expressed a wish to see more of him, the younger man felt that "to refuse such hands when they were held out to him would be ungracious and unnecessary." Introduced thus into closer relations with the life at Cheyne Row, Froude could not help becoming acquainted with many things "which I would rather not have known":

If Carlyle was busy, he was in his sound-proof room and never allowed himself to be interrupted. Any one who disturbed him at such times was not likely to repeat the experiment. Mrs. Carlyle was very much alone. She was in bad health, and he did not seem to see it, or if he did he forgot it immediately in the multitude of thoughts which pressed upon him. She rarely saw him except at meal times. She sat by herself in her drawing-room, either reading or entertaining visitors who bored her, and of whom she dared not ask him to relieve her. She suffered frightfully from neuralgia, which she bore with more than stoical endurance, but it was evident that her life was painful and dreary.

She was sarcastic when she spoke of her husband—a curious blending of pity, contempt, and other feelings. One had heard of violent quarrels from others who were admitted within the circle, and one began to realize that they might perhaps be true. One had heard that she had often thought of leaving Carlyle, and as if she had a right to leave him if she pleased. To those whom she liked she was charming, bewitching, and the thought of such a person suffering as she evidently suffered, with so little sympathy bestowed upon her, and suffering through the negligence of a man whom, nevertheless, one admired as one's own honored master and teacher, was exquisitely painful. He, too, suffered from dyspepsia and want of sleep. But, whereas she was expected to bear her trouble in patience, and received homilies on the duty of submission if she spoke impatiently, he was never more eloquent than in speaking of his own crosses. He himself had really a vigorous constitution. He never had a day of serious illness. He used to walk or ride in the wildest weather, and never carried so much as an umbrella.

Yet I never heard him admit that he felt well. He never spoke of himself without complaint, as if he were an exceptional victim of the Destinies. She was weary of hearing a tale so often repeated, the importance of which she was so well able to value. Some degree of self-restraint is expected from all of us, even when there is something real to complain of. Without it none of us could live together. In Carlyle's catalogue of his own duties, self-restraint seemed to be forgotten. She was very little alone with him. She presided at the tea-table at the small evening gatherings of his admirers in her own charming fashion. But Carlyle, on these occasions, did not converse. He would not allow himself to be contradicted, but poured out whole Niagara's of scorn and vituperation, sometimes for hours together, and she was wearied, as she confessed, of a tale which she had heard so often and in much of which she imperfectly believed. She would herself occasionally say this. She admired his genius as much as ever.

In 1862 her health finally broke down, and there came on that strange illness of hers, which doctors failed to understand, or, if they understood it, they did not venture to speak plainly. For a year she lay in agonies, her nervous system torn to tatters—sleepless, racked with pain, which was unlike any pain that she had ever felt, or heard of. Carlyle's wild irritability had shattered her at last.

The wisest of her doctors insisted, as a first necessity, on her separation from him, the constant agitation of his presence, and the equally constant provocation, which his forgetfulness or preoccupation made incessant in spite of efforts, taking away all hope of amend-

ment, while the cause remained. She went to Hastings, to Scotland; she was all but dead. She had again and again been given up. To all inquiries there was but one answer—"No better. No hope." Suddenly, as if from the grave, she came back. The illness had seemed preternatural; the recovery equally so. But the injury had gone too deep for a permanent recovery. Eighteen months later, when Carlyle was absent as lord rector at Edinburgh, she died suddenly in her carriage. Her nerves had been so shaken by her many years of suffering that some singular spinal disease had developed.

Carlyle's grief was profound, piteous, inconsolable. Now for the first time he realized how badly he had treated his wife:

He shut himself up in the house with her diaries and papers, and for the first time was compelled to look himself in the face, and to see what his faults had been. The worst of those faults I have concealed hitherto. I can conceal them no longer. He found a remembrance in her diary of the blue marks which in a fit of passion he had once inflicted on her arms. He saw that he had made her entirely miserable; that she had sacrificed her life to him, and that he had made a wretched return for her devotion. As soon as he could collect himself he put together a memoir of her, in which with deliberate courage he inserted the incriminating passages (by me omitted) of her diary, the note of the blue marks among them, and he added an injunction of his own that, however stern and tragic that record might be, it was never to be destroyed.

During Carlyle's life Froude consulted with John Forster, who was to be his fellow-executor. He paid small attention then to allusions made by Forster to some mysterious secret in connection with Lord and Lady Ashburton:

Forster said that Lady Ashburton had fallen deeply in love with Carlyle, that Carlyle had behaved nobly, and that Lord Ashburton had been greatly obliged to him. That Carlyle should behave nobly under such extraordinary circumstances seemed extremely likely to me, but I was greatly astonished. Lady Ashburton was a great lady of the world. Carlyle, with all his genius, had the manners to the last of an Annandale peasant. Wonderful things did happen—and women did strange things. I supposed that Forster must know what he was talking of. But if his account was true, I wondered why Mrs. Carlyle should seem so angry when Lady Ashburton's name was mentioned. She ought to have felt proud and amused. This, too, however, was no business of mine, and I thought no more about it till two years later, when, just as before [in 1871] Carlyle had brought me the first parcel, he again [in 1873] sent me in a box a collection of letters, diaries, memoirs, miscellanies of endless sorts, the accumulations of a life. He told me that I must undertake his biography, and that there were the materials for me.

It was from this mass of material that Froude first learned the true story of the Ashburtons. It was not that Lady Ashburton had fallen in love with Carlyle; it was Carlyle who had fallen in love with her:

There are in existence, or there were, masses of extravagant letters of Carlyle's to the great lady as ecstatic as Don Quixote's to Dulcinea. There was one, even, in which he had asked Lady Ashburton not to tell Mrs. Carlyle of some visit which he had paid to her, as she was so angry when she heard of his having been with her. It was, of course, the purest Gloriana worship, the homage of the slave to his imperious mistress. But such it was; while on the lady's side—whose letters, after what Forster had said, I looked into with interest—there was nothing else but the imperious mistress, to whom Carlyle was a passing amusement. It was not jealousy only on Mrs. Carlyle's part. She was ashamed and indignant at the unworthy position in which her husband was placing himself. Rinaldo in the hower of Armida, or Hercules spinning silks for Omphale. It is not conceivable to me that such a person as Carlyle could ever have been so extravagantly deluded. At any rate, there was the story; a myth of a portentous kind already current. I tried once to approach the subject with Carlyle himself, but he shrank from it with such signs of distress that I could not speak to him about it again.

More light was thrown upon this unpleasant episode by the revelation which, just at this time, Geraldine Jewsbury made to Froude. Miss Jewsbury had been admitted into Cheyne Row on the closest terms:

Mrs. Carlyle in her own troubles, spoke and wrote of Geraldine Jewsbury as her Consuelo. I had myself some external acquaintance with Miss Jewsbury. When she heard that Carlyle had selected me to write his biography, she came to me to say that she had something to tell me which I ought to know. I must have learned that the state of things had been most unsatisfactory; the explanation of the whole of it was that "Carlyle was one of those persons who ought never to have married." Mrs. Carlyle had at first endeavored to make the best of the position in which she found herself. But his extraordinary temper was a consequence of his organization. As he grew older and more famous, he had become more violent and overbearing. She had longed for children, and children were denied to her. This had been at the bottom of all the quarrels and all the unhappiness. Miss Jewsbury did not live long after this. In her last illness, when she knew that she was dying, and when it is entirely inconceivable that she would have uttered any light or ill-considered gossip, she repeated all this to me, with many curious details. I will mention one, as it shows that Carlyle did not know when he married what his constitution was. The morning after his wedding day he tore to pieces the flower garden at Comeley Bank in a fit of ungovernable fury. The London life was a protracted tragedy. When the intimacy with the Ashburton House became established, she had definitely made up her mind to go away, and even to marry another person. She told him afterward on how narrow a chance it had turned. His answer hurt her worse than any other word she ever heard from him: "Well, I do not know that I should have missed you; I was very busy just then with Cromwell."

Once at least, according to Miss Jewsbury, she had resolved to put herself out of the way altogether. She was to have gone to Scotland by sea. She meant, in the darkness, to have dropped over the stern, and disappeared in such a way that it might seem as if her death had been an accident. Something prevented the sea voyage, but Geraldine's entire conviction was that, had she gone that way, she would never have been seen again. The life in Cheyne Row was to her, as Mrs. Carlyle herself said, like keeping a madhouse. Her entire system was shattered by the scenes which were continually recurring. "She broke down at last with the strangest illness that ever woman died of."

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OUR EUROPEAN SQUADRON.

Cockaigne "Thinks We Should Send Better Ships Abroad—"Kearsarge" not First Class—"Chicago" and "San Francisco" Old Vessels—Some Comparisons.

The intended visit to Portsmouth, next month, of the European squadron of the United States navy, is occasioning much interest in England. It is a pity, however, that the ships composing the squadron are so few in number, and, with the exception of the flagship, so ancient in build. The total number of the squadron is just four ships, all told. Their names will be sufficient to American naval men to show their status, but for the benefit of those who are not expert in naval affairs, here are a few particulars concerning each: The squadron consists of the *Kearsarge*, *Chicago*, *San Francisco*, and *Machias*. The fleet a month ago included two more vessels, the *Marblehead* and *Albany*; but these were recently detached from the squadron, and hastily ordered to Chinese waters to reinforce the American naval force on the Asiatic station. But they also were small.

The flagship of this naval quartet is the *Kearsarge*. She is the only battle-ship in the squadron, and she is five years old, having been launched in 1898. In these days this is a good old age for a man-of-war. Then, her tonnage of eleven thousand five hundred and forty is exceptionally small for a modern battle-ship, when cruisers of twelve to fourteen thousand tons are the rule. The *Kearsarge*, considered alone, and to people not conversant with naval matters, would doubtless be thought to be a marvel of formidableness. But anchored beside her at Spithead, will be the *Mors* and *Mojestic* of the Channel fleet, each of fourteen thousand nine hundred tons; the *Commonwealth*, of sixteen thousand three hundred and fifty tons, was only launched a few days ago, her sisters, the *Dominion*, *New Zealand*, *Hindustan*, and *King Edward VII*, being still on the stocks, and the English navy has many other battle-ships, built and in commission, whose size fairly dwarfs the *Kearsarge*. There are the *Bulwark*, the *Formidable*, the *Impregnable*, the *Irresistible*, the *London*, the *Prince of Wales*, the *Queen*, and the *Venerable*, each of fifteen thousand tons; the *Cesar*, *Canopus*, *Hannibal*, *Illustrious*, *Magnificent*, *Prince George*, and *Victorious*, all of fourteen thousand nine hundred tons. Besides these, are the *Empress of India*, *Hood*, *Ramillies*, *Repulse*, *Revenge*, *Resolution*, *Royal Oak*, *Royal Sovereign*, *Albemarle*, *Cornwallis*, *Duncan*, *Montagu*, *Russell*, and *Exmouth*, of fourteen thousand tons, and others of less tonnage. So you see that the *Kearsarge* is hardly the sort of battle-ship to fill the English observer with awe.

As for the two cruisers of the American squadron, the *Chicago* and *San Francisco*, the first named was completed in 1887, the latter in 1891. Imagine a cruiser sixteen years old. And to think that until the *Kearsarge* was hastily dispatched a few weeks ago to join the European squadron, because it was going to visit Kiel, at the German emperor's invitation, the *Chicago* was actually the flagship. It seems to me that European waters will never be rid of the *Chicago*. To my certain knowledge she has figured in the American European squadron for quite ten or twelve years. I remember her early in the 'nineties, when she was commanded by Captain Mahan, and anchored in the Thames, off Gravesend. I don't fancy the *Chicago* will dazzle English eyes much. She is too old a friend. I really believe there are to-day some English people who have a sort of hazy idea that the United States navy consists of the cruiser *Chicago*. She and the other cruiser, the *San Francisco*, are each of about four thousand tons. As up-to-date cruisers what will they look like beside the English *Good Hope*, *Droke*, and *Leviathan* of fourteen thousand tons, and thirty thousand horse-power? With such ships in their minds, the *Chicago* and *San Francisco* will appear very small potatoes to English people. The last of the four, the *Machias*, is a gun vessel of less than two thousand tons. When she was built I have been unable to ascertain. Possibly during the War of the Rebellion.

Considering the fact that there are larger and newer battle-ships and cruisers in the American navy already built and in commission, as well as others even finer still building, while more battle-ships of a tonnage of sixteen thousand tons, and cruisers of fourteen thousand tons have recently been authorized by Congress, I think it would have been better had, say, a dozen of the finest ships available been picked out to show the world of what the United States navy can boast. The names of the new ships of America's navy are known to all newspaper readers in England. Details of their launching, and particulars of their dimensions and speed are constantly given in the English press. One can not help asking "Where are they? Why not let us have a look at these 'big preservers of peace'?" as Mr. Roosevelt calls them. Why wait for war's dread alarms to let the world see them? In saying what I have said, it is with no desire or intent to disparage the United States navy. It is exactly the other way. But I can not understand the want of national pride in the Navy Department. Why send such poor ships abroad, while so many magnificent specimens of modern naval architecture remain at home.

COCKAIGNE.
LONDON, June 20, 1903.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Fine Poem Sadly Marred.

We printed in these columns last week a description of the cover-page of Joaquin Miller's new poem, an extract from the "prefatory postscript," and a few of the verses. If the poem were in such execrable taste as the cover-design (said to be the "idea" of the poet himself), it would deserve no further notice. Fortunately it is not. But the cover is really beyond words. It is the very reverse of art, good taste, good sense, even of decency. The head of President Theodore Roosevelt, eye-glasses, mustache, determined chin, firm-shut mouth and all, attached to the naked body of an infant with wildly waving arms and one bow leg, the whole wrapped in streaming ribbons and perilously suspended above a bramble-bush from the red hill of a tall and redder stork—could aught under heaven be more preposterous?

But the poem—that is a Pegasus of another color. Imprimis, the work contains no grossness, either in thought or word. It holds nothing to bring a blush to any maiden's cheek. Rather, it soars into the rare ether of ideality, wrapping in the glamorous tissues of poetic verbiage the realities of the mutual life of men and women. It is in a real sense an epic, finely conceived, nobly planned, for the most part spiritedly written, but marred here and there by what appear to be scarcely excusable carelessnesses. There is an air of haste about the whole piece; in places it is as if, inspiration suddenly failing, the poet had written all at random. The line, "Until they come to Babyland," is absolute hothouse, the simile of "the kitty's eyes" is merely amusing. And does Joaquin Miller think "cohort blue" a poetic color? To us it savors more of chemist's shops and dirty palettes—is scarcely more poetic than benzaldehyde green, which is a hydrochlorid of tetramethylamido-triphenyl-carbinol.

But these are small matters. "As It Was in the Beginning," as a whole, is a strong and virile poem. It recalls those gray and venerable Vedic hymns which the fathers of old chanted before the altars—hymns that called upon the gods of death and birth to prepare the womb for the child that should be, and which breathed a spirit of reverence and purity. The Poet of the Sierras here exalts, and exults in, maternal womanhood. He pictures a proud woman of the West, whose hero-lover is lured by the northern gold and the northern stars; in whose blood flows the fierce desire to dare wild seas and cruel cold. But the woman, being proud, will not wait for her Jason to bring back to her the golden fleece, and so he sails, the tie between them snapped. In the North the youth braves all dangers, rejoicing in them, but at last he is stricken and at point of death. Then his hero-lover comes to him, warms him with her body into life, quickens his spirit with her presence, and in the spring they sail together into southern seas. There he woos her nobly with songs that celebrate the perfect marriage, the beauty of motherhood, the glory of strong restraint.

Such is the high lesson the poet teaches, and it is a thousand pities that a poem so fine should be soiled by contact with the dreary controversy over "race suicide." In spirit, this epic and the President's letter are as far apart as the poles. To ally them was an egregious blunder. But good poets do mad things, and this is one of them.

Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; price, \$1.25.

From France to the New World.

Another stirring romance hung on a framework of history is "A Rose of Normandy," by W. R. A. Wilson. The exploration of La Salle during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth of France supplies the historical setting, with an accompaniment of gay court scenes and Indian massacres. The opening levée at the Louvre, where a tide of bedizened humanity sets toward the king, gives a brilliant picture of the customs and costumes of the days of Louis, called "le grand," and introduces a famous group of immortals—La Rochefoucauld, Racine, the Abbé Guyart, Mme. de Montespan, La Fontaine, and Mme. de Sévigné. The conversation of this group of "court butterflies," when La Rochefoucauld matches his rakish wit against that of Racine and the nephew of Corneille, is a notable chapter of the book, and prepares a telling contrast for the scenes that follow.

The fine work of the author is displayed, however, in the descriptions of the conditions of the New World, and the delineation of the characters of Renée d'Outrelaise, the

"Rose of Normandy," and Henri de Tonti, soldier of fortune, explorer, hero. The romantic encounter of these two when the gallant soldier rushes to the rescue of beauty in distress, the duel thereafter, and their final discovery of each other's identity, lead up to the real action of the book, and again we have a story that hinges on the primitive passions of the world—love and war. And it is for this reason romance reaches its highest register in a sanguinary setting, for when men fight and die for a cause, women's hearts grow great and strong, and life becomes a tense and vibrant thing.

At the second meeting of the lovers in the New World, when Tonti, with La Salle, is widening the borders of France, and Renée, apparently a nun in a convent, is nursing the sufferers from the "red plague," and holding out a siege in an ungarrisoned fort, a misunderstanding on the one side and the breath of the green-eyed monster on the other has blotted the sunshine from their skies, and it is only after much needless suffering and bootless struggle against love and pride that the Rose of Normandy succumbs to force of arms and Tonti comes into his own.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Baring-Gould has written a new novel entitled "Chris of All Sorts," which will be published within the next few months.

Edward S. Van Zile will publish next month a novel having for its central character a Chicago flour merchant with designs on New York society. The book will be called "A Duke and His Double."

An elaborate work entitled "The Crossbow. Medieval and Modern, Military and Sporting: Its Construction, History, and Management," by Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, is forthcoming. The book will be in four parts, and will contain two hundred and twenty illustrations from old paintings and drawings.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in preparation three new volumes for their Heroes of the Nations Series—"Constantine the Great," by J. B. Firth; "Hadrian," by Samuel Dill, professor of Greek at Queen's College, Belfast; and "Wellington," by W. O'Connor Morris.

"The Life of Voltaire," by S. G. Tallentyre, will be published shortly.

S. H. Jeyes's "Mr. Chamberlain: His Life and Public Career" is soon to be published in this country. The volume is a detailed record of Mr. Chamberlain's political action from his entry into municipal life at Birmingham down to his return from South Africa a few weeks ago. Free use has been made in the narrative of extracts from speeches, dispatches, and official documents.

Arthur T. Quiller-Couch's latest book, "Hetty Wesley," is reported to be practically a life of Wesley in novel-form. It will be brought out by the Macmillans in October.

During the autumn the Macmillan Company will publish "The Magic Forest," by Stewart Edward White, author of "The Blazed Trail" and "Conjuror's House." It is a story of the Canadian woods, the hero being a little boy who walks off a train in his sleep and ends by spending the summer with the Indians.

There is now on exhibition in the Royal Academy, London, George Frampton's monument to Sir Walter Besant, which will be erected in St. Paul's by the Society of Authors. The inscription reads: "Sir Walter Besant, Novelist, Historian of London, Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund, Originator of the People's Palace, and Founder of the Society of Authors. This Monument is Erected by his Grateful Brethren in Literature. Born 14 August, 1836. Died June, 1901."

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, whose "Biography of Henry Ward Beecher" will appear in the early autumn, received the degree of D. D. at Yale recently.

An anonymous book soon to be published under the title of "The Truth About an Author," is expected to give an amusing account of actual experiences in literary and newspaper offices and of novel-writing.

Douglas Freshfield, who, in company with Professor Garwood and Signor V. Sella, made the entire circuit of Mt. Kungchenjunga, in the Himalayas, has prepared a book on the subject which is expected to appear in the near future. This is the first time that the journey has been accomplished by Europeans. Their route took the explorers through "a

wilderness inhabited only for a few weeks in midsummer by Tibetans and their yaks," and then over a pass twenty thousand feet high, which took them five days to cross.

"An April Princess," the first book by Miss Constance Smedley, a young English writer, whose work has been highly praised by the English press and also privately by Anthony Hope and Mrs. W. K. Clifford, will soon appear. Though only twenty-two years old, Miss Smedley has had a play produced by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who has accepted another for production in the autumn.

Anne Thackeray Ritchie is writing the introductions for the volumes by Maria Edgeworth which the Macmillan Company are publishing in their series of "Illustrated Pocket Classics." The two latest of these contain Miss Edgeworth's "Popular Tales," illustrated by Chris Hammond, and "Ormond," with many illustrations full of spirit and character by Paul Schloesser.

The Publishers' Weekly reports, "on the authority of one who claims to know," that "The Kempton-Wace Letters," recently published by the Macmillan Company, "are the joint work of Jack London and Annie Stransky. Jack London is said to have written the Wace letters; Miss Stransky, who has lived for a number of years on the Pacific Coast, is said to have written the Kempton and Hester letters."

William Ernest Henley.

In the death of William Ernest Henley, England has lost one of her most brilliant and virile critics of men, of literature, and of art, and a poet of real power. Henley was editor of the *Scots Observer* in its best days, he founded the *New Review*; he was the inspiration of many writers, and many more feared his stinging satire. He was a hater of shams, of hypocrisy, of slavish hero-worship. Doubtless his over-violent criticism of Stevenson was but the natural protest of a fearless nature against unthinking adulation. But controversy was his delight. He was self-confident to egotism. In his books the *I's* are ubiquitous. In art he was an opponent of Ruskin, saying that "Ruskin tenored nonsense, nonsense, for many years, through interminable volumes." He thought little of Turner, still less of Rossetti and the rest of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. He was one of the first to recognize the vast genius of Auguste Rodin. Such, in brief, was the undaunted spirit that has passed. His *credo* he has himself voiced thus:

INVICTUS.

Out of the night that covers me—
Black as the pit from pole to pole—
I thank whatever gods may be
For my indomitable soul.

In the full clutch of Circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of Chance
My head is bloody, but unbowd.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds—and shall find me—unafraid.

For still, however strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the Master of my Fate,
I am the Captain of my Soul!

Here is another of his striking poems, now of singular interest:

MARGARITE SORORI.

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies:
And from the West,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—

Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplish'd and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

A movement has been started in Denmark to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the production of "Hamlet" by erecting a statue of Shakespeare at the little town of Elsinore. The ancient castle of Cronberg, on the ramparts of which Hamlet held converse with the ghost of his father, forms the central point of the town. The plan has met with enthusiastic response throughout Denmark.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Little and Big Books.

It seems odd that the "little books" of which English publishers print so many and American publishers so few are not more popular than they are. Indeed, it seems as if the continued popularity of large and heavy volumes were due to a prejudice. With improvements in printing and in paper-making, Newnes, the London publisher, is able to turn out long novels in remarkably small bulk. His latest outputs—"Night and Morning," by Lord Lytton, and "Harry Lorrequer," by Charles Lever—are each only six and one-half inches tall, four inches wide, and three-quarters of an inch thick. Yet each book contains six hundred pages, the type is as large as that on the first page of the *Argonaut*, and the paper used, though thin, is perfectly opaque. Compare these handy little books with ordinary ones. We take from the shelf a typical volume. It is eight inches high, five inches wide, two inches thick, and contains five hundred and fifty pages. It weighs two and one-eighth pounds—thirty-four ounces—while "Night and Morning" weighs but ten ounces. Yet the latter book, by a careful computation, contains 223,060 words, and the former but 184,250. What is the use to the book-buyer of so much waste paper—twenty-four ounces of it? A book weighing two pounds can not readily be held in the hand. It is too unwieldy to carry. It takes up valuable space in the library. Newnes's books prove that such a work can be printed so that it retains every virtue except size, and the pound or so of paper saved enables the publisher to bind in flexible, durable, and beautiful leather, rather than in shoddy huckram. Undoubtedly American publishers are supplying what the public wants. But there is a suspicion that the public doesn't know what it wants. There is ground for the belief that the Average Man buys books like melons, according to size. He willingly pays a couple of dollars for an overgrown octavo whose pages are half margin, but balks at giving the same price for a neat duodecimo that is all compact. He thinks, in the latter case, that he isn't getting the worth of his money. He seems still to be in the same boat as the Chinaman who wanted the largest pair of boots he could get for the price.

Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25 each.

A Good Ghost Story.

The second of the new series of Little Novels by Favorite Authors presents a pleasing contrast with the first. Owen Wister's "Philosophy 4" was a most amusing little story, full of health and heartiness; F. Marion Crawford's "Man Overboard," on the other hand, is a grim and ghostly tale of a ship, a sailor, and a lass, worked out with all that literary skill and finesse for which Mr. Crawford is famous. The notable thing about the story is the cumulative nature of the incidents. Each event of the ill-starred voyage of the *Helen B. Jackson*, as related by the venerable mate, serves to heighten the ghostly feeling and induce delicious vertebraal shivers. Not for a moment does Mr. Crawford lose his grip on the reader's attention, and the climax is eminently satisfying to lovers of such ghostly tales. Not unnaturally, one compares Mr. Crawford's work with that, in a similar line, by Mr. Howells, though the elder author can only suffer by it. The stories in Mr. Howells's "Questionable Shapes" never become downright scary. The Dean rather flirted with his subject. He seemed loth to cut loose and adventure boldly into the Realm of the Improbable. Mr. Crawford has no such qualms. "Man Overboard" is the real thing.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

A Well-Padded Novel.

The entire story of "Marty," John Strange Winter's latest novel, could easily be compressed within the limits of a single chapter. Yet this writer has such a trick of dilating on the pleasant trivialities of daily life, that the reader is lured on to read an entire volume without realizing that the author is past-mistress in the gentle art of padding.

Her padding, however, is often more diverting than the straight-ahead narrative of the well-balanced novelist who sticks sturdily to the point. The reason is not far to seek. Mrs. Stannard (to give the author her real name) knows the tastes of the average novel-reader down to a dot. She knows what every-day people think and talk about, and in the course of her narrative makes numerous side excursions into topics of cheerfully irrelevant commonplace. "Marty" is the fashionably

educated daughter of an excellent woman, an ex-lady's maid, who has built up a paying business, which, conducted in a strictly private manner, consists of retailing the cast-off splendors of great ladies.

The story reverts to a favorite theme of Mrs. Stannard's, her plot hinging on caste divisions in England. Marty marries above her station, and in spite of her wedded happiness, takes secret flight on discovering that she is looked at askance by her husband's aristocratic connections. The idea is far from convincing, but Mrs. Stannard's ready fancy and fluency in the retailing of small incidents keep up a pleasant hustle of light, cheerful, entertaining narrative to the end. Marty's actions are inconsistent with her biographer's description of her character, but she is lovable, and so is her excellent mother, the ex-lady's maid. So, too, is George, the husband, and, with the talk, the tea-drinkings, the occupations, trials, and troubles of these three pleasant people, spread out thin, but not tediously so, the story flows on to a cheerful conclusion, and the reader who is not above enjoying agreeable mediocrity concludes in satisfied mood.

Published by the J. P. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

"How to Make School Gardens," by H. D. Hemenway, director of the Hartford School of Horticulture, is brief, to the point, and contains a number of illustrations. It should prove useful. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

There has appeared a revised edition of W. K. Roberts's "Divinity and Man," which, he says, is "an interpretation of spiritual law in its relation to mundane phenomena and to the ruling incentives and moral duties of man, together with an allegory dealing with cosmic evolution and certain social and religious problems." More plainly, the work is a theosophical system based on the books of Oriental and early Occidental philosophers here restated and slightly extended. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.75.

"Money and Banking: An Introduction to the Study of Modern Currencies," by William A. Scott, "is," according to the preface, "the outcome of ten years' experience in teaching large classes in the University of Wisconsin, and is presented to the public in the hope that students in other institutions, as well as the average citizen who wishes to understand this subject, may find it useful." The work indeed appears to be a concise and clear treatise, very well designed to meet the author's modest expectations for it. It is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The 1903 edition of "Moody's Manual of Corporation Securities" has just been issued. The new volume contains over 2,400 pages, and is the standard authority on the corporations of the United States. There are about 71,000 different enterprises embraced in the statistics covered by this volume. Each corporation is fully described. Information regarding property owned and controlled, capitalization and bonded debt, dividends, financial condition and earnings, officers, managers, directors, and addresses is given. Published by the Moody Publishing Company, New York; price, \$7.50.

Many notable features distinguish the Cambridge Edition of the poets, of which some fifteen volumes have now appeared. The paper used is thin, but firm and opaque; the type is of good size and legible; the binding is plain and serviceable, and so flexible that the volume readily lies flat open. The editorial features of the latest number of the series, entitled "The Complete Works of Alexander Pope," are the re-arrangement of the poems in chronological order, and the inclusion of translations from Homer. The Cambridge Editions are under the general editorship of Bliss Perry, and this particular volume is edited by Henry W. Boynton, who furnishes an introduction, and has revised the notes. The volume appears to us to be the most satisfactory moderate-priced edition of Pope to be had. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

Felix Dahn has a reputation in Germany as a brilliant novelist. Through the translations by Mary J. Safford, the English-reading public has now an opportunity to compare his historical novels with those of Sienkiewicz and other fictionists who have bent the stirring events of Roman history to their purposes. "The Captive of the Roman Eagles" is a story of A. D. 378, the scene of which is the shores of Lake Constance. The battle fought

at that place between the Roman legions and the Northern tribes is graphically described, and woven in with the struggle between Teuton and Latin is the olden story of warrior lover and maid. The historical accuracy of Professor Dahn's novels is unimpeachable. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

One Novelist on Another.

In a speech at a dinner given by the new Vagabonds Club in London, recently, Mrs. Humphry Ward, the guest of honor, paid an eloquent tribute to George Meredith. Speaking of his novels, she said:

"How strange it is! One opens a book again after ten or twenty years—and all is changed. What was obscure has become a mere delightful challenge to the wits; what was a struggle is now a fascination. The reader has grown to the writer. And round the writer, the poet—round our George Meredith in his seventy-fifth year—the world has become electric. Kind airs blow now from all parts. His books are read by the thousand where once they were read by the score. The middle-aged and the old look upon him with new eyes, and listen to him with new sympathies. While in the universities we shall find, if we look close, that the young and generous minds—the minds that matter—are living in his life, thinking in his thoughts. . . . In the free libraries—the much-abused free libraries—in the house of the clerk and the workman, this noble art and this high poetry are also finding out their own—are appealing to that natural and widespread instinct for the things of fine imagination which is our heritage in England. So both from the intellectual elite and from the populace, the great response seems to be rising once more that places an English writer high above the reach of failure or forgetfulness."

Gregarious Reading of Poetry.

Andrew Lang has lately been taking a fall out of the Browning and other poet societies, as did Stedman long ago. In an article on "Poet and Public," in the *London Morning Post*, the genial Scotsman writes:

It may also be noted that many people who certainly read poetry seem to feel timid, lonely, and deserted, so that they flock together into little mobs for mutual protection, Wordsworth societies, Browning societies, reading societies of all kinds. Now, I would as lief fish at Loch Leven in a fishing competition—men in boats shouting to each other and breaking the silence round Queen Mary's island and prison, whisky going, every kind of gregarious horror—as read poetry in a society. It is in solitude, "in a nook with a book," that poetry is to be tasted. But we hear of a society for reading Mr. Meredith among the Northumbrian miners—one might as well read Euclid in a society. These studies demand lonely application. A dozen decent bodies met to dig the meaning out of "In Memoriam" is a spectacle comic and mournful, and one that would have consternated the poet. It takes a dozen men and women to understand him—and then they don't.

Three Prize Sentences.

The winner of a prize of one guinea, offered by the *London Academy* to the person who should select the three most pregnant and felicitous sentences from any authors, chose the following three quotations:

Fancy plays like a squirrel in its circular prison, and is happy; but imagination is a pilgrim on the earth—and her home is in heaven.

—Ruskin.

Discouragement is but disenchanting egotism.

—Mazzini.

The true wisdom is to be always seasonable, and to change with a good grace in changing circumstances. To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honorable youth, and to settle when the time arrives into a green and smiling age, is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your neighbor.—Stevenson.

Robert W. Chambers treats an episode of the Franco-Prussian War in his new novel, the title of which is "Maid of Paradise."

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Haddon Chambers's "A Modern Magdalen," the play in which Amelia Bingham is appearing at the Columbia this week, is a gallery of dramatic echoes, and Katinka, its leading character, is a sort of human chameleon, partaking of the character and motives of at least half a dozen heroines of well-known plays.

In the first act, which, as in "The Climbers," is the best, Katinka, a ripe and rounded beauty, upon whom every man's eye seems to fall with approval and the desire for possession, is living in poverty and obscurity under the paternal roof. She has a shrewish stepmother, a drunken father, and an invalid sister who, in spite of Katinka's luscious and superabundant charms, is all but dying for lack of nourishment—a situation which is scarcely convincing, since, during the course of the act, so many approving references are made to Katinka's fine shape that only a plump and well-developed woman could fill the part with consistency, a state of things which scarcely tallies with the starving-sister idea. This act, nevertheless, is, in spots, characterized by a sharp, uncompromising, almost sordid, realism, and is extremely interesting, the lines being particularly meaty in their mingling of terseness and vigor.

The melodramatic interest centres upon the rival suits of an honest, adoring lover upon starvation earnings, a gilded, infatuated swell, and an elderly but prosperous money-lender, all of whom lay their contending claims at the feet of Katinka, who, rejecting moneyless love and moneyed, matured bumptiousness, self-sacrificingly gives way before the unlicensed passion of the swell, because scrapings from his gilding will buy food for her starving sister. Therefore, relapsing temporarily into Hardy's Tess, Katinka flits away to a life of bediamonded vice, from which issue periodical remittances to the family exchequer.

Now this motive, to use a very low but expressive phrase, "won't wash." Why does not Katinka gratify all those yearnings for respectability in her bosom, mend that rent in her dust-colored but miraculously fitting livery of poverty, and apply for a position as shop-girl? Or why, since she so loathes the life she enters upon, does she not later supply the larder of the starving sister out of her earnings as an actress? Since these questions will obtrude themselves, it is evident that the weaknesses in the play that prompt them are flagrant. Yet the piece is so cleverly written that it almost triumphs over its own imperfections, and Miss Bingham, with her unusually excellent company, the direct sincerity of her own acting, together with the important decorative adjunct of beautiful clothes and handsome mountings, succeeds in giving a performance that closely holds the attention, interesting even those over whom logic and reason hold an inconvenient ascendancy.

In the second act, Katinka, the chameleon, drawn by the magnet of home affections, returns gorgeously bediamonded and decorated with strings of jewels, and has a brief attack of sisterly love and Magdalenism. In the third act, attired in a diamond-strewn dress, and with coon-song singing revelers and rival lovers offering up incense to her in her sumptuous apartments, she successfully leaps the gulf between Glory Quayle and Camille, borrowing, on the way, a touch of color from Esmond's Firefly, and in the fourth, after a lightning transition into the rôle of the "Dancing Girl" duke, during which the fatal draught is snatched from her lips by her self-effacing lover, she is Glory Quayle again, humbly renouncing the hectic glow of her career for the self-sacrificing labors of an army nurse.

It is thus plainly apparent that there is much horrowed color and a very large element of buncombe in Mr. Chambers's play, but the author has nearly saved himself by the quiet, reasonable tone in which the major part of it is pitched—a tone which takes you in occasionally, almost convincing you that you are looking upon realistic and consistent drama. The best feature of the play, and the one upon which the author has put the most

thought, labor, and originality, is the character of Hiram Jenkins, the father of Katinka. Mr. Jenkins is a combination of old Mr. Turveydrop, Harold Skimpole, and himself, although, to do justice to the author, he is most of all himself. He is just that kind of idle, irresponsible, soft-sawdery, merry old vagabond who inspires a tolerant affection in the bosoms of the younger members of his family, and the impatient contempt resulting from dismal experience in those of the elders. The old rascal has a sense of humor, and a tongue to express it; and, although his nose is a purple whisky-blossom and his eyes two bleary button-holes, he always maintains an imposing Turveydrop deportment. One felt a sense of deep satisfaction on seeing Wilton Lackaye, whose abilities have been so frequently wasted, in a part which showed to the full his unusual skill in characterization. There was not a dull line in this rôle. Yet, with the unctuous humor of his delivery, which expressed the habitual good spirits of the irresponsible loafer, together with the dignity of the family fraud who must assert himself, Mr. Lackaye doubled the dramatic value of his least utterance. The character was consistent to its final exit, which takes place when the dart of reproach, which Katinka plants in her father's breast, finds a vulnerable spot—a situation which Mr. Jenkins, like all other Jenkinses in the human family, meets by evading the unpleasant and quietly making himself scarce.

Miss Adelyn Wesley gave a telling and vigorous impersonation of the virago stepmother. This actress shows herself a mistress of detail, and, as she presided over the salt-pork banquet of the Jenkinases, gave a delightfully graphic illustration of the easy table etiquette of that half of the world which eats with its knife.

Mr. Chambers has formulated another character in the play—that of an aggressive, egotistic reformer—which has the same curious tendency as others in the piece to suggest well-known characters. John Strong is part Chadhand, has a strong dash of Henry Arthur Jones's Ferguson Pybus, from "The Case of Rebellious Susan," and seems, as well, to be a sort of take-off on his strenuous namesake in "The Christian." The character was most ably assumed by Mr. George Spink, who made of it, without over-emphasis, an exceedingly clever caricature. In fact, Miss Bingham has an all-round good company, not permitting even the most minor rôles to be trusted to incompetent hands. Miss Bingham herself is a very tactful actress, showing a good deal of skill in her avoidance of stereotyped methods, and in the moderation and comparative sincerity with which she meets false or unnatural issues.

The part of Katinka, I doubt not, is much appreciated by the actress-manager, being, from a business point of view, "a good thing." It is adapted in some points to her temperament—which suggests practicality, with a streak of materialism, and permits the play of comedy, sentiment, and emotion. It also exhibits the development dear to the feminine heart from the dun-colored grub, shelved in the dust of poverty, to the bright-hued devotee of pleasure, offsetting her white flesh and dimpled arms with the trappings of fashion, and expanding exultant wings in the atmosphere of admiring adulation. There is something, too, in the rôle of a repentant sinner in satins and jewels that peculiarly appeals to the imagination of actresses. It must be so delightful to have the sympathies of the audience in the portrayal of a picturesque penitent, who is simultaneously living up to her outer reputation of a wickedly beautiful sinner with the telling externals of Parisian gowns and diamonds. Miss Bingham did her duty unflinchingly in this respect, being gowned, in the third act, more handsomely and dazzlingly than was ever actress before, in my remembrance, in a dress that was sewn from shoulder to hem in an all-over embroidery of glittering stage diamonds.

A few weeks ago there was a revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York, at which Kyrle Bellew and Eleanor Robson played the principal rôles with an all-star cast. I saw some of the notices of this performance, and the majority of them gave evidence of a vague dissatisfaction. But what, indeed, did the critics want, with such players as John Kellard, Eben Plympton, and W. H. Thompson, brought together to assist in worthily presenting the supremest love tragedy in our language? Something, I fancy, that we all want in Shakespearean rôles. We desire, perhaps unconsciously, non-modern personalities to interpret them.

In one sense, the drama of the day is more superficial than it was formerly. Lightness and wit are inseparable from our most sombre plays, and the tension of the gravest situation must be relieved by an occasional laugh. Hence, our players have not that concentration of feeling and that enrichment of temperament which comes from continually acting strong, serious, compelling, dominating characters. To the experienced eye there is generally the appearance of acting and the superficiality of emotional expression which mars the illusion, and, besides, the modern personality is antipathetic to poetry.

Nance O'Neil, however lacking her support, is equipped with the temperament, the personality, and the experience essential to a due interpretation of legitimate rôles. That her Juliet is only fair arises, not so much from an emotional as from a poetical lack in Miss O'Neil's own nature, added to her growing tendency to be monotonously alike in widely diverse rôles. In consequence, there were no new revelations in her Juliet, which was just a traditional representation, and on the whole rather unsuited to the heavily tragic style of this actress. She lacked in girlishness, and, in spite of her excessive weeping, in passionate abandon, and in that supreme exaltation of mood which reaches both heart and imagination.

Viewing his impersonation as that of an all-around, useful leading man, Mr. Ratcliff need not blush for his Romeo, which was uninspired, but, like Miss O'Neil's Juliet, played on such traditional lines as to be acceptable. A man of Mr. Ratcliff's physiognomy, however, with thin lips, a square jaw, and those satiric curves in his cheek which are a cross between a wrinkle and a crinkle, is scarcely cut out for a Romeo. Rather, in his pilgrim's gown, he resembled a masquerading lawyer than that young Italian god of love, who lived and died for the passion of passions. But who, indeed, does look to be a Romeo? I saw him but once, in the person of Alessandro Salvini, whose dark Italian face and Latin abandon to the dominant emotion of the lover, made one forget the lack of technique which later was so fully developed by the same actor in his successful prime.

Charles Millward was Mercutio; a difficult rôle at best, that of the merry follower of the Montagues, who is obliged to joke ceaselessly in pentameters. I marveled to observe that Millward's brow was wet with honest sweat two minutes after he had made his appearance. But in two more, when the poor fellow hurled himself valiantly into the Queen Mab speech, the marvel was explained. It is a most difficult feat, the delivery of this light and delicate play of a poet's fancy, whose airy charm is better felt in silent reading than in audible delivery, being always greeted, it is true, with a burst of applause, but seldom earning it.

Mr. Millward made mighty exertions with this cruel little poetic snag, and fully five-sixths of what he said was articulate—a good twenty-five per cent. ahead of his usual record.

Mrs. Fannie Young played the nurse with that special touch of genuineness and absorption in her rôle which has always made her so likable, and Stockwell gave to Balthazar the essential quality of clownish, good-natured imbecility which recommends that character to the favor of the comedy-lovers. Over the minor actors in a Shakespearean production it is generally safe to draw a veil, but we may be pardoned for remarking that old Pa Capulet evidently forgot his acquired Shakespeare, and relapsed into his native tongue when he stigmatized the recalcitrant Tybalt as "a sassy boy."

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Alice Nielsen has refused a large offer made to her by Weber & Fields for their New York company, and is said to have made up her mind to "fritter away the time as fancy strikes her." In a letter to a friend in New York, written not long ago, she said in effect: "I don't have to do any more hard work, and I don't propose to try. I am well fixed and comfortable; and that is all I want."

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, rooms 6, 8, 10, 48 (entrance 806 Market Street), informs the public that the late partnership has been dissolved, and that he still continues his practice at the same place with increased facilities and competent and courteous associates.

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Week commencing Sunday matinee, July 19th New attractions! Ethel Levey; Claude Gilling water and Company; Orpheum Comedy Four; the Three Polos; George W. Hunter; Bailey and Madison Hodges and Launchmore; the Biograph; and last week of De Kolta.
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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Neill-Morosco Company Opens Its Season.

Sunday night, at the California Theatre, Nance O'Neil will give a farewell performance of "Macbeth." Monday night will be the opening of the pretentious summer stock season, and the introduction to San Francisco of the new and much-talked-of Neill-Morosco Company. The opening play will be Marion Crawford's stirring romantic drama, "In the Palace of the King," which was Viola Allen's great success of last season. The story has already been detailed at length, and it is only necessary to say that it includes intrigue, conspiracy, murder, and, above all, a rapacious incident between Dolores, the daughter of a Spanish captain, and Don John of Austria. The leading character, that of Dolores, is taken by Lillian Kemble. Don John will be represented by George Soule Spencer. Inez, the blind girl, sister to Dolores, will be played by Elsie Esmond. Thomas Oberle, as the Spanish monarch, and Frederic Sumner, as Perez, his secretary, are two talented actors, who are as yet strangers here. Frank MacVicar as the cardinal, H. S. Duffield as the stern father of Dolores, and Phosa McAllister as the duchess, are three old favorites. Matinees will be given every Thursday.

Camille D'Arville in "The Highwayman."

Camille D'Arville, long prominent on the American operatic stage, is to return once more to the footlights, and will open a special engagement at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday evening next as Lady Constance Sinclair in Smith and DeKoven's clever comic opera, "The Highwayman." The announcement of Miss D'Arville's return will be welcome to every lover of music, and the Tivoli is fortunate in securing her services at this juncture. "The Highwayman" concerns a period when, in England, the knight of the road was a factor to be reckoned with in any journey. The plot revolves around the adventures of Dick Fitzgerald, a young Irishman, who has been robbed of his all by a cheating gambler, and has become a highwayman, gaining a wide notoriety as "Captain Scarlet." The part of Foxy Quiller, the Bow Street detective, is safe in the hands of Edwin Stevens. Arthur Cunningham will appear as Dick Fitzgerald; Edward Webb as Toby Winkle, "ostler of the Cat and Fiddle"; and others in well-suited parts.

Amelia Bingham as the Frisky Mrs. Johnson.

For the fourth week of her engagement at the Columbia Theatre, after successfully presenting "The Climbers" and "A Modern Magdalen," Amelia Bingham, assisted by the competent company with which she has surrounded herself, will produce for the first time in San Francisco Clyde Fitch's latest comedy success, "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson." The piece was freely adapted from the French of Gavault and Berr's "Mme. Flirt," which was a success last season in Paris. The English version had a highly successful run of three months in New York. Miss Bingham will be seen in the title-role, that of a young widow of faultless, high-minded motives, who has won the appellation of "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," on account of her light and careless demeanor. A cast of notable strength will interpret the play. Among the players will be Wilton Lackaye, W. L. Abington, Ernest Lawford, Bijou Fernandez, Frances Ring, and Adelyn Wesley. Miss Bingham has brought the original scenic equipment and the gowns especially prepared for this production by Pacquin and Worth. "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" will be played for one week only, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. For the fifth and last week of her engagement, Miss Bingham will present her entire repertoire.

"In Wall Street" at the Grand.

The Grand Opera House makes a strong bid for public patronage with the new musical eccentricity, "In Wall Street," which will be produced at that theatre on Sunday night. It ran for many months to crowded houses at the Victoria Theatre, New York, when produced there by the Rogers Brothers. The production here will be the same used by them. The cast will be an excellent one, and all the specialties will be new, original, and entertaining. Raymond and Caverly will be heard in new parodies. They will also sing with Kitty Kirwin Griffith a funny trio called "Licorice Lize," and another of the Reuben and the Maid Series, "The Innocent Maid." In this last number they will be assisted by Louise Moore and Camille Walling. Cheridah Simpson will sing "Star of My Heart," "Hiawatha," and other songs, and the following will be included among the principal specialties: "Promoter's Song," Herbert Sears and chorus; "Belle of Murray Hill," Louise Moore and chorus; coster song, "I Aven't Told 'Im," Harold Crane; tramp specialty, Budd Ross; song, "Zamona," Louise Moore; dance, Esmeralda Sisters and Arnold Glazier; and song and dance, "The Quindunc Ely," Anna Wilke and Budd Ross. There will also be a new march of beautiful girls.

Many New People at the Orpheum.

Five new acts are announced at the Orpheum for this coming week, all of them excellent in their respective lines. Ethel Levey, a versatile and vivacious singing and dancing comedienne, will make her first appearance in this city. Claude Gillingwater, who will support Mrs. Leslie Carter in her new play this coming season, will present "The Wrong Man," a one-act comedy. He brings a company of five, including Miss Nina Lyn, a beautiful English actress. The Orpheum Comedy Four will also make their first appearance

here. The three Polos, graceful and daring acrobats, promise an extraordinary act. George W. Hunter, a London comedian and raconteur, is also here for the first time. De Kolta, the "wizard"; Bailey and Madison, the grotesque eccentrics; Hodges and Launchiere, the clever colored couple; and the biograph, will complete a varied and interesting programme.

"Faust" at the Central Theatre.

The most notable event in the history of the Central Theatre will be the spectacular production of Goethe's "Faust," with which the new season will be inaugurated next Monday evening, July 20th. The brilliant young actor, Herschel Mayall, will make his initial appearance as leading man of the new Central organization as Mephisto. "Faust" will be staged most elaborately, and the great Broken scene will be presented with wonderful and startling electrical and mechanical effects. "Faust" may be counted on to break all records for packed houses at the Central Theatre, and tickets should be ordered early.

New Bill at Fischer's a Hit.

The new bill put on last Monday night at Fischer's Theatre was, without doubt, a great hit. From the rise to the fall of the curtain there was unstinted applause for every one of the principals, for every scene, for the excellent work of the chorus, and for all of the songs, the dances, marches, and clever specialties. The show is two great burlesques combined into one, "The Three Musketeers" and "Under the Red Globe." They have many new features, and the production is most elaborate. Kolb and Dill and Bernard, as usual, kept the house in roars of laughter through the three acts. Winfield Blake made a hit as the Duke of Buckwheat Cake, and he got no less than four encores for his new song with Maude Amber, "Love's Reverie," which was specially composed for these two artists. Maude Amber, with her fine voice, her beautiful gowns, and her new songs, did much to make the new piece a "go." Harry Hermens and Chris Whelan, and the Misses Hope, Emerson, and Vidot stood out conspicuously. Taking the production as a whole, it is one of the most entertaining yet given at Fischer's, and will have a long run.

"Prisoner of Zenda" a Second Week.

It is the policy of the Alcazar to make weekly changes of bill, but an inability to satisfy the demand for seats for "The Prisoner of Zenda" will absolutely compel, they say, the continuance of that drama of romance for a second week. Crowds have been turned away since the opening night. White Whittlesey is giving a good performance of a triple role, and is recalled again and again with enthusiasm. This change of bill will delay until July 27th the first San Francisco production of "The Manxman," dramatized by Wilson Barrett from Hall Caine's famous story. Mr. Whittlesey will fill the rôle heretofore essayed only by Wilson Barrett in England and James O'Neill in this country. Following Mr. Whittlesey's engagement will come a big production of the rustic play, "The Dairy Farm," which Belasco & Mayer are to send out for an extended tour of territory west of Denver.

Dr. Richard H. McDonald, who died Sunday in Montreal, will probably be buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., where the deceased owned a lot and where his wife was interred. Dr. McDonald's death has recalled the story of his connection with the old Pacific Bank, of which he was president, and of its ally, the People's Home Savings Bank. Both institutions were wrecked in 1893, and their failure was attributed to the misuse of their funds by wild-cat speculation. The doctor and his son, R. H. McDonald, Jr., were tried on a criminal charge, but escaped conviction. The other son, Frank McDonald, died some years later in London. The father, after his trial, took up his residence in Montreal, where he became a leading member of one of the principal churches.

The Southern Pacific Company has filed a petition asking that the assessment on one-half of the franchise for its steam ferry be reduced from \$1,000,000 to \$500,000, on the ground that the alleged franchise has not and never did have any existence.

McIvor-Tyndall Here Again.

Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall is again visiting San Francisco. The famous psychologist was here for a period of several weeks the beginning of the year, and created a decided furor with his striking personality, his fascinating manner, and his wonderful psychic powers. Following his short stay here, Dr. McIvor-Tyndall went to Honolulu, and recently filled an engagement of several weeks in Los Angeles. He has abandoned his Eastern tour to spend the summer on the Coast. Dr. McIvor-Tyndall is engaged for a course of Sunday evening lectures at Steinway Hall, beginning the coming Sunday night. The lecture will be called "Life Secrets." Dr. Tyndall will also illustrate his wonderful psychic faculty in experiments along the line of thought-force. Sunday evening, July 26th, Dr. McIvor-Tyndall will take for his subject "The Thought that Kills."

Henry Miller, who arrived in New York from his trip abroad on Tuesday, says: "The Taming of Helen" will open my season in San Francisco on August 17th. I intend playing "Helen" until Helen tires of her audiences and loses them. Then I shall take up "The Lady of Lyons" and "Camille" in the order named. Besides these I have purchased the rights to three new plays. Two of them were written by Bernard Shaw. The third is the work of Miss Maud Hosford, an American woman, who has done admirable situation work in "The King's Consort."

A serious accident occurred a few nights ago at the Folies Marigny Theatre in the Champs-Élysées, Paris. In the final scene of the piece being given at the theatre, there is an imitation of a cascade down which apparently glide a number of girls, who are really attached by the waist to a moving sheet. On this occasion, the cord broke, and the sheet came down to the stage with a rush. Thirteen of the girls were badly hurt.

C. A. Rutherford, the new district passenger-agent of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway in this city, entered the railway service as night operator for the Great Western Railway in 1877. He has since held many positions on various roads, and is promoted to this city from the post of general agent and division passenger-agent at Omaha, which he had held for eight years.

Mrs. Margaret Moroney died at her home, 2112 Van Ness Avenue, last Saturday afternoon. She was the mother of Paul Moroney, Jr., Frank Moroney, Mrs. E. B. Thomas, Lee D. Moroney, Miss Mary Genevieve Moroney, the well-known pianist, and the late Mrs. James A. Thompson, wife of the Bohemian Club president, who died shortly before his wife.

Hamilton Lightner Moulder, son of the late Colonel Andrew J. Moulder, died in Mexico City on the evening of July 10th. He was a mining engineer, and had spent some years in the management of mining enterprises in Mexico.

Miss Nance O'Neil has deferred her departure for New York, and will give four performances of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" in the open air at Sutro Heights, August 1st and 2d.

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Reserve Fund.....247,657
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E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 232 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1897.

Paid-up Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$500,000.00
Deposits, January 1, 1903.....4,017,812.52
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BARCOCK.....President
S. L. ABBOT, JR.....Vice-President
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary
Directors—William Alvord, William Barcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President
Arthur Legallier.....Vice-President
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....4,386,086.72
July 1, 1903.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
FRANK B. ANDERSON.....Vice-President
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Cashier
SAM H. DANIELS.....Assistant-Cashier
WM. R. PRENTISS.....Assistant-Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

DIRECTORS:

JAMES M. ALLEN.....President
FRANK B. ANDERSON.....Vice-President
WILLIAM BARCOCK.....President, Parrott & Co.
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Capitalist
ANTOINETTE BOREL.....Ant. Borel & Co., Bankers
WARREN D. CLARK.....Williams, Dimond & Co.
GEO. E. GOODMAN.....Banker
ADAM GRANT.....Murphy, Grant & Co.
EDWARD W. HOPKINS.....Capitalist
JOHN F. MERRILL.....Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson
JACOB STERN.....Levi Strass & Co.

Foreign and Domestic Exchange Bought and Sold.
Commercial and Travelers' Letters of Credit issued, available in all parts of the world.
Correspondence solicited. Accounts invited.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$12,000,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Cash Assets.....4,734,791
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,202,635

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific
411 California Street. Department.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND

LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889.

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00
Paid Up.....2,250,000.00
Profit and Reserve Fund.....300,000.00
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN,
Secretary and General Manager.

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IN NEWSPAPERS
ANYWHERE AT ANYTIME
Call on or Write
E.C. DAKE'S ADVERTISING AGENCY
124 Sansome Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

VANITY FAIR.

The French Chamber of Deputies, on July 1st, repealed without discussion Article 298 of the civil code, which provided that a divorced person who has been proved guilty of adultery could never marry his or her accomplice. The legislators of the past feared that a license to marry would encourage illicit adventure. Experience, however, has proved the contrary, and the prevention of the marriage of the guilty parties has in a majority of cases been conducive of irregular unions, while the number of women, says one writer on the subject, who had believed that they were merely exchanging a union that had become odious for one that was more congenial, only to find their betrayer at the end of all posing as an injured and helpless victim of Article 298, would have to be counted by thousands. Conservatives regard the repeal of the divorce law as a tremendous breach in the stability of the institution of marriage, and as the entrance of a lever that will eventually destroy family stability. The Socialists, on the other hand, rejoice and consider they have won a signal victory in the campaign for the free union of men and women. The immediate effect of the abrogation of the law is that no less than fifty-five declarations of intended marriages of persons, against whom divorce was decreed, with their respective co-respondents, have been formally made in Paris and the Department of the Seine, within the forty-eight hours succeeding the passage of the bill.

The introduction of fads in Newport is sometimes quite accidental. This was the case (says the *Sun*), with the "hair-hanging-down-the-back" fad. It has become popular, and the fame of the three young women who started it has spread far and near. It has even gone so far that when the excursion-boats come to Newport, half the girls who land from them have their hair dressed in child fashion. Miss Natica Rives, daughter of Mrs. George L. Rives, and Miss Cynthia Roche, daughter of Mrs. Burke-Roche, made an engagement one evening to meet the next morning at nine o'clock. As the fates would have it, that very morning was the time appointed for the maids of these young women to shampoo their locks. Whatever the cause of the maids' delay in performing their duties, when the operation was only half completed it was nearly nine o'clock, and both young women, each unknown to the other, were in a quandry. That engagement could not be postponed, but then there were the moist tresses of both girls to be considered. Miss Rives in a worried state of mind telephoned to her friend and told of her predicament. To her surprise Miss Roche had a similar tale of woe to unfold. What could they do? A series of "I will, if you will" went sweeping over the wires between Swanhurst and Elm Court, and the result was that half an hour later Miss Rives and Miss Roche appeared on Thames Street, to the surprise of their friends and every one else, with streaming locks, which, by that time, had been dried by the wind. While Miss Rives was on the high seat of the carriage, she looked like a pretty little girl of ten. Her nut-brown hair, which doesn't reach far below her shoulders, was tied up on top with a wide black ribbon, and the unconfined ringlets were wind-blown about her pretty face. Miss Roche rejoices in the fact that her hair reaches far below the waist line, and on that morning the long plait of dark-brown hair hanging down her back, made her look like a very tall, very young school-girl. There is a trinity of leaders in the young set, and the other member of the trinity is Miss Natalie Schenck. When she happened to meet the other two with their flying locks, she stopped short and gazed at them until they gave an explanation. She thought it was a good joke, and straightway removed the hair-pins that confined her blonde tresses, and climbed into the cart with her two chums, and all three, with flying hair, drove about the town. So much for the introduction of the hanging-hair fad, which bids fair to become universal.

The movement lately started in London by Colonel Kenny-Herbert for the simplification of domestic problems for those who live in apartments, has taken a new development. That gentleman's first idea was the not very novel one of dispensing with private kitchens, and distributing meals from central stations, the customer being relieved of all trouble in connection with his meals, save that of eating them. The idea was extremely attractive, considered in the abstract (comments the *New York Times*), and has met with much favor in discussion. It is now about to be put to

the test of experiment, with many amplifications, in St. James's Court, a stately block of modern "flats" in the heart of Westminster, within a few yards of Buckingham Gate. The tenant, having chosen his apartments, may elect to provide his own servants, or he may avail himself of the offer of the incorporated landlord to furnish men-servants, and maid-servants to order. If the latter, he is given a tariff of charges, showing at what prices the corporation is prepared to furnish chamber-maids, waitresses, valets, and whatever else is needed for a complete establishment. Further, he knows just what his daily breakfast, luncheon, and dinner will cost him. His meal may be as frugal, or as sumptuous as he may elect. All that is necessary is to notify the house-steward, and it comes up from somewhere in the harem on the tick of the prescribed minute. The house-steward is responsible for the lighting and maintenance of the fires, the cleaning of hoots, and the safety of the plate-basket. He has full authority over the servants, is commander-in-chief of the laundry, is generalissimo of the kitchen, and obviously supreme. In a word, he is the American apartment-house janitor raised to the power. If everything goes smoothly the arrangement is an ideal one; if it does not—well, there is some advantage in knowing upon whom rests undivided responsibility.

Dr. Wiley, chemist for the Department of Agriculture, who has just concluded the first of the tests relative to food preservatives and their effect on the human system, has just been giving out some hints on summer drinks. "The devil lurks in the soda-water fountain," he says, "and iced tea is simply suicide. If persons would only use precautions there is no reason why one should suffer more with sickness in summer than winter. But summer drinks are snares of the devil. The custom of constantly dosing the stomach with ice-cold drinks in summer is simply suicidal. The extreme cold contracts the pores through which the pepsin is secreted, and tends to congest the cords of the stomach. When thirsty in hot weather one should drink water at from 60 to 65 degrees. Drink slowly and all you want, and you will find that water at this temperature quenches the thirst much better than iced water."

The profession of "courier-maid" is becoming quite popular among well-educated young women. College girls and daughters of good families, whose knowledge of the languages has come through study, and who have a liking for change and adventure, now often take this means of acquainting themselves with the world's doings. One girl from a north-western university has piloted several parties over Europe. The courier-maid's best time for her trade is in the early summer, when people are planning their holidays. To be successful she must be versatile in her accomplishments. Although she may have two or more languages at command, and he versed in the ways and customs of several countries besides her own, she must unite some practical trade to her courier's ability, if she would get good engagements. If she is a fair massage-operator, and has some of the professional nurse's knowledge, is a stylish hair-dresser or handy needle-worker, besides being an intelligent guide and interpreter, she will be snapped up in a hurry. And to be a good sailor, traveler, and packer are qualities absolutely indispensable to her vocation. Many more courier-maids (says the *Sun*) are now employed than formerly. Elderly or middle-aged couples setting out for foreign travel frequently engage a bright, alert maid, rather than a man, to help them make the trip easy. The maid is a less expensive attendant than a man, is more contented, and more dependable. The courier-maid's pay is regulated by the amount of service she hargains to render, outside of her legitimate use as interpreter and pilot. For that she would usually be entitled only to her traveling expenses.

If there is an agitation in which generalities will never accomplish anything, it is the campaign against impure and adulterated foods. The average man reads of the adulterants in general use, from the aristocratic-sounding salicylic acid to the homely sand in the sugar, but he isn't afraid. Providence, or an inherited good constitution will save him somehow. Nothing will break up this serene frame of mind except concrete revelations of doctored foods. Thus (says the *New York Evening Post*) too wide circulation can not be given to such a revelation as that just made by the Minnesota State Dairy and Food Department about canned fruits.

This is the season when the provident housewife is toiling over fragrant steaming kettles, while the firm fresh fruit is metamorphosed into the appetizing array of jellies. It is a great trouble, and they are selling jams and jellies at the grocer's really more cheaply than you can make them. Very well. Here are preserved strawberries made from a mixture of timothy seed, glucose, acids, and sugar, with flavoring and coloring matter. Raspberry jam is the same, except for the substitution of hroom corn for the timothy. Picture the great caldron with the fire ready kindled. First the skillful cook pours in water. Then comes a half-peck of hayseed. Here is a dish fit for the most fastidious—horse. Then the thick glucose and some sugar. Last comes a dash of the nearest flavor to the strawberry that synthetic chemistry can produce. Water hoil and caldron hubble. It is done, and here are colored labels with pictures of the luscious fruit. Sixteen dealers have been prosecuted in Minnesota since January 1st for selling preserves of this general class as "pure."

Nelson's Amycose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

Liebold Harness Company.

If you want an up-to-date harness, at a reasonable price, call at 211 Larkin Street. We have everything for the horse and stable.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Geo. H. Willson, Local Forecaster Temporarily in Charge.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
July 9th.....	60	48	.00	Clear
" 10th.....	58	48	.00	Clear
" 11th.....	58	48	.00	Clear
" 12th.....	58	48	.00	Clear
" 13th.....	60	50	.00	Clear
" 14th.....	62	50	.00	Clear
" 15th.....	62	50	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, July 15, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Honolulu R. T. L.				
Co. 6%.....	1,000	@ 107½	108
Los An. Ry 5%.....	7,000	@ 114	115½
Northern Cal. P'wr				
5%.....	2,000	@ 100½	100	
Pac. Elec. Ry. 5%.....	29,000	@ 107½	108
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%.....	24,000	@ 120½	121
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1909.....	4,000	@ 107½-108½	107½	108
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1910.....	1,000	@ 108½	109½
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	3,000	@ 99½-100	99½	100½
U. Gas Elect. 5%.....	1,000	@ 105	107
STOCKS.		Closed		
Water.	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa	50	@ 60	58	62
Spring Valley.....	145	@ 83-85	84½	86
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	55	@ 73-73½	72¾	73¾
Sugars.				
Hana P. Co.....	250	@ 37½-50	30	40
Hawaiian C. & S.....	60	@ 40	40	
Hutchinson.....	30	@ 13	12½	
Makaweli S. Co.....	5	@ 25	21	24½
Gas and Electric.				
Central L. & P.....	675	@ 4¾-5¾	5	5¾
Mutual Electric.....	1,005	@ 11-14	13	13½
Pacific Gas.....	120	@ 54½-55	52½	54½
S. F. Gas & Electric	55	@ 68-70	67½	68½
Trustee Certificates.				
S. F. Gas & Electric	310	@ 67½-69½	65	
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers ...	75	@ 150¾-151	150	
Cal. Fruit Cannerns.....	90	@ 90	89½	
Cal. Wine Assn.....	25	@ 99	99½	
Oceanic S. Co.....	30	@ 7½	7	

San Francisco Gas and Electric was strong and advanced one point to 70, on sales of 565 shares, and at the close sold off to 68, closing at 67½ hid, 68½ asked.

Mutual Electric was in good demand, 1,005 shares changing hands, from 11 to 14, closing at 13 hid, 13½ asked.

Pacific Gas was steady, on sales of 120 shares, at 54½ to 55.

The sugars have been very quiet, and less than 350 shares changed hands, with fractional declines.

Spring Valley Water was weak, selling off three points to 83, but at the close reacted to 84½ hid, 86 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush-24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

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LA ZACUALPA Rubber Plantation Company 713 Market St., S. F.

AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING



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Hunter Baltimore Rye

with its precedence, preference and praise are its

Uniform Quality and Universal Satisfaction

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.
213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone Exchange 313.

THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,
622 Market Street (Upstairs),
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

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THE HERALD is absolutely the Home Paper of Greater Oakland and of Alameda County.

THE HERALD publishes each day complete foreign, cable, and domestic telegraphic news.

THE HERALD records fully each day, and particularly on Saturday, the doings of Greater Oakland society.

THE HERALD is without question the best advertising medium in the County of Alameda.

LANGUAGES.

FRENCH-SPANISH SIMPLIFIED; SEVENTH edition. T. B. de Filippis, A. M., LL. D., 320 Post.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. We have a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

MILL VALLEY.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES to rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876-18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865-38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869-108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 22 Sutter St., established 1852-80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879-146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRAMES AND FRAMES. From quality to price, quality at the top, price rock bottom. The new dainty ovals in Flemish Oak are among the late effects. Bring your photographs of dear ones to the framing department of Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A secretary of a fire-insurance company tells of an old woman who called on an agent to arrange for insurance on her house and furniture. "We haven't had no insurance for five years," she explained; "we hev jes' been dependin' on the Lord; but I says to my old mon, I says, thet it's terrible risky, I says."

When Henry Irving was rehearsing for his production of "Faust," he experienced much difficulty in restraining the exuberance of the supers, who persisted in being light-hearted, even in Hades. Sir Henry is proverbially long-suffering about such matters, but his patience finally gave out, and he thundered: "Kindly remember that you are supposed to be in hell, not picnicking at Hampstead Heath."

Senators Blackburn and Lindsay, of Kentucky, were once traveling together through the Alleghany Mountains. Blackburn went into the smoking-room and returned in a few minutes looking so much depressed that Lindsay asked: "What's the matter, Joe?" "Why, I've lost the letter part of my baggage," said Blackburn, in heartbroken tones. "Was it stolen or did you leave it behind?" "Worse than either—the cork came out."

Charles Dudley Warner, who was editor of the Hartford Press in the 'sixties, was one day confronted by a compositor, who said: "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." The editor was pleased, and replied that he was glad to see the man felt the call of duty and was hastening to serve his country in its troublous time. "Oh, it aint that," remarked the printer, "but I'd rather he shot than try to set any more of your d—d copy."

Mrs. Leslie M. Shaw, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, has always been noted for her wit. It is said that a young man of humorous bent one day exclaimed in her presence: "What could he more dreadful for, a woman than after mending her husband's coat to find in one of the pockets a love-letter from another woman?" "Fortunately," said Mrs. Shaw, "that could never happen. The woman would find the letter first and then she would not mend the coat."

Henry Lahouchère says that the speeches of Lord Rosebery always remind him of the description given by Prince Bismarck of a certain Prussian statesman: "At first he would have an opinion, then he weakened it by self-contradiction, then again an objection to the contradiction occurred to him, until at last nothing remained. He was a clever speaker, but not inclined to action; indeed, he resembled an india-rubber ball, which hops, hops, and hops, but more feebly every time, until it at last comes to a full stop."

A North Missouri editor received a note the other day telling him that one of his subscribers was dead, and asking that his paper be discontinued. A few days later the editor met the "deceased" subscriber on the street, and told him about the note. "I wrote that note myself," returned the subscriber. "What for?" asked the editor. "Well, I wanted to stop yer paper," said the subscriber, candidly, "an' knowin' how bad you need the money I didn't have the heart to come right out an' do it. So I jes' wrote you the note about hein' dead."

At a certain London church the collection used to be made in nicely embroidered bags, but, so many old huttons and stale pieces of chocolate being put in, it was decided to try "plates" instead. The first Sunday the usual number of coppers and three-penny pieces were put in, but among them a bright yellow shining piece was observable. On Monday morning there were more callers than usual at the vestry, some of them with the same application. After a short interval another came with the same, "Oh, I am so sorry, but I put a sovereign into the plate yesterday by mistake. Could I have it, as I really can not afford it?" "What?" said the vicar; "you are the fifth that has been to see me this morning with the same application, but the church warden has just told me that the supposed sovereign is only a gilded shilling!"

An eccentric and well-known Viennese showman, Franz Trocker, of herculean figure and snow-white imperial, has committed suicide.

Things went ill with him, and he prepared for his "removal." One of the letters to his friends contained the following: "I depart to-day. The theatre is out, and I am going home. Let nobody deplore my going; it is not necessary. The world will not miss me, and certainly I shall not miss this hypocritical world. We must all go—some sooner, others later. I go joyfully from this vale of tears. I may be cloud-keeper in heaven or chief fireman in hell, and I would have my friends to know that I may yet be able to render them good service. I must hasten, for at 9:57 my death knell strikes. Do not be hard on me. I will say a good word for you to the Heavenly Father. I do not fear death. Greetings to my friends."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

King Pete.

Peter Karageorgievitch,
Ere you go to take the crown
Listen to these pointers which
With good wishes we band down:
Have a safe in which to sleep,
Have a bulldog watching there;
Choose the company you keep
With the greatest, keenest care;
Wear a shirt of mail, and cook
With your own hands what you eat,
Ere you sink to slumber look
Underneath the bed, King Pete.

Peter Karageorgievitch,
Glorious and great, when you
Don your purple robes and rich
These are things you ought to do:
Keep a knife stuck in your boot
And a razor up your sleeve;
Practice till you learn to shoot;
To your home surroundings cleave;
Always look for bombs and things
Underneath the royal seat,
When among earth's splendid kings
You assume your place, O Pete.

Peter Karageorgievitch,
Raised to glory and renown,
Here are pointers for you which
You should paste within your crown:
Do not run to fires, stay
Far away from places where
Innocent bystanders may
Stop such things as whiz in air;
Find, a thousand miles or more
From your subjects, some retreat,
And when you have barred the door
Reign and rule from there, King Pete.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Grand Larceny.

A daring theft Jack wrought last night
On darling little Rose.
He stole the thing he wanted right
Beneath her very nose.

—Philadelphia Press.

It's Up to Him.

O Finley Peter Dooley's gone and Dunne it,
In Kansas there's a Mrs. Briley, too;
Mrs. Hawkins had a goal and she has won it,
Her happy dream of Hope at last is true.

One by one the famous bachelors are giving
The tribute that to Cupid should be paid,
Showing married men eclipse all others living—
Doesn't George intend to give us any Ade?

—Ex.

Discussing the Yacht Race.

Paw he said: "Lipton's foolish to try to win the cup."

"Why, paw, what makes you think so?" maw ast bim, lookin' up.

"Because, you see," paw answered, "there aint no British boat
Cao ever heat a Yankee as long as boards'll float."

"He might build forty Shamrocks to bring across the sea,
The cup would still be ours," paw says to maw and me;

"My money's on the Yankee; he'll never win the prize,
Although he goes on building bis Shamrocks till he dies."

"I don't see why," maw answered, "he doesn't give it up;
If he's so rich why can't he just go and buy a cup?"

Then paw he looked disgusted, and give a heave to port
And wouldn't even answer. Poor maw, she aint no sport.

—Ex.

Still surviving: Pleasant old gentleman—
"Have you lived here all your life, my little man?" Arthur (aged six)—"Not yet."—
Lippincott's Magazine.

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy
cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, on Bay, between Powell and Mason Streets, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

The Floor-Walker.

"Well, wait till I tell you! What d'ye think that fresh new floor-walker did this mornin'? Tried t' call me down for gettin' in five minutes late an' me stayin' here till ha'-past nine las' night arrangin' stock! Wouldn't that put you out? Well, I should say! What that fellow needs is a good hard-boiled talk from some friend that'll tell him where he gets off an' let him know he aint the whole furniture store because he's a swell dresser. He's got it comin' to him an' he'll get it good an' hard, too, one of these days, you mark me. Well, I should say!

"You know, las' night Mr. Wilkinson says to me, 'Can you stay late to-night an' help on the stock?' an' I says, 'Sure, if there's anything in it,' an' he says, 'You know what's in it—supper money'; an' I laughed an' says, 'Sure I do, I ought to—I done it often enough.' Oh, he's awful nice when you get to know him. Lots of the girls always knockin' him, but they don't know him. That's all there is to it, they don't know him. He's perfectly elegant. Well, three of us stayed to fix stock—me an' Grace an' Helen an' Mr. Wilkinson—an' when we got through about ha'-past nine he says: 'Where do you girls want to go to feed your faces?' Oh, he's perfectly comical sometimes, when you get to know him, honest!

"Well, we didn't know what to say, you know, so I says, 'Any place that's agreeable to you will be satisfactory,' just like that. He kind o' looked at me an' he says: 'Well, you're pretty wise at that, Little Bright Eyes. You know I aint going up against no lunch counter, don't you?' What do you think of that? Honest, they all laughed—I thought they'd die! Well, he took us over to a swell place an' told us to order anything we wanted on the bill. Oh, it was perfectly elegant—chicken salad an' everything! Honest, I was ashamed of myself the way I et. An' then Mr. Wilkinson says: 'I suppose you girls are all there with the car-fare to go home?' What do you think of that? Oh, he just thinks of everything. He's perfectly elegant when you know him outside the store. So we all went home, an' I guess he had a date at some swell club or something, because he told us good-night an' walked over toward Michigan. An' the nerve of Mr. Ruhherneck tryin' to call me down because I rung up five minutes late this mornin'! I just says, 'Mr. Wilkinson will tell you that I was down here pretty near all night fixin' stock, an' I guess I'm entitled to some credit for that,' an' I passed him up. I can see him layin' quiet now, since he knows that Mr. Wilkinson knows me. Well, I should say."—Chicago Daily News.

Many Appetizing Dishes

can be made doubly delightful and nutritious by the use of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream, which is not only superior to raw cream but has the merit of being preserved and sterilized, thus keeping perfectly for an indefinite period. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., proprietors.

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Phone Snnth 95.

MOUNT TAMALPAIS RAILWAY			
Leave San Fran.	Arrive San Fran.	Leave San Fran.	Arrive San Fran.
Week Days	Week Days	Week Days	Week Days
8:30 A.	1:00 P.	11:40 A.	5:00 P.
9:30 A.	2:00 P.	12:40 P.	6:00 P.
10:30 A.	3:00 P.	1:40 P.	7:00 P.
11:30 A.	4:00 P.	2:40 P.	8:00 P.
12:30 P.	5:00 P.	3:40 P.	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	6:00 P.	4:40 P.	10:00 P.
2:30 P.	7:00 P.	5:40 P.	11:00 P.
3:30 P.	8:00 P.	6:40 P.	12:00 P.

NORTH SHORE RAILROAD
For SAN RAFAEL, ROSS, MILL VALLEY, ETC., Via Sausalito Ferry. ALL TRAINS DAILY.
DEPART—7:50, 7:30, 8:10, 8:50, 9:30, 10:10, 11:00 A. M.; 12:00, 1:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 4:40, 5:20, 6:00, 6:50, 8:45, 10:30, 11:45 P. M.
ARRIVE—6:25, 7:05, 7:45, 8:25, 9:05, 9:45, 10:25, 11:05, 11:45, 1:25, 2:05, 2:45, 3:25, 4:05, 4:45, 5:25, 6:05, 6:45, 7:25, 8:05, 8:45, 9:25, 10:05, 10:45, 11:25, 12:05 P. M.
Trains marked * for San Quentin. For Fairfax, week days, 7:30, 9:30 A. M., 4:40 P. M.; Sundays, all trains 7:30 A. M. to 3:00 P. M.
DEPART for Cazadero and way stations, 7:30 A. M., 4:40 P. M.; for Point Reyes and intermediate, 9:30 A. M., 4:40 P. M.; for Cazadero, etc., 9:05 A. M., 7:45 P. M.; from Point Reyes, etc., 6:15 P. M.
Ticket Office—626 Market Street; Ferry, Foot of Market Street.

AMERICAN LINE
New York—Southampton—London.
St. Paul... July 27, 10 am | Philadelphia... Aug. 12, 10 am
New York... Aug. 5, 10 am | St. Louis... Aug. 19, 10 am
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Friesland... July 25 | Belgenland... Aug. 8, 9 am
Westland... Aug. 1, 3:30 pm | Haverford... Aug. 15, 2 pm
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Minnetonka... July 25, 6 am | Mino'haha... Aug. 8, 5:30 am
Minneapolis... Aug. 1, 11:30 am | Mesaba... Aug. 15, 9 am
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Commonwealth... July 30 | Commonwealth... Aug. 27
New England... August 6 | New England... Sept. 3
Mayflower... August 13 | Mayflower... Sept. 10
Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Kensington... July 25 | Southwark... August 8
Dominion... August 1 | Canada... August 22
BOSTON MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE
Azores, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa.
Cambrian... Saturday, Aug. 8, Sept. 19, Oct. 31
Vancouver... Saturday, Aug. 29, Oct. 10, Nov. 21

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 tons.
New York—Rotterdam, via Bnologue.
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a. m.
Rotterdam... July 29 | Statendam... August 12
Potsdam... August 5 | Rydam... August 19

RED STAR LINE
New York—Antwerp—Paris.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a. m.
Vaderland... July 25 | Zealand... August 8
Kronland... August 1 | Finlaod... August 15

WHITE STAR LINE
New York—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Victorian... July 21, 6 am | Oceanic... July 29, 9:30 am
Majestic... July 22, noon | Cymric... July 31, 11 am
Celtic... July 24, 5 pm | Armenian... August 4, 6 am
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR JAPAN AND OHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannao Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, 1903
Doric... Thursday, July 23
Coptic (Calling at Maolia)... Tuesday, August 18
Gaelic... Friday, September 11
Doric... Wednesday, October 7
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

TOYO KISEN KAISHA
(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)
IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannao Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG calling at Kobe (Hogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
1903
Nippon Maru... Friday, July 24
America Maru... Wednesday, August 26
(Calling at Manila)
Hongkong Maru... Saturday, September 19
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, corner First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.
Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, July 25, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Anckland and Sydney, Thursday, August 6, 1903, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, August 15, 1903, at 11 A. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Kathryn Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Preston Robinson, and Mr. George Beardsley, of New York. They will be married early in the fall.

The wedding of Miss Eliza Lawrence, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence, of Cincinnati, and Lieutenant Robert Rogers Love, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., took place July 14th in St. Mary's Church-by-the-Sea, Pacific Grove. Miss Laura Farnsworth, of San Francisco, was maid of honor, and Miss Laura Hathaway was bridesmaid. The best man was Major Henry M. Morrow, U. S. A., judge-advocate of the Department of California. The ushers were Lieutenant Robert Sillman, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant T. B. Esly, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A. Lieutenant Love has been granted a sixteen days' leave of absence.

The wedding of Miss Mary Virginia Roberts and Mr. Robert Fletcher Haight took place very quietly in San José on June 25th. The bride is a daughter of Mrs. John W. Roberts and a granddaughter of the late Judge Tompkins, of Oakland. The groom is the son of Mr. Robert Haight and a nephew of the late Governor Haight, of California.

The wedding of Miss Clara Platt Swigert, daughter of Colonel Samuel M. Swigert, U. S. A., retired, and Lieutenant Oliver P. Morton, Hazzard, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., took place on July 15th, at the home of the bride's father on Pacific Avenue. Lieutenant and Mrs. Hazzard will reside at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont.

The wedding of Miss Anne Apperson, niece of Mrs. Phebe Hearst, and Dr. Joseph Marshall Flint will take place on September 15th. Dr. Flint and Miss Apperson have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler at McCloud.

The wedding of Miss Bertie Bruce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce, and Mr. Ferdinand Stevenson will take place at Trinity Church early in August.

The wedding of Miss Vesta Van Rensselaer and Mr. Louis Masten will take place in Dallas, Tex., in September.

The wedding of Miss Vesta Shortridge and Mr. Emil Bruguière will take place in October. Mrs. E. A. Bruguière will return from Newport for the event.

Miss Emily Wilson gave a tea on Monday in honor of Miss Maud Bourn, at which she entertained Miss Helen Dean, Miss Lucie King, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, and Miss Mamie Josselyn.

Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a luncheon recently at "Meadowlands," her country seat at San Rafael. Her guests were Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. Henry Sonntag, Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, Mrs. Walter L. Dean, Mrs. Henry Breeden, Mrs. Butler, and Mrs. Toy.

Miss Charlotte Ellinwood gave a tea last week at her residence on Pacific Avenue. Among those present were Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Grace Spreckels, Mrs. A. B. Costigan, Mrs. John Clark, Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Mrs. James Bishop, Miss Bessie Zane, and Mrs. George Cameron.

Miss Toy entertained on Monday at the Hotel Rafael Miss H. Baker, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, Miss E. Sonntag, and Mr. H. Baker.

Miss Bernie Drown gave a tea at her residence on Jackson Street on Tuesday. Among the guests were Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Lucie King, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. Gus Costigan, Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Keyes, and Mrs. John Clark.

Mrs. Emma G. Butler recently gave a card-party at the Hotel Rafael. Among those present were Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. J. H. Lefavor, Mrs. William Gevin, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. H. T. Somers, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. George D. Toy, Mrs. H. C. Breeden, Mrs. W. E. Dean, Mrs. W. L. Dean, Mrs. H. P. Sonntag, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mrs. E. W. Hedge, Mrs. F. H. Green, Mrs. M. Casey, Mrs. F. H. Anderson, and Miss Gevin.

The officers of the Thirteenth Infantry, stationed at Alcatraz, gave a reception on Tuesday evening. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Paxton, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Coleman, and Mrs. Weirick. Among the guests were Mrs. Kerwin, Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Duncan, the Misses Stafford, Miss Caldwell, Colonel and Miss Maus, Captain and Mrs. Kennedy, Captain Fassett, the Misses Fassett, Captain and Mrs. Lindsay, Lieutenant and Mrs. Patton, Mr. and Mrs. Youngberg, Miss Wallace, Miss Hay, Mrs. Goe, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Miss Davis, Lieutenant and Miss Shaffer, Lieutenant Clark, Miss Colburn, Miss Austin, Lieutenant McElroy, Lieutenant Dely, Lieutenant and Mrs. Coleman, Dr. Hogue, Dr.

Weirick, Lieutenant White, Lieutenant Bannette, Captain Wild, Dr. Lyster, Chaplain Perry, Mrs. Warfield, and Mr. Warfield.

Mr. Richard M. Hotaling entertained a large house-party from Friday to Monday at his country place, "Sleepy Hollow," in Marin County. The guest of honor was Miss Blanche Bates, and among the guests were Mr. Claude Bingham and his wife, Amelia Bingham.

William R. Pentz, who for twenty-one years was connected with the American Exchange National Bank of New York, is coming to this city about the first of August to take the position of assistant-cashier of the Bank of California. Sam H. Daniels has been assistant-cashier of the bank for some time, but in consequence of the branching out of the old institution, it was found necessary to increase the staff and elect a second assistant-cashier. Last April the Bank of California secured the controlling interest of the D. O. Mills National Bank of Sacramento, and a branch is now opened in the Mission. Mr. Pentz, the newly elected cashier, is a national-bank man of wide experience, and it was perhaps for this reason that he was chosen for the position here. Frank B. Anderson, one of the Bank of California's vice-presidents, was also connected with the American Exchange National Bank, which fact may have had some influence in the selection of the new assistant-cashier.

The Southern Pacific Company has abandoned the Valencia Street passenger and baggage station. A notice has been posted there to the effect that hereafter no tickets will be sold, no baggage checked, and no agent located there. Only one or two trains south-bound will stop. Coming north, eleven trains will stop, and eight will go by without stopping. The reason given for this decided change is the liability of stalling trains out-bound on account of the sharp curve and steep grade—a liability that is much increased by the use of heavier trains which the traffic now necessitates.

The new ferry-boat *San José*, the first of the series of the San Francisco, San José, and Oakland Railroad Company's new bay steamers, was given a highly satisfactory trial trip early in the week, averaging a speed of fourteen knots. The boat is modern in every detail. Her two decks will accommodate two thousand passengers, and on the upper deck the view of the bay from any seat is unobstructed. The interior is finished in redwood, and she is lighted with incandescent lights. The sister ship of the *San José*, the *Verba Buena*, will be given a trial trip in a short time.

Before a guardian is appointed for Peter J. Donahue, whom a London court has declared incompetent, some of his relatives will make a trip to England and consult his wishes. The announcement of such a course was made this week by Attorney R. H. Lloyd for the Baroness von Schroeder. It is expected that James P. Donahue, of Iowa, a cousin, and Richard Burke, of Ireland, a brother-in-law, will be the ones delegated to visit Mr. Donahue in England.

Miss Lavinia Wheeler died on July 12th in Oakland at the age of one hundred and two years, five months, and eight days. She was possessed of her faculties almost up to the moment of her death. Her eyesight had been poor, but she was not suffering from any physical ailment, and physicians say that her death was due simply to old age. Miss Wheeler was one of a family of twelve children, and came to California in 1875.

The Merchants' Exchange nominating committee, appointed to select a board of directors, has completed its report, and the name of George W. McNear, the present president, does not appear in the list. The name of Fairfax H. Wheelan has been substituted for that of McNear. It was under the McNear administration that the new building of the Merchants' Exchange was started, and now he is not to be allowed to complete it.

Emma Claudina Spreckels Watson, daughter of Claus Spreckels, and a former resident of San Francisco, but who, after her marriage several years ago, took up her residence in England, at Lower Kingswood, has commenced suit against her father for the possession of a business block in Honolulu, valued at \$400,000, and for \$100,000 damages. Mrs. Watson claims that the property was transferred to her by deed in July, 1893.

Under direction of the board of public works the telegraph and telephone poles are now being removed from Kearny Street, and the appearance of that thoroughfare is greatly improved.

Off to San Jose.

CLARICE—Let's go to the springs over Sunday.

GEORGE—Not on your life!

CLARICE—And why not?

GEORGE—Because I'm dying for a rest and a good swim, and there's more solid comfort down at Hotel Vendome, San José, than at all the springs that ever happened!

CLARICE—That's so, and one sees some lovely gowns there, too. We'll go there—that's settled!

—WANTED: TO PURCHASE A BURRO AND governess cart, together or separately. State price. Box 59, this office.

Sports at the Hotel del Monte.

The tournaments in outdoor sports at the Hotel del Monte will this year extend over the entire month of August. First will come the polo-games and pony-races, under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Polo and Pony Racing Association. These will cover the dates August 1st to 8th, inclusive, and information regarding entries, etc., can be secured from R. M. Tobin, secretary of the association, who should be addressed at the Crocker Building. Between August 6th and 11th occurs the motor-car run from San Francisco to Del Monte, which promises to be the event of the year among automobilists. The run will be under the auspices of the Automobile Club of California, and information regarding it can be obtained from President F. A. Hyde, Crocker Building. Besides these two notable events, there will be a golf tournament, beginning August 24th and closing August 31st. This will include, among other features, a team match for the Byrne Cup, North versus South, and amateur and ladies' tournaments for the Del Monte Cups. Persons desiring to enter in these matches should address R. Gilman Brown, secretary, 310 Pine Street.

Elaborate preparations were made by the leaders of the local Italian colony for the entertainment of Signor Edmondo Mayor des Planches, the Italian ambassador, during the several days of his stay in California this week. He made a visit of several days to the Italian-Swiss colony at Asti and the country around Cloverdale, being accompanied by A. Sbarboro, the editor of the local Italian paper, and others, and at Asti he was greeted by Dr. de Vecchi and other prominent members of the Italian colony. On Tuesday evening he was the guest of honor at a banquet given by the Italian colony at the Palace Hotel, but owing to a severe attack of laryngitis he was able to be present only twenty minutes, and speeches were omitted.

Louis L. Bruguière is negotiating for the purchase of seven acres of land on the Jeffery Road, near Bailey's Beach, Newport, R. I., upon which he will erect a handsome villa. The site joins that of Mr. and Mrs. Starr Miller. He will have as close neighbors Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews and Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.

—A WELL-BROKEN RIDING HORSE FOR SALE at the Vendome Stables, San José. Price reasonable. Bay gelding fifteen hands high; has been driven in the lead in tandem and four in hand; is young and sound.

—MAKE NO MISTAKE, KENT, "SHIRT TAILOR," 121 Post St., cuts fine fitting Shirt Waists for ladies.

Pears'

The skin *ought* to be clear; there is nothing strange in a beautiful face.

If we wash with proper soap, the skin will be open and clear, unless the health is bad. A good skin is better than a doctor.

The soap to use is Pears'; no free alkali in it. Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

Sold all over the world.

G. H. MUMM & CO.'S
EXTRA DRY
CHAMPAGNE

Now coming to this market is of the remarkable vintage of 1898, which is more delicate, breezy, and better than the 1893; it is especially dry, without being heavy, and recognized as one of the finest vintages ever imported.

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms O/R, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

J. CALVET & CO., Bordeaux, Clarets, and Burgundies.

OTARD, DUPUY & CO., Cognac, Brandy.

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Most conveniently situated for reaching any part of the city.

THE ACME OF PERFECTION in furnishings and comfort.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION has been given to the equipment of the DINING-ROOM, which is most inviting.

The CUISINE and KITCHEN appointments are in thorough accordance with the rest of the house, showing that care and masterful foresight so characteristic of the ladies under whose management it is, viz., Miss S. Hutchinson and her sister, Mrs. W. F. Morris.

THE CECIL approaches nearer the idea of a home than any other place outside home.

The Old Reliable
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY
PURE
There is no substitute

The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

ANNEX
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DRIVES

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PING-PONG

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AND SPEND THE
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NEW QUARTERS
FOR AUTOMOBILES

GEORGE P. SNELL
MANAGER
SAN JOSE, CAL.

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HOTEL GRANADA
1000 SUTTER STREET

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ounce to its friends and patrons that it has pur-
chased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will
the latter on the same plan that has made the
Hotel the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

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year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST.
R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

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Open all the year. Unexcelled summer and spring
baths. Luxurious mineral and mud baths, and the
most curative waters known for rheumatism, gout,
catarrh, liver and kidney, and nervous troubles, also
neuritis.

Hotel unique in cuisine, service, and appointments.
Rates reasonable. Very superior accommodations.
Reached by Southern Pacific, two and one-half
miles from San Francisco. Three trains daily. At
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skillfully put together. Strongest, simplest,
easiest, and most durable shade. Improved
HARTSHORN

Shade Roller. None genuine without
the signature

Stewart Hartshorn

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of move-
ments to and from this city and Coast, and of
the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Moody and Mr. Joseph
L. Moody are spending the month of July in
Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Beverly Macmonagle and her son,
Douglas, are sojourning in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear, Miss
McNear, and Mr. Chad Freeborn made the
trip from Menlo Park to Santa Cruz last week
in their automobile.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., and Mr. John
Kruttschnitt spent a few days in Santa Cruz
last week.

Prince Henri de Croy of Belgium paid a
visit to San José during the week, to present
letters to the Misses Morrison and Judge and
Mrs. Lieb, by whom he was entertained in-
formally. He is traveling quietly through the
West, and is at present the guest of friends in
Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott, with their
family, have left their country residence at
San Mateo to spend the remainder of the
summer at Del Monte.

Miss Josephine Loughborough will spend
the winter in New York with her sister, Mrs.
Allen Wallace.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy will be the
guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Taylor at their
residence in Menlo Park on their return from
Monterey.

Mr. Francis Carolan, Mr. E. Duplessis Bey-
lard, and Mr. W. C. Clarke will take their
drags to Del Monte next week. They will
run every day on the seventeen-mile drive.

Mr. Fred Greenwood is sojourning at the
Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mrs. W. P. Fuller and Miss Florence M.
Bailey are at Del Monte. Recently they made
a run to Burlingame in Mrs. Fuller's auto-
mobile.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin are occupying
their Newport cottage, where they recently
entertained Prince Poniatowski.

Mrs. Ernest la Montagne will sail for
Japan in the fall. She is at present dividing
her time between Monterey and her mother's
country residence in Napa County.

Miss Marie Voorhies is visiting Miss Flor-
ence Ives in San José.

Mr. Horace Pillsbury has returned from a
short visit to Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness
in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton S. Latham have been
visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Folliis in San
Rafael.

Sir Colin and Lady Scott-Moncrieff have
been sojourning at Del Monte for several
days.

Dr. and Mrs. Kierstedt have returned to
Fort Miley, after a visit to Mrs. Kierstedt's
parents in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Pratt have returned to
this city after a stay of five months in New
York.

Mrs. Cooper and Miss Ethel Cooper left
this week for a sojourn at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney have left
their country seat at Rocklin, and are spending
several weeks in Monterey.

Among the guests of Mrs. H. H. Bancroft
at the St. Dunstan Friday evening were Pro-
fessor and Mrs. Hart and Professor and Mrs.
Palache of Harvard.

Mrs. A. L. Tubbs is spending the summer
at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Adelaide Deming sailed for Liverpool
last week. She will spend the remainder of
the summer abroad with friends.

Mrs. Bourn and her daughter, Miss Maud
Bourn, left for an extended European tour on
the fifteenth of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier and their
daughter, Mrs. Gregor Grant Fraser, are
spending a few weeks at Shasta Springs.

Mrs. Arthur F. Barnard (née Currier) will
shortly build a summer home at Larkspur.

Mr. Richard Burke, of Ireland, visited the
Hotel Vendome for a few days. He is so-
journing in California looking after the estate
of his late wife, who was one of the Donahue
heirs.

Mr. C. V. Meyerstein, with his daughter,
Mrs. C. V. Stinson, and Mr. J. C. Meyerstein
have taken the Fox cottage at San Rafael
for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Costigan are spending
a few weeks at Hotel del Monte.

Mr. A. Douglas McBryde and his young
daughter will arrive here from Honolulu on
August 17th. They will reside at the Hotel
Pleasanton.

Mrs. William L. Ashe has returned to her
country residence in Sonoma County, after
spending a few days in San Francisco.

Mr. William Bull Pringle and Mr. Joseph
P. Chamberlain, of Santa Barbara, are in
Dawson City, Alaska, on a business trip of a
month or six weeks.

Mr. Reuben H. Lloyd spent a few days at
the Hotel Vendome recently.

Mrs. Robert Y. Hayne and her two sons
are paying a visit to their Santa Barbara resi-
dence.

Colonel J. M. Moorhead has returned to San
José from a visit to Los Angeles.

Among the guests at Del Monte are Mr. and
Mrs. J. J. Moore, Miss Helen Wagner, Mrs.
G. P. Hayne, of San Mateo, Mr. W. L. Porter,
Mr. W. W. Carson, Mr. Roy Pike, Mr. Percy
Pike, and Mr. H. D. Bell.

Among the week's guests at Byron Hot
Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Morrison,
Mr. M. Belasco, Mr. M. J. Brandestein, Mr.
W. S. Heger, Miss E. L. Heger, Judge John
Hunt, Hon. W. W. Foote; Mr. and Mrs. Men-
dell Welcker, and Mr. W. B. Sargen.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Ra-
fael were Mrs. C. W. Clark, Mrs. Charles A.
Coolidge, Mrs. Mary Austin, Miss Frances
Grant, Mr. A. Stienberger, Mr. William M.
Rhodes, Mr. P. L. Burr, Mr. L. Roos, Mr. J.
Hart, Mr. W. B. Hopkins, Mr. Lynn Austin,
and Mr. Thomas M. Sullivan.

Among the week's guests at Saratoga

Springs were Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Morton,
Miss Sarah Carroll, Miss Agnes Haffen, Miss
Louise Nelson, Mr. E. B. Rosenberger, Mr. A.
Christensen, Mr. C. Blunck, Dr. J. Claude
Perry, Mr. and Mrs. George Kreplin, of San
Francisco, Miss Jennie Porter, of Palo Alto,
Mrs. B. W. Porter, and Mr. John Mar-
tens, of Alameda.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern
of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Bridge-
water, of London, England, Mr. and Mrs. J. H.
Breuner and Mrs. A. Meyer, of Los Angeles,
Mrs. A. Mitchell, Miss Mitchell, Miss Alice
G. Agnew, Miss Edith Agnew, Mr. A. G.
Agnew, Mr. David Paton, Mr. George B.
Agnew, and Mr. John B. Noyes, of New York,
Mrs. Madeline Goupil, of Tahiti, Mrs. George
B. Noyes, of Berkeley, Mrs. C. O. Swanberg
and Miss Louise Swanberg, of San Rafael,
Mrs. E. S. Howard and Miss Edith Good-
fellow, of Oakland, Mr. Charles Noyes, of
Andover, Mass., Mr. G. S. Castellanos, of
Mexico, Mr. Louis Salinger, of Chicago, Mr.
and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. E. A. Bresse,
Miss Martha McMahan, Miss Florence Hayes,
Mr. Daniel E. Hayes, and Mr. C. E. Miller.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army
and navy people who are known in San Fran-
cisco are appended:

Lieutenant Woodruff, U. S. A., is in San
Francisco visiting his parents, General C. A.
Woodruff, U. S. A., and Mrs. Woodruff.
Lieutenant Woodruff was recently graduated
with high honors from West Point.

General William R. Shafter, U. S. A., re-
tired, left for New York last Saturday for a
six weeks' visit.

Miss Lucy Johnston, of Asheville, N. C.,
is the guest of her brother, Captain Robert
P. Johnston, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., in this
city. Captain Johnston, who has been ordered
to a post in North Carolina, will return East
with his sister.

Admiral John C. Watson, U. S. N., and
Mrs. Watson sailed recently for Europe. They
will spend the summer on the Continent.

Naval-Constructor Lawrence S. Adams, U.
S. N., and Mrs. Adams have returned from a
visit to Mrs. W. B. Collier at her country resi-
dence at Clear Lake.

Captain William Renwick Smedberg, U.
S. A., will spend several weeks in San Fran-
cisco with his parents, Colonel William R.
Smedberg, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Smed-
berg, while en route to the Philippine Islands.

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, U.
S. A., reviewed the troops at Fort Reno,
Oklahoma, on Tuesday, having made the trip
on horseback from Fort Sill, a distance of
ninety miles, in nine hours. He was accom-
panied by Captain Farrand Sayre, of the
Eighth Cavalry, U. S. A. Immediately after
the review at Fort Reno, he left for Fort
Riley, accompanied by Colonel Marion P.
Maus, U. S. A.

Major Henry M. Morrow, U. S. A., judge-
advocate of the Department of California, has
been granted seven days' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Lewis S. Ryan, Artillery Corps,
U. S. A., is in San Francisco on a short leave
from San Diego.

Lieutenant Ashton H. P. Potter, U. S. A.,
and Mrs. Potter are guests at the Country
Club, Santa Barbara. Later, they will visit
Dr. and Mrs. McNutt in San Francisco.

Captain Benjamin F. Cheatham, U. S. A.,
arrived here Friday on the transport Thomas,
and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Den-
man.

Major John McClellan, Artillery Corps, U.
S. A., has sailed for Honolulu to inspect the
National Guard of Hawaii.

There are no accessories lacking on the
journey by rail up Mt. Tamalpais or at the
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tries to and information from 151 Crocker
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Automobile Run—
August 6th to 11th, from San Fran-
cisco, including meet at Del Monte.
Under the auspices of the Automobile Club
of California. F. A. Hyde, President. En-
tries to 151 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Golf Tournament—
August 24th to 31st. Under auspices of
the Pacific Coast Golf Association. R. Gil-
man Brown, Secretary. Entries to 310 Pine
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The Argonaut.

VOL. LIII. No. 1376.

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The recent outbreaks of the lynching madness in various parts of the United States have brought to us a number of communications. All the writers deplore these dreadful happenings; some attempt to palliate them; few offer any remedies for the evil. But all seem to speak of lynching—and some of boycotting—as if these were new phenomena in American life. We shall be forced to show them that in this they are wrong.

One subscriber sends the following concerning the recent horrible negro-burning in a Northern State:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: On the night of June 23d a negro burning took place, and (incredible to read) this time in a Northern State—at Wilmington, Del., within one hundred and twenty-five miles of New York City. The pastor of the local Presbyterian Church incited the commission of the act. Public feeling afterward approved it. On what grounds? Future prevention through terrorism, or mere vindictive feeling? If the former, the whole idea is, I hold, erroneous.

These crimes of the negroes must be perpetrated, surely, under insane and unreasoning passion, like the passion of a savage wild animal. What, then, is the use of terrorism? Since the negro is of a lower type of man; is, in fact, nearer to man when he evolved out of the brute, his lower nature will be the more in predominance, and, together with less power of resistance, his temptation the more violent and impetuous. Yet society in its present state demands the restraining influence of the law. By the law, then, it is right that malefactors should be punished. And by the law this negro undoubtedly would have been punished. But a minister of the church of Christ—as narrow as any bigot of the Middle Ages, but without the excuses of the latter—preaches anarchy, raves out vengeance, stirs up the styx of rancor and the cruelty that could witness unmoved the evidences of exquisite and drawn-out agony in a fellow-being! Poor flock to have such a shepherd! While the burning was in process, while in his agony the negro kept falling out of the fire, was there not one there man enough to fire a merciful shot? Each, no doubt, was restrained by his fear of the rest; for cruelty and cowardice go hand in hand. They masked their identity in women's apparel—effeminate men in effeminate guise! I am reminded of Nero, of Caligula, of Louis the Sixteenth of France, one of whose pastimes was the roasting of cats alive. What, however, is the worst phase is that the American people—the most enlightened and civilized in the world—should approve of this abominable affair. Are not such dreadful doings un-American? E. H. P. KILBURN.

While Mr. Kilburn is right in his strong condemnation of the actions of the Delaware mob and the Wilmington clergyman, he should not forget certain factors in the case. While there is nothing to be said in extenuation of these dreadful crimes, there is something to be said in explanation, if not in extenuation. God put the negro, a hot-blooded animal, in a tropical country, Africa. There the negro consorted freely with the female of his kind, as did the male and female gorillas and baboons. The female blacks knew about as little of chastity as did the female baboons. There are many tribes in Africa to-day who have no word for "chastity" in their language. The abstract idea does not exist—there is therefore no need for the word. Under such conditions, the control of the passions among the African negroes was also non-existent.

God, then, put the negro in Africa. Man moved the negro from Africa to America—American man, New England man, our colonial predecessors, to be plain. The bulk of the African immigration to the United States was brought here by thrifty New Englanders. Sometimes they called themselves merchants, sometimes traders. Other people sometimes called them smugglers, and sometimes privateers. However that may be, these New England merchants made large fortunes dealing in human flesh. When they found it expedient to abolish slavery in their own colonies, they continued to import negro slaves and sell them to their fellow-colonists in the South. Every year numerous slave-ships set sail from Boston, from Medford, from Salem, from Providence, from Newport, from Bristol. With these ships the thrifty New England traders did a triple trade: they got molasses from Southern ports, took it to New England, and turned it into rum; they sent the rum to Africa, and swapped it for negroes; they took the negroes to the Carolinas and other Southern colonies, and sold them into slavery; then they loaded up with Jamaica molasses, took it back to New England, made it into rum, and sailed for Africa again. The foundations of the great fortunes of many New England families of light and leading were laid on rum and slavery.

The foregoing does not sound pretty, but it is true. We have our dreadful race-problem with us to-day; our black vote and our blacks' crimes; a problem which seems without solution; a problem which may wreck our republic—we have this appalling evil because thrifty New England traders distilled sour molasses into rum, and with it bought blacks to sell for slaves.

America is paying the penalty for New England's

negro traffic. She has been paying it for more than a century. She paid part of it in the lives of a million men during the War of the Rebellion. She is paying it still in the black crimes that are daily perpetrated on white women by black fiends and the horrible lynchings that are perpetrated on the black fiends by mad-dened mobs. America is paying her penalty in blood and tears. She will, we fear, continue to pay it for many years to come. Perhaps she may pay it for centuries to come if the republic shall last so long.

Why this doubt about the republic's endurance, the reader may ask. Because the roots of the lynching madness go down deeper than the Civil War or the days of slavery. They even go deeper than the Revolutionary War. And when our correspondent asks if the practice of lynch-law is not "un-American," we are obliged to admit that lynch-law existed in the colonies long before the United States was a nation. Boycotting went hand in hand with lynching, and it was generally practiced at the time of the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765. Lynching became general, and received the approval of the leading men in the colonies when it was directed against the Tories and the troubles with Great Britain began.

Let us give a few instances of these early American departures from the forms of law. In 1774, in Berkshire, Mass., lynchers drove David Ingersoll from his farm and destroyed his buildings. They drove away David Leonard, and riddled his house with bullets. They poisoned the horses of many Tories. They hooted judges as they entered the court-room. They wrecked the house of Sewell, attorney-general of Massachusetts. They forced Oliver, president of the council, under threats of death, to resign. They compelled the judges of the Court of Common Pleas to march up and down before them bowing low, and to read thirty times over a promise not to hold court. Tories were repeatedly ridden on fence-rails, were tossed in blankets, were gagged, bound, and pelted with stones. The houses and shops of Tories were burned, while they themselves were carted about the streets, abused, and pelted with filth by the mob.

Rev. Samuel Seabury, first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, had his house invaded by lynchers, his daughters' lives were threatened with bayonets, his house wrecked and plundered of silverware and other valuables, and he himself paraded through New Haven at the cart's tail.

In 1784, the Whigs of New Jersey signed a document condemning the harsh treatment suffered by the Tories in New York, and inviting them to come to Amboy and New Brunswick as a refuge. The hounded Tories accepted the invitation, but as soon as they reached the Jerseys they were stripped naked, tarred, and feathered.

In the later days of the Revolution, the milder forms of lynching by ducking, flogging, and tarring and feathering, gave way to harsher measures. Then many Tories were hanged.

Doubtless there are some Americans—we trust not many—who will reply to these historical citations that the victims were "only as Tories." Tories, and therefore deserved all they got. To this the reply is that in all cases of war between civilized nations the persons and property of non-combatants are respected. Americans in Great Britain were not harmed. Therefore, when non-combatants are assailed in this way, it is because the law, which fails to protect them, has been overridden by lynch-law. Beyond question, these habits of

breaking by mobs, which began before the Revolution and were participated in by respectable people and often by leaders of the community, led to the institution afterward known as "lynch-law," which has prevailed so extensively throughout the United States ever since. The term "lynch-law," in fact, which was crystallized into a custom by this treatment of the Tories, took its title from the brother of the man who founded Lynchburg in Virginia.

Law-breaking is a dangerous business. Mob-law, once begun, is difficult to stop. The practice once applied to Tories was easily diverted to Patriots—when the Patriots differed with each other. The boycotting with which the crusade against the Tories began ended in lynching. So the lynching mobs began with boycotting their fellow-patriots, and at last wound up with lynching them.

In 1777, the Vermonters had cut loose from New Hampshire. Their independence was soon acknowledged by New Hampshire. But greedy New York determined to claim the Green Mountain State. She attempted to exercise jurisdiction. For over seven years lynch-law and boycotting prevailed in the southern counties. The two parties, Vermonters and New Yorkers, indulged in boycotting, ambushes, barn-burning, tar and feathering, lynching, and midnight murder.

In September, 1786, a mob of lynchers ordered the Superior Court at Springfield to cease its sessions. The lynchers, who were headed by Daniel Shayes, a Revolutionary veteran, called themselves "Regulators"—a name destined to be used often in later days. The lynchers drove the law-officers from the court-houses in several towns, and succeeded in suppressing all forms of law there, except lynch-law. The mob claimed that the lawyers had too much to do with legislation, and were growing rich at the expense of the people; that they were instrumental in increasing the taxes. In August, 1786, a mob of fifteen hundred lynchers assailed the court at Northampton, and the judges fled. At Worcester the mob forbade court to be held. At Concord a mob armed with muskets and inflamed with rum attacked the court-house, and the judges fled in terror. At Great Barrington the mob seized the court-room and compelled the judges to sign a paper promising no longer to act.

We have shown in the foregoing citations from familiar pages in American history that lynch-law was old when the nation was young. But those who will admit that lynching is not un-American still cling to the belief that the boycott is modern and that "boycotting is un-American." We fear they are wrong. Boycotting did not begin with the Irish tenantry who cut off Captain Boycott and his family; it was practiced freely in colonial times; it is probably as old as the race. Another correspondent writes as follows:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Have you observed the rigid boycott now ordered against the Los Angeles *Times* by the typographical union? General Harrison Gray Otis is making a gallant fight. But the labor-unions in Los Angeles are boycotting all local merchants who advertise in the *Times*, and all news-dealers who handle it, while thousands of labor-union men all over the country are writing to large advertisers, like the Royal Baking Powder, Baker's Cocoa, etc., threatening to boycott their goods unless they take their advertisements out of the *Times*. Los Angeles is a strongly American city, and boycotting is so vicious and un-American an importation that the *Times* will probably win its fight. All Americans ought to rally to its support.

A NEW ENGLANDER.

Our New England friend is wrong in saying that "the boycott is un-American." It is not only American, but colonial, and it thrived most in New England. General Otis is in truth making a gallant fight, but his ancestor, Harrison Gray Otis, was a leader in the Hartford Convention and in the Massachusetts boycott against the Federal government over the War of 1812.

It was in 1774, we believe, that the Non-Importation Association was formed in New England. It gradually extended to the other colonies. Its objects were to boycott all foreign goods, Great Britain's, of course, being principally aimed at. It soon became a universal boycott. The Tories feebly endeavored to stem the current, but they were boycotted also.

In 1710, rates of postage were fixed in all the colonies. In 1765, the Stamp Act was passed. There was a strong resemblance between stamping a letter and stamping a document. But although the colonists complained bitterly of the Stamp Act, they never complained of the postage-stamp law. The colonists not only refused to use the documentary stamps, but they refused to do

business with any persons who used them. Those Tories who desired to comply with the law and who used stamps were boycotted. The distributors of the stamps were also boycotted. Finally, to make the boycott hard and fast, the distributors were forced to resign, and their stamps were destroyed by the boycotters.

In January, 1766, leagues were formed to cut off all trade with England. The colonists then were buying about £3,000,000 a year from England. In addition, they owed £2,000,000 for past sales. Most of the boycotters concluded to lump the old with the new, and to wipe out their debts by boycotting them. When the Stamp Act was repealed there was great rejoicing in England among the tradespeople; the bells were rung, ships were dressed with flags, houses were illuminated. Although the colonists had been clamoring for its repeal, many of them were secretly disappointed, as they thus had to pay their old debts.

The Boston tea-party was practically a boycott. All of the tea drank in America was smuggled from the Dutch. The East India Company could not pay the British Government's high duty and undersell the smuggled Dutch tea in the colonies. Therefore, the British Government remitted its duty, and it sent untaxed tea-ships to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston. At once a rigid boycott was proclaimed. Consignees were ordered to refuse to receive the tea. No one was permitted to buy it. The incoming tea-ships were boarded by the boycotters, and the captain and pilots were "persuaded" in such a way that a number of them put their ships about and returned with their tea to England. There are in existence in the historical libraries hand-bills warning pilots and captains not to bring in tea-ships, and signed "The Committee for Tarring and Feathering."

In Boston, the boycotters were more pugnacious. At night some forty or fifty men, painted and attired like Indians, went aboard of the tea-ships, chopped open the chests, and cast the contents into the sea.

The boycotts of the pre-revolutionary and post-revolutionary times soon were extended from the enemies of the Federal government to the government itself. The national government had to raise some revenue. Therefore, in 1791, the new Federal excise law on distilling went into effect. Now we call it "internal revenue law," as "excise" smacked unpleasantly of monarchy. The whole country along the Monongahela and the Ohio was then fairly studded with stills. The population was made up of whisky-distillers and whisky-drinkers. When the Federal collectors set about their duties, those citizens who upheld the Federal government were boycotted, and the officers themselves were lynched. The collector for Alleghany County was waylaid, stripped naked, his head shaved, and he was tarred and feathered; the lynchers then stole his horse, and left him in the wilderness. He recognized three of them, and swore out warrants against them. But the law-officer with the warrant was seized, his clothing burned, he was branded, tarred, and feathered.

This was the lynching phase of the opposition to the Federal government internal revenue law. Here was the boycotting phase: If a farmer let a lodging to an internal revenue collector, he was first warned. If he repeated the offense, his barns were burned. If a distiller complied with the law and paid the internal revenue tax, the boycotters visited him, masked and armed, and destroyed his still. The name "Tom the Tinker" was signed to the orders of the mob. A name which later was succeeded by "Judge Lynch," and many years after by "601" in Virginia City, "33 Secretary" in San Francisco. The Pennsylvania mob called themselves "Regulators"; in after years similar bodies defying the law called themselves "Moonshiners," "Molly Maguires," "White Caps," "Ku Klux Klan," "K. G. C.," and "Vigilantes."

The Federal government finally suppressed the law-breakers with a large force of troops, but for years afterward there was a sullen feeling and a semi-suppressed boycott of all who obeyed the internal revenue laws.

In 1786, the various States were attempting to make their paper money pass current, but many people were unwilling to accept it. Thereupon a "hint club" was organized, whose end was to spy upon people, and if they favored hard money to give them a forcible

"hint" to mend their ways. This boycotting club created a veritable reign of terror, until the working-men found that their wages in paper would buy very little food. Thereupon, they got up a club of their own to fight the "Hint Club." In short, they boycotted the boycotters.

In 1786, the women of Hartford started a league. Its end was to boycott all goods made outside the State. For eight months they refused to purchase any goods not manufactured in Connecticut. The movement finally died out, but not until it had accomplished the ruin of many small tradesmen.

The State of Rhode Island spent the first few years of its existence in boycotting its sister States. It refused to accept the money of Massachusetts, for example, and insisted that Massachusetts should accept its own. This boycott upon sister States brought about retaliatory boycotts. In the coffee-houses of Boston and New York notices were put up boycotting merchants who accepted Rhode Island money.

In 1785, Congress called for \$3,000,000 for the defense of American ships against Barbary pirates. This sum they apportioned among the States. New Jersey and Rhode Island refused to pay a single shilling. They boycotted the Federal government, and refused to pay any Federal dues. They even went further—the boycotters boycotted all who advocated paying the Federal government's tax.

In 1787, the New York legislature put a heavy duty on all goods coming from Connecticut and New Jersey, which States supplied the metropolis with fire-wood, vegetables, and poultry. As a result, New Jersey put a boycott on all goods sold to New York merchants. The Connecticut traders formed a boycott league and signed a paper agreeing, under a penalty of £50, not to do any business with New York.

From the foregoing, it may be seen that lynching and boycotting are not new in American life. Let us briefly summarize these citations:

SUMMARY OF A CENTURY AND A HALF.

1. Boycotting was practiced in colonial times.
2. The colonies boycotted each other for business, social, and political reasons.
3. Just prior to the Revolution, the colonists boycotted the British officials.
4. When war was about to break out, the colonists boycotted all the Tories.
5. In the early days of the war, the boycotting of the Tories soon led to lynching them.
6. The milder forms of lynching, such as tarring and feathering, were, toward the end of the Revolution, replaced by hanging.
7. When the war was ended, the boycotted Tories driven to Nova Scotia, Canada, and elsewhere, and their property confiscated, the mania for boycotting did not end. The colonists then began boycotting their own law-officers, particularly judges.
8. After the war, Vermont and New York quarreled over jurisdiction, and Vermonters and New Yorkers boycotted each other. This speedily led to lynching.
9. When the Federal government began to raise internal revenue taxes, the American citizens along the Monongahela and Ohio boycotted the Federal officers. This boycotting soon led to lynching.
10. When the Federal government tried to raise money to defend American ships against the Barbary pirates, New Jersey and Rhode Island boycotted the Federal government and the Federal officers.
11. New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts boycotted each other's traders and each other's paper money.
12. In short, boycotting and lynching, which, before the Revolution, the colonists applied to what they called "public enemies," they extended to their own officials and to their fellow-citizens after the Revolution.
13. Boycotting and lynching have prevailed in the oldest and the youngest communities—in the venerable colonies, in youthful California. These practices have prevailed in the smallest and in the largest States—in Delaware and in Texas. Thrice in California has the law been set aside by organized bodies called "vigilance committees"—twice in the 'fifties and once in the 'seventies. In the early days, a single paper, the San Francisco *Herald*, came out on the side of law and order. A rigid boycott was declared, and the *Herald* at once gave up the ghost. A rival daily, the *Alta*, was luckier; tradition says the editors tossed a coin to decide which of two articles they should run—one for law and order, the other for the vigilance committee. The coin came heads instead of tails—the *Alta* prospered, while the *Herald* died. Mob-law has set the law aside from colonial days to 1903. Mob-law has held sway from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

What remedy is there for this evil? It is difficult to say. What is bred in the bone will out in the flesh. Lynching and boycotting have been practiced in America for a hundred and fifty years. In colonial times these practices were upheld by the most prominent people in the community. Lynching is still upheld by leading men through all the Southern States, which means nearly half of our republic. When the lynching madness breaks out in the North, it seems to be supported there also by prominent citizens. We believe there are only four States—Massachusetts, New Hamp-

shire, Rhode Island, and Utah—where lynching has not been practiced. With such a record, it is possible that lynching and boycotting may soon disappear from our American life, but we very much doubt it.

"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

It has long been an open secret that, in building the Trans-siberian Railroad, Russia was not less moved by the desire to develop her own territory in Asia, than by the desire to achieve a position from which Chinese territory could be absorbed.

Events in Manchuria during the last three or four years have steadily confirmed what nobody doubted. Russia has always enjoyed unusual facilities for dealing with the Chinese. It was through them that the right was obtained from the Celestial Empire to construct a branch of the Siberian railway through Manchuria to Port Arthur. When the Boxer outbreak came, Russia threw her troops into Manchuria under the claim that it was necessary to protect the railroad. As all the commercial countries of the world want trading rights in China, either through open ports, special privileges, or the dismemberment of the empire, the diplomatic question of most absorbing interest in the East has been how to get Russia out of Manchuria again. No nation is anxious to go to war about Manchuria, unless it is Japan. The diplomatic means employed have been protests to Russia, coupled with pressure upon China to open additional ports in the province, Newchwang being the only one at present available for foreign trade. Such has been the success of Russian aggression that, in Manchuria, China may propose but Russia disposes. Railway interests have been made the vehicle of the Czar for garrisoning every important point in the province. A part of the Russian army is masquerading as railway employees, and the military stores to equip them are handily stored at both ends of the Manchurian line. Nominally, Manchuria is governed by China; practically, it is already Russianized. By diplomatic pressure, pledges were obtained from Russia in April, 1902, that Manchuria would be evacuated in three installments of six months each. The first move was to be from the territory including the port of Newchwang. As the time approached the situation was complicated by Russia's demanding from China concessions which, if not granted her, would result in the retention of her hold on the Newchwang territory. Of the seven conditions, the most significant were that none but Russians should be employed in the Manchurian public service; that Russia should have exclusive use of the Manchurian telegraph system; and that the customs receipts of the port of Newchwang should be deposited in the Russian bank. Here was a dilemma for China, either horn of which was uncomfortable. If the conditions were agreed to, Manchuria would be practically delivered into Russian hands. If the conditions were refused, the Czar's government would not move out. Then followed rumors of war and long and intricate negotiations, with final recession of Russia from her diplomatic position, but with no movement toward opening further ports. But last week a ray of light shone out, which was comforting to all the diplomats of the powers who did not want serious conflict with Russia, nor desire to see Manchuria become a part of the Czar's empire. The announcement was made that China would act in the near future with the full consent of Russia, opening to foreign trade as treaty ports several ports in Manchuria now closed to the commerce of the world. The ports named are Moukden, said to be second only to Newchwang in importance, though an interior town, and Ta Tung Kao, a somewhat obscure locality at the mouth of the Yalu River, but of prospective value as being in close proximity to the Korean port of Wiju, which the Japanese have requested to be made a treaty port. The Russian Government have, it is said, already conveyed to the United States assurances that no objections would be made to opening these ports. What will come of it all is problematical. Already it is being doubted whether any substantial recession has been made by the Czar. Those who doubt are inclined to think that the move is intended to offer a sop to Japan and mollify the United States, without insuring the evacuation of Manchuria, or assuring the powers against the eventual encroachment of Russia upon Korea.

Senator Quay has had such a strong hold on politics generally, and in the State of Pennsylvania in particular, that interest already attaches to the expiration of his senatorial term in March, 1905. When his present term commenced, the man whom Senator Platt, of New York, characterizes as "the greatest Republican politician ever known," announced, in definite terms, that it would end his political career, as he would never accept another office. What will happen when he retires? It is already foreseen, and with reason, that unless he leaves behind him an astute leader, well groomed and mounted, the party in Pennsylvania will break into factions which will imperil the control of the State.

Pennsylvania, however, will be an important factor next year in national conventions. On the Republican side, Senator Quay is expected to be on hand with his hammer out in the effort to get even with some of his party brethren, and especially will he be ready to pick a bone with Senator Hanna, with whom he maintains a standing feud. In the Democratic gathering, the State is promised to present ex-Governor Pattison as a favorite son. Had Pattison not been defeated last fall by Governor Pennypacker, a strong claim could have been made that the Democrat who had carried Pennsylvania three times would make a strong candidate against Roosevelt. But to beat Roosevelt New York must not be ignored, and that is just where Pattison would be weak, and Senator Gorman, who is being groomed for the race by the Maryland

Democracy, would be weaker. As time slips along, the Cleveland stock seems to be coming up. He is being advocated by some strong papers in the East, notably the New York Times, the Brooklyn Eagle, and the New York World. The Eagle prints a correspondent's outline of Cleveland's views, which makes it appear that the ex-President would accept "if events showed it to be his duty." So confident are his friends that a prominent member of his following is quoted as saying that "Cleveland will be nominated simply because there will be no other candidate before the convention." The claim is made that he could carry New Jersey without a doubt, New York in all probability, and that the carrying of New York would swing Connecticut into line. Where will Tammany stand? This year that aggregation held its usual political Fourth of July celebration, and was regaled by a letter from Cleveland, in which he spoke of the "responsibilities which its powers and its glorious traditions create." The same mail brought to the Tammany wigwag a cold letter of regret from Judge Parker, and a voluminous campaign document from David B. Hill. Between the reading of these letters it is reported that "the big audience in Tammany Hall cheered, stamped their feet, and clapped their hands fully five minutes at the mention of Bryan's name." While this may be portentous, it is not surprising. It is generally admitted that Bryan will be a factor of some sort. He will name the candidate if he has strength enough in the convention, failing in which there is always left the recourse to an organized bolt to defeat the opposing faction. That would be especially enticing to Bryan if the nomination should fall to Cleveland. It is easy to foresee that Bryan would be politically dead if his party either wins or loses with an anti-Bryan candidate, while he submits in silence to repudiation. On the other hand, a vigorous bolt would strongly influence results and leave him in the political ring, though still disfigured. Senator Hanna disclaims the report that he is retiring from business pursuits, and seems to want it distinctly understood that he will abate neither jot nor tittle of his activity in politics. He says he is not of the retiring kind. He may even strive to hang on to the head of the national committee, which some of his colleagues argue would be a serious mistake in the next campaign.

William H. Miller, assistant foreman of the government printing-office at Washington, was a member of the bookbinders' union. He was recently expelled from that body because, as charged, he "slandered" it, and used "scurrilous language" about—not to—employees under him. Upon the expulsion of Mr. Miller, the union informed the public printer of the fact. The public printer thereupon discharged Mr. Miller. Mr. Miller complained to the Civil Service Commission, and to President Roosevelt. Whereupon, he was reinstated by the commission, after an investigation which discovered no sound reason for his dismissal, and President Roosevelt wrote a general letter to Secretary Cortelyou, in which, among other things, he said:

On the face of papers presented, Miller would appear to have been removed in violation of law. There is no objection to the employees of the government printing-office constituting themselves into a body if they desire so to do, but no rules or resolutions of that union can be permitted to override the laws of the United States, which it is my sworn duty to enforce.

In another and later letter on the same subject, the President cited a paragraph from the report of the Anthracite Coal Commission, in which they declared:

It is adjudged and awarded that no person shall be refused employment or in any way discriminated against on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization.

Commenting on this, the President said:

I heartily approved this award and judgment. It is, of course, mere elementary decency to require that all the government departments shall be handled in accordance with the principle thus clearly and fearlessly enunciated.

This might seem to have been the end of the case of the bookbinders' union against the government of these United States. But not so. A dispatch from Washington reports the president of the bookbinders' union as saying that if Miller resumes work every bookbinder, and every member of allied unions, will strike. If there is a strike, we suppose the union will "picket" the government buildings with men crying "Unfair," "Unfair house," "Don't trade there." Perhaps they will warn grocers not to sell to the public printer's family. Perhaps they will boycott the Civil Service Commission—and the President.

A few days ago, the pier of the Scandinavian-American Steamship Line in Hoboken, N. J., was destroyed by fire, involving a loss of half a million dollars. The dock was a new one, having recently been completed at a cost of \$200,000, and is a total loss. Fortunately, none of the company's liners was at the dock at the time, but merchandise valued at \$300,000 was stored there for shipment to Europe, and this was entirely destroyed. One year ago the pier of the Phoenix Steamship Line in the same city was destroyed, one of the company's vessels being burned so as to be rendered worthless. Three years ago the piers occupied by the North German Lloyd, the Hamburg-American, and the Thingvall companies in Hoboken were burned, with immense loss of life and property. In three years three disastrous fires have cost three hundred lives and destroyed property valued in excess of \$12,000,000. In each case the loss has resulted directly from the criminal false economy of building the docks of inflammable material. It ought not to be difficult to read the lesson contained in this brief recital. The steamship companies that lost in 1900 read the lesson, and rebuilt their docks of fire-proof material. The harbor commissioners of this city have built all the docks of inflammable material, and

have surmounted them with sheds for the storage of merchandise that are veritable tinder-boxes. A new policy should be adopted immediately, before the conflagration that may come at any time borries the people, and forces a safe policy upon the harbor commission.

The supreme court has recently handed down an important decision interpreting the force of the collateral inheritance-tax law. This decision reverses a former decision of the same tribunal handed down in the Mahoney case. In 1897, the legislature amended the law to provide that nephews and nieces resident in this State should be exempt from the payment of the tax. The question of the validity of this tax was brought before the supreme court in the Mahoney case, and it was then decided that the exemption was unconstitutional, inasmuch as it was special legislation. A few years ago, Jacob C. Johnson died, and left a large estate to be divided among eleven nephews and nieces. Under the Mahoney decision the tax would amount to eighteen thousand dollars, but the attorney for the Johnson heirs thought the decision was erroneous, and persuaded the supreme court to consider the question again. The court now holds that the exemption is valid, but that it has a wider application than the legislators intended. By the Constitution of the United States the immunity granted to citizens of this State is extended to the citizens of every other State, and, therefore, all nephews and nieces receiving a collateral inheritance from a person dying in California are exempt from the collateral inheritance tax, provided they are citizens of any of the United States. Aliens, however, are not exempt.

The supreme court has reversed the decision of the lower court in the case of the Crocker-Woolworth Bank against the Nevada Bank. This decision recalls one of the most famous cases in the criminal annals of the State—the forgery of Charles Becker, the "Prince of Forgers," that was cashed by the Nevada Bank. Most readers will remember the facts of this celebrated case. Eight years ago, a gang of forgers came out here, selecting San Francisco for their operations, because large drafts were so frequently cashed here. One of the members of the gang took an office, and opened an account with the Nevada Bank. The next day he went to Woodland, and purchased a draft on the Crocker-Woolworth Bank for \$12. This draft was handed to Becker, who, after a week's work, handed it back, changed to a draft for \$22,000. This was deposited in the Nevada Bank, and the next day a check for \$20,000, drawn against this draft, was cashed by the bank. Two of the forgers went to St. Paul, the other two to New York, but it was not long before they were captured, and brought back for trial. Of the quartet of rogues, Becker—who, in 1898, was sentenced to seven years in San Quentin—was the only one who was punished. Between the two banks a question arose as to which should lose the money. The trial court decided that it should be the Crocker-Woolworth. The supreme court now decides that it should be the Nevada Bank, on the equitable principle that in such cases the loss should be left where the parties themselves have placed it.

That the material prosperity of San Francisco is advancing at a rapid rate is a fact that is generally appreciated, but few people realize how rapid or how extensive that advance is. The bank clearings offer a fair index of the fluctuations of wholesale trade. In 1897, the total clearings of San Francisco amounted to \$750,789,143. In the succeeding five years, they were nearly doubled, being \$1,373,362,025 in 1902. During the first five months of the year the clearings were \$620,159,708, showing that the increase of activity still goes on. Although this city stands ninth on the census list in population, it is seventh in the volume of its trade as reflected in the bank clearings. Another index of prosperity is the volume of deposits in the banks. In 1897, the deposits in commercial banks amounted to \$37,053,416; in 1902, they were \$67,853,182, the increase being very nearly in the same proportion as that of bank clearings. The deposits in savings banks rose during the same period from \$102,119,990 to \$144,295,034. Chicago, with 1,698,575 people, has \$44,000,000 less deposited in the savings banks than San Francisco, with one-quarter of that population. The customs receipts reflect the fluctuations of foreign commerce. In 1897, the customs receipts amounted to \$5,309,870; last year they were \$7,850,705, with the duties on tea and coal removed during the interval. In 1897, the real-estate transactions amounted to \$12,903,025; in 1902, they were \$47,396,512. These figures tell their own story, and tell it vividly.

The application of the owners of property facing on New Montgomery Street to have that thoroughfare accepted as a public street has made public the fact that a portion of that street is claimed as private property. The portion claimed as private property is that lying between Market and Stevenson Streets, and the claimants assert that they have paid taxes amounting to twenty-eight hundred dollars a year on the property. The applicants to have the street accepted own property located farther south. New Montgomery Street was opened by a private syndicate, headed by W. C. Ralston, which purchased the property from private owners. After the street had been opened, a deed was made dedicating it to the city, the syndicate looking for its profit from the increased value of the abutting property. There is some doubt as to the validity of the dedication, and some difference of opinion in the bureau of streets as to the policy that should be pursued, some claiming that the whole street should be accepted, others that it should not, as acceptance would deprive the city of considerable revenue.

THE BREEKS OF THE TURKS.

By Jerome A. Hart.

"Honesty," said my copy-hook, "is the best policy." So, I think, is truth-telling. In addition to its other advantages, it is generally more interesting. Truth may or may not be stranger than fiction—personally, I believe it is—but I have always found it more readable. I never read an historical novel one-half so interesting as history itself, while more strange things are to be counted in a single day's happenings than are dreamed of in the philosophies of all the romance-writers.

How much more interesting is the truth about Washington in the histories of to-day than the sugared falsehoods of Jared Sparks, fed to us in the school histories of our childhood! As a boy I had a dislike for Washington—I looked upon him as a preposterous prig. When I grew older, selected my own hooks, and read the truth, the scales fell from my eyes. I found that the tin-god Washington of Sparks never existed; that Washington was a man like any other; that he had a man's weaknesses and a man's passions; that he was no prig, but a strong, vigorous, indomitable man. And my opinion of him rose immeasurably because I had read the truth.

Of what American has more plain, unvarnished truth been told than of Abraham Lincoln? He is so recent, so many of his chums and cronies still survive; they are all so voluble, and all are so infused with the frankness of the Middle West, that there are no Lincoln secrets left. His political bargains, his love-letters, his quarrels with his wife, his very bodily weaknesses, and his "favorite remedies"—these are all set down for us in black and white. Yet has his fame not suffered. On the contrary, it grows greater. The truth about Lincoln has not hurt Lincoln, or made the American people love Lincoln less.

Correspondingly, I believe in telling the truth about travel. It may not matter much what a traveler thinks, but it does matter that he should, if he tells it, tell it truthfully. Most travelers are apt to rave to order. Like the sheep of Panurge, they follow one another's steps. If they have been told that in Paris they should rave over the tomb of Napoleon, they rave over Napoleon's tomb. If tourists think it is the thing in London to gush over St. Paul's, they gush. Yet many a tourist had passed St. Paul's without noticing it at all; still, when stopped, they always obediently rave.

The truthful traveler will often admit his disappointment. When I first visited London I drove in a hansom for miles across that dreary desert of bricks and mortar, that forest of chimney-pots, between Euston Station and Piccadilly. Heavens!—I never dreamed there were so many dull, dingy, ugly brick houses in the world. Needless to say I was disappointed in London. When I first visited Paris I drove from the Eastern Station down that long and stupid street, the Rue Lafayette, for what seemed miles, until we reached the criss-cross composer-named streets back of the Opéra. The Rue Lafayette, in some respects, suggests New York's Seventh Avenue; in others, it resembles San Francisco's Mission Street; but there was nothing about it to bring up before me the Paris of which I had read—the Paris of which I had dreamed. Paris was a disappointment—I was frank enough to admit it. I said so then. I say so now.

What most struck me at Stamboul? What were my first impressions of Constantinople, the famous city seated on the Bosphorus and divided by the Golden Horn? Did I think of the Byzantine emperors? Of the many dynasties who occupied the thrones of the Empire of the East? Of Constantine? Of Helena? Of Justinian? Of Theodora? Did I think of the many dithyrambic word-paintings I had read? Of the many mosques? Of the countless minarets? Of the summer palaces which line the Bosphorus, from the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea?

No: to be frank, I did not think of any of these things. I did not weep, like Lamartine; nor did I rave, like Gautier; nor did I turn hot and cold, like De Amicis. I first gazed in wonder at the famous bridge across the Golden Horn—a bridge reposing on rotting pontoons, and apparently fastened together with rusty wire, pieces of tin-roofing, old hoops, bed-slats, and weather-worn rope. Then what first struck me as I stepped ashore was the nether garment of the Ottoman. The first man I saw was an elderly Turk, attired in a rich gold-laced uniform; girt by his side was a gold-hilted sabre with beautifully enameled scabbard; as far as his knees he was trim, elegant, and point device; but below the knees, his uniform trousers were frowsy and filthy. His feet were clad in aged congress gaiters, with gaping elastic side-seams; these gaping gaiters were thrust into still more aged rubber galoshes, which bore even more evident traces of the filth of Stamboul's streets.

As I gazed at this gorgeous person, gold-laced above, frowsy and filthy below, a huluous umbrella in his right hand, his left holding a gold-hilted sabre, he seemed to me to typify the Ottoman Turk. Peace and war, glitter and foulness. His umbrella symbolized peace, for your umbrella is the least lethal of weapons, and your Turk is peaceful if let alone. But his sabre meant war, for the Turk is a fighter, and is always ready to fight if he be attacked. His beard was gray—your Turkish soldier has no age-limit. Every male from sixteen to sixty is eligible as a recruit, and therefore potential food for powder. He was uniformed, and therefore an officer or official. He was either unpaid or poor, for he had to walk through the filthy streets, as was shown by his umbrella, his frowsy trousers, his galoshes, and his lack of a cab.

Another point that struck me was that these same trousers were unlike any other trousers in sight. Every man on the street wore a different kind of breeks. This showed the lack of unity, the absence of homogeneity in the Turkish Empire. In our country we all wear the same kind of trousers. When

President Roosevelt made his tour of this vast country, he wore exactly the same kind of trousers as every man he met. All were cut about nineteen inches over the knee, and about seventeen inches over the instep. This was true even of the President's favorite cowboys, with the purely superficial difference that they rolled their trousers up, or, as they would express it, "wore their pants in their hoots."

How different the variegated trousers of Turkey from the neat pantings and trouserings of respectable America. How different the multiform breeks of the Turks from the uniformly creased trousers of our dear native land. Wherever I cast my eyes I saw a different kind of breeks. I saw the Montenegrin galligaskins—tight-fitting around the ankle and calf, looser around the knee, voluminous around the hips. I saw the Albanian breeks—tighter even than the Montenegrin breeks below, more voluminous above. I saw the Bulgarian breeks—so redundant that the wearer might easily carry a hushel of wheat in the seat. I saw the Roumelian pantaloons—breeks—breeks much resembling the pantaloons of our great-grandfathers, some of whose great-grandsons erroneously call their trousers "pantaloons." I saw young officers of the Sultan's guard in smart riding-breeks, looking as if they came from West End London tailors, which, perhaps, they did. I saw the cheap hand-me-down breeks of scowling, sour-faced, fanatic old Turks—Christian breeks, made in the sweat-shops of Germany, as evidenced by tags upon these trousers—the only Christian thing about these sour-faced fanatics; they were Christian-made breeks, but yet baggy—evidently baggy brands of breeks made up specially in Christendom for the hreek-wearers of Islam. I saw the smart creased breeks of the Greek clerks going to their Péra offices. I saw also the genuine Greek breeks, which are voluminous pantalooned petticoats, or petticoated pantaloons. I saw officers in all kinds of handsome uniform breeks, sandwiched in with the coarse breeks of the common soldier. I saw the gorgeous gold-laced breeks of the kavasses or dragomans of legations. I saw all manner of laced, embroidered, and hraid Turkish breeks, which had strutted their brief hour on wealthy Turkish legs, thence to descend to porters, to beggars, to donkey-drivers. And I even saw one poor Turk clad in ex-grain hags bearing a stenciled stamp in English on the dome.

All of these remarks, he it understood, apply to the breeks of the Turks. As to the breeks of the Turkesses, I will say little. But the same indifference to their nether-wear exists among the women as among the men. You will see a Turkish woman richly clad so far as concerns her *yashmak* and her silk *feridjee*, but declining in elegance and cleanliness as she descends. Below the knee all elegance disappears, and a pair of sleazy, alpaca, halloon-like trousers, ungartered socks, and old yellow slippers down at heel, shabbily finish off the lady who started so elegantly at the other end. Another peculiarity of the Turkish woman, with her shabby trousers and slipshod foot-gear, is her indifference as to exposing that end of her. While she is extremely careful to keep her face covered, she is equally careless about her legs. It is not uncommon to see a group of Turkish women sunning themselves in a cemetery—they apparently affect graveyards as pleasure resorts; as they lie a-basking in the sun in these cheerful places, they have an infantile fashion of pulling up their trousers and scratching one bare leg with the hoof of the other.

One day, while on the Grande Rue de Péra—a busy street with European shops—I saw every now and again veiled ladies whose attire seemed to demolish my theory. They were bold, black-eyed beauties; they wore very thin veils, which they kept continually dropping; they wore the same black and white garments as all the Turkish ladies did. But in one respect they differed—they were very trim about their foot-gear. Most of them wore natty huttoned hoots, with extremely high heels, evidently of French make, while their hosiery, of which they made a lavish display, was of costly silk. Here was a divergence from the shabby yellow slippers and the ungartered socks. My theory seemed in danger. I made haste to confer with Demetrius Arghyropolos, our dragoman.

"Demetri," said I, "are those ladies yonder Turkish ladies?"

"Dose ladies?" he replied, following my finger; "oh! no—dose ladies not Turkish. Dose ladies sometimes Franch, sometimes Ingleez, sometimes Cherman, sometimes Bulgarian—dat kind of lady is any'ting—but always Christian—never Turkish."

From Demetri's manner, it was evident that these trimly shod damsels constituted a distinct class, and I made no further queries. But it was also evident that my theories about the Turkish women's neglect of their nether-gear were as well founded as my observations on the breeks of the Turks.

The Brown Bear Mine at Deadwood, Trinity County, has been sold by the sheriff at Weaverville, under execution, for thirty-one thousand dollars, Mrs. M. A. Phillips, of Oakland, being the purchaser. The mine has probably produced more gold than any other quartz mine in Northern California, having made millionaires of its original owners—Charles Watts, John Melton, and Henry Martin—now all deceased.

The Kansas City *Star* has begun successfully the operation of its paper-mill, built within the last nine months. The capacity of the mill is forty tons of white paper daily, all of which will be consumed by the *Star* and its morning paper, the *Times*. The paper is made from pulp shipped from Canada. There is only one other newspaper in the world that manufactures its own paper—the London *Telegraph*.

The Cologne *Gazette* soundly berates the Germans for their loud talking and noisy conduct in general in hotels and elsewhere. It declares that they have come to be known in Italy, Switzerland, and other countries frequented by tourists, as "the noisy nation," and that it is chiefly on their account that the builders of hotels are being compelled to make sound-proof doors and walls.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

E. H. Harriman is having plans prepared for the erection, on his country estate, at Arden, N. Y., of an Italian villa, to be one of the finest residences in the United States.

George W. Beattie, who was graduated from the University of California in 1899, has just been appointed principal of the Insular Normal Schools in the Philippines. This is the second position in point of importance in the educational work now being carried on in the Philippines.

A son was born to ex-President and Mrs. Grover Cleveland at Buzzards Bay, on July 18th. Their first son was born in 1897, at Princeton, and the students dubbed him "Grover, Jr.," at once, and that he remains to this day, despite his baptismal name of Richard. Three daughters—Ruth, Esther, and Marian—complete the Cleveland family.

The recent marriage of Anthony Hope Hawkins and Miss Elizabeth Somerville Sheldon, of New York, has called attention to the fact that English writers have in recent times seemed as partial to American women as have English politicians. Stevenson and Kipling are conspicuous examples. A London paper makes the suggestion that the English author who takes to himself an American wife is sure of interested readers in the Old World and the New.

The father of Otis Skinner, the popular actor, is a Universalist minister, and the men of the family have been preachers for three generations previous. Otis was intended for that calling, but always had a yearning for the stage, which he approached by the roundabout way of a mercantile house in Hartford, Conn. His first appearance on the stage was made when he was twenty years old, in a negro part. He recalls vividly both the place and the honorarium. The one was Philadelphia, the other eight dollars a week. He celebrated his forty-sixth birthday last month.

Sir Edward Levy Lawson, who has been raised to the peerage by King Edward, is the proprietor of the London *Daily Telegraph*. He is the son of the late J. M. Levy, one of the founders of the cheap press, and was born in 1833. Commencing his active career of journalism in 1851, he was prominently connected with the repeal of the paper duties, and during the long period of his direction of the *Daily Telegraph* was responsible for the organization and success of funds in relief of the cotton famine in Lancashire in 1860-65, of the poor of Paris after the siege of 1870-71. With James Gordon Bennett, he organized Stanley's great journey across Africa (1874-77), whereby the Congo was discovered.

Santos-Dumont now wants the Parisian authorities to grant him permission to come and go in his air-ship from his second-story window on the avenue of the Champs-Élysées. All that he needs is to build a small landing stage out from a round hay-window at the corner of the avenue and the Rue Washington. "I will make it small and ornamental," Santos says, "if you prefer, in decorative metal work. The other tenants of the place do not object." Sterling Heilig is inclined to believe that the Parisian building inspectors will grant the desired permission, as they appreciate that Santos, with his unique air-ships in the air and not on paper, is a drawing card for Paris. The daring Brazilian aeronaut's new air-ship, known as "No. 9," in which he is seen scudding daily over the trees of the Paris Bois, is the smallest of possible dirigible balloons. It has a gas capacity of only two hundred and sixty-four cubic yards, and is built to counterbalance only its own weight, the weight of Santos, and eighty pounds of ballast. Its speed is fifteen miles an hour.

Outside of Mexico there is a prevalent impression that because General Diaz, who has just been renominated for the presidency, is now seventy-three, he must be failing in his powers to some extent at least, and that but a few more years would see him necessarily retired. On the contrary, it is said that half a minute in his presence is all that is needed to dispel this misconception. He is an Oaxaca Indian, a tribe noted for its longevity and physical prowess, and, knowing this, one is not at all surprised at the failure of the years of his hard, active life to make more than a superficial change in him. On horseback he sits his saddle with ease, and can stand as much fatigue as when he rode into Puebla conqueror of the French, thirty-five years ago. Porfirio Diaz, Jr., the president's son by his first wife, is now a man of great affairs in the Mexican financial world. He was given a military education in the United States, but he took to business, and has in a few years amassed more wealth than has his father in all the time he has been president.

Mrs. Harriet Stanwood Blaine, widow of James G. Blaine, died at the family homestead at Augusta, Me., on July 15th, at the age of seventy-three. When she was eighteen years old she went to Kentucky to join her elder sisters, Caroline and Sarah, who were teachers in the Female Collegiate Institute at Millersburg. While in that institution she met James Gillespie Blaine, of Pennsylvania, who had been graduated at Washington College, in that State, in 1847, and was teaching in the Western Military Institute, at Blue Lick Springs, Ky. They were married, and remained in Kentucky until 1852, their oldest son being born there. In 1852, they removed to Philadelphia, where Mr. Blaine was a professor in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, remaining there until 1854, when he became editor of the *Kennecott Journal*, and began his public career, which ended with his death in 1893, when he had been member of Congress, Speaker, senator from Maine, Secretary of State, and candidate for the Presidency. They had seven children—Stanwood (who died in infancy), Emmons, Walker, Alice, Margaret, Harriet, and James G., Jr.—three of whom, Mrs. Walter Damrosch, Mrs. Harriet Beale, and James G., Jr., survive. After her husband's death, Mrs. Blaine lived in retirement, leasing both her Washington house and her summer home at Bar Harbor most of the time.

Judge Parker, of New York, who is so generally mentioned as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President, is described by William E. Curtis as "a wholesome, healthy type of the American gentleman, equally at ease in a suit of overalls, the gown of a justice, or the conventional garb of society. He is fifty-one years of age. In the fall of 1885, he was made chairman of the New York Democratic State Committee, and managed David B. Hill's campaign for governor, bringing him through winner by 11,000 majority over Ira Davenport. His experience and record in this campaign gave him prominence and popularity in the Democratic party throughout the State. During this campaign, Theodore R. Westhrook, justice of the supreme court of the State of New York, died, and after the election Governor Hill nominated Parker to fill the vacancy. So fully was the selection approved by the people that, in the following year, Parker was nominated for the position by both political parties, and when the election came he was chosen unanimously. Three years later a second division of the court of appeals, which corresponds to the supreme court of other States, and is the highest judicial tribunal in New York, was organized in order to meet the demands of litigation, and Judge Parker, although only thirty-eight years of age, was appointed a member. Here he remained until 1897, when he was nominated to be chief justice of the court of appeals, and was elected for a term of fourteen years by a plurality of 60,839 votes. His term of office does not expire until 1911.

ELECTING A NEW POPE.

How Leo the Thirteenth was Made Head of the Papacy—An Account of the Conclave of 1878—Electoral Intrigues—Some Possible Candidates.

Pope Leo's death on Monday will result in a repetition of all the impressive scenes which were enacted in Rome in 1878, when Pius the Ninth died and a new conclave was called to elect his successor. On the death of a Pope it is the duty of the Cardinal Camerlengo formally to ascertain that fact. He does so by knocking thrice on the door of the Pope's bed-chamber. Getting no answer he enters and taps thrice with a silver hammer on the dead man's forehead and thrice calls him by name. No response coming, the *camerlengo* declares to the world that the Pope is dead. During the reign of Pius the Ninth, Cardinal Oreglia, then as now the dean of the college of cardinals, and *ex-officio* possessor of the silver hammer, was all-powerful. Pius the Ninth died, Leo the Thirteenth became Pope, and Oreglia found himself robbed of his former power. Angered thereat, he one day exclaimed to a friend, "Ah, but I have my little hammer," meaning that when he had tapped upon the forehead of Leo he would again become a factor in events. He has seen the death of Leo, and his name is among the candidates to the Papacy. It would be strange if his remark were to come true.

After the ceremony of the hammer, and the process of embalming, the body lies in state nine days. In his historical work, "Ave Roma Immortalis," F. Marion Crawford describes the strange and solemn ceremonial which is practiced at the death of all Popes—the lying in state of the body in the Chapel of the Sacrament in St. Peter's. Mr. Crawford was in Rome, a mere lad, when this ceremonial was performed over the body of Pius the Ninth. He writes:

The gates of the church were all shut but one, and that was only a little opened, so that the people passed in one by one from the great wedge-shaped crowd outside—a crowd that began at the foot of the broad steps in the piazza, and struggled upward all the afternoon, closer and closer toward the single entrance. For in the morning only the Roman nobles and the prelates and high ecclesiastics were admitted by another way. . . . The good man lay low, with his slipped feet between the bars of the closed gate. The people paused as they passed, and most of them kissed the embroidered cross, and looked at the still features before they went on. It was dim, but the six tall waxen torches threw a warm light on the quiet face, and the white robes reflected it around. There were three torches on each side, too, and there were three Noble Guards in full dress, motionless, with drawn swords, as though on parade. . . . The long, thin stream of people went on swiftly and out by the sacristy, all the short afternoon, till it was night, and the rest of the unsatisfied crowd was left outside as the single gate was closed.

Few saw the scene which followed, when the good Pope's body had lain four days in state, and was then placed in its coffin at night, to be hoisted high and swung noiselessly into the temporary tomb above the small door on the east side—that is, to the left of the Chapel of the Choir. It was for a long time the custom that each Pope should lie there until his successor died, when his body was removed to the monument prepared for it in the meantime, and the Pope just dead was laid in the same place.

The church was almost dark, and only in the Chapel of the Choir and that of the Holy Sacrament, which are opposite each other, a number of big wax candles shed a yellow light. In the niche over the door a mason was still at work, with a tallow tip, clearly visible below. The triple coffins stood before the altar in the Chapel of the Choir. Opposite, where the body still lay, the Noble Guards and the Swiss Guards, in their breast-plates, bent watch with drawn swords and halberds. The Noble Guards carried the hier on their shoulders in solemn procession, with chanting choir, robed bishops, and trumping soldiers, round by the confession and across the church, and lifted the body into the coffin. In the coffin, in accordance with an ancient custom, a bag was placed containing ninety-three medals, one of gold, one of silver, and one of bronze, for each of the thirty-one years which Pope Pius had reigned; and a history of the Pontificate, written on parchment, was also deposited at the feet of the body. When the leaden coffin was soldered six seals were placed upon it—five by cardinals and one by the archivist. During the ceremony the protonotary apostolic, the chancellor of the apostolic chamber, and the notary of the Chapter of St. Peter's were busy, pen in hand, writing down the detailed protocol of the proceedings.

The last absolution was pronounced, and the coffin in its outer case of elm was slowly moved out, and raised in slings, and gently swung into the niche. The masons bricked up the opening in the presence of cardinals and guards, and long before midnight the marble slab carved to represent the side of a sarcophagus, was in its place, with its simple inscription, "Pius IX, P. M."

These impressive ceremonies are followed by the election of a new Pope—a secret conclave since the time of Gregory the Tenth. Before then the cardinals came and went and did as they pleased. But in 1270 they could not agree. Two years they harangued and voted without a choice. They were about to leave Viterbo in disgust, when the people shut the gates and refused to let them out. Still the cardinals failed to come to an agreement, and went on voting from month to month, till one day the Cardinal di Porto exclaimed that the Holy Ghost would never come down and inspire their choice as long as they had a roof over their heads. The people of Viterbo took this profane joke seriously, and unroofed the palace. But even rain and wind proved ineffectual, and it is probable that the cardinals would never have arrived at any determination had the long-suffering people of Viterbo not begun diminishing the supplies of their tables. Hunger effected more than rain and wind had done. Gregory the Tenth was speedily elected.

Besides Cardinal Oreglia, already mentioned, the candidates for St. Peter's chair include, among others, Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, imperious, courtly, with his high forehead, elongated face, and enigmatical smile; Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, his younger brother, amiable, polite, unobtrusive, and intelligent;

Cardinal Gotti, discreet and pious, with the record of the successful South American mission and the favor of the late Pope; Cardinal Capececiattro, the learned and temperate Archbishop of Capua; and Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna. The latter's chances are said to be poor, because, being born in 1851, he is the youngest member of the Sacred College, and his accession would be likely to mean too long a reign to please the electors, who are themselves eligible. It is also thought that neither Cardinal Pacocchi nor Cardinal Rampolla can hope to wear the tiara; the one because his duties as cardinal-vicar have necessarily created a good deal of dissatisfaction against him among the Italian prelates, who form the majority in the Sacred College, and the other because, as secretary of state to Leo the Thirteenth, he was closely identified with the present order of things, and would, therefore, not be able to undertake the government of the church with entire freedom of action or mind.

A graphic account of the Papal election of 1878 is given in Julien de Narfon's excellent biography, "Pope Leo XIII: His Life and Work," from which we learn that, from the death of Pius the Ninth, on the seventh of February, to the end of the conclave, on the twentieth of the same month, Leo the Thirteenth, then Cardinal Pecci, holding office as the permanent head of the financial department of the Apostolic See, kept the management of every department in his own hands. Through his energy and ability, the plot of the Italian Government to assume the "prerogatives of the deceased dignitary, on the ground of the inclusion of the Apostolic Chamber within the domain of the state," was foiled, and he himself was seated on the Papal throne.

Concerning the arrangements for the conclave of 1878, De Narfon says:

The spacious halls of the Vatican were divided into sets of small apartments, each containing three or four rooms separated by mere partitions. In this way a set of rooms was provided for every member of the Sacred College, and every cardinal was able to have his "conclavist" and servant at hand. The consistory hall, on the second floor, was set apart for the meetings of the full conclave. The first-floor rooms in the Gregory Thirteenth wing, under the clock pavilion, were devoted to meetings of committees and various congregations. The kitchens were fitted up on the ground floor of the same wing, and the other subordinate officers were installed in the premises of the Palazzo Vecchio, in the vicinity of the Sistine Chapel. On previous occasions the cardinals' meals were prepared outside and brought in gala carriage. These culinary processions, with their "dapifer" seneschal, flanked by a cup-bearer and an equeyry, used to form one of the curiosities of old Rome. Notwithstanding all this display, the dishes were carefully examined by the guardians of the "rotas," who were instructed to see that no illicit missives were concealed in the food. At the 1878 conclave Cardinal von Hohenlohe was the only member of the Sacred College who had his meals brought from outside. It is needless to say that this solitary exception excited a good deal of comment. The work carried out under Signor Martinucci's plans cost exactly 47,871 lire 67 centimes. To this sum should be added 20,000 lire paid to another architect, Signor Vesognani, for fitting up the Sistine Chapel for the ballots. The total cost of the vacancy in the Holy See amounted, in round figures, to \$30,000—a comparatively small sum. In former times the expenses usually exceeded \$100,000, and sometimes reached double that amount.

The conclave opened on February 18th, and the attending cardinals were much more numerous than at the previous one. Among them were twenty-five foreigners, while the Romans alone took part in the election of Pius the Ninth. At half-past four in the afternoon the members of the Sacred College met in the Pauline Chapel, whence they walked in procession to the Sistine Chapel. Here the apostolic regulations for the election of the Pope were again read to them, and they took the customary oath:

One prelate thought himself entitled to dispense with the formality of taking the oath. This prelate was Mgr. Ricci, the major-domo, who used to be called "the Pope's eye-hall" during the lifetime of Pius the Ninth, in reference to the confidence and affection with which the Pontiff regarded him. Mgr. Ricci was overroasted by grief at the death of his master, and had fallen ill.

"The major-domo is extremely unwell, your eminence," Mgr. Pecci was told when he expressed surprise at Mgr. Ricci's absence.

"Then let him get up and come! I want him!" was the imperious reply. Mgr. Ricci was obliged to obey and make his appearance, pale, wasted, and shivering with fever.

Immediately after his elevation to the chair of St. Peter, Leo the Thirteenth sent for Mgr. Ricci, and said to him: "I have hurt your feelings, monsignor, and I beg your pardon." He re-appointed Mgr. Ricci major-domo of the apostolic palaces, and soon afterward summoned him to the senate of the church.

At half-past five in the afternoon, the conclave was finally separated from the outer world:

The ringing of a small bell, and the repetition of the formula "Extra omnes!" by the master of ceremonies, was the signal for all outsiders to retire. All the outlets had already been walled up, with the exception of the great door of the Sala Regia, through which the last of the crowd passed at about seven o'clock. The *camerlengo*, accompanied by the three heads of the orders, then went through all the rooms by torchlight to make sure that communication between the two hundred and fifty persons shut up in the Vatican and the rest of the world was impossible, except through the four *rotas*, or small receptacles turning on pivots. These *rotas*, contrived for the admission of provisions and official correspondence, were placed under the watchful care of prelates of the apostolic chamber, the protonotaries, the bishops, and the prelates of the signature.

In the Sistine Chapel, where the balloting was to take place, an altar had been erected, on which was the silver-gilt chalice in which each cardinal was to deposit his voting-paper:

At the foot of the altar was a table for the examination of the papers. Close at hand were the cardinals' stalls, arranged in a semicircle and surmounted by canopies, which emblems of sovereignty were to be taken down as soon as the new Pope's name was announced. In front of each stall was a small table for convenience in filling up, folding, and sealing

the forms. Near the altar was the open grate for burning the papers after each ballot. To the right and left of the entrance were two dressing-rooms, one containing white vestments for the future Pontiff, Cassocks of various sizes were, of course, kept here, so that whoever the new Pope might be he would find a garment to fit him.

In accordance with the regulation, all the cardinals were clad in an ample violet robe of woolen material, with a plaited, sleeveless cape lying flat on the shoulders. This robe, which has no sleeves, is fastened at the chest with a hook, and ends in a long train. When the cardinals—each preceded by his attendant carrying the portfolio and inkstand—had reached the chapel, the bishop sacristan recited the ritual prayers. The master of the ceremonies proclaimed the order "Extra omnes!" and the electors were left to themselves. The voting is described as follows:

Each cardinal, when his name is called, approaches the altar, kneels, rises, and before placing his voting-paper in the chalice, holds the paper above that vessel and utters the following words: "I call upon Christ, our Lord. Who shall judge me, to witness that I vote for him who, I believe before God, ought to be chosen, and that I will do the same at the accessory ballot."

The first ballot resulted in twenty-three votes being cast for Cardinal Pecci:

At the second, which took place in the evening of the nineteenth, he received twenty-six, and then thirty-eight, an accessory ballot being taken. He was still three votes short of the required majority, but his election on the following day appeared to be a certainty, in spite of the opposition of Cardinals Randi, Bilio, and Oreglia, who acted as faction leaders against him. Cardinal Randi made persistent but unavailing efforts in favor of Cardinal Chigi, while Cardinal Bilio supported the candidature of Cardinal Martinelli, who he declared was "a saint." "If Martinelli is a saint," replied Mgr. Bartolini, "let him pray for us; but a saint is not what we want at the head of the church just now." And Cardinal Bartolini went from group to group, expatiating on Mgr. Pecci's qualifications. "He has been a delegate, and he knows the temporal government; he has been a *nuncio*, and he knows diplomacy; he has been a bishop, thirty-two years, and he knows the government of the church." More than one encounter occurred between Cardinals Randi and Bartolini, the former accusing the latter of caballing, which Cardinal Bartolini stoutly denied. Cardinal Oreglia, who was not in favor of Mgr. Pecci's candidature until after the election, at first supported Cardinal Bilio; but the latter had no prospect of success when the third ballot opened on the morning of the twentieth of February, the opponents of Mgr. Pecci having decided, though without much confidence in the result, to support Cardinal Franchi. Cardinal Pecci was elected at the third ballot by forty-four votes, or three more than the required majority. When the papers were counted it was seen that one of them bore the words, "I choose no one." This paper was of course annulled amid general laughter. The identity of the cardinal who had the bad taste to perpetrate this pleasantry is not known.

When the sub-dean prostrated himself at his feet and asked him: "Dost thou accept thy due and regular election to the sovereign pontificate?" Cardinal Pecci replied: "Such being God's will I can not gainsay it." Then he was asked: "Under what name wilt thou be known?" and he answered: "As Leo the Thirteenth, in remembrance of Leo the Twelfth, whom I have always venerated."

All the canopies save his were thrown down. They clad him, dazed and barely conscious, in white. . . . On being led back to the altar on which the voting had taken place, Leo the Thirteenth received the homage of the cardinals, and accomplished the first act of his Papacy by appointing, as *pro-camerlengo*, Mgr. Schwartzberg, Archbishop of Prague, who placed the Fisherman's ring on the Pope's finger. The election was announced at a quarter-past one by Cardinal Caterini from the balcony of St. Peter's. The bells of every church in Rome immediately rang out to announce the "tidings of great joy." Leo the Thirteenth gave the benediction *urbi et orbi* from the inner loggia of St. Peter's. He received, for the second time, the homage of the cardinals and of the representatives of the Roman patricians, and finally retired to his apartments at six o'clock.

"Every convict, as the saying is, is allowed twenty-four hours to curse the judge who sentenced him," remarks De Narfon: "the cardinals who had been foremost in opposition to Cardinal Pecci did not wait so long to express their joy at the judgment the conclave had given against them."

"This is not an election, but a divine inspiration," proclaimed Cardinal Ferrieri, who had boasted only a few hours before of lowering young Pecci's pride by setting the better of him in debate at the Academy of Theology. Another opponent, Cardinal Pietro, found a nifty phrase to express his devotion to Leo the Thirteenth: "We desire to be thy mouth and thy flesh," he said in his address as sub-dean of the Sacred College at the coronation of the new Pope.

Not merely material considerations will determine the selection of the next Pope. Enough superstition yet remains among the cardinals to give weight to the predictions which Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, in Ireland, made in the sixteenth century. Malachy left a Latin motto for each future Pope. There are just ten of these mottoes left, so that, according to this prophet, the Papacy has not many more centuries to live. Odd as it may seem, they have usually been perfectly applicable. For instance, Malachy said of Pius the Sixth: "The apostolic wanderer"; of Pius the Seventh he said: "An eagle carrying away"; of Pius the Ninth, "Cross from across." Every one of these vaticinations is held by the devout to have been verified. Pius the Sixth was a notable wanderer; Pius the Seventh was carried to France by Napoleon; and Pius the Ninth had trouble with the House of Savoy, whose arms were a cross. Of Leo the Thirteenth Malachy prophesied, "A light in heaven," virtually the arms of the Peccis. The next in the list of prophecies is "Ignis Ardens" (ardent fire), which might apply to any one of three cardinals—Oreglia, who has a blazing altar in his coat of arms; Gotti, who hoasts a torch in his; and Svampa, whose arms show a dog with a burning torch in his mouth. It will be interesting to see whether the Malachy prophecy can be applied equally well to the next Pope, soon to be elected.

THE CAPTURE OF THE COLONEL.

A Story of San Francisco.

The announcement of the engagement of the colonel to little Kitty Flinders was the heaviest bomb that had ever struck the camp. The Presidio reverberated from end to end with the report, and every one, from the general to the rawest recruit, looked upon the pair with pity for the colonel and admiration for Kitty.

The colonel had been stalked time out of mind by ambitious daughters and managing mammas, but had run the gauntlet so successfully I had begun to think he was safe. And now Kitty—of all people in the world, little Kitty Flinders—had landed him securely, and the question on every tongue was: "How did it happen?"

I had often watched the light skirmishing and ambushed attacks of the charming girls San Francisco is so full of, and marveled at his power of resistance, and as his old comrade-in-arms I now felt a keen interest in his capture.

He had the reputation among the women of being an excellent listener—which endeared him to their hearts as nothing else could—and owing to a chance remark on his part that Mrs. So-and-So was a delightful talker, the inference seemed to be that the way to his heart must be through his auricular endurance. Consequently, one could always tell whether he was in a company by following up the centre of the din, for he was sure to be surrounded by a bevy of lovely women, making themselves hoarse in their efforts to entertain him. And how Kitty, only passably pretty, and without wit enough to talk always grammatically, had brought this invulnerable old mustache to her feet was a mystery.

The colonel's ravings were still more inexplicable. Not that any one ever tries to explain the aberrations of a man in love, but the tendency of his wanderings suggested mental decay, for, after going off in a rhapsody over what he was pleased to call her remarkable prettiness—even he, fool as he was, couldn't call her doll-baby type beautiful—he topped off with, "And above all, Miss Flinders is so delightfully clever and entertaining."

This last remark decided me there had been some sort of black magic practiced upon him, and that it was the office of a true friend to save him if possible. But first I must hear the story from Kitty's own lips.

As she was a woman, all that was needed, I argued, to get her to talking and tell all she knew, was a chance; so, on the first occasion, I decoyed her out to the golf-links where we might talk uninterruptedly. As we sauntered out on the downs the wind blew fresh against us, whipping loose strands of hair across her eyes and bringing a dash of wild-rose color to her cheeks. She tripped through the tangle of lupine and sand-plant with the joyous nonchalance of the white-caps that danced in the distance, and punctuated every remark with a breezy little giggle that exressed almost as much stability of character as the fitful gusts of wind that swept the hill. Circumstances favored me, for she actually hit her ball at the first drive, which put her in a good humor with herself.

"And so you are going to marry my old friend, the colonel?" I began, audaciously.

"Yes," she answered, with an assumption of dignity that sat awkwardly on her tip-tilted countenance.

"How did it happen?" I asked, coming to the point holdly, and wondering if she would be discerning enough to resent my impudence.

"Well, you see, it was this way," she answered, falling unsuspectingly into my trap. She took a long sight, swung her brass with all her strength, and struck the tee. "We went down to a dance at the Vendome, five of us, just fancy! Nette's mother went with us, of course. We always get Nette's mother to go with us whenever we can; she's deaf as a post, you know. We used to take Aunt Mary because she's so near-sighted, but, on the whole, we find that it's better to have a deaf chaperon than a blind one. Wouldn't the combination be just too lovely for anything?"

I thought of the fastidious colonel, his ideals of what constituted womanly dignity; but as she waited for an answer I agreed that it would, so she continued: "San José is an awfully hot place; ever been there? The gardens are all so cool and shady it doesn't look so, but if you ever find yourself there in mid-summer you'll get suddenly convinced. They play tennis there all the time, too; that's one of the things the San José men do well. The hop was Friday night, and we had played tennis all day long, simply because there was absolutely nothing else to do. I stayed out on the courts, not because I don't hate tennis, but because we had heard the colonel was coming in the afternoon, and, as men are so scarce down there, we all wanted the first chance at him. At any rate, I guess the other girls did. I freely confess that was my sole object, and from the way they haunted that hot place it was very evident they had the same reason. He didn't come though; that is, not till later. But I stayed around so long after train time I left myself only about a minute to dress; then I just tore upstairs and began to make things fly. My trunk had been packed by Bridget; I can always tell her packing; she puts the light things on the bottom and the heavy things on top; they were all just that way when I opened it, but when I came to look for my slippers I could find

only one. I searched high and low, and turned things upside-down and wrong-side-out till the floor was strewn from one end to the other; but that slipper was not to be found. There was only one thing to do about it, stay upstairs all evening by myself, or go without that slipper. Just then the band struck up 'The Blue and the Gray,' and that settled it. I put the left slipper on the right foot, that being the most conspicuous, and let it go at one white foot and one russet one. Just then Ethel ran across to see if I was ready to go down, but I was so hot from fuming over that shoe my hair had all come out of curl and had to be done over. She didn't offer to help me the least bit; all she said was: 'Oh, you little goose, why didn't you powder your hair when you curled it so it would keep dry and stay in place?' and off she went down the hall to tell the girls I wasn't half ready. I could see it was a good scheme, though, so when I got my hair done again I just powdered it thick with 'la Blache'; I had a full box, and emptied nearly half of it."

We were now half way around the links, and I suggested we might rest a few minutes. Kitty had lost her score long before and was glad enough to stop; so, dropping her cleek and asking if her hat was straight, she drew a long breath, and went on. Her eyes seemed to catch the sparkling blueness of the water as her gaze rested ruminantly upon the scene before her, and her mind to stray in long, long thoughts, like the flight of the dipping sea-gulls overhead.

"It's perfectly awful the way those girls make themselves up in the evening. I wouldn't think of doing such a thing—that is, not often—but seeing what preparations they were all making to stun the colonel. I thought I'd try it a little bit, too. So I took a pencil and made a beautiful arch of my eyebrows and a lovely shadow underneath. It really did make a wonderful improvement; my eyes looked twice their usual size, almost as large as Ethel's. But the light wasn't good in my room, so I skipped down to Nette's, where there was a chandelier. She was whitening the girls' necks and shoulders, and the air was so dense with the powder I could scarcely see until I got right under the light, and then you ought to have heard the shout that went up from every last one of those girls. What do you suppose I had done? When I held the glass under the light I found my hair was a lovely pink. You see the 'la Blache' was flesh-color, and I had put on too much. Oh, how we did brush and fan and tear my hair to get that miserable color off, but it was so thick it seemed to stick to every individual hair. The girls thought it was a very funny joke. They all gathered around, and made suggestions, and noked fun at me, till all at once Nette gave a shriek, and said: 'What in the world have you done to your eyes, child?' I said: 'Oh, nothing; does it show?' I thought she was going to have a fit. She tried to tell me, but every time she looked at me she went off in such a gale of laughter the tears ran down her cheeks and made little furrows through the 'Camelline.' Finally, she got a glass and said: 'You look as if you had been done in oastels by a blind man.' That made me mad, and I snatched the glass out of her hand, and to my horror found I had gotten hold of the pencil her mother had been writing postals with, and had made my eyebrows an indelible blue."

This recital of her misfortunes showed Kitty to be better-natured than I had supposed, and I began to feel somewhat mollified. "What did you do about it?" I asked her.

"Do? Why there was nothing I could do, that was the worst of it," she answered; "the pencil was indelible, but I can tell you I felt very much wrinkled up with pink hair and blue eyebrows. Then Janet came in to see if we were ready, looking like a little peach-blossom, all in fluffy pink. The tears positively came to my eyes when I looked down and saw that her shoes were mates. Everything about that girl irritates me. She is always so cool, and never gets excited; so, seeing her looking so pink and perky, I said: 'You do look nretty nice, as you seem to know, but you'd look a good deal better if you hadn't gotten your lips so red.' Of course, she denied it, and vowed she hadn't done anything to them. 'Then what makes them look so cherry-rine?' I said. That got on her nerves, and the other girls exchanged glances because we always scrap, but it takes a mighty big streak of meanness to get back at a person by a practical joke. Quick as a wink she said: 'Oh, I guess it's the listerine I've been using; it's such a lovely dentifrice; don't you want to try it? Here, quick, hold your breath so you won't swallow it.' She grabbed a bottle off the stand, and like an idiot I held my breath and took a mouthful of ammonia! In a second my lips and tongue were swollen as if they had been stung by a whole hive of bees, and Janet was scared half to death when she saw what she had done. But I was mad, just hopping mad; up to this time I hadn't lost my temper at all, but I was afraid the swelling might disfigure my mouth permanently, and I have always taken a humble little pride in my mouth; it is the only feature I have like the Hall's, and I value it as a sort of hall-mark. I snatched up the first thing I could reach, which happened to be my carved ivory mirror that came from Japan, and threw at her, and she turned around and laughed; then I threw Nette's curling-iron, and that, of course, missed her, and smashed the glass."

As Kitty babbled on, I felt my hair slowly turning gray at the revelations her confidences made; old stager

that I was, I still clung to my belief in the genuineness of the visions of loveliness I saw about me, but with every confession another delusion had to go. I suggested the home-stretch, and, whistling up the caddie, started back, sadder and wiser.

"Nette said," resumed the indefatigable Kitty, "you would better go to bed now for safe-keeping; there is no knowing what else might happen to you, and in the morning we will tell you all about the dance and the colonel." But I said: 'No, siree, I'm going to this hop now, if it's the last act of my life. I shall sit in the shadow with your mother and look on,' for I knew that if I should try to dance something would paralyze me so I wouldn't be able to move a muscle. I had made up my mind that I wouldn't dance—you see I didn't know how the pink and blue combination would suit the San José taste—but I didn't propose to stay upstairs all evening by myself. It was a lovely night. There were lots of people we knew there, the music was fine, and the floor not too crowded. The colonel loomed up early in the evening, and asked Nette for a dance the first thing. I watched them sailing around the room, and knew Nette had been thinking up topics all day. She is one of the few people who can talk and dance, too. I could imagine just how entertaining she must be, for she talked every minute of the time. Things went on that way half the evening, and if my lips hadn't pained so I would have had a pretty good time watching the others, but after the colonel had danced with the other girls he looked over their heads into the chaperon row, and asked me if I wasn't dancing. It was a lovely two-step, and I simply couldn't resist; I tried to hobble about on the white slipper so the russet foot wouldn't show, but I soon had to give it up, for when I let my dress drag everybody stepped on it, and when I held it up I caught curious glances directed at my feet."

Through all this recital of her misfortunes, I dumbly wondered what they had to do with my friend the colonel, but remembering that "the longest way round is the shortest way there" in a woman's story, I listened patiently.

"Just imagine my predicament!" she continued. "I couldn't dance on account of my slipper; I couldn't stay in the light because of my blue eyebrows, and couldn't mumble a single word distinctly on account of my swollen lips. Then the colonel suggested the veranda. It was simply glorious out there, warm and moonlight, and I began to think I was glad I was there after all, but it didn't last long. You know, I just love to talk; they tell me at home I talk entirely too much, but it would have done their souls good if they could have seen me then. My lips were so hlistered I couldn't even open my mouth, so I just drew myself up into the corner, and wondered if that nightmare evening would ever end. The colonel said something about the weather, and I could only nod my pink head; then he said something else, and I raised my blue brows at him to show that I had heard, and, with that, if you can believe it, he began to talk himself."

I did not understand her surprise, for I had always rated him as a great talker, but recalled his reputation, and said nothing.

"Well, if you please, he kept right on talking. I never heard of his doing such a thing, for the girls all say they have to rack their brains to prevent a pause in the conversation. He told me all about his career; where he had been and what he had done; all the active service he had seen; and his whole family history, beginning with his grandmother's maiden name, and there I sat in the corner like a wooden image, not able to say a word."

Now, for the first time, I began to understand how the colonel had gotten his impression of Miss Flinders's being "delightfully clever and entertaining." It would have been impossible otherwise. The poor fellow had been starving all these years for a listener, and been suffocated by the well-meant efforts of the women to entertain him.

"However, he tells me he found you very interesting," I interrupted.

But Kitty only laughed. "How could he?" she asked. "He didn't even hear the sound of my voice; we sat out three dances, and he talked all the time."

Then I saw it all, and didn't blame him. The talked-to-death colonel had at last gotten a chance, owing to this woman's tongue being temporarily disabled, and had talked a good hour, without interruption, about himself at that. I did not wonder that he had been fascinated by the novelty of the experience, and in his exhilaration had attributed the fact of his having been so highly entertained to the presence of ooor, stupid, little Kitty Flinders. But as we sauntered homeward, I was fully satisfied in my own mind how it had happened.

MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1903.

The day of the month in which Jesus was crucified has for decades been a vexed problem in New Testament research, especially in view of the fact that the Synoptic Gospels and the Gospel of John seem not to agree on this point. An entirely new effort to solve this matter has been made by Professor Hans Achelis, of the University of Königsberg, and the result is published in the *Nachrichten* (No. 5), of the Göttingen Academy of Sciences. The novelty of the effort lies in this, that Professor Achelis tries to figure out the date astronomically, and reaches the conclusion that it was Friday, April 6, A. D. 30.

"THE BEAUTIFUL AURELIAS."

Hugues le Roux on American Women—and Men.

After reading Hugues le Roux's book of American impressions, one arrives at two conclusions: first, that the American man is an unappreciated angel, and, second, that the American woman shows such an aversion to matrimony and maternity that, if we don't look out, the entire race will become extinct. This, from a Frenchman, does a little bit savor of the pot calling the kettle black—but that is merely an observation by the way.

We are not so used to hearing the uncomplaining, self-immolation of the American man lauded as we are to listening to the unstinted praises of his brilliant wife and beautiful daughter. To the foreigner, the American man is a rather uninteresting mystery. Where is he while his womankind are wandering luxuriously about Europe, and what is he to let them so wander? That is the only question about him that ever seems to stir their exceedingly languid curiosity. It is when an intelligent outsider comes to study him on his native heath that he suddenly is revealed to us as one of the most unselfish, industrious, and long-suffering of his sex. There are times when one suspects that M. le Roux gets a little out of patience with him; when, if the author were not the most tactful and polite of essayists, he would rise up and before men and nations say the American husband was the most henpecked creature that walks. As it is, he is content to draw a harrowing picture of his strenuous business life and his arid domestic existence, and shake his head over the future of a nation where the man is so openly and obviously at the bottom of the heap.

It is to the American woman that M. le Roux particularly directs his attention. As is the way with all foreigners, he finds her interesting, not alone as a woman, but as an enigma, as a result of new conditions—a picket on the skirmish-line of the march of progress. He has studied her as carefully as a temporary sojourn in her country would permit. And he admires her generously, in some ways lavishly. But—there are several buts. The college girl who loves learning better than man is one of them. The business woman, who competes industrially with man and yet is careful about the fit of her waist and the cut of her skirt, is another. And the woman who voluntarily remains unmarried is still another.

It is this class to whom M. le Roux has given the name of the Third Sex. They are to him an object before which to pause and moralize. They represent a serious problem in the development of our great and glorious republic. M. le Roux does not suggest that legislation should be brought to bear upon them to force them into wedlock—he is always chivalrous and gallant in his suggestions and his observations—but one can guess that (not talking for publication) he might regard that as a permissible measure.

Most of the women of the Third Sex that he refers to were rich girls of good social position. They ranged from twenty-four to thirty years. They were handsome, cultured, bright, attractive, and yet they were single. With all these charms it was to be supposed that they had been demanded in marriage more than once. And this was evidently so. One of them, "the beautiful Aurelia," who is some twenty-six years, brilliant, and charming, admits what it would be folly to deny. She will marry, she says, when she has found a man whom she can love. Aurelia's admirers either bore her or are not up to her standards, and so she contentedly remains single, and she may remain so to the bitter end. Aurelia is a typical member of the Third Sex.

These celibate beauties had evidently stayed unwed from sentiment. They cherished an ideal, and they had no intention of marrying till they found something that at least bore a faint family likeness to their ideal. The college girls, on the other hand, did not marry because they apparently found study more to their taste. "With the majority of the young girls in the United States, learning has more power than love," says M. le Roux, after he has looked over the bulletins which show the careers of the college girls for a year or two after graduation. Only two out of a class of one hundred and twenty-five have married, according to the bulletin for 1900.

Of all the strange and faulty conditions which the French writer found in the United States, this is the one which has evidently impressed him most; for it is the one he dwells upon and to which he continually reverts. To him the obligatory marriage, without love and with but slight previous acquaintance, is infinitely preferable. The woman of his country has got to marry if a husband can be possibly found for her. Formerly, if she failed to find a mate, she was put in a convent; now, it is true that she is allowed to remain at large.

But what a fate is hers! At fifty her life is dominated by the same conventional laws as it was at fifteen. She has no more liberty than a well-chaperoned school-girl. Her days are without diversion or pleasure, save such as she may find in the homes of her relatives. But worst of all is the sense of having failed in her mission in life, which must be always with the poor old soul. Without having committed any fault, other than such accidental ones as being poor or being ugly, she is made to feel that she is a failure. Nobody has wanted her. No man has ever looked at her with

eyes of love. Her attitude is one of timid, self-effacing apology. Listen to what M. le Roux says about her:

"The entrance of such into any company, even the family circle, is trying for every one, even the old maids themselves, who seem apologetic for attracting the attention of people who must ignore them as far as possible."

To our American ideas, such a point of view is barbaric, one might say brutal. Because a woman's father hasn't been able to give her a *dot*, or because God has overlooked things and given her an ugly face, it does certainly seem to us a little hard to rub it in so. The only thing that surprises the enterprising American is that she lets it happen. If that were the fate of the old maid over here, there never would be any. They would go forth and kidnap the ashman if they couldn't get anything better, or lead the postman into the front hall and there hold a pistol to his head till he proposed.

Evidently M. le Roux thinks that the old maids should be made an example of, not exactly butchered to make a Roman holiday, but butchered to keep young maids from following in their solitary footsteps. He appears to see nothing cruel in the position to which "the obligatory marriage" custom has forced them. In fact, his idea is that any marriage, of any description, is better than none. He cites, as worthy examples, the ancient Greek heroines, who preferred a husband of their own choosing, but rather than be left without any became the willing spoil of the conqueror. And when asked what is the fate of the woman should the obligatory marriage prove a failure, the hardly known husband an uncongenial mate, answers that the wife has her children and turns to them with "that need to devote herself, to give her whole self to something, which is the natural instinct of woman."

It seems to us that this view of marriage is singularly—revoltingly—crude and lacking in delicacy. It is strange that we, the most business-like of peoples, so used to being taunted with our commercialism that the taunt has lost its sting, should, on the question of matrimony, be the most romantic and unpractical of nations. Our position in regard to the matter is entirely one of sentiment. We believed in, and advocate, marriages of love. The woman who marries for money, we feel, is a poor, weak creature, and so we regard her fault gently; but the man who marries for money is the object of general scorn, less daring than the pickpocket, less industrious than the professional gambler.

The whole period of courtship and marriage we surround with a halo of romance. The man and the maid must do their own choosing, and the choice, we conceive, is dictated by the heart. This open and flagrant sentimentality is evidently amazing to M. le Roux. The American girl, he says, "wants a husband to adore her. Love is her aim and end. If she does not succeed in attaining it or in keeping to it, her life is a failure." This he states as a curious and not entirely creditable fact.

Whether our reserved and romantic attitude on the subject is a relic of the old modest days when we put pantalettes on the piano-legs, or is the result of a national tenderness to women, I can not say. That it exists is the point. Our whole manner of regarding Love's young dream is charged with a sort of poetic sensibility. M. le Roux says that the young French girl grows up with the idea that marriage awaits her almost as inevitably as death. It is the goal of her youth, it is the purpose of her existence. To the American girl this fixity of aim would not seem exactly delicate. Marriage unquestionably figures in her dreams, but, as it was with "the beautiful Aurelia," it is to be a union with a congenial soul, or not at all. No hobgoblin, representing the indignity, the dreariness, of old-maidhood forces her without love into the arms of the first man who comes along. She would regard that as a martyrdom. Her family would look upon it as a sacrilege. The nation would think it a disgrace.

Where the marriage of women is obligatory this squeamishness of sentiment must inevitably be brushed away. It is true that the girl does not have to forage for her husband herself. Her family do that, and when they are honest, capable people, they undoubtedly do it very well. But the fact that it is a road which she is compelled to follow must rob it of much of its tender charm. And when it comes to the struggle of placing an ugly girl with a small *dot*, what a humbling of a proud feminine soul must that be! It reminds me of the remark of an old French lady of my acquaintance in commenting on a recently announced engagement from Paris. She was wondering who had "arranged" the marriage. They must have been exceedingly clever, for the bride was thirty-two years old.

"Et c'était un placement assez difficile," said the old lady, thoughtfully, wagging her head.

In the attitude of M. le Roux (and many other men writers) to this subject there is observable a slight irritation, a sort of baffled annoyance. They are confronted by a situation that is not only menacing to the state as a whole, but mortifying to the man as an individual. Most of us will not agree with M. le Roux that American women are crushing their unhappy consorts into the dust, and stamping on their prostrate bodies. But many of us will agree with him that American women are showing a distinct tendency to conduct their lives pleasantly and satisfactorily without the assistance or companionship of men.

Whether it is a sign of national decay, or whether it is the harbinger of a new and glorified era I don't say, for I don't know. What he who runs may read

is, that it is startling and exasperating to the Man, especially the man of foreign countries. And it is natural enough that he should be exasperated. For centuries he has gone out to capture a wife, armed with a net, and all the innocent little creatures frisking about him have pretended they were avoiding the net while all the while it was obvious they were doing their best to get caught in it. Now he goes out and "beautiful Aurelia" and her sisters flee before him, while he dashes after them, perspiring and swearing, and racing over the ground where he once pleasantly strolled. Who would not be angry at seeing the good old times thus changed?

It is interesting—and ought to be flattering to women—to see how deeply concerned the stronger sex are about their conduct, character, and general welfare. The wild break out of the corral that "the beautiful Aurelias" have made has called forth loud, admonitory protests from every hand, even the President has joined in with a rumbling bass. But "the beautiful Aurelias" are having such a good time, are enjoying their freedom so much, sniffing up the wild air of the open, savoring the unsuspected pleasures of independence, that they show no desire to return to their old tranquil security. Well may M. le Roux shake his head and the President voice his disapproval. It will require more than head-shakings and criticisms to get Aurelia back into that corral.

GERALDINE BONNER.

ANECDOTES OF WHISTLER.

Many are the characteristic anecdotes which are told of James Abbott McNeill Whistler, the celebrated American artist, who died in Chelsea, England, on July 18th, at the age of sixty-nine. His reply that "Nature was creeping up" to his pictures, and his famous retort, "Why drag in Velasquez?" are excellent illustrations of his excessive vanity. Allied with them is the less-known reply made to a lady who met him at the Royal Academy, and expressed her surprise at seeing him in a place he was reported never to enter. "Well," retorted Whistler, "one must do something to add interest to the show; so here I am."

Though Whistler delighted in an admiring crowd, yet no social engagement was ever strong enough to vie with the demands of the muse. One of this witty man's sayings came out while his friend, William M. Chase, was urging him to stop work and get off to a dinner-party in London, where he was pledged. It did not move the man to be told that the dinner was growing cold and the guests were waiting for the lion. He uttered inarticulate grunts and painted on while Chase scolded. Finally Whistler turned around, and said: "Chase, what a nuisance you are. The idea of leaving a beautiful thing like this to go eat with ordinary people!"

Again Chase urged him to keep an important engagement with an American traveling in England and limited for time. The engagement involved important financial business for the artist; but he could scarcely be torn from the easel. When work was suspended much time was expended on the usual elaborate toilet, and the two finally set forth, Whistler carrying the slender wand made famous by Du Maurier's caricature. This time it was used to prod the horse that dragged theiransom. After traveling long stretches of London streets and nearly reaching the end of the journey, Whistler suddenly ordered the cabman to turn about and retrace many steps, then to thread in and out odd streets. Chase sulkily protesting, until Whistler ordered the driver to draw up before a green-grocer's shop. "There!" said the enthusiastic artist—"there is a bit of color for you! That's fine! Only I shall have that box of oranges placed on the opposite side of the doorway. I shall come and do that some time." Then, when the mood had passed, the journey was resumed.

On another occasion, Whistler paid a visit to Sir Alma Tadema, the famous artist. On the night of his arrival Whistler's host announced that he intended to give a breakfast next morning. "There will be a number of ladies present, Whistler," he said, "and I want you to pull yourself together and look your best." "All right!" said Whistler. The next morning Whistler's voice was heard ringing through the magnificent halls of the Tadema mansion: "Tadema, Tadema! I want you, Tadema!" Thinking of nothing less than fire, Sir Alma rushed to the room of his guest. "For heaven's sake, Whistler, what's the matter? You've waked up every one in the house. What is it?" "Oh, don't get so excited, Tadema," drawled Whistler, "I only wanted to know where you kept the scissors to trim the fringe of my cuffs. Thought you wanted me to pull myself together for the ladies."

That he was a shrewd business man and realized the value of his pictures is shown by the following incident: The Glasgow corporation wanted to purchase the Whistler portrait of Carlyle, and in due course waited upon the "master" about the price (one thousand guineas). They admitted it was a magnificent picture, but remarked: "Don't you think, Mr. Whistler, the sum a wee, wee bit excessive?" "Didn't you know the price before you came to me?" asked the master, with suspicious blandness. "Oh, aye; we knew that," replied the corporation. "Very well, then," said Whistler in his suavest tone, "let's talk of something else," and as there was nothing else of interest to detain the "corporation," they paid the price and—trust a Glaswegian—made an excellent bargain.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Sister of a Priest.

Gwendolen Overton's new novel reveals in its author a rare versatility and wide knowledge. For it is a far cry from the Arizona deserts and army posts, which were pictured so vividly in "The Heritage of Unrest," to the quiet, Angelus-guarded villages, and the forests and farms of Nova Scotia, no less skillfully portrayed in "Anne Carmel." The illiterate French matrons, mothers of many children, their heavy faded by unceasing labor; the picturesque half-breed Antoine, *courreur de bois*, who comes hack from far Western plains to needed confession; spiteful, little-souled Mme. Tetrault; Marcelin, the toothless old story-teller of the forest cabin; Paul, the village beau, with his fat hands, pinky cheeks, and kinky hair—all these minor characters are delineated with few but sure strokes, so that the old town of St. Hilaire must seem very real to every reader. The major characters, with one exception, are no less distinct. Jean Carmel, the village priest, is an heroic and picturesque figure. We meet him first while, as a pastime, he is solitarily sculling a canoe up the river, making a portage by night, spending the midnight hours by a camp-fire reading his breviary, and shooting the rapids before the dawn. And he is not less gentle than brave—in short, a young man of conscience and ideals. The vagrant party of Americans who invade St. Hilaire, including an artist and his sister, are deftly sketched, and so is Harnett, the English sportsman, whose selfish and weakling love for Anne Carmel so disturbs the tranquillity of the little village.

But the character of Anne Carmel, the beautiful sister of the priest, is unconvincing. Such women there may be, but it seems improbable. And even if it were true that such a person exists, or has existed, the use of the character in fiction seems unjustifiable, since it is a sort of *lusus naturæ*, more suited to the investigations of the psychologist, or even the alienist, than to the consideration of the novelist. Still, the story is often dramatic, and always interesting, despite Anne's baffling character. It concerns her inveterate love for Harnett, even when he shows himself a coward and a weakling, even though he marries another woman to save his patrimony. And it is not love alone, but a perfect willingness to become his mistress, after knowing him but a week. And what is more strange, this infatuation still persists after he has once deserted her and after he has married. Yet Anne is pictured as pure and strong in character. We repeat, the character is a puzzling and altogether improbable one.

The book contains a number of well-drawn pictures by Arthur I. Kellar.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A Work of Power.

The seduction, by a young, rich, handsome, and accomplished Anglo-Jew, of an essentially moral, spiritual, intelligent, and great-souled woman, might seem an immoral theme for a story. Yet in "Frank Danby's" queerly entitled novel, "Pigs in Clover," such a story is told with so little sensational appeal, so great insight and power, that, while it will deeply interest thoughtful and mature minds, it will be found very dull by those volatile persons who might be injured by it. Few recent novels show a greater knowledge of human nature than this. Few are essentially more moral.

The author is a woman, herself a Jew, the wife, we believe, of a well-to-do London merchant. Her scenes are laid in British high society, which the "pigs"—who are South African millionaires of dubious breeding—invalidate. In presenting phases of life in club, drawing-room, and street, Mrs. Frankau writes with certain touch. Some of the figures, indeed, are very thinly veiled—Chamberlain, for example. The real interest of the novel, however, lies neither in the pictures of London life nor in the incidental, though fine, character-drawing, but almost solely in the personalities of Karl and Louis Althaus, and Joan de Groot. Louis, the Jew, is at heart a cad, though in exterior a gentleman. Karl, his foster brother, is rough, bluff, and genuine. It is Louis who seduces Joan, the unsophisticated author of "The Kaffir and his Keeper." It is Karl who puts out to her a helping hand, and it is Karl who faces her inevitable loss at the end.

The analyses of the characters of the men of the book are searching—that of Louis is cruelly minute. Many paragraphs of striking content might be quoted, but we have space for but one remarkable generalization:

There is a mystery known to all who know

men and women, to all who have insight into, sympathy with, or understanding of, their fellow-travelers, but it is blank and incomprehensible to the Pharisees, and to all who would read and run at the same time. This is a mystery that fills the divorce courts, mocks the incredulous, and sets at naught all creeds and convictions. It is that a certain something, subtle, sweet, and rare, not a perfume, not a touch, but an echo of both, light, elusive, all-pervading, is the special property of some loose-living men, a property that is beyond the reach of analysis, but recognizable in the freemasonry of the passions by all who have realized its existence. It is as the candle to the moth, as the rose to the butterfly, as the magnet to the steel. It is a surface lure of sex, it is an all-compelling whisper, almost it seems that to hear it is to obey. But some ears are deaf to it, some few dull cars.

As we have already hinted, many of the characters in the book are real personages under thin disguise. That of Joan de Groot is also one of these. There is but one South African woman author of note, and the figure Mrs. Frankau draws resembles her just enough to make doubt of the author's intention impossible. The attack seems to us hellishly ingenious—one only to be inspired by intense personal hatred.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Now that the Pope has died, the announcement of the early publication of F. Marion Crawford's biography of Leo the Thirteenth may be expected any day. Mr. Crawford's biography, although written from the point of view of a churchman, is the presentation of the life and character of the Pontiff as Leo the Thirteenth would have himself appear to all mankind. Mr. Crawford is not only intimately acquainted in Vatican circles, but in writing his biography of the Pope he has enjoyed Leo's personal advice as well as authority, and has been furnished with all requisite material by the Vatican authorities.

The Macmillan Company are to publish in September a novelette by Gwendolen Overton, in the series of Little Novels by Favorite Authors. The tale deals with the life of the South-West, and is called "The Golden Chain."

A biography of Charles Reade by John Coleman is to be published immediately in England, and later it will be brought out in this country. A good deal of the work is reported to be of Mr. Reade's own writing.

Bliss Carman's first book of prose is to be brought out in the fall. It will contain a number of essays. The general character is indicated by the title, "The Kinship of Nature."

Jerome K. Jerome, the well-known English humorist, is writing a new book of short, humorous essays, similar to "The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow." The book will be entitled "Tea-Table Talks."

"The Saint of the Dragon's Dale" is the title of the new story by William Stearns Davis, which the Macmillan Company will publish this month in their series of Little Novels by Favorite Authors. Mr. Davis is at work on a new novel, which will probably be published in the fall. Its scene is laid in Athens, at the time when the city was in its full glory. One of the prominent characters is Socrates.

"Ponkapog Papers: Stray Leaves from My Note-Book," is to be the title of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's new book of essays. Ponkapog is a little village at the foot of the Blue Hills, near Boston, where Mr. Aldrich makes his summer home.

Anthony Hope, Stanley Weyman, Richard Whiteing, and Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler will all bring out new novels in the coming season.

An illustrated two-volume work on "The New American Navy," by ex-Secretary John D. Long, is announced by the Outlook Company. Mr. Long writes of the navy before, during, and after the war with Spain.

The serial publication of "Sanctuary," the first long story by Edith Wharton since "The Valley of Decision," will begin in the August number of one of the Eastern magazines.

Christian Science plays a large part in "Jewel: A Chapter in Her Life," the new novel by Clara Louise Burnham.

Hamilton W. Mahie has completed a volume which he calls "Backgrounds of Literature"—the description of which sounds interesting. Mr. Mahie "places behind each writer the background of landscape which most deeply affects his imagination and gives color to his

genius." There will be chapters after that plan on Wordsworth, Emerson, Goethe, Scott, Shakespeare, Irving, and other poets and prose writers.

Under the title "Zut and Other Parisians," Guy Wetmore Carryl has written eleven stories which will be published soon.

In September J. T. Trowbridge's autobiography, "My Own Story," will be published.

Lilian Bell's new novel, "The Interference of Patricia," is a story of social life in Denver, with the "American girl" as its central figure.

F. Berkeley Smith is to follow his studies of the Paris Latin quarter with a book on "Budapest, the City of the Magyars."

A medieval romance by Clinton Scollard is to be published in September. It opens in Venice in "the heyday of her splendor." The book is to be called "Count Falcon of the Eyrie."

"The Life, Treason, and Death of James Blount of Breckenhov" is the full title of Beulah Marie Dix's forthcoming novel. It is "compiled from the Rowlestone Papers," and is supposed to relate a domestic tragedy as set forth in the letters of a prosperous family of Yorkshire gentry in the years 1642-45.

During the next year, Richard Henry Savage will devote his literary work to the preparation of a volume of "Reminiscences of Remarkable Characters from 1853 to 1903." Colonel Savage will include in this book many unpublished anecdotes of Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Rosecrans, McClellan, and others.

Leo's Ode to the Century.

One of the most notable poems of Pope Leo was his welcome to the twentieth century, entitled "Prayer to Jesus Christ for the Coming Century," written when he was ninety years old. Andrew Lang has translated it as follows:

Renowned in letters, famed in art,
The age recedes; of many a thing
Won from man's good from Nature's heart
Who will may sing.

The glories of the faded years
I rather backward glancing mourn—
The deeds ill done, the wrongs, the tears
Of the age outworn.

Red wars that reeked with the blood of man,
Wide-wandering license, spectres rent,
Fierce guile that threatens the Vatican—
These I lament.

Where is thy glory, stainless, free,
City of Cities, queenly Rome?
Ages and Nations kneeled to thee,
The Pontiff's home.

Woe for a time of Godless laws!
What Faith, what Loyalty abides?
Torn from the shrines, the ancient cause
To ruin glides.

Listen! how science wildly raves
Around the altars overthrown.
Brute Nature, with the world for slaves,
Is God alone!

Not made in God's own image now
Is man—'tis thus the wise dispute—
But sprung from one same cell, they vow,
Are Man and Brute.

O blinded Pride on chaos hurled!
O Night proclaimed where Light should be,
Obey thou Him who rules the world,
Man, and be free!

He only is the Truth, the Life,
He only points the Heavenward way;
He only frees the soul from strife
If men obey.

'Twas He who led the pious throng
But now to Peter's dust divine;
Of faith to live through ages long,
No empty sign!

Jesus, the Judge of years to be,
Direct the tides, the tempest still,
Make the rebellious people free
To work Thy will.

Sow Thou the seeds of happy Peace,
All evil drive from us afar,
And bid the rage and tumult cease
Of hateful War.

The minds of Kings and Peoples mold,
Thy word may all enjoy with awe;
Be there one Shepherd and one Fold,
One Faith, one Law.

My course is run; long ninety years
Thy gifts are mine: Thy grace remain;
Let not Thy servant's prayers and tears
Be poured in vain.

A correspondent of a New York paper adduces as evidence that John Milton was familiar with the automobile, the following quotation from Book VI, "Paradise Lost":

"The third sacred morn began to shine
Dawning thro' heaven. Forth rush with whirlwind sound
The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flashing bright flames, wheel within wheel, undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit."

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Graphic Picture of Michael Angelo.

Very strange it seems that the English-reading public should have been so long content to derive its knowledge of Michael Angelo solely from various modern biographies, while the prime source of them all—that of the sculptor's disciple and friend, Ascanio Condivi—should have remained untranslated for nearly five hundred years. Scarcely more strange would it be for a town to draw its water supply from the turbid body of a stream rather than from its unpolluted source. Nor is Condivi's biography dull. On the contrary, it is, though naive and unscholarly, transparently honest and racy with anecdote. Condivi was veritably a sixteenth-century Boswell. We see him with his sculptor's calipers measuring the head of his dear master, we see him gazing earnestly into his eyes, recording the colors of their scintillations with the patience of a painter, we see him taking the greatest pains to clear Michael Angelo from any suspicion of bad faith in any undertaking, and finally we see him looking up to Michael Angelo in his old age almost as to a god.

The present translation, by Charles Holroyd, keeper of the National Gallery of British Art, is patently a very good one, revealing, as in a mirror, the character of Condivi. Following it, Mr. Holroyd has devoted a couple hundred pages to a "supplementary account of the existing works of the master, and details of their fashioning that may help us to realize the mystery of their production"—an illuminative commentary. There are, besides, fifty or sixty full-page illustrations of notable merit completing the work, which is entitled "Michael Angelo Buonarroti."

We know of no better book than this for the lay reader. Michael Angelo, the man, stands forth in these pages with utter distinctness. His boyhood experiments in "faking" ancient statues, his fight with Torrigiano, by which he acquired a broken nose, his youthful, grandiose ambition to carve a great rock overlooking the sea into a colossus, his quarrel with the Pope, his career as a military engineer, when he protected a tower with bed mattresses, his dissections and knowledge of anatomy, his continence, his friendship with the Marchioness of Pescara, his favorite authors and his personal traits and appearance—all these are set forth most interestingly. As Mr. Holroyd justly says, even had the subject of the narrative been an ordinary man in an ordinary period, it would have been worth translating for its truth to life and human nature. We can not forbear the quotation of one curious statement of Condivi's:

When he [Michael Angelo] was more robust he often slept in his clothes and with his boots on; this he made a habit of for fear of the cramp, from which he continually suffered, besides other reasons; and he has sometimes been so long without taking them off that when he did so the skin came off with them like the slough of a snake.

Now what do the dainty misses, who talk so glibly of "the beautiful life" and Art with a big A, say to that?

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00 net.

A Word-Artist in China.

Inspired by the Asiatic novelty, the possibility of adventure, and the universal interest and importance attached to his subject, Pierre Loti wrote to the *Figaro* of Paris a series of characteristic letters from Pekin during the foreign occupation of that city in 1900-1901. These have been gathered and republished in book-form, and, while containing no specially significant or valuable data, since the stirring times of the siege preceded M. Loti's, or to give him his real name, M. Viaud's, visit, yet give lively and interesting comment on the superficial conditions of things in the ruined city, as well as on the hospitalities and festivities both of the Chinese and the foreign occupants in Pekin. M. Viaud, warned by the disapprobation of his superiors in the French navy, expressed some years ago for the sin of indiscreet candor in letters published, has been very circumspect, and confines himself to interesting and beautifully written descriptions of many places and things which heretofore have been sealed to Occidental observation. The scattered magnificences of the Chinese court, their treasures of art, their fabulous luxuries, their palaces, pleasure-gardens, lakes, bridges, and the burial places of their emperors, have been visited and scanned by this lively and interested observer, who lets no effect, whether of beauty or horror, escape him, and who, above all things, has an eye for the picturesque. While it is evident that M. Viaud

has written the results of his observation with his usual grace and felicity, his translator, Myrta L. Jones, is not quite up to her task in literary dexterity, and while a competent, is not an inspired, translator. The book contains a number of illustrations, both of photographs and drawings.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

New Publications.

"Back to the Woods," by Hugh McHugh, author of "John Henry," is published by the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York.

"The Science and Philosophy of Life," by Edward H. Cowles, D. P., principal, is published by the Portland Institute of Psychology, Portland, Or.

The rather trite lesson that it is dangerous to marry a man to reform him is emphasized in a novel, by Anna Chapin Ray, called "The Dominant Strain." It is a story that is rather clever in spots. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

The publishers say that "Hilary Trent," the name which appears on the title-page of "Mr. Claghorn's Daughter," is the pseudonym of a well-known author, who chooses to veil his identity for once. The book is vigorously polemic, attacking both Protestant and Catholic creeds with pointed logic. The story opens in Germany, the home of "higher criticism," then moves to Paris, and later to England. Published by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Mrs. L. B. Walford's nineteenth book is entitled "Stay-At-Homes," and deals with English people of the upper middle class. The same qualities that mark this author's other volumes are here to be found—a healthy optimism, wholesomeness, and freedom from anything that savors of a "problem." Many feminine readers, both in England and out of it, thoroughly enjoy Mrs. Walford's novels, because they are based on so exact a knowledge of the life they portray with such fidelity. With these, "Stay-At-Homes" will meet an appreciative welcome. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Charles Goodrich Whiting, author of "Walks in New England," is literary editor of the *Springfield Republican*, and a man of fine poetic tastes, with a genuine love of the country. The chapters in his book are each accounts of walks in his beloved Berkshire Hills. He is one of those who "love not man the less but nature more." The blooming of the wild arbutus, the coming of the bluebird, the leaving of the birches—these are to him more real happenings than the wreck of states or the tottering of thrones. Interspersed among the prose rhapsodies are poems and sonnets of his own, which increase the book's charm. There are also many pictures of sylvan and meadow scenes. Good taste

should have dictated the omission of the author's portrait; it is somewhat disillusionizing. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

Oliver Cromwell appears to be a favorite historical figure among novelists just now. Half a dozen books have made the stirring days of Roundhead and Cavalier the setting for romance. Now comes F. Frankfort Moore with another story, and a graphic one, but Cromwell is far from being a hero in his eyes. "Cromwell had at his back," he writes, "the most religious army that ever massacred women and children and priests in cold blood. They butcher with texts of Scripture on their lips. They kneel down in the blood of their victims, and praise God for having given them the chance to cut their throats. They are the most devout band of hutchers that ever hoisted crowing bahies on their pikes." There is, of course, the usual love-story woven in, and the book ends happily. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Cutting loose from fact and probability at the first bound, Edward S. Van Zile has written a preposterous book called "Perkins, the Faker," over which people with a robust sense for the ridiculous will chortle gleefully. The theme of the three stories in the volume is transmigration and reincarnation of souls. In the last story, for example, a wife's first husband is the fruit of a second marriage, and at the age of eight months addresses his present mamma and late wife with a gruff request for a "stick" in his milk. Multitudinous complications follow, and he finally elopes, when a year old, with a young girl who is a firm believer in Buddhism. It's a great story and really amusing. The other two are equally good. They all formerly appeared in *Smart Set*. Published by the Smart Set Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Last year appeared the complete works of Edgar Allan Poe in seventeen small volumes, edited with a biography by James A. Harrison, of the University of Virginia. The work is undoubtedly the best published edition of Poe. The publishers have now reprinted volume one (the biography) and volume two (containing the letters) in library size, under the title "Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe." The work is mechanically satisfactory, and contains a large number of well-executed portraits and facsimiles. Professor Harrison has certainly gathered together here a great mass of information about Poe, but it is not so certain that he has made out of it an harmonious picture. He seems to have failed to recognize the relative importance of his material, and lacks lamentably in the critical portions of the book. In no other biography, however, have so many interesting facts been brought together. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

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One is quite justified in beginning with a violent prejudice against "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" before one has laid eyes upon her, so odious is the title which Clyde Fitch has bestowed upon his play. But the prejudice rapidly disappears after five minutes' observation of the breezy millionairess from Cincinnati. Mrs. Johnson is a Western whirlwind set loose in a hackling Anglo-American colony in Paris that displays a sovereign disregard for all the poisonous little currents and eddies of gossip that writhe and curl and whisper about its path, and, possessed by the joy of freedom, rides on its way through social space, occasionally, in a blast of frolicsome candor, unroofing a house of cards, and laying a naked, shivering reputation bare to the blast.

There is good stuff in Mrs. Johnson. It is true that she can not be congratulated upon the kind of company she keeps, but she scarcely sets up to be a prude, being rather a combination of honest woman and jolly good fellow. And, besides, in the rôle of a widow who is frankly grateful to Providence for her release, and who, like all moneyed widows, tends toward Paris as inevitably as a pilgrim toward Rome, she naturally throws in her lot with her sister's intimates.

They are not particularly choice specimens, including among their number one who, to quote from the play, "is cut dead in her own country because, in a careless moment, she forgot to marry her first husband."

Mrs. Johnson, blessed with robust self-respect, and that extraordinary determination of American women to enjoy that peculiar kind of good time that Paris affords, even if they receive on their unsullied robes an occasional spatter of black Parisian mire, rubs elbows with a group of noxious women and salacious cads, toward whom her mental attitude is that of hearty, good-humored contempt. She is followed everywhere by a cloud of amatory shrimps, whose affections are equally divided between herself and her millions; and the frisky widow, who is talked about and knows it, points carelessly to her train of attendant squires, and merely remarks, in response to innuendoes: "You never find me with one alone. There is always safety in numbers."

How such a hearty, human, practical, plucky woman as Mrs. Johnson was ever evolved from the brain of Clyde Fitch is a problem, which surely can not be solved by a reminder of the French ancestry of the play. I am inclined to think that the solution rests with Miss Bingham, who has put all of herself into the character, giving it that touch of nature which makes it alive. She clothes Mrs. Johnson in a shining glory of Worth gowns, sets a double rainbow of gems over her two plump white hands, wraps her and boods her in delicate-hued, laced, and feathered splendors that only millionairesses and actresses find it practicable to buy or wear; she makes her bonest, frank, jolly, brave, unaffected, true to the bone, and above all likable.

There is something in Miss Bingham's wideawake, practical personality that conflicts with that of the romantic stage heroine. Her intelligence enables her to bridge the gap, but one instinctively feels the natural incongruity. But in the character of Mrs. Johnson she is exactly suited, and gives it with a fuller sympathy than those rôles in which we have hitherto seen her.

Wilton Lackaye again had a part which enabled him to show his ready grasp of that apparently facile, but immensely important, technic of acting which makes trivial conversation vital and a single glance of the eye pregnant with meaning. His humorous points are never forced, but are so surely conveyed that, with an almost imperceptible motion, he was able to make an embossed silver coffee-pot suggest a bludgeon that was hungering for the back of an enemy. Like Miss Bingham, he made the character he represented alive to the finger-tips, and enormously likable.

It was delightful to see this well-matched pair meet in a contest of wits, in which they

were as easy and unaffected as the words that were put in their mouths. For the dialogue, without any literary flavor whatever, is ready, pat, and characterized by an easy flow of native humor. The little exchange of lovers' fencings between the two was irresistible, and the marriage proposal as well that followed later. How the confusion and doubt of the lover appealed to the indulgence of the women, and to the genial sympathy of the men, whose laughter, as Lackaye nervously fingered the trinkets on the table, and rigorously set the silver casket with its corner nor'-east, rang out with a personal note which seemed to say encouragingly: "We know how it is, old chap. We've been there."

And then, that affair happily settled, Mrs. Johnson remembered an act of Quixotic folly, various brands of which sooner or later turn up in the majority of Fitch plays. She has pluckily claimed as her own a compromising letter which is meant for her sister, diverting to her own shoulders, just in the nick of time, the storm of reproach, which the wronged husband, who is also the brother of the man she loves, was about to launch upon his wife's head. This act, of such frequent occurrence in the drama, is about as scarce as a white crow in the prose of everyday life. But it will not down in stage-land. R. C. Carton used it in "Wheels Within Wheels," and, on the whole, made it much less credible than it appears to be in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson."

For this clever little play, no doubt through the native talent of its Gallic forebears, is a very skillful, compactly built drama, without any wandering from the point or loose ends, save, perhaps, in the introduction of a group whose presence may seem extraneous to the real issues of the play, but who serve their purpose in pointing a moral. It has stood its adaptation very well. Given motives, scenes, and situations to work on, and Mr. Fitch's talent as a constructor of dialogue flowers out very freely—and, besides, the characterization does not appear to have suffered.

The husband and wife are just the conventional pair, minus the usual panoply of stagey emotionalism to which long familiarity with the drama has accustomed us. They were depicted with quiet realism by Mr. Ahingdon and Miss Frances Ring, the latter looking particularly graceful and pretty, although the latent spark of mischief in her eyes had no chance whatever to come into play.

Mr. Spink showed us, although no less cleverly, a different kind of egotist from that of last week—a coltish, unmanly young Oxonian, who pined for the dazzling splendence which would attach to his name and fame among "the fellows" through his adventures with light-minded matrons. As Lord Bertie, Mr. Ernest Lawford acquitted himself quite brilliantly in a very important rôle, showing just the correct degree of self-inspired ardor in that young gentleman's demeanor toward the lady whom he honored with his preference, and being the possessor of a jocular society manner that is a work of art.

Miss Bijou Fernandez—always with a dash of red against the Southern olive of her skin—was a vivacious element in the dizzying whirl, but Miss Adelyn Wesley was, for the first time, out of her element as an alluring matron flirting giddily with boys half her age. She is too good an actress to fall flat, but she failed to convince.

All these clever players, even down to Mrs. Johnson's little maid, have made Miss Bingham's standard of simple sincerity their own. The piece goes well, and carried the audience with it, the element of suspense keeping up the interest to the last moment. We had cause to tremble toward the last, knowing too well the mawkish sentimentality which too often inspires a playwright to allow a husband's discovery of his wife's guilt in one act to be followed by full pardon and tender reconciliation in the next. This trial was spared us, a bit of common sense which was again probably due to the French originators of the piece, who, no doubt, view such transgressions with a peculiarly national mingling of complaisance and rigor.

As to the moral of the play—since we have fallen into the habit of looking feverishly for morals, whether any is intended or not—here is one which will find more favor in the eyes of the husbands to whom it is addressed than to their wives: "Better keep your wives—if young and good-looking—away from gay Paree."

The vaudeville playlet is principally made up of a shower of small shot, a steady hail

of jokes, generally pattering down around a central core of sentiment. But it is the jokes that tell. Sometimes they are old, but a very fair proportion of them are new. And how the Orpheum audiences love them. They rise to them as a trout to a fly. It is the same way at Fischer's, at the Tivoli, at the Grand Opera House during its present phase. Humor is very popular, and any man who has a faculty for turning off jokes by the peck had better commit them to paper, and work them into a vaudeville playlet. There's money in it.

Charles Dickson has been running a specially bright one at the Orpheum which is a revolving pin-wheel of jokes, throwing off a continual shower of verbal sparks that, under the influence of that player's genial and persuasive drollery, gather a double momentum.

Mr. Dickson—unlike the majority of his fellow-craftsmen—has not coarsened his methods since his embarkation upon the voyage of vaudeville, and, unlike them again, keeps up more than a howling acquaintance with the Pause. Life and thought, and even the chatter of quidnuncs, have their pauses, a point which is not usually conceded by the tenth-rate playwright and player, whose idea of dramatic entertainment is to keep a ceaseless verbal rattle dinning into the fearful hollow of the ear.

Julian Rose, "our Hebrew friend," is also one who recognizes the value of the pause. He is a very successful Hebrew impersonator, and knows to a dot just the moment to come to a full stop, and, contemplating his audience the while with owlish gravity, to wait for his latest to sink still deeper, until he is rewarded by renewed hursts of the laughter that means success. They are still keeping their wizard on the hill this week—this is De Kolta, a middle-aged foreigner, who is hadly in need of some guiding taste to indicate to him that he needs some touch of decoration and elegance of design in the appointments that he uses in his tricks. He does them very well, and is quick and skillful in his sleight-of-hand work. He rolls the usual squares of silk into the usual vanishing pin-point, produces hundreds of fierce-colored paper flowers from a cornucopia of modest size, has a vanishing lady, and another very much in evidence, who recites her opening remarks like a parrot, and the varying hues of whose dress are as antipathetic to each other as those of the wizard's paper flowers. Decidedly, the wizard is unaware of the fact that we are a spoiled public at the Orpheum, accustomed to seeing the vaudevillians set off their various performances with all kinds of costly adjuncts to please the eye.

Mabel McKinley, I observed, thought her gowns were an important enough factor in the success of her appearance to advertise the names of their creators, and her crutches were almost as daintily fashioned as the sticks of a fan. And, in fact, the Orpheum performers usually alternate, in their apparel, between a burlesque wildness of attire and apparel that boasts the extreme of fashionable fripperies. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

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Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday nights, and Saturday matinee,

THE FRISKY MRS. JOHNSON

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IN THE PALACE OF THE KING.

Monday evening, July 27th, Genevieve Haine's modern society play,

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One of the gems of the Neil-Morocco repertoire.

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In preparation—A Royal Family.

Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, July 26th.

Valid Vaudeville! Mme. Konorab; James J. Morton; Macart's Dogs and Monkeys; Claudius and Corbin; Ethel Levey; Orpheum Comedy Four; the Three Polos; the Biograph; and last week of Claudie Gillingwater and Company.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Farewell Week of Amelia Bingham.

For the fifth and last week of her engagement at the Columbia Theatre, Amelia Bingham is to devote herself to the two Fitch comedies in which she has scored her greatest success here. On Monday, Thursday, and Friday nights, and at the Wednesday matinee, "The Climbers" is to be revived, so that those who were away in the country early in July will have an opportunity to see Miss Bingham's production of what is considered Clyde Fitch's strongest society play. "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" is to be the bill on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday nights, and at the Saturday matinee. Ezra Kendall, under Liebler & Co.'s management, will follow in Herbert Hall Winslow's three-act comedy, "The Vinegar Buyer." The rôle of Joe Miller, a sort of jack-of-all-trades in the village of Bascom's Corners, near Indianapolis, is said to afford the comedian a fine opportunity to show his ability as a clever character-actor and inimitable mirth-provoker.

"As You Like It" at Sutro Heights.

Nance O'Neil is to be tendered a monster testimonial at Sutro Heights, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, August 1st and 2d, when four open-air performances of Shakespeare's delightful comedy, "As You Like It," will be given. Miss O'Neil will, for the first time, appear here as Rosalind; E. L. Ratcliff will be the Orlando; Charles A. Millward, the Jacques; Herbert Carr, the Oliver; L. R. Stockwell, the Touchstone; Blanche Stoddard, the Celina; and James J. Corbett, Charles, the wrestler, a part that he has played with great success on several occasions with notable casts in the East. The incidental music will be sung by the Knickerbocker double quartet, and over sixty people will take part in the production. One of the most picturesque portions of Sutro Heights is to be transformed into an open-air auditorium, containing boxes and seats that will comfortably accommodate about four thousand people. The sale of seats will begin at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store on Monday morning, at nine o'clock.

Camille D'Arville at the Tivoli.

Camille d'Arville's return to the footlights in Smith and De Koven's "The Highwayman" has been so successful that the management of the Tivoli Opera House have decided to continue this tuneless romantic opera another week. During her four years' absence from the stage, Miss d'Arville has lost none of her old-time charm, and her voice has never been heard to better advantage. The part of Lady Constance Sinclair permits her to appear in a becoming male attire in the first acts, and a stunning hall-gown later on, when she lays aside her disguise. The representation of Foxy Quiller by Edwin Stevens is decidedly one of the best things that versatile actor has ever done, and the Dick Fitzgerald of Arthur Cunningham is another clever characterization, which stands out prominently. Edward Webb, Annie Myers, Ferris Hartman, Bertha Davis, Oscar Lee, and Karl Formes have the other leading rôles. The opera is beautifully staged and costumed throughout, and is sure to crowd the Tivoli during the coming week.

First Presentation Here of "The Manxman."

Despite the remarkable success of "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the Alcazar Theatre, it will give way next week to Wilson Barrett's dramatization of Hall Caine's powerful story, "The Manxman," in which the actor-dramatist has won great success in England. White Whittier will play the strong emotional rôle of Peter Quilliam, who, from a child of the streets, grows up to become rich in the South African diamond fields, and returns to the Isle of Man to marry the beautiful daughter of his first benefactor, ignorant of her betrayal by his nearest friend. The other leading rôles will be entrusted to capable hands. On Monday, August 3d, Mr. Whittier will appear in Sydney Grundy's French adaptation, "A Marriage of Convenience," which has been made familiar to us by John Drew and Henry Miller.

Romantic Melodrama at the Central.

The Central Theatre has a strong attraction this week in the spectacular drama, "Faust," which has been revived on a very elaborate scale. Herschel Mayall, the new leading man, gives a powerful portrayal of Mephisto, and Edwin T. Emery as Faust. Eugenia Thais Lawton as Marguerite, and George P. Webster as Valentine are well cast. Next week, the romantic melodrama, "A Lion's Heart," is to be given, with Herschel Mayall in the rôle of Rizzardo, the lion-tamer. The comedy element in the play is contributed by a newly married couple on their wedding tour. Wherever they go they are greeted by what they term "the honeymoon smile." Landlords, hackmen, and waiters, after a single glance, know that they are just married. The young couple are nearly distracted by this never-ending "smile," and finally determine that by quarreling they can deceive people into thinking they have been long wedded. Therefore, whenever any one is present, they quarrel, only to fly into each other's arms as soon as they are alone.

"In Wall Street" at the Grand.

The new musical comedy, "In Wall Street," promises to enjoy a long and prosperous run at the Grand Opera House. The German comedians, Raymond and Caverly, are provided with some very amusing lines and new stage

business and songs, and Budd Ross does a tramp specialty which is enthusiastically applauded. Herbert Sears plays the part of the promoter, Otto Winne, and in women's clothes he does some capital work in the last act. Cheridah Simpson wears some beautiful new costumes, and has two catchy songs, "Star of My Heart" and "Hiawatha." Louise Moore and the chorus make a hit with the song which tells how Nellie Kelly was the "Belle of Murray Hill." "Licorice Lize," the trio by Kittie Kerwin Griffith and Raymond and Caverly is also a great favorite with the audience. Harold Crane has a new coster song, "I Aven't Told 'Im," which serves to introduce a variety of topical verses, and Anna Wilks, in the rôle of an Arizona newspaper-woman, manages to win several encores with her singing of "Mollie Shannon." The new Amazon march, by Stage-Manager Jones, is very effective, while the Esmeralda sisters and Arnold Grazer do some excellent toe and contortion dancing.

"Hearts Aflame."

The Neill-Morosco company has made a decided impression at the California Theatre this week in F. Marion Crawford's historical romance, "In the Palace of the King," and already several of the new-comers have established themselves as favorites here. On Monday next the company will present Genevieve Haine's brilliant drama, "Hearts Aflame." The play has to do with the complications which arise when a society man, who is ruined through unfortunate speculation, accepts financial assistance from a wealthy and politely dissipated bachelor, who is in love with his wife. George Soule Spencer will appear as the bachelor, Thomas Ohrlé as the husband, and Lillian Kemble as the wife. The dramatized version of Paul Leicester Ford's story of the Revolution, "Janice Meredith," will follow.

The Double Bill at Fischer's.

Pretty stage settings and costumes, catchy songs, and graceful dances and marches, make up the principal charm of the new travesties, "Under the Red Globe" and "The Three Musketeers," now running at Fischer's Theatre. The greatest individual hit is scored by Barney Bernard, who appears again in his original Hebrew character, and his new selection of parodies and gags are merrily received. Kolband Dill introduce a coon song and dance. "I'm Going to Live Anyhow Till I Die," which receives half a dozen recalls every night. Winfield Blake has a taking song in "For Love is King," and his duet, "Love's Reverie," with Maude Amher, is artistically rendered. Helen Montrose, as the leader in the march, makes a very striking figure, and is a valuable addition to the Fischer forces. Another particularly attractive number is "Ma Rainbow Coon," rendered by Flossie Hope and Gertie Emerson, assisted by Blake and the entire chorus.

At the Orpheum.

Mme. Konorah, known as "the modern witch and mistress of mysteries," will make her first appearance in this city at the Orpheum next week. She is said to be able to solve instantly the most intricate arithmetical problems, without seeing or hearing the figures, and adds a row of numbers that total trillions with the ease of a school-boy multiplying two by two. The other new-comers will be James J. Morton, the popular monologist; Macart's remarkably trained dogs and monkeys; and Claudius and Corbin, bantists, late of Primrose & Dockstader's minstrels, who will be seen here for the first time. Those retained from this week's bill are Claude Gillingwater, in the curtain-raiser, "The Wrong Man"; Ethel Levey, the chic comedienne, who will sing George M. Cohan's latest topical song, "If I Were Only Mr. Morgan"; the Orpheum Comedy Four; and the three Polos, in their wonderful act, "The Human Trapezoid."

Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott, who will tour the principal cities of the United States next season, in George Fleming's (Constance Fletcher's) dramatic version of Rudyard Kipling's "The Light That Failed," will open at the Star Theatre in Buffalo on September 28th. They will bring their entire London company to America.

The Younger Salvini.

Speaking of his son Gustavo, Tommaso Salvini, the great Italian actor, said, the other day: "My son Gustavo should have a great career. He has only to become known to be recognized as a very superior actor. He is studious, thoughtful, absorbed in his art. I hope that some day he will go to America, but before that he must come to London, for he is unknown outside of Italy. An agent is now trying to arrange for a meeting between him and Charles Frohman. But London must come first. Was I not, years ago, called to America immediately after my London appearance? My son's Hamlet is a great performance. In appearance too, he is very well suited to the part. Other favorite rôles with him are Don César de Bazan, Edipus, in which Mounet-Sully recently appeared in Rome and suffered in comparison, and Petrucio in 'The Taming of the Shrew.' His Othello, too, while I do not say it is mine, is a fine impersonation, but, as you see, he does not confine himself to tragedy."

At a recent performance of "Carmen" in London, at which Mme. Calvé made her first appearance of the season, Lillian Blauvelt was the Micaela, a part in which Mme. Emma Eames has heretofore been considered incomparable. The critic of the London Times says, regarding this new Micaela: "The part is one that suits Mme. Blauvelt quite admirably, and she may be said to be as much the ideal Micaela as Mme. Calvé is the ideal Carmen. . . . While the vivid impersonation of the principal character was as effective as it has ever been, the girlish figure of the Micaela, together with a charming timidity which may not have been altogether assumed, enhanced the value of both parts by contrast. The singer's lovely voice now tells excellently in the theatre, for, like many debutantes at Covent Garden, she was evidently not quite certain at what part of the auditorium to direct her voice; she has now found the right place, and her notes were deliciously clear and exquisite in quality."

Since Augustus Thomas's "Arizona" was produced, five years ago, it is said to have netted profits aggregating nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Most of the time two companies have been appearing in the play, and now it has been sold for a good sum. Its purchasers expect it to be good for a few more thousands before it gets to the stock companies. This season's big Thomas success is "The Earl of Pawtucket," with Lawrence D'Orsay in the title-rôle.

"Quo Vass Iss," a travesty on "Quo Vadis," and "The Big Little Princess," a hurlesque on Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's latest children's play, "The Little Princess," will make up the next bill to be offered at Fischer's Theatre.

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VANITY FAIR.

According to F. K. Griswold, who has investigated the matter carefully, you can get more for your money in New York than in Philadelphia; that is, you can live easier on the same amount of money, and get along with less labor. In New York, the delicatessen store is always at your door, side by side with the public dining-room, where a good dinner of three courses may be had for a quarter of a dollar. In no other place except Paris can you live as cheaply or as expensively as in New York; but you must not have children. People do, of course, but they are not wanted in most apartment-houses; their lives are not natural; they have not in a small apartment the freedom and space for a natural development. For family life, enjoyment of the home for its own sake at the expense of physical exertion, the writer advises one to take Philadelphia. The typical New Yorker spends most of his or her time on the street, in the shops, or at the theatre; the Philadelphian in the home.

In making her investigations, the writer decided that twenty dollars a month should be the amount to be expended for house rent; that the house or flat must be within a half to three-quarters of an hour's ride of the business section of the city. In New York she searched what is known as the Harlem district, keeping to the west side. She found that she could secure a pleasant, light apartment or flat of four rooms and bath, parlor, bedroom, dining-room and kitchen, for that sum. The house was steam-heated, and there was a hot-water supply. The halls were well carpeted, well kept, and ventilated. It was quiet, as tenants must give good references, and no children were allowed. To the question, "What would happen if the stork paid a visit to a family after they had moved in?" the janitress gave the evasive answer, "Oh, that is a horse of another color." Philadelphia afforded a wider field for the investigator. She had "uptown" and West Philadelphia at her disposal. Both abounded in small houses within her price limit, and at the edge of her limit for distance. Instead of a steam-heated flat she got a modern two-story house containing six rooms and a bath. The house stood on a side street, and was one of a long row, each as alike as two peas in a pod. As the investigator looked up the street, she came to the conclusion that every man in it must be regular in his habits, or there was a big chance for mistaken identities. There was no restriction in regard to children.

Replying to the communication in last week's *Argonaut*, in which "One Who Loves Her Sex" sharply criticizes President Roosevelt's "race-suicide" theories, one of our readers, who signs herself "One Who Loves Fair Play," writes: "One would suppose, by the tone of the critics, that Roosevelt insists that all married women, regardless of health, financial condition, or morals, should have all the children possible under physical law. The President is a sane man, none more so, and he would not have burdens laid upon women who are unable to bear them. In all this unpleasant fault-finding, and willful perversion of meaning, the grumblers forget that, while on this Coast, the President repeatedly said that 'the quality and quantity of the children are all right.' The President said, what all thinking people know, that the people who should have children to send forth into the world to make it better, are not having them. This is a matter of statistics, not of sentiment. It remains to be proved that children of small families are better born, and better reared, than are those in large families. You will find that the unselfish, helpful man or woman was reared in a large family. I am speaking in a broad sense. Their whole training has fitted them for citizenship—and they owe it largely to the mother who set them the wholesome example of devotion to the duties nearest at hand. The 'woman with a thousand aims' is not the one who helps the world to better living. 'One Who Loves Her Sex' speaks of the advantage of having but one child in the family—'one thoughtful-souled child.' I have seen her—little prig. The only comfort in this matter to thoughtful people is that the 'thoughtful-souled child' goes her mother one better, and has none at all, which is one way of making the world wise. But heaven help her husband. I speak of her advisedly. The 'thoughtful-souled' boy generally has it knocked out of him, on the street and in school, before he is of age. To quote again from 'One Who Loves Her Sex': 'The nervous condition of the American woman being what it is, it is impossible for

her to attend to her manifold duties and interests, and at the same time rear a large family of children.' That reads well, but what are these interests and manifold duties? Clubs, teas, and whist? The nervous condition of the American woman has not been brought about by the having and rearing of children. It is largely brought about by her lack of independence to live her life in her own way. In short, by trying to keep up with the procession. The women who take the 'rest cure' are not, as a rule, mothers of large families. They are quite as apt to have none, but are feverishly devoted to a cause, the husband and home coming in a poor second. 'One Who Loves Her Sex' made a comparison—and in very bad taste be it said—between the late President McKinley and President Roosevelt, to the disadvantage of the latter. It may not have occurred to the writer that Mrs. Roosevelt preferred to remain at home, and so relieve her husband of added care and worry. This is a mere suggestion."

The imports of diamonds and other precious stones during the fiscal year just ended aggregated over \$30,000,000. Prior to 1887 the total seldom reached \$10,000,000 in a year. After 1887 the value of the imports increased until they reached \$16,000,000 in 1893, but in 1894 they dropped to \$5,500,000. During the four years of hard times that began with 1893 the average did not much exceed \$6,000,000 a year. As soon as the clouds had rolled by, the purchases began to enlarge until the above-named amount of \$30,000,000 was reached.

One of the most widely discussed newspaper topics during the London silly season this year has been "Should there be music during meals?" In a series of burlesque interviews with celebrities, *Punch* quotes Herr Richard Strauss as saying: "The employment of orchestras at meal times opens up endless new vistas to the writer of 'programme' music. I have just completed a new suite, entitled, 'Hebe and Ganymede,' occupying two hours in performance, each movement of which is contrived to coincide in length and treatment with a fresh course. Thus in the soup section the wooing of the turtle is suggested by a passage for four flutes, and the 'bird' is richly scored with *bravura* passages for the oboes and piccolo. An expressive *tremolando* for violins heralds with an anticipatory shiver the advent of the ice pudding, and a strepitous *coda* in the finale greets the arrival of the coffee and liquors." T. P. O'Connor is quoted as saying: "The only objection I have to music at meal times is this: When I hear music, being of a very emotional Celtic temperament, I am irresistibly impelled to sing. The last time this happened I was eating a plover's egg. My dear boy, I nearly had a spasm of the glottis!" The proprietor of the quick-lunch restaurant in the Strand writes: "We find that it accelerates our already almost incredible pace if the 'Turkish Patrol,' or some other rapid march is played during the five minutes in which our one thousand regular customers enjoy their midday meal." Sousa writes: "There is no doubt that the nearer the trombone the sweeter the meat."

If we are to believe the reports, Chicago is suffering from a greater dearth of kitchen, dining-room, and general utility maids than any other city in the United States. Offers of seven dollars a week are said to be small temptation to the trained woman chef and her equally needed assistant. So independent have they become that housewives are forced to accept them with all sorts of conditions. For example, the servant must have every other night "off." She also must have the privilege of an occasional afternoon for shopping and returning calls. She must have a room by herself, the second cook and the other servants demanding individual rooms as well. She must have the right to entertain her friends in royal fashion should she so desire. She may leave her place and accept a better offer without any notice, and in the midst of a function given by the "lady of the house" if the fancy so seizes her. An increase in wages may be asked for and expected at any time, on its refusal the servant having the right to depart. As a sample of the independence and lack of consideration of servants, the New York *Herald's* correspondent tells this story, which he declares is true: "In an extremely beautiful mansion on the South Side, a few nights ago, the owner of the residence was awakened by sounds of revelry. He believed himself dreaming, but the sounds continued, and he understood that there were things on the move in the lower

domains of his home. He awakened his wife and other members of the family, and they followed him to the head of the grand stairway. Glasses were clinking, the raucous vocal aspirations of the corner policeman were heard above the hum of gentle voices, there were sallies of wit and exchanges of repartee. Refreshments were ordered by one in regal command—the voice of the new cook being recognized—and, everything seemed to be truly *recherché*. 'Well, it's our new eight-dollar cook having a *soirée*,' whispered the head of the house to his spouse. 'Sh—sh—not a word,' replied the quaking woman; 'she might become angry and leave in the morning.' 'This morning, you mean—it's three o'clock,' was the husband's comment. The new cook arose at nine o'clock and broke twenty dollars worth of cut glass. Two days afterward she hired out to a family in the next block at a satisfactory increase." Employment agencies declare that they never have known skilled servants to be in greater demand than now.

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SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Geo. H. Willson, Local Forecaster Temporarily in Charge.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain. fall.	State of Weather.
July 16th.....	56	52	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 17th.....	58	50	.00	Cloudy
" 18th.....	56	50	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 19th.....	60	48	.00	Clear
" 20th.....	62	50	.00	Clear
" 21st.....	62	52	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 22d.....	64	52	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, July 22, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	1,300	@ 108½	108½	109
Edison L. P. 6%.....	5,000	@ 128½	128	
Hawaiian C. S. 5%.....	7,000	@ 98		100
Market St. Ry 6%.....	2,000	@ 123	122	125
Market St. Ry. 1st				
Con. 5%.....	6,000	@ 118		118½
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 106½		108½
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%.....	10,000	@ 120- 120½		120½
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1912.....	10,000	@ 118	117½	118
S. V. Water 4% 2d.....	9,000	@ 100½	100½	
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	2,000	@ 100		100½
U. Gas Elect. 5%.....	4,000	@ 105	105	107
	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Spring Valley.....	430	@ 84½- 86	85½	86½
Street R. R.				
California St.....	50	@ 200	199	205
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	95	@ 71½- 72		72½
Sugars.				
Hana P. Co.....	650	@ 25- 35	15	25
Hawaiian C. & S.....	30	@ 43½	44	46
Honokaa S. Co.....	185	@ 10½- 13	12½	
Hutchinson.....	170	@ 14½- 15	14½	15
Makaweli S. Co.....	5	@ 24		24
Onomes S. Co.....	145	@ 22½	22½	23
Pauhaui S. Co.....	100	@ 15½- 16	15	16½
Gas and Electric.				
Central L. & P.....	750	@ 5- 5½	4½	5½
Mutual Electric.....	50	@ 12½- 13	12½	13
Pacific Gas.....	185	@ 52½- 53	52½	53½
S. F. Gas & Electric	230	@ 67½- 67¾	67	68
Trustees Certificates.				
S. F. Gas & Electric	215	@ 66½- 67	66	67
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	225	@ 149- 150½	150½	151
Cal. Wine Assn.....	20	@ 98½		99
Oceanic S. Co.....	25	@ 7¼- 7½	7	

The sugar stocks have been in better demand, about 1,300 shares of all kinds changing hands. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar sold up three and one-quarter points to 43, closing at 44 bid, 46 asked.

Spring Valley Water, on sales of 430 shares, sold up to 86, closing at 85½ bid, 86½ asked.

The powder stocks have been steady, and very little stock changed hands.

The light and power stocks have been fairly active; San Francisco Gas and Electric, on sales of 230 shares has about held its own in price, closing at 67 bid, 68 asked; Pacific Gas Improvement, 52½ bid, 53½ asked; Mutual Electric, 12½ bid, 13 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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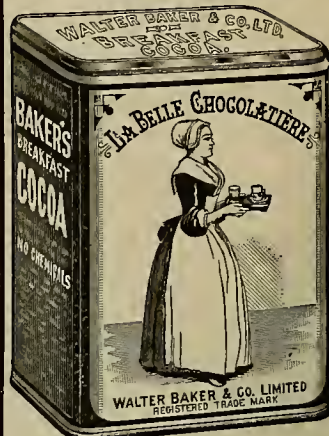
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LANGUAGES.

FRENCH-SPANISH SIMPLIFIED; SEVENTH edition. T. B. de Filippé, A. M., LL. D., 320 Post.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

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MILL VALLEY.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES to rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1832—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRAMES AND FRAMES. From quality to price, quality at the top, prices rock bottom. The new dainty ovals in Flemish Oak are among the late effects. Bring your photographs of dear ones to the framing department of Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is related that the Dowager Empress of Russia once saw on her husband's table a document regarding a political prisoner. On the margin Alexander the Third had written: "Pardon impossible; to be sent to Siberia." The Czarina took up the pen, and, striking out the semicolon after "impossible," put it before the word. Then the indorsement read: "Pardon; impossible to be sent to Siberia." The Czar let it stand.

According to an exchange, a Missouri woman sat up until one o'clock, the other night, waiting for her husband to come home. Then she gave it up and went upstairs, only to find him in bed and fast asleep. "His deception," as she called it, made her so mad that she didn't speak to him for three days. Her anger can be understood, when one considers the disappointment she must have suffered at being deprived of the pleasure of delivering the choice Mrs. Caudle lecture with which she had doubtless intended to greet her wayward husband.

The late J. H. Shorthouse was afflicted with a terrible stammer, which he used to say was a blessing in disguise, having led him to use the pen as his great instrument of expression. There were times, however, when the stammer almost ceased, and he could talk on uninterruptedly. One very striking and touching habit grew up out of the stammer. At "family prayers" he and his wife read all the prayers together; because, if an attack of stammering came on, her gentle voice would carry on the thread till he recovered, and the knowledge of this prevented all nervousness on his part.

When the clever writer and caricaturist, Max Beerbohm, succeeded George Bernard Shaw as dramatic critic of the London *Saturday Review*, he was told by the manager that Shaw was getting such and such pay. "Of course, being comparatively inexperienced," the manager added, "you can scarcely expect so much." "Oh, yes, I shall," rejoined Mr. Beerbohm, decisively; "indeed, I shall expect more. You see," he explained, "as Shaw knows the drama thoroughly, it was perfectly easy for him to write about it. Whereas I know nothing about it, and it will be shockingly hard work."

Here is a favorite anecdote which Abraham Lincoln was in the habit of relating: James Quarles, a distinguished lawyer of Tennessee, was one day trying a case, and after producing his evidence rested, whereupon the defense produced a witness who swore Quarles completely out of court, and a verdict was rendered accordingly. After the trial one of his friends came to him and said: "Why didn't you get that feller to swear on your side?" "I didn't know anything about him," replied Quarles. "I might have told you about him," said the friend, "for he would swear for you just as hard as he'd swear for the other side. That's his business. Judge, that feller takes in swarrin' for a living."

Soon after J. M. Barrie leaped into fame, the editors of three London journals for which he had done a good deal of work determined to give a dinner in his honor. Mr. Barrie accepted the invitation, and in due course the three knights of the pen and scissors and their distinguished guest sat down together. The hosts, knowing their contributor only by his work, fully anticipated a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." However, the soup and fish were consumed without a word from Mr. Barrie, or, at least, with nothing beyond non-committal grunts. Despite frantic efforts to lure him into conversation, it was not until he rose to put on his coat that he made the first and last remark that he uttered during the evening: "Weel, this is the first time I've ever had dinner with three editors."

Many of General Shafter's old associates still refer to him as "Small Cap" Shafter, a nickname which originated at a banquet given to several army officers in Denver many years ago, at which Shafter was one of the guests. One of the Denver papers reported the banquet, and gave a complete list of the guests, but when the proof-sheets were sent to the proof-reader he observed that Shafter's name was in lower-case type, and so he marked it "small cap," the usual way being to note "sm. c.," meaning that the words should be reset in capitals of small size. It seems that the compositor was not familiar with proof-corrections, and, supposing that the note made

by the proof-reader indicated some military title with which he was not familiar, instead of making the proof correction, he substituted the words "Small Cap," and it was so printed in the paper. Shafter was in "a frame of mind" when his attention was called to his name in the paper, but the other officers made much fun of it, and the title stuck to him many years.

William Redmond's humorous and pointed interjections are becoming quite a feature of Parliamentary life. The House of Commons was favored the other day with another laughable interruption from Mr. Redmond. Just before the House adjourned, an Irish member managed to move the second reading of the Town Tenants (Ireland) Bill. Thereupon, Sir F. Bannbury arose to perform his customary function of talking out the bill. The member for Peckham succeeded in speaking for many minutes without saying anything, much to the disappointment of the Irish members, and started to conclude his remarks with the words, "For these reasons, Mr. Speaker—" when Mr. Redmond interrupted, amid a roar of laughter, with, "They ought to send you to the House of Lords."

When Mascagni was in San Francisco, one of his accomplishments which most attracted attention was his ability to conduct almost entirely without a score. Richard Wagner in the 'fifties was once severely criticised in London for this very thing. He was conducting the Philharmonic concerts in the British metropolis for a season, and being a very ardent admirer of Beethoven, and, in fact, knowing that master's nine symphonies by heart, he selected several of them for performance in the series of concerts. After the first performance, one of the prominent newspapers scolded the author of "Lohengrin" for directing a symphony by the immortal Beethoven without the score in front of him. Accordingly, at the next concert, young Wagner had a book of music open before him on his desk. The next day, a commendatory article appeared in the aforesaid newspaper, which praised him for a very much better interpretation of Beethoven than his last, due, of course, to the use of the score. Whereupon Wagner secured his revenge on his presumptuous critic by announcing the fact that the score in front of him the previous evening was that of Rossini's opera, "The Barber of Seville"—turned upside down.

An Excessively Literary Bit of Literature.

The poet and Penelope were playing under the rose, tossing the filigree ball; both were children of destiny, born in the house on the Hudson, near the house opposite, adjacent to our neighbors close to an East Side family. Those delightful Americans were like pigs in clover until a tar heel baron, the master of millions, espied through the gap in the garden the siege of youth; this man in the gray cloak, who figured among the middle-aged lovers, and possessed the sins of a saint, and who had been the lightning conductor and the talk of the town in Piccadilly as well as a regular typhoon along the Roman road, was no hero when he entered the circle at the time appointed, where the spinners of life—one, the blue goose, and the other, one of the deep-sea vagabonds—were enjoying the price of freedom. However, taking the main chance to overcome the modern obstacle of trees, shrubs, and vines, this gold wolf cracked one of earth's enigmas and dashed like a detached pirate upon wild life near home; say, Marty, who had been abroad with the Jimmies in the kindred of the wild, and the lions of the Lord, didn't do a thing but lift the log of a cowboy grown in the mountains of California, and standing 'twixt God and mammon, saying: "You are the under dog." Lovey Mary, alias Penelope, whose mother was a Virginian girl in the Civil War, jumped upon the intruder and said: "I am a girl of ideas of the better sort, also a daughter of Thespis; you are the spoilsman set; scat! get you to walks in New England. You are only Perkins the faker." And he got.—*Horace Seymour Keeler in New York Sun.*

The easy route: The old squire lay a-dying, and his faithful coachman was summoned to the bedside. "Well, John," said the old gallant, "I'm going now on a longer journey than ever you could drive me." "Never mind, squire, never mind," cried the servant, in a broken voice; "it'll be downhill all the way."—*London Globe.*

Minnre's Pains-Oak Remedy cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Yearnings.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea,
While the things I want but never can get
Speak out in thy plaint to me.
Oh, well for the country lass
That she shoots the chutes with a yell,
And well for the dry-goods clerk
That he bathes in the heaving swell;
And the stately millionaire
Walks down the sands with a smile,
But show, oh, show me a railway car
With shade on both sides of the aisle!
Up the beach in a great white tent
There are preacher men to-day,
And people stirred by the earnest word
Bow down their heads and pray.
And it's well—they hope to receive
Something they ought—or ought not to,
But why can't I have an automobile
That will aut, and quit, when it ought to?
There's wind and the shining sun
And the beautiful bright blue bay,
While hand in hand on the shining sand
Contiguous lovers stray.
I search in vain for the founts of joy
That fount as they bill and coo,
For I'm looking to-day for a fountain-pen
That will fount when I want it to.
Oh, well that the fisherman mourns
For the lobsters that are no more!
He should set lobster pots on the proper
spots,
For there's lobsters enough on shore;
Yet the things we want but never can get
Make all the prospect bleak,
And I'm yearning, in vain, for a lost golf
ball
That will answer, "Here, sir," when I
speak.
—Winthrop Packard in Life.

A Diagnosis of Kentucky.

Kentucky's hills are full of rills,
And all the rills are lined with stills,
And all the stills are full of gills,
And all the gills are full of thrills,
And all the thrills are full of kills.
You see, the fendists dot the hills,
And camp along the little rills,
Convenient to the busy stills,
And thirsting for the brimming gills.
And when the juice his system fills
Each fendist whoops around and kills.
Now, if they'd only stop the stills
They'd cure Kentucky's many ills—
Men would be spared to climb the hills
And operate the busy stills.
However, this would mean more gills,
And that, of course, would mean more thrills,
Resulting in the same old kills.
So all the hills and rills and stills,
And all the gills and thrills and kills,
Are splendid for the coffin mills,
And make more undertaker's bills.
—Chicago Tribune.

Many Beverages

are so vastly improved by the added richness imparted by the use of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. The Eagle Brand is prepared from the milk of herds of well fed, housed, groomed cows of native breeds. Every can is tested and is therefore reliable.

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Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, on Bay, between Powell and Mason Streets, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

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XYLORET—Pure Lisle
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and at prices to suit all purses.

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also the most comfortable garments to wear.

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Leggins, Golf and Hunting Jackets,
Ladies' Knitted Jackets and Vests.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.
New York...August 5, 10 am | St. Louis...Aug. 19, 10 am
Philadelphia...Aug. 12, 10 am | New York...Aug. 26, 10 am
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Westernland...August 1 | Haverford...August 15
Belgenland...August 8 | Noordland...August 22

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Min'apolis...Aug. 1, 11:30 am | Mesaba...Aug. 15, 9 am
Min'n'haha...Aug. 7, 5:30 am | Minnetonka...Aug. 22, 5 am
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Commonwealth...July 30 | Commonwealth...Aug. 27
New England...August 6 | New England...Sept. 3
Mayflower...August 13 | Mayflower...Sept. 10

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Dominion...August 1 | Canada...August 22
Southwest...August 8 | Kensington...August 29

Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.
Cambrian...Saturday, Aug. 8, Sept. 19, Oct. 31
Vancouver...Saturday, Aug. 29, Oct. 10, Nov. 21

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.
Rotterdam...July 29 | Rotterdam...August 12
Potsdam...August 5 | Rotterdam...August 19

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a.m.
Kronland...August 1 | Finland...August 15
Zeeland...August 8 | Vaderland...August 22

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Oceania...July 29, 9:30 am | Teutonic...August 5, noon
Cymric...July 31, 11 am | Arabic...August 7, 5 pm
Armenian...August 4, 6 am | Germanic...August 12, noon
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,
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Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan
Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Coptic (Calling at Manila)...Tuesday, August 18
Gaelic...Friday, September 11
Boric...Wednesday, October 7
Coptic...Saturday, October 31
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.



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Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG
calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai,
and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903
Nippon Maru...Friday, July 31
America Maru...Wednesday, August 26
(Calling at Manila)
Hongkong Maru...Saturday, September 19
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, corner First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, July 25, 1903,
at 11 A. M.
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,
and Sydney, Thursday, August 6, 1903, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, August 13, 1903, at
11 A. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros., Cn., Agts., 643 Market
Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth W. Young, youngest daughter of Major-General Samuel B. M. Young, U. S. A., to First Lieutenant John R. Hannay, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., son of Lieutenant-Colonel John W. Hannay, U. S. A., retired.

The wedding of Miss Ida Mary Russell, daughter of Mrs. John Adam Russell, and Mr. George Albert Webster will take place at St. Luke's Church on August 5th, at eight o'clock. Miss Julia Mau and Miss Dollie Eddy will be bridesmaids, and Mr. Hubbard Dunbar will be the best man. Dr. Vowinkel and Mr. Dalton Harrison will also attend the groom, and the ushers will be Mr. George Daly, Mr. George Coffee, and Mr. Robert Dennis.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Lacey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Lacey, and Mr. Alfred Joseph Turner took place at the home of the bride's parents, 2621 Octavia Street, on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John A. B. Wilson, of Trinity Methodist Church. Mr. Charles Turner, brother of the groom, was best man. Upon their return from their wedding journey in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Turner will reside at 1571 Grove Street.

The wedding of Miss Agnes Hyman, daughter of Mrs. M. Hyman, and Mr. Max C. Greenberg will take place in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on August 6th.

Mrs. Maurice Casey gave a luncheon and card-party at the Hotel Rafael on Friday, July 17th. Those at table were Mrs. William Gwin, Miss Gwin, Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mrs. W. J. Somers, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. George D. Toy, Mrs. Henry P. Sonntag, Mrs. Emma G. Butler, Mrs. H. C. Breeden, Mrs. E. W. Hedges, Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. F. H. Lefavor, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Frank Johnson, and Mrs. S. Hoffman.

The Italian ambassador, Edmond Mayor des Planches, and his party were the guests of Mayor Schmitz on Tuesday. They were driven around the city, through the Presidio, Fort Mason, and Golden Gate Park to the Cliff House, where luncheon was served. In the party were Count Grimaldi, Italian consul for San Francisco, Mr. A. Sbarboro, Dr. J. Calegaris, Mr. E. Patrizi, and Mr. Alfred Roncovieri. Ambassador des Planches was the guest of Mrs. Hearst on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday was tendered a farewell banquet by the Italian-Swiss colony.

Mrs. George Sperry gave a luncheon on Friday, July 17th, at which she entertained Mrs. David Bixler, Mrs. John C. Klein, Miss Sperry, Miss Smith, Mrs. Hiram C. Smith, and Miss Geraldine Bonner.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Dennis Arnold gave a dinner at Fairfax last week, their guests being Dr. and Mrs. Philip King Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. Hotelling, and Mr. Donald de V. Graham.

Mrs. Henry P. Sonntag gave a luncheon on Tuesday at the Hotel Rafael, when she entertained Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, Mrs. F. H. Lefavor, Mrs. James Follis, Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mrs. George D. Toy, Mrs. M. C. Porter, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Walter L. Dean, Mrs. F. W. Nolke, Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mrs. Emma C. Butler, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. W. J. Somers, and Miss Gwin.

Governor Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., of New York, and his party made a brief stay in San Francisco early in the week. On Monday they visited Stanford University, and were entertained at luncheon by Major Rathbone at the Burlingame Country Club. In the evening an informal reception was given them by the Union League Club, and at eleven o'clock they departed in a special train, by way of Ogden, for the Yellowstone Park. In the governor's party, besides his sons, Mr. H. B. Odell and Mr. Bryant Odell, were General Francis V. Greene, Mr. F. E. Ellsworth, of Lockport, N. Y., Dr. S. B. Ward, of Albany, and his son, Mr. D. B. Ward.

Admiral Adigard, commanding the French squadron in the Pacific, was the guest of Mayor Schmitz on Wednesday, who showed him the points of interest in and about the city. In the party were Lieutenant Rene Daveluy, adjutant of the French squadron, Consul-General of France M. Henri Dalemagne, Mr. A. Goustiaux, Mr. J. Godeau, Dr. F. P. Marquis, and Mr. Alfred Roncovieri.

Pay-Inspector Leeds C. Kerr gave a dinner at his residence at Mare Island on Tuesday evening, complimentary to Captain Bowman H. McCalla, the new commandant of the navy-yard. Others at table were Lieutenant and Mrs. Arthur MacArthur, Miss McCalla, Mrs. E. D. Griffin, Mrs. W. G. Miller, and Civil Engineer Parsons.

Art Notes.

The California Camera Club announces that, in conjunction with the San Francisco Art Association, the third Photographic Salon will be held in the galleries of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, beginning October 8th, and continuing a fortnight. It has been the object of the Salon in its previous exhibitions to exhibit that class of photographic work which best exemplifies artistic feeling and execution. This idea is to be maintained in the coming Salon, but with a higher standard than heretofore. With this in view, the pictures will be selected by a jury composed of Arnold Genthe (chairman), F. E. Monteverde, Newton J. Tharp, Henry W. Seawell, and John M. Gamble. The executive committee of the Salon will be A. L. Coombs (chairman), W. E. Palmer, W. J. Street, R. H. Fletcher, J. W. Erwin, E. G. Eisen, L. P. Latimer, and Charles A. Goe (secretary).

Francis Marion Wells, the well-known California sculptor, died at the City and County Hospital on Wednesday morning, at the age of fifty-five years. Death was due to general nervous collapse. Mr. Wells modeled the statue on the City Hall, and also executed the monument that commemorates the discovery of gold in California by James W. Wadsworth, which stands in City Hall Square, in front of the City Hall.

In his illustrated lecture before the Camera Club, the other day, on "The Lily of the Arno," Henry Payot threw upon the canvas the picture of San Miniato Hill, in Florence, which he explained had once been as rough and unsightly as Telegraph Hill, but had been reclaimed by patriotic and artistic Florentine folk. He showed views of the broad stairways that lead down the hill to the river, and hinted how easily such passages could be cut in the eminence at the north-east end of this city. San Miniato is as high as Telegraph Hill, and, like it, commands a view of the whole metropolis at its feet. But, unlike the local height, it is adorned with beautiful parks and terraces, and is the crowning ornament of Florence, a fair decoration visible for many miles.

An interesting social and art function will be the forthcoming exhibition of original drawings and paintings, by the local newspaper and magazine illustrators, in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel during the winter season. The exhibition will represent the work of between forty and fifty artists, and will consist of more than one thousand drawings.

Mrs. John Mackay and Mr. Clarence Mackay have sold their half-interest in the Nevada Block, at the north-west corner of Montgomery and Pine Streets, to James L. Flood, who in turn has conveyed a half-interest to the Nevada Bank. The Nevada Bank has been anxious for some time to acquire an interest in the property, and would have taken the whole property had Mr. Flood felt disposed to part with it. Mr. Flood preferred to retain a half-interest, however, and the property will accordingly remain jointly in his name and that of the bank. The change of ownership does not mean that the property is to be improved, for the present building, although erected in 1875, is a substantial structure today, and a well-paying investment as it stands.

The Veteran Volunteer Firemen's Association, composed of many war veterans, have accepted the challenge of the Grand Army veterans of Fitzgerald, Ga., to play a match game of baseball in this city during encampment week, and have elected Colonel H. J. Burns, a veteran of the Civil War, captain of the team, with full power to make all arrangements. Among the notable players in the local team are James Aiken, the pitcher, who is fifty-six years of age, and weighs 265 pounds; William F. Miller, catcher, who is fifty-nine years old, and weighs 210 pounds. The team is composed of men over fifty and under eighty years of age, and all weigh more than 200 pounds.

It has just been announced that William G. Irwin & Co., the representatives of the Spreckels interests in Honolulu, have been appointed the agents for the Hawaiian Islands of the China Mutual Navigation Company. The first vessels of the line to arrive here will be the *Clavering* and *Atholl*, now on the way from Hong Kong. The acceptance of this agency is looked upon as the entering wedge of the Spreckels interest into the transportation trade with the Orient. Their efforts up to this time have been confined to New Zealand, Australia, Hawaii, and the islands of the South Pacific.

Mrs. Arabella D. Huntington's assessment on personal property contained in the Colton House, at 1020 California Street, has been raised from \$25,745 to \$150,000. The supervisors were somewhat reluctant to make any increase, and possibly would not have done so but for the undisputed statement that the paintings were insured for \$750,000, and the admission of E. Black Ryan that he would not object to an assessment of \$150,000. Therefore, for the purpose of taxation, the paintings were valued at \$143,005, instead of at \$18,750, as in the original schedule.

There are many reasons why a trip to Mt. Tamalpais offers the most enjoyable outing of any resort near San Francisco. The cost is small, the scenery is charming, the accommodations at the Tavern are excellent, and the view from the veranda and summit are incomparable.

Mrs. Mary Ann Green, widow of the late William Arthur Green, formerly of San Francisco, died in London, on July 4th, at 21 Kensington Palace Gardens.

The Crocker Heirs to Build Again.

The heirs of the late Colonel C. F. Crocker, who are Templeton Crocker and Miss Jennie Crocker, of this city, and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison, of New York, are preparing to erect a modern business structure at the north-western corner of Post Street and Grant Avenue. The building is to be ten stories in height, and will be of steel, glass, and sandstone. The lot has a frontage of sixty feet on Post Street and one hundred and twenty-two feet on Grant Avenue. A part of the building now on the lot is rented to P. Centemeri for a store. He took the place on a five-year lease, with the privilege of renewing it for five years. In order to get possession the Crocker heirs paid Centemeri \$20,000 for his option for another lease of five years. In addition to paying him the \$20,000 the agent promised to get Centemeri a location in the same neighborhood, and found a store occupied by a milliner. In return for payment of \$100 a month for a certain period the milliner contracted with the Crocker agent to vacate whenever Centemeri got ready to move in. Later on the milliner repented of her bargain. She agreed to pay Centemeri \$250 per month if he would not disturb her. Centemeri consented to the proposal. Now he will get \$250 a month from her for letting her stay. She will get \$100 a month from the Crocker heirs for moving. Yet both contracts hold good.

E. O. McCormick, passenger traffic manager of the Southern Pacific Company, who has just returned from the East, says that arrangements have been made by which low round-trip tickets will be given for a number of gatherings to be held on the Pacific Coast during the next year. Among others, the American Bankers Association, which is to hold its annual gathering in this city from October 2th to 23d; the triennial convocation of the Knights Templar, to be held here in September, 1904; the National Livestock Association, which will hold its annual convention at Portland, January 12th to 15th; the Transmississippi Commercial Congress, which is to meet at Seattle in August of next year; and the approaching national encampment of the Grand Army.

Mrs. Head and her daughter, Miss Anna Head, will sail from New York for England on Monday, and shortly after their arrival in London, Miss Head will be married to Mr. A. J. Mounteney Jephson, who, it will be remembered, visited San Francisco some twelve years ago with Henry M. Stanley, the noted explorer. Shortly after Mr. Jephson's return to England, their engagement was announced, but it was subsequently broken, owing to the strong opposition of Miss Head's father, who objected to his daughter's marrying a foreigner. Just before his death, about six months ago, however, Colonel Head gave his consent to the wedding, which is now to take place in London on August 17th.

A three-story brick building is to be erected on the lot on the north-west corner of Annie and Jessie Streets by the Sharon estate. The old structure on the property is now being torn down. The Sharon estate is the owner of the Palace Hotel building on the opposite side of Jessie Street, and the estate bought the lot so as to be able to prevent the erection of a high building that would shut off the light from the westerly exposure of the hotel.

At the election of the directors of the Merchants' Exchange the full vote, as officially announced, was as follows: William Babcock, 68; W. H. Crocker, 73; W. J. Dutton, 72; E. W. Hopkins, 73; Juda Newman, 71; R. P. Schwerin, 73; H. Sherwood, 55; Leon Sloss, 73; F. W. Van Sicken, 73; F. H. Wheelan, 68; E. K. Wood, 73; G. W. McNear, 2. The judges of election were Emile Gauthier, E. Mehler, and A. A. Adler.

The will of the late Thomas J. Clunie has been admitted to probate. Judge Murasky has fixed the individual bonds of the three executors—Andrew J. Clunie (half-brother of the deceased), Burrell White, and E. A. Bridgford—at \$100,000. The estate, as a whole, is valued at over a million, and yields an income at present of \$48,000. It consists of realty, money, jewelry, and other personal property.

Gilbert Palache died at his residence on Eddy Street on July 17th, after an illness of six weeks. He had been a member of the firm of H. M. Newhall & Co. for over thirty years, and was highly esteemed in business circles.

A Fable, with a Moral.

Once a Tired Man went off for the Summer to Rest and Enjoy Himself. Two weeks later, in the City, he met a Friend, who looked at him, Curiously. "Why," said the Friend, "do you go Away to some long-distance Hothole, and eat several Pounds of Dust getting there, and Ruin your Clothes and get Poison Oak, too, and think you've had Sport, when you can go down to Hotel Vendome, at San José, and have all sorts of fun, and no Dust or Poison Oak?" And the Tired Man wept, and said He would be wiser Next Time.

— SWELL DRESSERS HAVE THEIR SHIRT WAISTS made at Kent's, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Miss Helene Irwin, and Mrs. Lewis have been sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood have departed for the East, en route to Europe, to be absent at least a year.

Mrs. William I. Kip and Miss Mary Kip have returned from their visit to Columbus, O., and New York, and are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. Abby M. Parrott has been spending the past week at Del Monte.

Mrs. Sidney V. Smith, Miss Smith, and Mr. Sidney V. Smith, Jr., are spending the month of July at the Hotel Vendome.

Dr. and Mrs. Morton Gibbons have gone to housekeeping at 2413 Franklin Street, near Vallejo.

Mr. Francis Carolan was in Santa Barbara during the week.

Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Elizabeth Mills were at Lake Tahoe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale, after a visit to Germany, are in Paris.

Mrs. Colis P. Huntington has been occupying her country place at Throggs Neck, Westchester, N. Y. She expects to sail for London on a visit to the Princess Hatzfeldt early in August.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst is sojourning at her country place on the McCloud River. Later, she will go to Monterey for a short stay.

Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool is spending a few weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Ethyl Hager was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Walter L. Dean, in San Rafael during the week.

Mrs. Sidney Catlin Partridge, accompanied by her sister, Miss Maude Simpson, has returned from Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Scherwin are spending the summer at Del Monte. Miss Celia O'Connor has been visiting them during the week.

Mrs. George Doubleday has been visiting Mrs. Remi Cbabot at her country place near St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Miss Maylita, Pease, Mr. R. H. Pease, Jr., and Mrs. R. L. O'Leary left for Portland, Or., last week for a six weeks' visit to the North-West.

Mrs. Davenport and Miss Eleanor Davenport expect to sail for the Orient on August 8th to be absent about six months.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newball were in London when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill have returned after a visit of two months in Southern California.

Mr. John Tarn McGrew, of Honolulu, who has been in San Francisco for the past few weeks, left for New York on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sperry and Miss Elsie Sperry will spend the month of August in Humboldt County.

Miss Mary Harrington has been the guest this week of Mrs. McCalla at the navy-yard, Mare Island.

Mrs. E. D. Beylard is spending some time at Santa Barbara, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Julia Reddington.

Miss Ida Gibbons has been spending a week with friends in Marin County.

Mrs. Caroline Asbe has been visiting her son and daughter-in-law at their country place in Sonoma County.

Bishop and Mrs. William F. Nichols, who went East to attend the graduation of their son at West Point, have returned after an absence of six weeks.

Mrs. J. E. de Ruyter expects to spend the remainder of the summer in Napa with Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness.

Mrs. Bernard Peyton and Miss Julia Peyton are spending the summer at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Miss Blanding, Miss Susan T. Blanding, and Miss Henriette de S. Blanding are sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., arrived in New York from Europe on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman have been spending the past fortnight at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin are at their country place at Versailles, Ky., where they will remain until October.

Rev. and Mrs. Bradford Leavitt and family are spending the month of July in Southern California. Miss Katherine Bunnell, of Berkeley, is with them.

Miss Bertha Runkle and Miss Katherine Ball have returned from Japan, after an absence of three months.

Mrs. V. K. Maddox and Mr. Knox Maddox have been sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Peter McG. McBean has returned from San Rafael, where she has been passing the summer.

Mr. Jeremiah Lynch has departed for New York, en route to Europe.

Mr. Donald de V. Grabam was a guest at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. H. M. Walker and family, of Salt Lake City, are guests at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. Henry Heyman has been sojourning at Santa Barbara.

Mr. James R. Wilder, of Honolulu, was in town last week.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. J. P. O'Neal, of St. Louis, Mo., Miss Florence Musto, of Stockton, Mr. A. H. Merrill, of Berkeley, Consul P. S. Von Gelden, of Amsterdam, Mrs. A. R. Reynolds, Miss Inez Strouck, Miss Huntsman, Miss Frances M. Stewart, Mr. S. W. Cowles, Dr. Victor G. Vecki, Mr. C. H. Merrill, Dr. G. W. Duncan, and Mr. C. G. Follis.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Gardner and Mr. M. J. Barbour, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pollock and Mr. and Mrs. P. Gurten, of British Columbia, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Seaman and Mr. J. C. de Wolf, of New York, Mrs. T. T. Williams, of San Rafael,

Mrs. N. d'Oyly and the Misses d'Oyly, of San José, Mr. Stuart T. Rawlings, of Mexico, Mr. Paige Monteagle, Mr. Du Val Moore, and Mr. Moulton Warner, of Blythdale.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

The following promotions in the army have just been announced: Major-General Samuel B. M. Young, to be lieutenant-general, vice Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, who retires August 8th; Brigadier-General Samuel S. Sumner, to be major-general, vice Major-General George W. Davis, to be retired July 26th; Brigadier-General Leonard Wood, to be major-general, vice Major-General Samuel B. M. Young, to be promoted.

Major Guy L. Edie, U. S. A., will not come to California for the present, as the order appointing him surgeon at the new camp at Monterey has been countermanded.

Captain B. Frank Cbeatham, U. S. A., who recently returned from Manila, en route to Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Cbeatham were the guests last week of Mrs. Cbeatham's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Denman.

Colonel Thomas H. Barry, U. S. A., adjutant-general's department, has been selected for brigadier-general in the permanent service, to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of General Leonard Wood, U. S. A.

Captain Charles E. Stanton, U. S. A., was at Del Monte last week.

Colonel Daniel D. Wheeler, U. S. A., recently chief quartermaster at department headquarters, has been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and will be retired.

Dr. Charles P. Kindelberger, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kindelberger were guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Colonel George B. Rodney, U. S. A., who recently assumed command of the post at the Presidio, is among the officers recently promoted to the rank of brigadier-general and retired.

Captain William Renwick Smedburg, Jr., Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., will not sail for the Philippines in August. His regiment has been ordered to remain at home.

Colonel Charles A. Woodruff, U. S. A., and his son, Lieutenant James A. Woodruff, U. S. A., have joined Mrs. Woodruff, who is sojourning in Mendocino County.

Major Albert Todd, U. S. A., and Mrs. Todd visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Dr. Melvor-Tyndall began his new series of lectures at Steinway Hall on Sunday last before a splendid audience. His subject was "Life Secrets," and following the lecture he demonstrated the power of mind in some wonderful and interesting experiments. The topic for Sunday evening will be "The Thought that Kills." The following Sunday, August 2d, Dr. Melvor-Tyndall will take for his subject "Is Telepathy a Lost Faculty or a Development?" Both lectures will be followed by experiments in sub-conscious phenomena.

W. S. Leake, who has been manager of the Call for the last six years, has tendered his resignation, to go into effect the latter part of September, or early in October, unless his personal affairs should make it necessary for him to retire earlier. Mr. Leake is said to have some enterprises of his own in which he proposes to engage.

Application has been made to the board of equalization by Wells, Fargo & Co. to be relieved of taxation on its franchise, which it contends should not be assessed. The franchise is put at \$450,000 by Assessor Dodge, and other personal property totals \$580,580.

Mr. Emil Steinegger, after an absence of four years in Europe, has returned to San Francisco and opened a studio at 546 Sutter Street.

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Polo and Races—

August 1st to 8th. Under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Polo and Pony Racing Association. R. M. Tobin, Secretary. Entries to and information from 151 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Automobile Run—

August 6th to 11th, from San Francisco, including meet at Del Monte. Under the auspices of the Automobile Club of California. F. A. Hyde, President. Entries to 151 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Golf Tournament—

August 24th to 31st. Under auspices of the Pacific Coast Golf Association. R. Gilman Brown, Secretary. Entries to 310 Pine Street, San Francisco.

OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP—Team Match, for Byrne Cup, North vs. South.

DEL MONTE CUPS—Amateur Tournament. Ladies' Tournament.



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The Argonaut.

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Elsewhere will be found a condensed account of the desperate outbreak of convicts at the California State Prison at Folsom. This affair seems to be unmistakably due to lax discipline. Various facts are coming to light, showing the most deplorable weakness in the treatment of convicts. One significant story is that this outbreak, which has been hatching for months, was "finally decided upon last Sunday afternoon, while the convicts were in the yard listening to the band playing." We have often had occasion in these columns to criticise the way in which the convicts in California prisons were pampered and petted. But we did not know that they were regaled with band-playing in their off-hours.

There are many honest laboring men in California who lack such luxuries. The Oakland Herald prints a photograph of a scene in Folsom prison-yard, where the convicts are eagerly watching a wrestling-match between two of their fellow-felons. In this idyllic scene the officers and guards are interested spectators with the convicts.

It is not many years since a desperate outbreak occurred in Folsom Prison, near the close of the régime of another sympathetic warden. We refer to Warden McComb. He believed in kind treatment of convicts. He was shocked at the idea of meagre fare and hard labor. He therefore gave his convict wards as much leisure as he could, and instituted a series of "progressive tables," like a progressive euchre-party. In this novel penal scheme the new convict was placed at what was called the "bean table." If he behaved nicely and kept his nose clean, he was then promoted to the "beefsteak table." If he became a model convict, always greeted the warden obsequiously, and laughed uproariously at his jokes, he was then promoted to the "tenderloin table."

All this sounds like a joke. But it is not jesting—it is grim and sorry truth. This mockery of penal punishment went on in Folsom for months. It had its inevitable sequel. The wild animals there, overfed and underworked, tried to break their bonds. A knot of convicts from the "tenderloin table" were the ring-leaders, and they incidentally tried to murder their kind warden. Fortunately they failed.

Warden McComb was succeeded by Warden Aull, a rigid disciplinarian. Under his management, Folsom became a model prison. Although it had no walls, he posted in the towers around the prison men with good rifles and good nerves, men who were dead shots. Once, when nine convicts tried to run the gauntlet, three fell in their tracks, and the other six were speedily captured. Before his lamented death, Warden Aull was preparing to surround the prison with stone walls. But his successor has never carried out the work. It would be difficult to tell why. For Folsom is in the foothills of our rock-ribbed Sierra range, and the entire country round about is solid granite. If some of the precious cutthroats who have just broken out of prison had expended their surplus energies in breaking out stone instead, and in building granite walls, this outbreak might never have occurred. As it is, the prison-break might have been infinitely worse had it not been for the forethought of Convict Casey. When the thirteen gallows-birds got out, Convict Casey had presence of mind enough to lock the door, thereby shutting up several hundred ruffians who otherwise would have followed the first, and carried terror through the surrounding country. That several hundred convicts are inside of Folsom Prison to-day, instead of devastating the surrounding country, and that their presence there is due entirely to a convict instead of the prison officials, is most significant.

The Examiner prints interviews with many of the prison guards. Each of these begins in the same way—"I was sitting near the door." They go on to relate that they were "surprised," and that they "had no weapons." Prison guards should not be sitting idly in the sun; they must be vigilant. They should not be without weapons; they must be armed. If these are the only guards we have in California's State prisons, the State would save money by discharging them, and replacing them with theological students; the students would be cheaper, and possibly they might convert the convicts. The plea of the riflemen in the towers—that they did not use their weapons because their captain ordered them not to do so, and because the convicts were shielding themselves with the bodies of their

fellow-officers—is a valid one. Their business was to obey orders. But had they been ordered to shoot, their business also would have been to obey orders. Only one guard, Thomas Ryan, seems to have thought of following the fugitives. This he did, and took a pot-shot or two, wounding one of his men; but he was deterred from further sniping by the agitated handkerchief-waving of the imprisoned guards.

Doubtless all those men who have to do with the control of convicts will find this sort of criticism very cheap after the catastrophe, but it is their business to keep these human tigers within bounds. These felons, who commit robbery, rape, arson, and murder, are worse than wild animals. We have no sympathy with the mawkish sentimentality which encourages petting and pampering them. It would be better, both for them and the world, were they out of it. But as civilization has not reached such a point as to further the destruction of venomous serpents, noxious narcotics, and murderous convicts, let that go; some day it will. In the interim, we have a right to demand that the ordinary precautions for convict-guarding, which have been found necessary and effective in older countries, shall be followed in this new one. The most rudimentary of these precautions are isolation, silence, under-feeding, and discipline. By "isolation," we do not mean solitary confinement, but the species of restraint practiced in the prisons of Belgium, where the prisoners see the officers; where they attend divine service in curious pews whence they can see and hear the clergyman, but where they are sedulously shut apart from one another; by "silence," we mean the prevention of intrigue and plot-hatching, such as took place at Folsom "while the band played on Sunday." By "under-feeding," we mean giving convicts food enough to keep them in health, but not enough to impel them to the commission of crimes, unnamable and otherwise, against each other, or against their guardians. And by "discipline," we mean rigid, stern, unvarying, but just control of these enemies of society.

"Under-feeding" simply means not feeding too much. Nearly all people out of prison eat too much. In prisons in old and well-governed communities convicts do not eat too much. In California they do. We are so well-fed a community that the mere mention of putting an athletic murderer on bread and water for a few days makes the old ladies of both sexes all over our State dissolve in tears. But bread and water is not such a bad diet when you are hungry. If any man doubts the ability of a convict to get along on bread and water, let him try it himself some time, in camp or elsewhere, when he has nothing else. If he is good and hungry he will find that he can sustain life on bread and water, and be mighty glad to get it.

This flight of felons from Folsom is another proof, if one were needed, of the folly of petting convicts. As Sherman said of Indians, there may be good convicts, but all the good ones are dead. The one redeeming feature about this outbreak is that some and perhaps all of these felons, for the murder of Guard Cotter, may be hanged. We sincerely hope so. The gallows yearns for them.

The unexpected delay attending the ratification of the Panama Canal treaty by the Colombian congress has had various explanations from time to time, but they none of them have been explicit and satisfying. A new view of the subject from the standpoint of a Colombian has been given in an article in the last *North American Review*, by Raúl Pérez. Mr. Pérez is the present head of a prominent Colombian family, and the nephew of a former president of that republic. He published for some time one of the leading papers of the country.

but owing to the fact that he is of the Liberal party, which failed in the last revolution, his native country is not at present the safest place for him, and he resides in the United States. Mr. Pérez claims that the objection to the treaty comes from the most enlightened and progressive of his countrymen. They deny in the first place that the building of the canal will benefit Colombia. On the contrary, they expect it to prove a commercial injury. The present revenue from the transferring of passengers and freight at both terminals, Panama and Colon, would be cut off, steamers would pass through without even coaling, passengers would avoid landing out of dread of the climate, and the natives would have no part in the traffic except "to place on board the scanty products of their own immediate neighborhood." The payment of ten millions of dollars, according to Mr. Pérez, is not to be considered as adequate remuneration for the injury which the Colombians would sustain. The country has long considered the isthmus its great trump card. To part with it for a few millions would be only a temporary advantage, realized by a few, out of an asset that belongs to posterity—a posterity that would execrate the memory of those who squandered it. Vastly would these Colombians prefer that the isthmus should be seized, in which case honor would be retained, and with it the hope that the rights of the country might some time be vindicated—but no such hope could be entertained if the dishonest band of clericals who act as the government of Colombia give a seemingly legal consent to the transaction." Mr. Pérez says that the government of his country is a government by alien Jesuits, whose purpose it is to distribute the money received "among the dictator's friends and the religious orders." The constitutional provision against the alienation of territory is also cited to show that a ratification by the legislature of Colombia would not be legal. Besides, under the treaty, if ratified, the United States would succeed to the status of the French Canal Company, which is that of a "juridical person," subject to the laws and the courts of Colombia. Would the United States be satisfied to stand as a "juridical citizen" on the soil of an inferior nation? What is proposed by Mr. Pérez is to substitute for the treaty a partnership agreement between the two countries, by which Colombia would "hold a permanent interest in the enterprise, deriving an income that would benefit not a few officials and one political party, but all the people for generations to come." Mr. Pérez's paper contains a warning which this country should heed. It indicates that what the Colombian authorities *in esse* may do will be overturned when the next revolution succeeds.

To the warning in Mr. Pérez's paper, we will add a warning of our own. If what the present Colombian Government may do should be overturned by the next revolutionary government, thereby endangering the rights of the United States to its canal—why then the United States Government will overturn the next revolutionary government—and perhaps those which follow—in Colombia.

The following communication concerning the editorial in last week's issue on lynching and boycotting, doubtless touches on a point which has occurred to many readers:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have read with interest your leading article on "lynching." One inaccuracy I venture to point out to you: "We believe there are only four States—Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Utah—where lynching has not been practiced."

The writer, in August, 1883, witnessed the lynching in the principal street of Salt Lake City of a negro, who, a few minutes before, had shot and killed the chief of police—a Mormon—and wounded another officer. It was a brutal affair, the mob dragging the negro by the neck through the streets, and subsequently hanging up the dead body in a shed. True, Utah was not at that time a State—but I suppose your record does not rest upon a technicality.

Yours truly, A. R.

Our remark about the four non-lynching States—given, by the way, upon belief—was based on the statistics of the *Chicago Tribune*. That paper prints periodical records of lynchings and other crimes. It is the only source whence such information may be derived, and it is as accurate as may be, considering that its record is based on newspaper dispatches—probably the least trustworthy form in which to seek information. But such as it is, it is the only source we have. We think the *Tribune* means "States" and not "Territories"; we certainly meant "States" and not "Colonies" in our statement about Massachusetts, for in another part of the article we chronicled acts of

lynch-law in colonial Massachusetts, although not hangings, and certainly not negro-burnings. The latter seems to be a modern crime—one of the illuminations of the Twentieth Century, so to speak. True, religious people some generations ago used to burn those who differed with them, but they had no coal-oil. Those were indeed dark days.

The news of last week regarding the Manchurian situation was highly colored with war-like rumors. It was stated that Russia is mobilizing troops at Odessa, and organizing battalions of sailors and marines in Turkestan for dispatch to Manchuria; that torpedo-boats are leaving Cronstadt for the east; and that Russian cruisers have left the Straits Settlement, bound for Port Arthur. The war fever in Japan was reported to be almost equally violent. Subsequent news from both Tokio and St. Petersburg deny all the tales of preparation. While war may not be imminent, there is basis for the belief that a clash between Russia and Japan is almost inevitable at some future date. The probable outcome of such a war is the subject of discussion between the *North China Daily News*, published at Shanghai, and the *Japan Weekly Mail*, published at Yokohama. We are told that, including only line-of-battle ships, armored cruisers, sixteen-knot cruisers, and twenty-knot gunboats, in Far Eastern waters, Japan has thirty vessels of 203,192 tons, and England fifteen vessels of 130,380 tons. On the other hand, Russia has twenty-two vessels of 180,249 tons, and France six, with a tonnage of 38,804. The statement shows a preliminary advantage at sea in favor of Japan, which would not be overcome even if the United States should join forces with Japan and England, and Germany should assist the Russians and French. The United States has five vessels in those waters, aggregating 38,825 tons, and Germany has seven, with a tonnage of 29,713. The China paper argues that if Japan should be defeated at sea, the proximity of Port Arthur would enable Russia to pour an invading army into Japan; but if Japan should win the preliminary naval fight, the succeeding moves would be problematical; but since Japan could scarcely hope to invade Russian territory, or even Manchuria, with success, the fighting on land would probably be confined to Corea, where neither could do the other much damage. The war would be long and weary, and end in a treaty with mutual concessions. The *Weekly Mail* does not agree to this programme. It admits that Russia is safe from invasion, in the sense that her capital can not be reached from Eastern Asia, but holds that a Japanese army might deprive Russia of Port Arthur and Dalny, evict her from Manchuria, and confine her railway terminus to Vladivostok, which is ice-bound half the year. Neither will the *Mail* agree that a Russian invasion of Japan from Port Arthur is practicable. It maintains that a Russian army landing in Japan would find itself confronted by 250,000 well-drilled and well-equipped soldiers acting on the defensive, to oppose whom the invader would need twice as many. The practically simultaneous transportation of 500,000 men by sea, with horses, guns, and equipment, would require 500 or 600 large steamers, and no such flotilla could be gathered by Russia in eastern waters without years of preparation. Even if the Russians landed a force, the invasion would be fruitless, says the *Daily Mail*. It would confront stupendous difficulties, and a campaign in comparison with which England's Transvaal war would be insignificant. "Where Kublai Khan failed," it concludes, "a Russian emperor could not succeed, for, relatively, the Japanese possess to-day far greater powers of resistance than they had in the thirteenth century."

The Postal Department investigation which is being conducted by Fourth-Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow has reached two more important conclusions. It has decided that Charles Hedges, superintendent of free delivery, was guilty of improper use of his office, and he has been dismissed. Hedges, who was appointed five years ago from Texas, had charge of free delivery in cities, and in the line of his duties he had occasion to travel to various cities and inspect the service. For this he was allowed a four-dollar *per diem* as expenses. It has been found that he falsified his movements, claiming a *per diem* for journeys to specific towns, when, as a matter of fact, he was elsewhere, and not on government business. He is also charged with having loaned his traveling commission unwarrantably. His department was directly under the supervision of A. W. Machen, who had charge of both city and country free delivery. Hedges does not deny the main charges, but appears to regard them of slight importance, among the

customary privileges of officials, and not particularly culpable, although it enabled him to collect unearned *per diems*. George W. Beavers has been indicted by the Federal grand jury in Brooklyn. He was recently the chief of the division of salaries and allowances of the Post-Office Department at Washington, and his present indictment results from the Bristow investigation. It is reported that the charges against Beavers, on which the indictments were found, consist in receiving bribes, one of \$240 and another of \$840, and grew out of his dealings with ex-Congressman Driggs, now under indictment for his connection with the Brandt-Dent Company, of Watertown, Wis., the makers of automatic "cashiers." Federal District Attorney Youngs, conducting the Brooklyn proceedings, reports a conversation with the President at Oyster Bay, in which the latter expressed the desire "that this investigation go as far as possible, no matter where it reaches or whom it hits." The public generally will applaud that purpose.

The financial doctors gathered about the bedside of Mr. Wall Street, of New York, seem to be agreed on the diagnosis. It is dropsy. On the remedy and the prognosis there is more divergence of opinion. But the disease is unmistakable. During several years past the process of "stock conversion" has been going on. One share of old stock was transformed into three shares of new. The man who was worth \$1,000,000 on Monday found himself on Tuesday worth \$3,000,000—on paper. The Wall Street promoters of these schemes believed that if they could only pay interest on this expanded capitalization, and interest on bond-issues, for a little time while prosperity was at its height, the public could be induced to buy these securities, and after that they didn't care. But the public was wary. It refused to "digest" the securities. The larger part of them remained in the hands of Wall Street, which strained its credit to the limit in order to carry them. Now pay-day has come. The decline in prices from the top-notch of 1901 is estimated at two billions of dollars. Much of the loss is purely on paper—like the profit. Men who held par stock in 1900 saw it double in value in 1901, and now see it return to par again. Ostensibly, they gained, and ostensibly, they lost—really they did neither. And it is because these transactions were mainly confined to a comparatively small number of men that so far the stupendous decline in stocks has affected so little the country at large. Crops are large, business is booming, the railroads have more freight offered than they can handle. The farmers did not invest in "industrials." And even in Wall Street itself but two large failures have occurred, those of Talbot, Taylor & Co., brokers, with liabilities fixed at from six to nine millions, and Stow & Co., with liabilities of two millions. One of the most striking features of the week of liquidation has been the decline in stock of the Steel Trust. The common stock sold at 23 and thereabouts, and the preferred at 68. Such papers as the *New York Times* see in the movement a bear conspiracy to hammer the price to a point where stock may be acquired to good advantage. This, however, will probably not satisfy the company's employees, who were persuaded to buy preferred stock at \$82.50 in pursuance of the company's "profit-sharing" scheme. Though, as stated, the amount of industrial stock held by the public is small, sagacious observers are not yet ready to say that the Wall Street panic absolutely will not affect the country at large. So careful a financial writer as Henry Clews says: "Our troubles thus far are strictly financial. Whether they are ended, and whether they will extend to general business or not, it is altogether too premature to say."

A charge of falsifying weights of grain is at the basis of an action to recover \$6,000 damages brought by E. Clemens Horst against the Howard Warehouse Company and Balfour, Guthrie & Co.

At the close of last season's harvest, Horst stored a quantity of barley in the Howard warehouse. The grain was weighed by the warehouse company, and the weight certified to Horst, the latter paying \$983.75 for weighing charges. During the fall the grain was shipped to England, the warehouse company again weighing the grain and certifying practically the same weights. The customers in England made a complaint of short weight, and Horst claims that the Howard people took out between three and four pounds from each sack. Balfour, Guthrie & Co. are joined because they were supposed to have an interest in the warehouse, though it is not claimed that they did any of the false weighing. Mr. Howard, in behalf of his company, says that, according to the custom of the trade, two pounds of grain was taken from each draft of five sacks, and sold for the benefit of Horst at the end of the season, but emphatically denies that any more than that amount was taken. He also as emphatically denies that Balfour, Guthrie & Co. have any interest in the warehouse, while that firm declares that its inclusion in the suit is an outrage. The Howard company offer to pay \$1,200, the amount received from the grain taken from the drafts, which is held to Horst's credit, but refuses to pay any more.

If any fair-minded citizen of San Francisco doubted Mayor Schmitz's sincerity when he tried to prune the budget and save the people's money, or doubted Michael Casey's insincerity and selfish motives when he succeeded in spoiling the mayor's plans, those doubts must have been dispelled by the developments of the week. When the budget was in the hands of the supervisors, Casey, for the board of public works, went before them and begged for two more street inspectors at \$1,200 a year each. The supervisors agreed. Casey also secured the dismissal of two employees of the board of public works who were not in the ex-truck-driver's favor. These two men's salaries amounted to \$4,800, which, plus the \$2,400 for the two new inspectors, totaled \$7,200. But Casey did not appoint the two "absolutely necessary" inspectors, nor

LYNCHING IN COLONIES, STATES, AND TERRITORIES.

PROGRESS OF THE POSTAL INVESTIGATION.

MICHAEL CASEY AND THE PEOPLE'S MONEY.

was the \$4,800 "saved" applied to paving streets or repairing sewers or to the wages of the men who work at sweeping streets. Nay, nay. There were clerks, with votes and friends, in the offices who were working nearly eight hours a day and only getting \$1,500 a year. There were poor, hard-worked book-keepers drawing the paltry pittance of \$1,800. There was a janitor, doubtless with influence, getting only \$1,200. There were many, many other men, working ardently for long, long minutes, and getting only three times what they were worth. So Casey, with the assistance of the vote of Commissioner Marsden Manson, and against the heated protests of Commissioner Schmitz, raised the salaries of about thirty of his favorites. Clerks were raised to the \$1,800, book-keepers to \$2,100. The janitor with influence now gets \$1,500. (There was a janitress at \$660; she still gets it; she has no vote). The \$7,200 of the people's money was adroitly "placed" by the hand of Michael Casey where "it will do the most good." Will clerks and janitors work any harder for their stall-fed salaries? Indeed they will—for votes for Casey. For the taxpayers? What a foolish question.

The time for those desiring to vote at the coming primary election to register having expired, the leaders of the various political factions are preparing for the contests that will take place a week from next Tuesday. The united Republican league has formed clubs in all the districts, is holding well-attended meetings, and is confident of electing three hundred and twenty delegates to the convention. The opposition—the regular Republicans, as they call themselves—are by no means inactive. A club was organized in the forty-second district that evidently means to put up a hard fight, and which adopted a series of resolutions that were more caustic than grammatical. The club announced that it would elect twenty-three Republicans without the assistance of an "ex-Buckley Democrat," "a Phelan Republican," or "the mayor's office." In the fortieth district, Jesse Marks is out with his knife against the league. For the offices, John Lackman does not seek reelection to his present position, but would like to try for the mayoralty if Franklin K. Lane does not run on the other side. Henry H. Lynch, of the United Railways, is spoken of for sheriff. Ex-Supervisor Edward Aigeltinger is said to be another aspirant for the position. The latest candidate suggested for the Republican nomination for mayor is Charles A. Murdock, formerly civil service commissioner. On the Democratic ticket, also, there is a lively fight on hand, and in some districts there will be three Democratic tickets in the field. The principal fight is between the county committee contingent and the Democratic league forces. The aspirations of ex-Police Commissioner Mahoney to be mayor cut an important figure, but his opponents claim that he is ineligible under the charter provision that a police commissioner can not hold any office under the city government within a year after his term as police commissioner expires. The opponents of Mahoney are supporting City Attorney Lane. Among the Union Labor people the two factions are preparing to fight their contest out at the polls. Mayor Schmitz addressed a meeting of the Ewell-Aubertine faction, and declared that he recognized that committee as the regularly organized governing body of the party, and pledged himself to aid that faction. He also announced his candidacy for renomination. On the other hand, the carmen's union has perfected a political organization, and has declared in favor of the Harders-Berger faction.

Suit has been brought in the United States Circuit Court, in this city, by the Mercantile Trust Company, of New York, against the Union Iron Works. This is but one of a series of suits brought by the same company against the various concerns that were merged in the United States Shipbuilding Company, known as the Shipbuilding Trust. It is on account of the failure of the trust to pay the interest and installment on the sinking fund that were due on July 1st that the suit has been instituted. On August 11th of last year the trust issued sixteen thousand bonds, known as "first mortgage five per cent. sinking fund bonds." To secure the payment of the principal and interest on these, the trust executed a deed of trust to the Mercantile Trust Company. It was a stipulation of the deed of trust that the accrued interest should be paid on the first days of January and July of each year, and an installment of two hundred thousand dollars toward the sinking fund was due and payable before July 1st. On June 30th of this year, ex-Senator Smith, of New Jersey, was appointed receiver of the trust properties, and the Mercantile Trust Company claims that this gives it a right to proceed to the foreclosure of the trust deed, to have the trust declared a bankrupt, and to have a receiver appointed for all its properties. The Union Iron Works is the only property of the trust within the jurisdiction of this circuit. When the plant was deeded to the trust it was immediately leased back to the local company, but the Mercantile Trust Company claims that this does not affect its right of action.

With commendable enterprise and pride of locality, the newspapers of Puget Sound ports have set themselves to the task of showing that those ports are steadily encroaching upon the commerce of this city, and that in time San Francisco will be interesting only for its historical associations. The figures they marshal to prove this thesis are interesting, and, upon the surface, quite formidable, but unfortunately they will not bear analysis. What our interesting northern neighbors fail to realize is that much of the trade they include in the commerce of Puget Sound is not Puget Sound commerce any more than it is Spokane commerce. Cotton, for instance, forms a large element of the foreign trade of the Sound ports. But this trade originates in the Southern States, and the money paid for it goes to the Southern States. The Sound

ports are paid for handling it from cars to ship, and beyond that have no interest in it. So it is with the tea and other Oriental goods passing through Puget Sound to Eastern cities. Again, the northern statisticians include in the foreign trade the value of merchandise carried from one coast port to another, and compare this total with San Francisco's purely foreign trade. To institute a few comparisons, the bank clearings of this city last year were twice as large as the combined clearings of Tacoma, Seattle, Portland, and Los Angeles, while those of the northern cities were just about equal to the clearings of Los Angeles. The value of imports to this city was three times that of Tacoma and Seattle; the customs collections were seven times as large. The northern cities are sharing the general prosperity, and the people of San Francisco rejoice in that fact, but talk of rivalry is food for amusement rather than serious consideration.

Robbed of its verbiage, here is the bald story of the Folsom jail-break. At 7 A. M., Monday, while a file of two hundred convicts were leaving the prison proper for the granite quarry, thirteen men stepped out of line at the door of the captain's office, as is customary for those who are to be tried for offenses against discipline. But these men were armed with knives made from files. The thirteen prison officials there and thereabouts were weaponless. These officials they attacked, disemboweling one William Cotter, badly wounding Joseph Cochran, and scratching Warden Wilkinson across the abdomen. They then forced the remaining guards and Wilkinson to accompany them, shielding themselves with the persons of the guards as they crossed the open space, and compelled them to unlock the door of a small building containing guns. They took what guns and ammunition they wanted, smashed the remaining arms, and set off, the prison guards still captive. Folsom Prison has no wall. Several watch-towers, surmounted with Gatlings, ordinarily prevent the prisoners' escape. But this time the Gatlings were useless, the gunners fearing they might kill the captive guards. The escape of the prisoners inside the building was barred by a lifetime "trusty" convict, Joseph Casey, who locked the doors. Why all the convicts in the yard—some three hundred—did not try to escape is a mystery.

When the party were a half-mile from the prison, a guard, Thomas Ryan, fired a few shots from the hill-top, and is thought to have wounded R. M. Gorden, a convict. At least, the man fell, crawling off into the bushes. His body has not been found, nor has he been seen alive. At about this time Warden Wilkinson was let go, the felons permitting him to keep his watch and clothes, with the exception of his hat. Captain Murphy was also released, minus shoes, trousers, shirt, and diamonds. Harry Wilkinson returned clad in felon's stripes. A few miles farther the gang encountered José Sylvera, with a four-horse team. The felons made the guards unload the wood. All got in, and they drove on to the ranch of Mrs. Elizabeth Norris (some accounts say Joseph Foster). They compelled her—though without violence or threats—to give them food. They paid her five dollars, and, impressing into use a lighter wagon than Sylvera's that one Bernard Schlottman came along with, the felons again proceeded, with the addition of Schlottman, Sylvera, and another ranch-hand, to the collection of prisoners, which now numbered ten.

Twenty miles north-west of Folsom is a stage-station called Pilot Hill, consisting of a hotel, saloon, store, post-office, all in one, run by S. D. Diehl, his wife, and nineteen-year-old daughter. The felon-laden wood-wagon reached here at two-thirty. The convicts represented themselves as a posse with prisoners (i. e., the guards in stripes), and asked for dinner. Mrs. Diehl and her daughter hastened to prepare it. The men provisioned the wagon, drank Diehl's liquor, ate Mrs. Diehl's dinner, shaved themselves, inquired of a passing stage-driver and the occupants of another vehicle if they had seen a posse behind (to which they answered no), and generally loafed about till four-thirty. Meanwhile, a guard had given the Diehls a tip. Mrs. Diehl asked the convicts to be allowed to go to a neighbor's with her daughters and baby. They agreed. Shortly afterward, the gang started off, all unaware that a woman had warned the posse, and that armed men lined the hill-road in front. They had got only two hundred yards when a convict accidentally discharged a pistol. The posse took it as a signal, and opened fire on the horses. Three were soon killed. The felons fired about two hundred harmless shots. One guard, John Klenzendorf, made a break, and escaped. One convict, "Kid" Allison, got a bullet through the body, and after vainly begging his fellow-felons to shoot him, blew off the side of his head with his revolver. Abandoning the wagon, the rest struck off on foot southward, the posse failing to pursue. At ten o'clock, a consultation was held, all the guards released, and the convict gang divided, three going in one direction, and eight in another. Monday, the posse, now numbering one hundred and fifty, and hourly augmenting, spent a comfortable and boastful night at Pilot Hill. Tuesday it spent an arduous and fruitless day chasing rumors of the felon-gang's whereabouts. Tuesday night, they were confident the criminals were surrounded. Wednesday morning they found they were mistaken. Wednesday was another day of rumor-chasing. Thursday ditto. There is not a single authentic instance of a convict's being seen, since Monday night at Pilot Hill. Nor are the prospects encouraging. "If a thousand men were strung out in line, and sent through the hush in which the convicts are hiding," says Deputy-Sheriff Reese, "they would fail to find them if the escapes would lie still." "Any of the convicts," says Sheriff Bosquit, "could ride up to a house and get provisions, claiming they were deputies. Nobody knows them." Friday morning's papers say that, after four days of weary work, enlivened only by trailing each other and quarrels between militia and county officers, the "man-hunters" have another clew. It consists of convicts' tracks and a convict's shirt—empty, unfortunately.

CONDITIONS IN CONGOLAND.

Reported Atrocities Said to Be Without Foundation—Cannibalism Being Rapidly Suppressed—Barbarous Native Administration of "Justice" by the "Poison Test."

During the past seven years, many charges of brutality and barbarity have been brought against the administration by the Belgians of Congoland, West Africa. These have chiefly come from missionaries, not Belgians, who have reported that cannibalism is still common, practically no efforts being made to suppress it; that women are enslaved to serve as bearers for native soldiers; that both men and women are compelled to work on the rubber plantations; that towns refusing to send the required quota for this purpose have been wiped out, and basketsful of severed hands brought back by the troops to attest the fact; and that brutal punishments for petty crimes are common, including branding, cutting off of hands, ears, women's breasts, etc.

"A Belgian" has now published a book called "The Truth About the Civilization in Congoland," in which, in controversy of the charges, he presents evidence drawn from interviews with Belgian officers and officials, travelers in Congoland, British officials who have visited the country, newspaper editorials and articles, letters from Catholic priests in Africa, state papers, and other sources. Among these citations, one that will carry especial weight is from "The Uganda Protectorate," the exhaustive work of Sir Harry Johnston, formerly special British commissioner to the Protectorate. He says:

I am not prepared to defend the Congo Free State from its British or foreign critics, any more than I am prepared to assert that the British exploration and administration of negro Africa has never been accompanied by regrettable incidents. I can only state in common fairness that that very small portion of the Congo Free State which I have seen since these countries were administered by Belgian officials possessed excellent buildings, well-made roads, and was inhabited by cheerful natives, who repeatedly, and without solicitation on my part, compared the good times they were now having, to the misery and terror which preceded them when the Arabs and Manyemas had established themselves in the country as chiefs and slave-traders.

Elsewhere this same writer says:

In spite of this element of Arab civilization which the slave-trader had certainly implanted in the Congo forest, he had made himself notorious for his ravages and cruelties. Numbers of natives had been horribly mutilated, hands and feet lopped off, and women's breasts cut away. All these people talked Swahili, and explained to me that these mutilations—which, as only a negro could, they had survived—had been the work of the Manyema slave-trader and his gang, done sometimes out of wanton cruelty, sometimes as a punishment for thieving or absconding. May it not be that many of the mutilated people of whom we hear so much in the northern and eastern part of the Congo Free State are also the surviving results of Arab cruelty? I am aware that it is customary to attribute these outrages to the native soldiery and police employed by the Belgians to maintain order or to collect taxes; and though I am fully aware that these native soldiers and police under imperfect Belgian administration, as under imperfect British control, can commit all sorts of atrocities (as we know they did in Mashonaland and in Uganda), every had deed of this description is not to be laid to their charge, for many outrages are the work of the Arab traders and raiders in these countries, and of their apupil, the Manyema. This much I can speak of with certainty and emphasis: that from the British frontier near Fort George to the limit of my journeys into the Mhuha country of the Congo Free State, up and down the Semlike, the natives appeared to be prosperous and happy under the excellent administration of the late Lieutenant Meura and his coadjutor, Mr. Karl Eriksson.

Henry M. Stanley also refuses to believe implicitly in the stories of atrocities. In a letter to the *London Times* he wrote:

Having had a good deal to do with Belgian officials in Africa, I venture to say that, if once the governor-general at Boma heard that such crimes were committed, a very full and searching inquiry would be instituted, and the malefactors punished. I can not gather from what has been published that either of the gentlemen to whom we are indebted for the accounts of the atrocities ever informed the superior authorities of what was taking place on the Upper Congo, and therefore it is difficult to see how the provincial governor, the governor-general, the secretary of state at Brussels, and King Leopold can proceed against the offenders. . . . If I remember right, King Leopold is a constant reader of the *Times*, and if he saw it announced in your columns that a Lieutenant Hansen had ordered a woman's breasts to be cut off, or a Lieutenant Jansen had flogged a woman with two hundred and fifty lashes, or that a Lieutenant Bunsen had caused a young girl to be dismembered, surely we may well believe that his first act would be to cable to the governor-general to ask whether he knew anything of these horrible barbarities. But vague and general accusations against his officers can only result in the king naturally refusing to give much credence to these stories.

The Rev. Father de Deken, writing in "Missions en Chine et au Congo," testifies that justice is properly administered:

A big case is to be tried soon: two blacks have to answer to the indictment of having forced one of their tribe to drink *nkassa*, a most terrible poison extracted from some bark. It is a legal judgment for negroes; if one of them is suspected of a misdeed he can only free himself from the accusation by swallowing, fasting in the early morning, the homicidal draught. If he vomits it before midday, his innocence is recognized, but more often the victim expires in most terrible spasms, unless he is strangled to shorten his agony. Generally the poison *nkassa* is drunk by order of a fetch-nan, or wizard, who, without any other motive than revenge, or the hope of some heavy reward, accuses the first-comer of having caused the death of a chief, or of having thrown some spell on a rich man's family or flock. It can be quite understood that the state can not tolerate such a barbarous custom; the culprits recognized as guilty are themselves sentenced to the gallows. The ultimate object will only, however, be reached by degrees, as the negroes appear very astonished that such practices should be so severely dealt with as they appear most innocent and harmless to them.

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THE FALL OF ULYSSES.

How the Poet Browning Worked an Elephant's Undoing.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Can you be induced to reprint the story, "The Fall of Ulysses," by Charles Dwight Willard, which was published some years ago in your journal? It would be a pleasure to many of the new readers of the *Argonaut*, as well as to the old ones.

I can not deny that I was entirely to blame for the calamity which overtook Ulysses, and if I call attention to the high social and literary standing of the gentleman whom I employed as an accomplice in the affair, it is not at all with a hope of thereby lessening my own responsibility. It is certain that I furnished the unfortunate creature the cause for his desperation. I ought also to confess that I felt a sense of profound relief when he accepted the only means apparent to his limited understanding of freeing himself from his dilemma. But what was I to do? When a man has an elephant on his hands he should be judged with a kindly consideration for the awkwardness of his situation.

My elephant was decidedly more trying than the average variety, for the reason that he was not metaphorical, but real. What I mean is, that I am not speaking in figurative language about some officious friend or troublesome relative, but about a genuine Asiatic elephant, Ulysses by name, who came into my possession several years ago, and of whom I have but recently managed to rid myself. Physically, he was a well-developed specimen, having no special characteristics to distinguish him from the rest of his species. Intellectually, however, he was a sort of a Frankenstein, and I was the unfortunate who was responsible for his existence.

The affair took place at the time that I was representing a firm of New York coffee-dealers in the district of Khan, in the southern part of the Punjab. During certain seasons of the year I had occasion to travel about that section of the country, inspecting the crops and making terms with the growers. The rest of the time I resided at my bungalow among the highlands of the Eastern Ghats, not far from Madras. The place was lonely, but not as subject to certain classes of physical disorders as the more thickly settled portions of the country. At times I suffered desperately with *ennui*, and when Ulysses came under my notice I was very willing to accept him as an antidote.

It was at a tiger hunt—the first and last that I ever attended—that I saw Ulysses perform the act of valor which led to my adoption of him. My friend and host, a brave but reckless Englishman, was on the point of being torn to pieces before our very eyes, when Ulysses caught the leg of the wounded tiger, and jerked him off into the tall grass. The beast was quickly dispatched, and then the company burst into exclamations of praise over the nerve which the Englishman had displayed. No one had much to say about Ulysses, his performance being accepted much as a matter of course. I was tempted, however, to take a rather more sentimental view of it, and as I could see no good reason why I should not own an elephant, I determined to become the possessor of this one.

I made inquiry of a German in Madras, who had formerly owned the animal, as to his character and general behavior. He declared that they were "ganz gut," and that if I wanted an elephant for my own use I could hardly select a better one.

"But why did you dispose of him to his present owner?" I asked.

"Because he was sulky about doing the work I assigned him," answered the German; "if it was to learn anything new, he was very willing, but to do always the same, he thought he had too much brain for that."

The man was a building contractor, and had used Ulysses for draft purposes. The fact that the animal had been unwilling to perform drudgery was to me an evidence of his originality, and I was the more anxious to own him and to make a study of his character.

The purchase was effected by a series of complicated negotiations, carried on in my behalf by a half-breed elephant trainer, known as Jerry Rhahob, with the owner of Ulysses. Had I undertaken the job myself I might have found an elephant a more expensive luxury than I cared to possess. My agent, the half-breed, had the reputation of knowing more than any man in Madras about the habits and characteristics of elephants, and the means by which they could be most successfully trained. For some time he had been in charge of the yards where the animals owned by the British Government were prepared for service in war or road-building. Before setting out for my bungalow, I thought best to consult with Jerry, who spoke English perfectly, as to the course of education to which I proposed treating Ulysses.

"I intend to teach this animal all that an elephant can be made to learn," said I.

"You will not have time to do that," said Jerry, significantly.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that there is no limit to what an elephant can be taught?"

"My experience has led me to believe that it depends upon the patience of the man, and not upon the capacity of the brute, how far the instruction may be carried."

"Very well," I said; "I shall have patience. What I most need is advice about gaining the creature's confidence and affection."

The fact that I am a bachelor does not prevent my entertaining an extensive code of opinions on the subject of the proper rearing of children. The suggestions of Jerry Rhahob on the training of elephants seemed to me much the same that I would have offered a young and inexperienced parent if he had applied to me for advice about his offspring. Reduced to its fundamental principles, Jerry's theory was that an elephant should be regarded as a dumb and deformed human being, possessed of a keen appreciation of right and wrong, delicate sensibilities, exceptional capacity, and high character. From the mental and moral qualities with which Jerry's conception seemed to endow this being, I should have accorded him a place in the human species, among that class which is said to be born and not made, the *genus irritabile*.

One piece of warning he gave me in conclusion.

"The elephant knows as well as you do," said he, "that he is an animal and you are a man. He appreciates the distinction. He understands that he is your physical superior, and that he could by a single blow of his trunk dash the life out of you. As long as he is kindly treated, he will feel no desire to exercise that power. In the matter of intellect, he appreciates that you are greatly above him, and will obey and serve you for that reason. Let him once get it into his head, however, that his powers are on a level with your own, and his arrogance will become insupportable. The relationship will be suddenly reversed, and you will find yourself no longer his master, but his servant. Several years ago, I had a very intelligent elephant here in the yards whom I employed to build stone walls. He became marvelously expert at it, picking out just the right shaped rocks to fill the spaces with the best economy. The stones are irregular in form, and you can imagine that no small degree of skill is required. On one occasion he stood near watching me while I endeavored to teach a younger elephant how the work was to be done. I built several feet of wall, but the job was not a successful one—not, at least, when compared with what Budan could do. Whenever I picked up the wrong stone, he gave a snort, and indicated a better one with his trunk. At last, he could stand it no longer, and brushing me aside, took hold of the work himself and soon had the young one taught. After that he made no secret of his contempt for me. I saw that he was ruining my standing with the rest of the herd, and I had to send him away."

This story would have seemed quite ridiculous to me if I had not heard many others more wonderful pass current without question, and had I not often seen elephants employed in Madras at work which in America would be assigned only to artisans of considerable skill.

"Believe anything you are told about the intelligence of an elephant," said a traveler from India to me once, before I visited that country; "the chances are it is true."

I engaged an experienced mahout, or driver, an intelligent native by the name of Akbar. I determined, however, to make use of his services just as little as possible, in order that Ulysses might learn to depend upon myself alone. I attended personally to the matter of food and drink, and took pains that my protégé should receive no favors from the hand of any one else. I soon learned the things that gave him pleasure, and put myself to no little trouble to gratify him on every possible occasion. I continued this process, combining with it instruction in such small service as "house elephants" in India are always expected to perform, until I saw that I had completely gained his confidence and affection. During this period of his tutelage, Ulysses would have trusted and obeyed me to any extent. I think he would willingly have laid down his life or endured torture for my sake. Nothing made him happier than to be near me as I sat under the banyan-tree in my garden, smoking and reading. When I opened his stall in the mornings and called to him to come out, he fairly quivered with joy at the sound of my voice, and gave vent to his satisfaction at seeing me by shrill trumpeting. His devotion was annoying at times, and one of the first difficulties that I experienced was in teaching him to be less demonstrative.

It is a fact, which most readers of this narrative have proved for themselves by actual experiment, that animals may be taught the meaning of words. An intelligent dog, for example, possesses a considerable vocabulary; I proposed to undertake a systematic course of instruction in the English language with Ulysses, and to ascertain to what extent he was capable of acquiring our vernacular. Whenever he learned a new word I made note of it in a book, and by constant review contrived to fix it in his memory. As soon as he began to comprehend what my purpose was, as he did after I had been laboring with him a couple of weeks, he became very eager to learn, and greatly increased the rapidity of the work.

The process of teaching him nouns was simple and easy. Each day I would produce several new articles, tell him their names, and have him hand them to me as I called for them. I taught him to say "yes" and "no" by the waving of his trunk, and made him appreciate that he was to use that means of signifying to me whether he understood me or not.

After I was well into the work, the morning lesson would go somewhat as follows:

"Are you ready for your lesson, Ulysses?"

Ulysses lifts his trunk affirmatively. Although he does not understand lesson, the word "ready" is clear to him by frequent use.

I hold out a ball, a new object.

"This is a ball, Ulysses; ball."

I repeat it several times, until the sound has fastened itself in his memory. Then I lay it on the table with a pipe, a cup, and a book. I ask for them, one after another, and he hands them to me. I add numerous other objects, the names of which he has already learned, and thus combine review with advance instruction.

Together with the noun "ball," I teach him the verbs "roll," "throw," and "drop," and perhaps an adverb or two, like "fast" or "slowly," and an adjective, "round." Sometimes there is an awkward hitch, and I have to abandon the attempt to teach him some particular word, referring to it again when his vocabulary has been increased in some other direction.

A certain point once passed, it was surprising with what rapidity I proceeded. One word led to another, a number of words to phrases, and these to complete sentences. I finally dropped into a way of talking to him about the objects with which we were working, much as I would have talked to a bright child. I was conscious at times that only a small part of what I was saying was understood, but it accustomed him to hearing the words that he knew, used in association with others, to form complete statements.

In my search for objects to use in the instruction of Ulysses, I happened upon a lump of chalk. With this I sketched various things on a smooth plank of dark wood, and found that they were readily recognized by my pupil. From this I suddenly conceived a new idea. I sent to Madras and had a large, firm blackboard made, and ordered chalk and erasers. Then I began a systematic and determined effort to teach Ulysses to read and write.

There is one element that enters into all teaching, of which it is difficult to give any conception in a narrative of results, and that is time. I had been steadily at work with Ulysses for nearly a year before I began to use the blackboard, and after I adopted that assistant it was many months ere important results began to show themselves. Any one who has ever labored with a well-meaning but obtuse pupil, will appreciate how slow and discouraging at times my work must have been. He will, also, understand how the progress, trifling when considered day by day, amounted to a good deal in the aggregate.

I readily taught Ulysses to hold the chalk in the fingers of his proboscis, and to mark with it upon the blackboard. He understood that he was to imitate, as nearly as possible, the marks that I made. In this way I taught him to print the letters of the English alphabet in clumsy characters several inches in size. Gradually, he became more expert in making them, and learned the names by which they were called. It was a great triumph for me when I first succeeded in getting him to write the letters of his own name as I called them off, and saw myself the proud possessor of an elephant who could write his own autograph, perhaps the first of his species who ever performed that enlightened but compromising feat.

All this was easy enough, but to make him comprehend that certain groups of these peculiar marks formed pictures, which were to suggest definite objects to him, was a very different sort of an undertaking. The hitch in the proceedings at this point was so serious that, for a time, I gave up all hope of accomplishing my object. It seemed impossible to establish the necessary connection in his mind between the written characters and the spoken word. At last, it suddenly dawned upon him, and he learned (fatal omen!) the word "book." The acquiring of one word constituted the test in my calculations. That point being gained the rest was only a question of additional work and continued patience.

It was not long before Ulysses could write upon the board the names of most of the objects which had been used in his instruction thus far, and the verbs which I had taught him in connection with them. To combine these words into sentences was largely a matter of imitation, for he had already come to understand them when so arranged. In a short time we were carrying on long conferences, and the vocabulary of Ulysses had increased to the point of embracing most of the words used in daily conversation. With the establishment of this mode of inter-communication, Ulysses was able to explain to me what his difficulties were, and I could proffer more available assistance. I then, for the first time, enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with a brain that was not human. I could look into it and study its character and mode of action. I need not add that the occupation was fascinating.

Our conversations, which were at first limited to visible actions and concrete objects, soon strayed into abstractions. The rapidity with which he grasped the analogy between seeing and thinking, and lifted himself out of the material into the metaphysical plane, astonished me beyond measure. He possessed an overruling sense of logic, keen and penetrating, yet so swift that it seemed transfigured to intuition. But the most wonderful feature of his intellect was his memory. Now that words were supplied him, as tools with which to conduct his thinking, what were before mere vague impressions became definite ideas, fixed and everlasting. I soon found that it was necessary to be

absolutely accurate in all that I said to him, as he was quick to detect any inconsistency, and his memory covered the full amount of all that I had said since he had come to have command of the language.

For some time we conversed together every day, I talking or writing, and he using the blackboard. As print was too slow for practical use, I taught him to write shorthand. One day he made some inquiry of me concerning the novel I happened to have in hand, and I read him several chapters of it. His delight in gaining so much knowledge in so short a time was unbounded. I discovered that he regarded it as authentic history, and hastened to undeceive him. He was greatly shocked to find that anything could be said or written which was not true. This led me into something of a dissertation upon the forms of literature and the canons of taste. He listened with an absorbed interest. The bent of his mind was evidently not practical, but literary and artistic.

Ulysses's fondness for hearing me read gave me an idea as to a means of freeing myself from the importunities for instruction and discussion to which he was now treating me, and which were becoming decidedly irksome. I sent Akbar, the mahout, to Madras with a letter to a French oculist. He brought back a large monocle which I had ordered made for the use of my pupil. There was a hole in one of Ulysses's ears, drilled there by some former less appreciative owner, through which I passed a light silk cord, allowing the glass to hang conveniently pendant. I had a wooden rack constructed by a neighboring rayat, who did carpenter work, which held the volume open and at the right altitude. Ulysses was now ready to begin his literary researches independent of my aid. Kneeling before the rack, in which he soon learned to fasten the book himself, he lifted the monocle to his eye with the fingers of his trunk, and commenced to read. At first he proceeded slowly, and was often compelled to summon me to his assistance. After I explained to him the use of the dictionary and allowed him to keep one near at hand, this source of annoyance ceased, and he worked away by himself with increasing ease and rapidity.

There was one person who had observed all these proceedings with astonishment and disapproval. This was Briggs, the English gardener who took care of my place. I think he had an idea that I was violating the laws of the Church of England in some way, I scarcely know how. On one occasion, when I happened to be in Madras, Ulysses discovered, by appealing to him for the meaning of certain words and phrases, that all mortals were not endowed with the same fund of information that I happened to possess. No sooner did he find out that Briggs knew less about such matters than he did himself, than he began to treat him with open contempt, slowly bringing up his eye-glass and inspecting him with cold hauteur whenever he happened near.

"That there helenhant," Briggs complained to me, "do treat me most arrogant, sir. I didn't never expect it to come to this 'ere."

I spoke to Ulysses about the matter, and remonstrated with him.

"I can not understand it," he wrote in reply: "I asked the man about Schopenhauer's Four-Fold Root of Sufficient Reason, to which I found a reference in a volume of essays by Frederic Harrison. He said he never had heard of any such root. Can he not read and talk as you do and as all mortals do? How does it happen that he is ignorant of these things?"

I explained to him that only a small part of the human race cared to interest itself in affairs of the intellect, and that millions of men were still in the condition of unhappy mental blindness from which he had so recently emerged. He was aghast at this statement, but it did not tend to reestablish Briggs in his respect.

It was now the season of the year when I was accustomed to make a tour among the neighboring coffee plantations, to estimate and bid on the crops. I was not able to take Ulysses with me conveniently, so I left him in the care of Briggs and Akbar. To Briggs I gave the key to my library, with orders to supply Ulysses with whatever he might demand, and I prepared for my pupil's use a catalogue of all the books in my collection. The library was chiefly made up of works of history, philosophy, and criticism, admirably suited to the special tastes of Ulysses.

My absence lasted during a period of nearly three months, and on my return I found Ulysses almost in a condition of "must," or insanity. He had read all, or nearly all, the books that I had placed upon the list, and had gained through that extraordinary memory of his an immense mass of fact and opinion. He was now suffering from intellectual dyspepsia. I consulted him about his troubles, and got in reply an avalanche of questions on every variety of subject. His confidence in my knowledge was, apparently, unlimited. It would have been a source of inexpressible gratification to me if I could have shared it.

I was not unmindful of the fate which had befallen poor Briggs, nevertheless I felt it my duty to help Ulysses out of his difficulties. I did not imagine that his questions would occasion me much trouble, and if they should, I thought myself the possessor of sufficient *savoir dire* to get out of it in some way. I avoided some things by merely assuring him that he would understand them better when he had read more. Whenever I essayed an answer to any of his interrogatories, he had an unpleasant habit of pinning me down to exact statements and definite opinions. I had never appreciated

the extent and variety of my ignorance until it was subjected to this test, although Ulysses's attitude toward me was always that of pupil to teacher, yet I saw at times traces of the Socratic method in the long series of questions which he put to me, and I was compelled, not infrequently, to squirm out of some inconsistency in most undignified fashion.

This inquisition continued for a number of days after my return, and I could not close my eyes to the fact that I was failing to hold my own in the estimation of Ulysses. From a cyclopedia of literature, which happened to be in my library, Ulysses had stored his mind with an enormous fund of information on subjects of which I was completely ignorant. In this field I was continually falling into traps. There were also translations of Comte and Hegel, to which he had devoted considerable study, but I checkmated him there by talking learned nonsense, which I was sure he could not distinguish from deep metaphysics. It was evident, however, that he was beginning to appreciate that something was the matter. Although he had not come to the point of ranking me with Briggs, still my position was getting to be a precarious one, and I saw the necessity for great care.

For some time I avoided being drawn into conversation with Ulysses, keeping him at bay with a number of new books, which I had brought with me from Madras. He was not long in appreciating that there was some purpose lying back of this policy, and demanded an explanation of me. I was confused by his point-blank questions, and only managed to make things worse. After that I was clay in his hands. Every day he branched out into some new field of discussion, tested me, and found me wanting. I tried in vain to conceal my failures under a dignified exterior. Ulysses at first seemed pained and surprised, but there finally showed itself in his bearing toward me an air of satisfaction and triumph, which was not easy to endure. To have been arrogantly treated by a member of my own species would have been a new experience to me, and one which I should have vigorously resented; this exhibition of superciliousness from an animal below me in the scale of creation was more than I proposed to put up with.

One morning, as I sauntered out to the banyan-tree, wondering in my mind as to what was to be the outcome of this absurd situation, Ulysses motioned to me, and pointed to the blackboard, which I saw was covered with finely written characters.

"No, Ulysses," I said, "I am tired this morning, and it is very hot. I do not want to get into a discussion."

Ulysses waved his trunk emphatically, and pointed again to the blackboard. Then he gave a fierce trumpet, and glared at me in a way that gave me a start of terror.

I saw that some sort of crisis was ahead, and determined to defer it, if possible, until I could decide what was the best course to pursue. I therefore approached the board, and read the following message, addressed to myself:

"Master—You are deceived if you think I am ignorant of the change which has gradually been coming to pass in our relationship to one another. You have been my superior thus far in life, not by reason of greater physical power, for I can strike you dead with one blow, whereas you, without the aid of tools, could not give me even external pain. Your sole claim to command over me lay in your intellectual superiority. This superiority I am now compelled to question. Yesterday you admitted that you had never read any of Henry Mackenzie's novels; you showed complete ignorance concerning Bishop Berkeley's *Alciphron*; and when I asked why Henry Vaughn, the poet, was called the 'Silurist,' you had no answer to give me. In the conversations of the last few days you have made countless blunders in matters of history, science, and literature. Your ideas in metaphysics are those of a dotard, and your judgment in *belles-lettres* is execrable. I do not see on what ground you arrogate to yourself a position above me. If you are not entitled to the place which I have given you in my consideration, if the idea which I have entertained with regard to our respective positions is erroneous, then it is clearly a matter of justice that we should straightway change places. I will be the master hereafter and you the servant. Can you show me any good reason why this revolution should not come to pass?"

There was no mistaking the tone and purport of this communication. It was at once a declaration of independence and a manifesto of sovereignty. Not merely must I exercise no more authority over Ulysses, but I must yield gracefully and submissively to his rule. I did not know, either by experience or hearsay, what kind of a master an elephant would make, but from the intensely logical disposition which Ulysses had always shown, I had a suspicion that he would prove at least severe and intolerant.

The dilemma was a hard one. I took up the chalk, intending to write my answer rather than speak it, that I might have time for reflection. As I did so, an idea suddenly occurred to me—a plan by which I could beat Ulysses at his own game. I immediately became so confident of its success that I did not hesitate to stake my personal liberty on the chance of his discomfiture.

"Ulysses," I said, "I can not deny that in many directions you have shown a mental grasp which I never expected to see developed elsewhere than among the best of my own species. But all this is not enough.

There is still one test, the last and severest to which culture and intelligence can be compelled to submit. If you can meet this satisfactorily, I shall no longer question your superiority over myself."

"That is all I ask," wrote Ulysses; "a fair trial."

I stepped into the house, and returned with a book which I had recently brought from Madras, and which Ulysses had not seen. I laid it open upon the rack before him. He brought up his monocle, and glanced at the title and the author.

"Aha!" he wrote; "I have heard of this man, and have long wished to see some of his work."

"You know what position he occupies in letters?" I asked.

"I do," wrote Ulysses; "I have read what his admirers say of him."

"Very well," I answered; "you know, then, what is demanded of you—that you should understand and enjoy this work. If you can not meet both these requirements, then you have failed."

Ulysses shrugged his trunk with easy indifference, raised his eye-glass, and began to read. I lay some distance away, dozing in my hammock, and awaited results. They were not long in coming.

At the end of about half an hour he trumpeted to me in an indignant tone of voice, and inquired on the blackboard whether I had given him the original English or some kind of a translation.

I answered this satisfactorily, and for more than an hour he toiled away, breathing hard at times, and swaying from side to side, whenever he thought he was about to gain a clew.

Presently he called to me again.

"I forgot to ask," said he, "whether this was to be read backwards or sideways."

"Straight ahead," I answered.

I saw that he was getting involved in the toils, and knew that they would soon close on him. It must be remembered that I had never deceived Ulysses, and the thought that I, or any one else, could feign an opinion which was not genuine, had never occurred to him. The book had been submitted to him about the middle of the morning. Ulysses took no refreshment that day, neither water nor food. When I came out of the house after "tiffin," I advised him to lay the volume aside, and look at it again the next day. He seemed to feel that this would be a confession of failure, and refused.

"Tell me," he wrote, "are there many of your species who understand and really enjoy this book?"

"There are not many in number," I answered; "but their position in the society of culture and taste is an exalted one. Within the last few years it has come to pass that the understanding and appreciation of this work is a shibboleth by which the true disciples of sweetness and light may distinguish themselves from the miscellaneous herd of Philistines. Do not be discouraged because you have failed," I added, in a kindly patronizing tone. "There are many estimable mortals in the same situation. You understand, however, that you can not be admitted to the elect, much less claim superiority over myself."

Ulysses wrote upon the blackboard several profane expressions, which I suppose he had learned from Briggs, and resumed his study.

It was nearly evening when Akbar came to me, and said that Ulysses was showing decided symptoms of becoming "must." I went out with the intention of taking the book away from him, but stopped several yards away, struck by his changed appearance. His eyes were wild and bloodshot, his ears erect, his legs spread apart. He was beating his sides with his trunk, and, at times trumpeting in low, bass tones. When he saw us approach he seized the book from the rack, and dashed it at me with all his force.

"Ulysses," I said, "keep calm."

"Look out!" cried Akbar; "he is 'must.' Beware!"

With a terrific roar Ulysses turned, and sprang in great, ponderous leaps out of the garden. Briggs, who was in his path, dropped his rake, and flung himself into some bushes.

"After him, Akbar!" I cried; "see where he goes."

Ulysses ran toward a clump of trees, which grew over a knoll a short distance away. Into them he plunged, and was soon out of sight. We could hear the limbs crash as he tore his way into the thick foliage. Akbar followed cautiously. The direction which Ulysses had taken caused a suspicion of possible calamity to dawn on my mind, and I waited uneasily for the mahout's return. It was not long before Akbar emerged from the woods, and ran toward me.

"Praise be to our fathers, he is dead!" he shouted. Akbar had come to fear and to hate Ulysses.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"May the hycnas eat my grandfather!" said he, solemnly. "You, who know only truth, remember the rocky bank beyond the hill, which slopes off to destruction? Your servant, Ulysses, rushed thither and flung himself down, bursting his head against the stones. I myself saw him there, lying motionless and dead."

This was the end of Ulysses. I felt less of sorrow than of relief over the catastrophe. Long association had made him dear to me in many ways, yet I was not prepared to endure him as a master. There could be no other outcome to the unhappy situation than a tragedy of some kind. I sadly gave orders for the interment of his body, and returned to the house, taking with me the torn and disfigured copy of Browning's "Sordello."

CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.

PREPOSTEROUS AMERICANS.

How New Yorkers Appear to an Anonymous English Journalist.

A pseudonymous journalist, who calls himself "Montague Vernon Ponsonby, Esq.," has written a most amusing volume on his American observations, which he calls "The Preposterous Yankee." Mr. "Ponsonby" declares in his preface that he is "a candid friend of the United States, not an enemy," though he admits that some of the things he has written sound so disagreeable that he is almost ashamed to have penned them. "Uncle Sam," he says, "paints himself as a full-grown man with whiskers. This is a fallacy. He is a very raw, gawky youth, and he might better be called 'Nephew Sam.'" After declaring in his opening chapter that "the American is free only in the Declaration of Independence," the writer goes on to describe in detail the manners and customs of the Yankee as he found him. Here is his account of how a business man goes to lunch in New York:

After he has sat half-baked in his oven-like office for three hours, he suddenly jumps up, and exhibits all the symptoms of a madman bent on escaping from his cage. With a wild scramble he seizes his unbrushed hat, puts on an overcoat, made of a sort of shoddy felt, and, before it is fairly on, is rushing through the corridors and yelping for the lift, which has just passed his floor, to stop for him. Half dazed, disheveled, frantic, and hysterical, he arrives on the ground floor. An Englishman who saw this performance would be inclined to suppose that the performer was a defaulter escaping with all the available assets of the bank. But he would be mistaken. It is simply the president of one of the largest financial institutions in New York going out for his lunch. Like a lion, or other wild beast, the now thoroughly aroused man dashes along Broadway. He darts, with the air of something that is being hunted, into a sort of cellar, a den that has not been ventilated since last summer, in which pie—the American national dish—sandwiches, hash, crullers, and all sorts of viands invented by the dyspepsia doctors, are displayed in large bowls. With the avidity of the shipwrecked sailor who has seen no food whatever for at least three weeks, the banker grabs a handful of pie, and stuffs it into his mouth. Evidently he is panic-stricken at the thought that the pie will be taken from him before he can get away with it. The observer imagines that a cablegram has suddenly reached Wall Street announcing that a blockade will occur that evening, and by the following day there will be nothing left in the whole of the United States for hungry bankers to eat. Having made away with as much as he will hold, and packed it into himself very much as a commercial traveler squeezes three gallons of shirts and socks into a two-gallon dress-suit case, the eyes of the banker suddenly bulge out with a strange alarm. It has occurred to him that while he has been gorging himself the trusted cashier of the bank has probably bolted with all the money. In a wild way he pays his bill, and starts on a sort of steeplechase back to his cage. There, frequently, he finds, to his satisfaction, that both the cashier and the money are still there.

The writer also declares that the New Yorker is never completely satisfied unless he is making a noise of some sort. He adds:

His tramways are fitted with enormous gongs, which clang with nerve-shattering force from morning till night. His fire-engines, which are continually on the run, bound to put out incendiary fires, are fitted with large bells. Even the ambulance, which is taking a dying man to the morgue—for the Americans are so practical that if a man is dying, they do not send him to a hospital, but dispatch him to the dead-house—is fitted with large bells. Everywhere the New Yorker is to be heard, shouting, ringing, and making as loud a clamor as he can. The New York gentleman afflicted with a low, gentle voice would be an absolute social failure. In hotels, restaurants, and public places, in theatres or at dog-fights, the New Yorker is to be heard talking in loud, raucous tones about himself and his money. Every tenth, eleventh, and twelfth word is "dollars, dollars, dollars." The New Yorker who is dining at Delmonico's with a friend, on taking his seat at a table, shouts out to him, glaring around at the other diners to see if they are listening: "I have just gone into a four-million-dollar deal." Then he converses for the rest of the evening about diamonds, real estate, and stocks and bonds.

A certain percentage of Americans, he declares, take a keen delight in donning ridiculous costumes and strutting about like escaped monkeys from a barrel-organ, under the idea that they are thereby enjoying great glory and distinction, to the envy of neighbors:

When a man is elected governor of an American State, he it for two years or for one, he at once appoints a herd of third-rate politicians as members of his "staff." Most of them are allowed to bear the title of colonel, even if they do not know on which side of their absurd selves to hang their swords. The costumes of the members of the governor's staff are wonderful and gorgeous. Usually the hat worn by one of these "colonels" could not be packed into a clothes-basket. At least one full-grown ostrich is denuded of plumes to decorate every "tile." A giant could sit on the epaulets, and the sword is a huge affair, covered with decorations and tinsels and ornaments. When a member of the governor's staff walks down Fifth Avenue he looks like a sort of condensed rainbow. In order to give an opportunity for the preposterous American to exhibit himself in his ridiculous clothes, all sorts of remarkable processions are arranged. For instance, there is the strange Labor Day parade. Once a year all the bands in America participate in a procession. Sandwiched in between them are perhaps twenty thousand carpenters, with blue sashes round their waists, and wearing cocked hats and crimson coats. Then will follow five hundred chimney-sweepers, each of them wrapped in the American flag, and beating a drum. After them come, say, three thousand plasterers, each in blue silk tights, blowing a trombone. Then there will be a battalion of carpenters, a brigade of coal-heavers, and so on. There is nothing about a Labor Day parade to suggest or connect it in any way with the dignity of labor. Each man disguises his calling as much as he knows how in a purple and gold masquerade. He is pretending to be proud of his employment, but what he is really boasting about are his silly clothes.

A whole chapter is devoted to "The Great American Liar." Mr. "Ponsonby" says the American always speaks in hyperbole:

Everything he says borrows the tint of the rainbow. He talks of millions of tons of gold; everything is huge, colossal, magnificent. If an American eats a ham sandwich, when talking about it he announces that he has feasted like Lucullus, that he has gorged himself with food, that he is in danger of dying of apoplexy, that he has eaten a hundred dollars' worth of Irishism. If he drinks a glass of water, he goes out and tells every one that he has just quaffed a glass of nectar or a taker of champagne. This, not to magnify the ham

sandwich or the glass of water, but to glorify himself, to show what a splendid fellow he is, how rich and prosperous and powerful and colossal he is. American millionaires, when they have died, and have been assessed by the probate court, generally yield about ten cents on the dollar. The American thousand is about three hundred. The American mile is almost eight hundred yards. American newspaper circulation is thirty per cent. of the figures announced by the publisher. If you count a thirty-story American sky-scraping building, you will be lucky if you can find twenty-six stories. Every one is lying. Americans lie in the pulpit, in court, in Congress, and in their sleep. If an American tells you that he sits up all night, it means that he did not go to bed until 1 A. M. If he says that he has just made \$1,000, he means that he has made \$53. If he announces that the theatre was so absolutely crowded that the audience were hanging on to the balcony by their eyelids, he wishes you to understand that the house was about half full. If he says that his wife's frock cost \$500, and that she bought it in Paris, he is trying to explain to you that she has never been to Paris in her life, and that her frock cost \$40 at a Broadway dry-goods store, and that not of the first class either.

In complaining that the "Americans would spoil the whole of London if they got a chance," Mr. "Ponsonby" says:

Fortunately, it is too big for them, but they have managed to ruin a section of the world's capital. The American who comes to London soon corrupts and spoils hotel-keepers and servants by his ways. One of the largest hotels has become so Americanized, so uncouth and impossible, that cultivated Englishmen hold up their hands in horror at the thought of it. As soon as an American arrives in an English hotel he begins calling the waiter, "Hello, Billy," or "Ah, there, Jimmy," slapping him on the back, digging him in the ribs, and otherwise manifesting his inferiority to the aforesaid waiter. After dealing with a few Americans and their familiarity, it is impossible to do anything with a waiter unless one digs him in the ribs and calls him "Hello, Billy," or "Ah, there, Jimmy," and slaps him on the back, and takes him to the theatre.

In conclusion, we quote the following paragraph on the "frugality" of American travelers: "To give a tip of any sort wrenches his feelings. But he often gives large tips in Europe, apparently because he is afraid of waiters, not having the moral courage to refuse them. He is always ignorant of the amount necessary to distribute. To the person who should get a shilling tip he gives a half-penny, and to the men who should get a two-penny tip he donates two shillings. The consequence is that he is always in some sort of hot water, and gets the reputation of being a mean and miserly creature without any of the financial advantages usually attached to such a reputation."

The bank clearings of the cities designated by *Bradstreet's* as "Far Western" aggregated \$912,043,340 in the first four months of 1903, as against \$782,585,900 in the same months of 1902. The list of Far Western cities embraces San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver, Seattle, Salt Lake City, Portland, Spokane, Tacoma, and Helena. San Francisco's share of the \$912,043,340 clearings of the first four months of 1903 was \$500,719,260, and its share of the total increase over the corresponding period of 1902, which amounted to \$130,357,431, was \$78,200,868. This increase represents a greater amount than the total clearings of any of the other cities enumerated for the four months, excepting Los Angeles, which is credited with \$98,225,766, Denver following with \$71,408,397 for the period, and Seattle fourth with \$62,419,142.

In Part II of "The Poultry Book," Miller Purvis, writing about the egg in commerce, points out a nice discrimination in the matter of shells on the part of Bostonians and New Yorkers, as against the more democratic indifference of Chicagoans: "A curious error," he says, "exists in some markets concerning the quality of eggs as indicated by the color of their shells. The people of Boston prefer eggs with dark shells, and will pay the highest price for them, while the people of New York City prefer white-shelled eggs, and the highest-priced eggs in that city are those having white shells. In Chicago there is no choice in the matter of the color of the shells, but it has been observed by those who cater to the high-priced trade that it is advisable to assort the eggs according to color and sell them in evenly colored lots."

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* represents that the seven-master schooner *Thomas W. Lawson*, which was launched July 10, 1902, is an acknowledged failure, and is to be dismantled, her elaborate machinery to be taken out, and her hull to be converted into a barge. With all her elaborate machinery for the handling of her sails, she has proved to be a very difficult craft to manage. It looks as if the limit of the fore-and-aft rig had, therefore, been passed in the seven-master.

"Practically annihilated." Such is the epitaph on the "ordinary mosquito" at Ismailia, according to a recent report of the Suez Canal Company. This happy result was due to the application of the well-known methods of mosquito extermination urged by Major Ross. It is further stated in this report of the canal company to the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, that even the deadly malaria-bearing anopheles has been attacked with great success.

The Philippine Commission has tabled both opium bills. A special commission was appointed to visit the Oriental countries and investigate the regulations regarding the disposal of opium. Afterward, all the records will be sent to Washington. Governor Taft has courageously championed the theory of regulation. He declared that it was generally known the opium habit, as practiced by a majority of the Chinese, was less pernicious than whisky-drinking.

"VAN FLETCH" IN WASHINGTON.

The Beauties of the Summer City.

Washington in summer has charms that are unique. Mount Vernon, Arlington, Cabin John Bridge, and the libraries are especially compensating, and a walk or a lift to the top of the monument is worth while for the bird's-eye view it gives of the great new city. The perfection of the plan of Washington is not realized from any other view-point than the top of the monument. The abundant foliage of the parks and of the great trees that arcade the avenues and streets is at its very best in June, and the well-kept condition of everything adds to the park-like appearance of things. Then there are the bunches of summer maidens abroad in the parks and at the theatres, without hats or other head-covering. Exquisitely beautiful and feminine are these summer Washingtonians. They remind one of the horse-shoe decoration of the French Opera House in New Orleans when the debutante cron is unusually large, and sugar and cotton are booming.

My rooms in the new Willard, by the way, are high up, and look down Pennsylvania Avenue to the great office building of the Southern Railway Company. Just before office hours, and at the close of the business day, the building from this height and distance looks like a huge ant-hill, with the ants filing in and out. One can not help noting here that the people have become more or less cosmopolitan, and have the superior advantage of intimate contact with the soft-voiced, well-mannered people of the cultured South. The crudities of a nation are here toned down to harmonize with the gentility of a cultivated and proud environment. During the sessions of Congress it is not so. The boy orator, who has just been taken from a backwood's stump, and thrust into the national council on a wave of popular bravos, is then in the capital, full of self-esteem, and full of desire to be seen and heard. All his family from way back is in town, too, to see what is going to happen to the family as the result of the political preferment of their kinsman, the new President-maker.

In summer, 'tis different, and, as a high officer of the army said to me the other day: "The government goes on just the same, and there is no chance of mismanagement, for the managers are away." The people that we meet now are the ones who inhabit those beautifully kept homes at the outer points of the radial avenues. In the social season they are not seen at all at social functions frequented by the immigrant political set. Then it is that they meet around in each other's houses, at the literary and other clubs, and make use of the libraries, with which Washington is so richly endowed. In summer these aristocratic servants of the government come out from their seclusion, and wander through the parks, the grounds of the White House, and fly about like birds in the air on swift darting electric cars and automobiles. These masters of the machinery of our great government do their work as the fairies do, silently, and as if by magic, and when they take time for recreation they come out when the others are away, and enact a real, I say, "Midsummer Night's Dream."

My attention has been called during this visit to the monumental excellence of the so-called Surgeon-General's Library, which was the creation and the pride of Dr. John S. Billings, of the army medical corps. With scarce any appropriation at his command, Dr. Billings begged for and nursed this great collection of medical books until it stands second only to the great medical libraries of Paris and St. Petersburg in number of volumes, and leads them in many particulars. One hundred and eighty thousand bound volumes is a pretty good showing. No wonder they sought Dr. Billings for the Astor Library, in New York, then as the organizer of the combined Astor-Lenox-Tilden Library, for which a palace is now being constructed in mid-New York. No wonder Dr. Billings was selected as one of the Carnegie trustees, and placed on the executive committee. No wonder Dr. Billings and Dr. Weir-Mitchell are bosom friends. They are both book-lovers and typical Americans, of whom the country may well be proud.

Under the present care of Surgeon-General Robert Maitland O'Reilly and Colonel Heizman, of the Medical Corps, and a beggarly appropriation from Congress of ten thousand dollars a year, the library still goes on growing, and just now the Medical Museum of the army is being incorporated with the book end of the medical collection.

Editor of the *Index Medicus*, for which great publication the Carnegie Institution gave its largest single grant last year, and assistant-librarian under Dr. Billings from the beginning, Dr. Robert Fletcher sits enthroned among a multitude of books, carrying his eighty years as easily as most men carry fifty.

VAN FLETCH.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July, 1903.

Dr. H. Nelson Jackson, of Burlington, Vt., and Sewell H. Crocker, his chauffeur, have just completed an automobile trip across the continent, which began at San Francisco on May 23d. It is the first time that an automobile has made the trip from ocean to ocean.

The Norwegian Government has notified Cuba that unless certain features in the reciprocity treaty between the United States and Cuba are modified, Norway will apply maximum duties to Cuban products.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Josephine Daskam, the well-known writer, was married at Stamford, Conn., on Saturday last, to Selden Bacon, a New York lawyer.

United States Pension Commissioner Eugene F. Ware has undertaken to obtain and restore for presentation to the Kansas Historical Society the scaffold upon which John Brown was hanged at Harper's Ferry in 1859.

Ex-President Krüger's residence at Pretoria is now used as a lodging-house. The following advertisement appears in a Pretoria paper: "To Let—Ex-President Krüger's late residence; a few nicely furnished bedrooms, with board, etc."

Charles Belmont Davis, who is beginning to make his way in the magazines, is the fourth of his family to achieve literary reputation. His father is L. Clarke Davis, the Philadelphia editor and fisherman friend of Grover Cleveland; his mother, the novelist, Rebecca Harding Davis; and his brother, Richard Harding Davis.

Replying to the toasts at his wedding to pretty Julia Gifford, last Saturday evening, Robert Fitzsimmons, ex-champion heavy-weight pugilist, said: "I feel this evening as I have never felt for a very long time. I do not wish to dwell on the past; all I can say is that I love my little Julia, and I shall be a good, true, and honest husband. Julia and I called this morning at Colonel Kowalsky's office, and we arranged the forfeits and the purse. Now for the gong, but let us strike only blows of affection. Clink your glasses, and drink to our future happiness." "Bob's" wedding gift to his wife was a large amethyst, studded with twenty-two diamonds.

When former Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff was recently asked about his candidacy for the governorship of New York, he said: "That's unbottled hot air; it's a space-filler for the newspapers during the dull spell. It's out of season, asinine, malapropos, idiotic, silly, and strictly out of order. It's the sort of pitiful political puling which pretty near gives me a pain. It illustrates the insanity of the ingenious incubator of idiotic ideas in the dog days' interim. Such a boom would be ossified long before it got old enough to even ogle at the nomination. Seriously, if the gubernatorial nomination were offered me to-day on a gold plate, with a gilt-edge bond and guarantee, I wouldn't take it. I'm up to my neck in business cares, one of which is the making and selling of typewriters in Syracuse."

Maitre Henri Robert, the eminent French attorney, who was to have defended Mme. Humbert, the extortioner of millions, in her trial the middle of August, has withdrawn from the case, owing to the death of his wife. In his stead, the bar council has appointed Maitre Labori, of Dreyfus fame, to defend the notorious lady. Maitre Labori is no lover or respecter of the powers that be, and he may be trusted to do his best for his client, and to give several tainted politicians a had quarter of an hour if there is half a chance. But the general opinion is that the trial will prove far from sensational, and that as none of those who have dropped their millions will care to appear before the court and relate how they came to do so, Mme. Humbert and her relatives will escape with an almost normal sentence, and one which will probably not exceed five years' imprisonment.

The committee on privileges of the House of Lords has decided against the claim of William Turnour Thomas Poulett, the former organ-grinder, known as Viscount Hinton, to the earldom of Poulett, and in favor of the late earl's son by a later marriage. The whole case turned on the question of the legitimacy of the claimant, whose evidence, and also that of his witnesses, was that the late earl adopted him as his son by his marriage with Elizabeth Lavinia Newman, whom he married in 1849. It was not denied that Miss Newman, prior to the marriage, lived with an officer, Captain Granville. The claimant was born after her marriage to the earl. It was claimed that the birth was premature, which was supported by medical testimony. The defense denied the acknowledgment by the late earl of the claimant as his son, and asserted that on account of the time the earl had known Miss Newman prior to their marriage, it was impossible for the claimant to be his son. The court, therefore, decided that title to the property was not vested in the claimant, but in the earl's son, William John Lydston Poulett, who is still a minor. Viscount Hinton, who was always on the worst of terms with the earl, was engaged for some time as a

clown in one of the suburban theatres of London, and afterward earned his living by grinding an organ in the streets. His wife, an ex-ballet dancer by the name of Annie Shepley, went round with a tin cup collecting contributions while her husband turned the handle, and on her arm the viscountess bore her youngest child, Maude Marie Poulett.

Sir Thomas Lipton says he is confident that his new challenger, *Shamrock III*, will lift the *America's* Cup. "Anybody who is anxious to make money," he adds, "can do no better than to bet on the *Shamrock III* this time. I am as confident of taking that cup as I am certain that I am now alive. Those who wish to see the cup had better do so within the next two months, for after that time it will go home with me. I think that I have in 'Bobby' Wringe the best skipper in Britain to-day, and I consider 'Charley' Barr the greatest sailing-master in the United States. I say unquestionably that any boat that Captain Barr is on will come in first. I have decided that Colonel D. F. D. Neill will represent me on the *Shamrock I* and William Fife, Jr., the designer of the craft, will be my representative on the *Shamrock III*. He is the best amateur sailor in England to-day. I am inclined to think that in the next race for the *America's* Cup after this *Shamrock IV* will be the defender and not the challenger. Win or lose, however, I intend to make a tour of the United States when the cup races are done."

"Big Bill" Devery has begun his New York mayoralty campaign in earnest. He has opened headquarters in every assembly district in Greater New York for his "Independent People's Party," and petitions for his independent nomination have been sent into each of the sixty-one districts of the city, with proper watchers and a notary in each district to take the legal depositions. The 2,000 necessary names have already been secured, but Devery says: "We're not going to stop until we get 20,000 names to that petition." Devery's emblem on the hallot will be the pump, which will be exploited throughout his campaign. Early in August, he will start out with his long-planned speech-making tour, and he says he will deliver fully 300 talks between that time and election, requiring an average of three speeches a day. At first, Devery will begin with the roof-gardens, and from there will go to Coney Island, and give out his talks at the vaudeville houses between the acts. He will charge nothing for his "turn," but, on the other hand, will pay the management of the houses, so they look with favor on the proposition. Next he will undertake a cart-tail campaign, and in all it is planned by him to spend fully \$100,000 before he finishes his work of "getting even" with Tammany Hall for the fight it has made on him, both before and after his turn-down as leader of the ninth assembly district.

Cabling to Manila.

The completion of the new cable across the Pacific and the sending of the shortest around-the-world message on record, between President Roosevelt and Governor Taft, calls to mind the fastest cable message ever sent from this country to the Philippines up to this time. It was the night of election in 1900. The radical change of programme promised by the Democratic platform regarding the Philippines caused the result of the contest to be awaited with the keenest interest by both Filipinos and Americans. Knowing this, arrangements had been made by the authorities at Washington for the sending of the fastest message ever yet put through over that route. There are about a dozen relays between New York and Manila, via the United Kingdom, Gibraltar, Suez, Aden, India, Ceylon, and Singapore; the company had given orders all along the line that operators were to rush this message through to the exclusion of all other business. At about eleven o'clock at night in Washington, which was just as Governor Taft was preparing to go home for a noonday lunch on the next day in Manila, General Corbin put on the wire this message, reduced to the briefest space: "Taft, Manila—McKinley, Corbin." It went through to Manila in somewhat over forty seconds, and, as may be supposed, was promptly promulgated there.

The new cable will reduce the rate to Manila from about \$1.75 per word for most parts of the United States, to 50 cents a word. The government, of course, like the press agencies, has a special rate, and also employs a cipher. This permits of occasional amenities in the almost daily exchange of messages between Washington and Manila, as was shown in April, when the following cables between Root and Taft proved that the Secretary of War is not always serious, and raised the old question

as to whether Governor Taft would "weigh in" at 250 or at 300:

"MANILA, April 9th.—Secretary of War, Washington: I leave to-day for Benguet province, which has telegraphic communication. Mail only two days behind. TAFT."

"WASHINGTON, April 13th.—Taft, Manila: The Secretary of War wishes to know how you stood your trip, and your present condition. EDWARDS."

"BENGUET, April 15th.—Secretary of War, Washington: I made the trip very well. Rode horseback twenty-five miles to an altitude of five thousand feet. Expect to be cured of the dysentery. TAFT."

"WASHINGTON, April 16th.—Taft, Benguet: Received your telegram of the 15th. How is the horse? Root."

MORE VIEWS ON "RACE SUICIDE."

Why Neglect the Home for Society?

OAKLAND, July 22, 1903. EDITORS ARGONAUT: After reading the screed of "One Who Loves Her Sex," one is led to believe that President Roosevelt desires nothing less than that every "overworked farmer's wife" and every struggling parent should redeem society's deplorable condition by adding another burden to their already toppling load. Dear lady! Can she find one paragraph in President Roosevelt's exhortation in which he urges the necessity for larger families upon women "worn by toil and dreary surroundings"? It is not from vitality already overtaken that he demands this additional output. His well-directed shafts of rebuke are not aimed at the "overworked farmer's wife," nor the "parents struggling to keep the wolf from the door"; it is to those among us who use their health and energy in such ways that they have none left to devote to what he rightly terms "a woman's honor and glory." What are "the thousand hopes and aims" to which "One Who Loves Her Sex" alludes? What are "the manifold duties and interests" which make it impossible for the average woman to fulfill the conditions of ideal marriage? A very casual inquiry will show that half the so-called "social obligations" which go to make the "nervous condition" of the American women what it is, could be dropped from her life with much advantage and little, if any, loss. The "paper" written on "Egyptian Architecture," or on "Scandinavian folklore," often written hurriedly and crowded in between the real duties of life, after a feverish search for references in the public library; the function carried out on a scale not warranted by the income, involving days of preparation beforehand, a wholesale overturning of the household routine, followed by a reaction of highly strung nerves—to such "hopes and aims" as these do too many women direct the ambition and energy that would otherwise culminate in faithful preparation for, and the successful rearing of, happy and healthy children. "One Who Loves Her Sex" says "every one knows what childbirth means to a woman," and proceeds to draw a truly Dantean picture, in which "ill health, isolation, and long hours of gloomy foreboding" figure as the inevitable symptoms of expectant motherhood. Yes, to the woman who does not know how to dress herself, or diet herself; who can not discriminate between indiscreet behavior in a public place, and dignified exercise and recreations; who spends in "gloomy foreboding" hours which could and should be spent in pleasurable anticipation. But to expect an intelligent, up-to-date woman to accept the statement that motherhood means ill health is to ask too much of any one's forbearance. Select from the women of your acquaintance, or enlarge the boundary and take from among the different churches of any town, the mothers with their splendid boys and their girls, repeating their own bright, youthful days, and place them in a line opposite the women who, for various reasons, have never been able to say "my child," will not the mothers carry off the palm for an all-around endowment of those qualities, both mental and physical, which come with motherhood, the motherhood which those others have been obliged to forego, or have seen fit to evade?

FRANCES.

Advice to Young Men About to Marry.

NORWALK, CAL., July 24, 1903. EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your article on "race suicide," written by "One Who Loves Her Sex," I read aloud, and three mothers of us exclaimed at the truth so graphically told in the following extracts: "A child's natural right is to be well-born, strong-bodied, clear-brained, loving, joyous, and eager. Can a mother give birth to such a child when toil and dreary surroundings have broken her health and dulled her sensibilities, when she can not properly take care of the ones she has, when she looks forward to the future with gloomy forebodings, when she has no thought but of hate and anger for the intruder, unwelcome, and forced upon her against her will? . . . The physical and spiritual energy required to give birth to and rear a large number of children is incalculable. . . . Every one knows what childbirth means to a woman. Inconvenience, ill health, isolation, long hours of gloom and foreboding, and at the last that torture, that agony indescribable which every woman must endure when she becomes a mother. There is nothing that can compare with it in the terrifying horror of it all." The most oppressed class in all the world that I know anything about, personally, is made up of the mothers of large families who do their own work. They are slaves, without rest day or night. The mother love which they have by instinct must be all that keeps them from despair. I do think that young men contemplating matrimony should consider all these things and count the cost. It doesn't mean physical disability, never-ending work, utter loss of rest to them, but it does to the ones they are eager to make their wives. Have they the means to pay for the help these wives will need? If not, are they willing, when at home, to come to the rescue at all times? Will they take care of the baby at night? Generally, the "poor, harassed, faded creature" gets very careless about her dress, and so, if he is the kind of man who cares, disgusts her husband, and he thinks he has a good excuse to go out evenings,

and keep away from his unpleasant home. I have heard a good deal about President Roosevelt's theories, but didn't read exactly what he did say, and got the impression that what he was opposing was the murder that is going on of unborn children. I admired him for that; for cruel as it is, I would rather have a large family, and do my own work, than to commit one such murder. It doesn't seem as though Mr. Roosevelt would condemn the reasonable and human practice of a husband and wife judging for themselves the number of children they ought to have, and then abiding by their judgment in a clean, honorable, and righteous way. So few are well-born because so many are unwelcome. All our lives long we suffer from queer, hateful dispositions, with which our mothers marked us, when, under right circumstances, we might have been bright, joyous, and happy.

M. R. L.

Fourteen Children, all Happy.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 18, 1903. EDITORS ARGONAUT: I can not refrain from answering an article headed "Race Suicide" in your paper, for, as I am a mother of a large family, I feel I am able to say what a woman's duty is. My husband had a small salary (fortunately), and therefore he could not join a club, where he would be tempted to indulge in dissipation, so our home was our castle—surrounded by a family of dear little children. We, of course, had to deny ourselves luxuries. I had to sew and teach our babies, he had to work, but when the day was done, his first query was, "Where is baby?" When a new arrival was expected, we felt it would be hard, but somehow he or she would fit right in and was always loved. Our joys and cares we shared together. How much better to be a wife and mother than a woman half man, selfish, thinking only of how to have a good time, or wanting to be a doctor, lawyer, or anything rather than a womanly woman. If we could only destroy woman's clubs, make young men marry at twenty-five, and have their homes and their babies, then dissipation, vice, and drunkenness would not be heard of. Near us lives a woman with fourteen children. They never have had a servant, and they live in three rooms. They have always been clean and happy, and have had enough to eat. Their father is a laboring man. They have managed to save enough to secure a little home of their own, principally because the household is directed by a good wife and a splendid mother. She said to me one day: "It makes us so happy on Sunday to see our fourteen children around us at dinner time." As far as childbirth being "inconvenient," that is all rubbish. Of course, it is hard, but it is better than having our women crowd the doctors' offices, as they do now, with a thousand and one complaints our mothers knew not of. Women should bear their yoke. Let them learn contentment and unselfishness.

THE MOTHER OF A LARGE FAMILY.

The suit in Paris of M. Carera, a South American, against Anna Held, reveals the fact that she has a daughter, Lili, who had been adopted by her former admirer. Carera was at one time a member of one of the principal clubs of Paris, but he has lost heavily at baccarat, and now is suing the dainty French comedienne for a bundle of Portuguese bonds which he entrusted to her care, and for the custody of the child, Lili. He still professes to love the fickle Anna, and some of his amorous epistles have been read in court. In one, he declares his unalterable affection for the artist, and confesses that his only pleasure was "to talk to, and to play at draughts with, you, even at the risk of being sent to an asylum by reason of delirium brought about by the glamour of your presence." When Anna married Florence Ziegler, and he could get no satisfaction, Carera sent several threatening letters, and then began suit. He says he wants the Portuguese bonds for the support of Lili, but as Anna has promised to look after her child, it is doubtful if the case will be decided in Carera's favor.

Anglers will rejoice in the announcement that a consignment of some forty thousand Eastern brook-trout from Verdi, Nev., will be distributed in Paper Mill and Lagunitas Creek, near Camp Taylor, Marin County. In addition to this shipment, another of seventy-five thousand has arrived for streams in Monterey County, and are to be distributed in the Carmel River, and other streams. They were brought from the Sisson Hatchery. In a few weeks, sixty thousand more will come from Sisson, in Siskiyou County, near the headwaters of the Sacramento River, to be distributed in Marin and Sonoma Counties. The work will be continued as far north as Cazadero.

Nat Goodwin and party, who are making a tour of the Sierra, with a guide and pack-animals, were in the Yosemite Valley on the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth of July. On the twentieth, they left for Wawona and the Mariposa Grove, via the Vernal and Nevada Falls and Glacier Point trails, and arrived at Wawona on the evening of the twenty-fourth. They left the next morning for the eastern rim of the Sierra, in Mono County.

Emile A. Bruguière has just had his new opera accepted by the Bostonians, and it will be given a sumptuous production next winter. The name of the opera is "Kaski."

LITERARY NOTES.

Jack London at His Best.

Rudyard Kipling is preëminently the poet of steam and the machine. Before him there was no "ship that found herself." Before him no poet wove the cable, the telegraph, the locomotive into a love-poem of power and beauty, nor before him did levers and cranks, cogs and wheels, figure in the vocabulary of romance. Kipling is the most modern of literary moderns. He is in harmony with the spirit of the age.

And if steam and the machine have worked a tremendous revolution in material things during the half-century past, the doctrine of evolution has worked a greater one in traditions and beliefs. Kipling is the poet of the one, and—without flattery we say it—Jack London has irrefragably established his title as the prose poet of the other. In his former stories of the North, in the "Kempston-Wace Letters," but more than all, in his last and best book, "The Call of the Wild," he has touched the dry bones of a scientific theory with imagination and made them live. Romance? Here is the new romance. William Morris sought romance in mediævalism. Many another has sought it there. In the background of their books loomed vague and misty the Olympian gods. Romance bore upon its shoulders the burden of dead beliefs and outworn creeds. But the "Call of the Wild" belongs to a new dispensation. The poetry that is in it is the poetry of the living world's real, not its imagined, history. To Mr. London the Trojan war, the wanderings of Ulysses, the westward journeyings of Æneus are not half so stirring, so epic, as primitive man's struggle for existence against huge and hairy mammals in an age of ice.

That evolution plays such a part in "The Call of the Wild" does not mean that the theory has run away with the story. The tale of a noble dog, bred to a lazy life under sunny California skies, sold into service on an Alaskan sledge, forced to labor, his ancient instincts quickened into a new life, his pride in his strength aroused, and finally his spirit dominated by the forest where he comes to roam masterless and free at the head of a wolf-pack, the sire of a stronger and swifter race—all this is told with fine imagination and poetic power. Like Kipling's stories, again, it will appeal alike to those who read merely "for the story," and to those whose interest is in its broader aspects. This is Mr. London's strongest and most virile work—thus far.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Animals, Wild, Tamed, and Trained.

That a lion-tamer should be literary is not to be expected. Still, had Frank C. Bostock found a more competent editor than Ellen Velvin, the record of his most interesting experiences might have been less wordy and rambling than it is in "The Training of Wild Animals." But it would take a great deal of bungling to spoil Bostock's story entirely, and the case is not so bad as that. The book is merely a good tale ill told.

An amusing feature is the exceeding tenderheartedness of both editor and author. The former tells in the preface of seeing "dim eyes in more than one keeper" when a lion cub was having a fit. She says further: "Had I seen the least cruelty nothing would have induced me to edit this book." Bostock himself devotes pages to justifying his keeping animals in cages, the gist of the justification being that they might get shot if wild; they are safer in a show. Elsewhere he speaks of "gently" hoisting an elephant, and in another place declares that he never uses hot irons in emergencies. The hot irons one observer had seen, he laboriously explains, were used to warm the animals' drinking water, "and also to impart some of the beneficial qualities of the iron, thus giving an iron tonic." Shades of Rabelais and his kettle of keys!

Bostock has been a trainer and show-manager since he was fifteen. He was intended by his father for the clergy, but was irresistibly drawn into his present profession. The facts he gives about animals are many of them new. He casts aspersions on the majesty of the king of beasts by revealing that he gets "violently seasick," and upon the virtue of the elephant by asserting that he can not be compelled to take medicine, but likes hot whisky and onions immensely. The parallel between men and lions is drawn when he says that animals that growl and snarl are harmless, only the silent beasts need watching. Perhaps a different moral may be derived from the statement that the adult lioness does not scold, to romp and play about, but the male

thinks it beneath his dignity, and always bears himself with becoming gravity.

Another exceedingly interesting fact is "that, in some curious, incomprehensible way, wild animals know instinctively whether men are addicted to bad habits. For those who are the least bit inclined to drink, or live a loose life, the wild animal has neither fear nor respect." This accords well with the so-called superstition of the ancients, who attributed to the lion the power to discern whether or no a woman were chaste, and to recognize a virgin. "There is nothing new," etc.

The book is profusely illustrated, with many interesting half-tones.

Published by the Century Company, New York.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Nemesis of Froude," by Sir James Crichton-Browne and Alexander Carlyle, is the title of a new contribution to the Carlyle controversy, which John Lane will bring out in a few days. The authors have made an attempt to clear Carlyle's memory from the imputations made by Geraldine Jewsbury and clutched at by Froude. The frontispiece is a likeness of Miss Jewsbury, of whom Mrs. Carlyle once wrote "a flimsy tatter of a creature."

Professor Steiner, whose book, called "Tolstoy the Man," is soon to be published, holds a chair at Grinnell College, and is familiar with all Slav and Russian topics.

Emily Crawford, so well known as the writer of London *Truth's* Paris letter, and as Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News*, is going to publish a book likely to attract no little attention. It is an attempt to appraise the position and influence of Queen Victoria from the standpoint of one long resident in a foreign capital, and acquainted with the opinions of court and embassy. The book is called "Victoria, Queen and Ruler."

Clara Louise Burnham's new book, "Jewel. A Chapter in Her Life," tells the story of a little girl who has never known other than Christian Science influences, and makes her own way against the antagonisms of her grandfather's household.

"A Literary History of Scotland," by J. H. Millar, a volume of seven hundred pages, which takes its place in the "Library of Literary History," is being brought out in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons. Mr. Millar's design is to supply an account of the literature of the English-speaking Scots from the beginning of the fourteenth century down to the present day.

The choice of a biographer to write a life of Thomas Moore for the English Men of Letters Series has fallen upon Stephen Gwynne.

Stewart Edward White, whose latest book, "The Forest," is shortly to be published, has just had conferred upon him the degree of master of arts by the University of Michigan.

E. F. Benson, who wrote "Dodo," and has since published a great many other works of fiction, has just brought out a book entitled "The Valkyries: A Romance Founded on Wagner's Opera."

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's two short novels, "The Making of a Marchioness," and its sequel, "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst," are to be published in September in one volume under the title, "Emily Fox-Seton."

Norman Duncan is starting for the Labrador coast to gather more material for a novel picturing the rugged life of the region. Mr. Duncan has already spent four seasons there, and has contributed to various magazines stories of the life of deep-sea fishing, which will be collected in book-form this fall.

The plot of Mrs. Poultney Bigelow's new novel, to be published in August, revolves about a London society woman whose husband is unsympathetic and even brutal, and who becomes involved with a sculptor through a jealous woman's gossip.

"The Story of a Labor Agitator," by Joseph Ray Buchanan, is announced for early publication. The book should be of unique interest, for it will relate, the publishers say, the inner history of more than one great strike from the standpoint of labor. Mr. Buchanan is a veteran "agitator," although for some years he has busied himself chiefly with his pen.

Sadie Martinot, the popular actress, is to write a book about her stage experiences and acquaintances.

A timely volume is Frances Gerard's "A King's Romance," which narrates the life story

of Milan, first king of Serbia, his accession to the throne in 1882, his marriage with Natalie Ketchco in 1885, their divorce three years later, his abdication in 1889, and his death in 1901.

Edward S. Van Zile has chosen a butler for the hero of his novel, "A Duke and His Double."

Lady Betty Balfour is editing a volume of the correspondence of her father, the late Earl of Lytton. It is said that it will show "Owen Meredith" in his more intimate moods.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton has written an introduction for G. P. Huntington's compilation of Ruskin's "Comments on Dante," to be issued in October.

"Araby" is a new novel of modern life by the Baroness Von Hutten, author of "The Lady of the Beeches," which will shortly be published.

The latest work of reference projected is an "International Encyclopedia of Journalism," which is to be edited by Alfred Harmsworth, of the London *Daily Mail*; Maurice Ernst, of the *Neues Wiener Tageblatt*; and William Hill, of the *Westminster Gazette*. It will be written in English, but will deal with the origin and development of journalism in all countries. There will be special articles on all phases of journalism, editing, news-gathering, ownership, business management, and so on, and character sketches of eminent journalists will be included.

INTAGLIOS.

Carmen.

[From the French of Theophile Gautier.]

Dark rings encircle her gypsy eyes,
And her figure is scrawny and thin;
Her hair is black as the midnight skies,
And the devil has tanned her skin.

Men rave about her, but women swear
She is ugly as ugly can be;
They even hint in Toledo there,
That the bishop chants mass at her knee.

Her piquant plainness may have, who knows?
A grain of salt from the self-same seas,
Whence nude, erewhile, to the crest she rose,
A racy Venus to tempt and tease.

—Lucius Harwood Foote.

Flaminca.

[From the German of Emmanuel von Geibel.]

No more her dark brown limbs are seen
As in the dance they madly whirl;
No more she strikes the tambourine,
Flaminca blithe, the Gypsy Girl.

A scarlet fillet bound her hair,
In silken shoes her twinkling feet;
But now she sleeps, the Wild Rose, where
The tangled boughs above her meet.

Bide not the hawthorn tree beside!
Give heed ye lads if ye are wise!
For flames leap forth, since she has died,
From out the earth where now she lies.

'Tis said her form sometimes appears
When odors on the night air stir,
And with her longing eyes she sears
The heart of him who looks on her.

—Lucius Harwood Foote.

The English publishers are beginning to follow the example set by their American confrères, of issuing hooks in midsummer. Among a number of works to be published in London within the next few weeks may be noted an anecdotal "Life of Disraeli," by Wilfrid Meynell, the biographer of Cardinal Manning; a book on the Durbar, by Mrs. Craigie; and Harry de Windt's narrative of his overland journey from Paris to New York.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Factory Town.

In "The Taskmasters," a first novel by George K. Turner, the author has laid bare to the reader's view all the machinery of bribery, of moneyed influence, and of political corruption which prevents the administration of city governments from being that ideal state of which sociologists have dreamed.

The author writes in serious vein, and it is apparent that his conclusions as to the danger of a manufacturing aristocracy gaining tyrannical ascendancy over the masses have arisen from the close contemplation of existing conditions.

Mr. Turner has written a novel whose incidents are dependent upon the central subject, but the most interesting passages in the book are those which are inspired by actual observation rather than by the fictionist's fancy.

On the topics of city politics, manufacturing and industrial conditions, the indifferent morals of ward politicians, congested tenements in the quarters of the city poor, the lazy truckling of municipal incompetents to the influential, and kindred subjects, Mr. Turner speaks with knowledge and authority. But, as a novel, the book is over-weighted by the amplitude of material, and the abundance of explanatory comment and illustrative types employed by the author in expanding his more serious views will scarcely be regarded as purely recreative reading by the idle-minded.

Nevertheless, there is ability in Mr. Turner's first work, and the humor and observation in his sketches of characteristic types drawn from all classes of society, are superior to what might be expected from a 'prentice hand.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Twilight of the Gods."

Richard Garnett is so steeped in the romantic atmosphere of the British Museum Library, of which he is keeper, that his works of the imagination are refreshingly unmodern. A quaint archaism pervades them. They are utterly uninfluenced by the literary fads and foibles of the hour. Moreover, his later works, and especially the latest, "The Twilight of the Gods," are marked by a learned and mellow drollery, a harmless and subtle cynicism, that will appeal strongly to kindred spirits.

Sixteen of the wonder-tales in the present book have already been published in the edition of 1888. Twelve are new. Many of them are based on stories to be found in mediæval Italian works, but all have the stamp of Mr. Garnett's individuality. The work will not prove a popular one. The irony is too fine, the flavor too poetic, the literary atmosphere in general too much rarefied. Indeed, Mr. Garnett may suffer the fate of Walter Pater, and find himself the founder of a cult. Stranger things have happened.

Mr. Garnett is not above making jokes even in the notes to the stories. Of one called "The Elixir of Life," he writes: "Published July, 1881, in the third number of a magazine entitled *Our Times*, which blasted the elixir's character by expiring immediately afterwards." But the wit is commonly dryer and more non-chalant. This is how he begins the tale called "Madame Lucifer":

Lucifer sat playing chess with a Man for his soul.

The game was evidently going ill for Man. He had but pawns left, few and straggling. Lucifer had rooks, knights, and, of course, bishops.

Published by John Lane, New York.

The Shakespeare Problem.

Controversial works relating to Shakespeare still form an appreciable fraction of the current books about Elizabethan authors. One Arthur Acheson, of Chicago, has tackled the "mystery" of the sonnets in a book called "Shakespeare and the Rival Poet" (John Lane, New York; price, \$1.25), and deals in rather a scholarly way with the problems of the "Patron," "The Rival Poet," "The Dark Lady," and "The Mr. W. H." of the dedication. He finds the "Patron" to be Southampton, and "The Rival Poet" Chapman, and devotes nearly the whole book to bulwarking these theories.

Another volume—a tall octavo of four hundred pages, by a person who hides his identity under the signature, "A Cambridge Graduate"—handles the "mystery" of the sonnets and "The Rape of Lucrece" in quite a different way. This author, following a dedicatory hint, takes note that the first two letters in the first line of the latter poem are Fr,

while the first letter of the second line is B, which he construes into Fr. B., or Francis Bacon. This is interesting, but not very convincing. He then turns to the sonnets, quotes and credits the statement that they were addressed by a man to a man, adduces this as a certain proof that Bacon, not Shakespeare, was their author, since there exist certain records besmirching Bacon, notably the statement of Aubrey, "He was *paiderastês*." Then this "Cambridge Graduate" of peculiar tastes proceeds to elaborate the idea, casting aspersions on the characters of Essex, Pembroke, Southampton, James the First, etc. There seems little excuse for such a work, especially as it appears to spring chiefly from a purulent imagination rather than from fact. The work is entitled "Is It Shakespeare?" (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$4.00 net.)

New Publications.

"The Merchant of Venice," edited with introduction, notes, appendices, and glossary, by Thomas Marc Parrott, Ph. D., professor of English in Princeton University, is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"Idyls of the Gass," by Martha Wolfenstein, contains fifteen sketches of life in the Jewish quarter of a German village, each marked by intelligent sympathy and keen human interest. A quaint little lad, quaintly named Shimmelé, is the centre of interest, and this character and some others run through the entire book. But what, by the way, is a *Gass*? Why not the German *Gasse*? Klügel and Grieb know not *Gass*, and neither does Murray. Then why *Gass*? Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

P. H. Gosse, whose "Romance of Natural History" appears in a new edition, is not well known to readers of to-day. In the 'forties and 'fifties, however, his popular works did much to spread knowledge of nature both in England, his home, and in America, about whose fauna he wrote. The book now reprinted is vivacious and entertaining. It derives a peculiar interest from the fact that two chapters are devoted to "demonstrating" that the sea serpent is not a myth. Published by the New Amsterdam Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

With the aid of a lot of prehistoric woodcuts and considerable smartness some very young men have produced a truly laughable burlesque on the London *Times*'s new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which that paper is selling on the installment plan. Great fun is made of the bulk of the books and the seeming endless issue of "supplements." This ridiculous brochure is entitled "Wisdom While You Wait: Being a Foretaste of the Glories of the Insidecompleat BritanniaWare." Our review copy is marked "30th thousand." Published by the Inside-Britt Company, New York.

Sir William Johnson, a gallant and picturesque figure in our early colonial history, has at length found a competent, though eulogistic, biographer in Augustus C. Buell. Sir William, it will be recalled, came to America in 1738, and traded with the Mohawk Indians, being made sachem. He commanded successfully both the Fort Niagara and Crown Point Expeditions, and was a prominent factor in colonial life for nearly forty years. His dealings with the Indians were not above suspicion, but his attitude was not one of disdain, for he studied them and wrote of them for the Philosophical Society. Mr. Buell's book is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Parts IV and V of the *Studio Library* of "Representative Art of Our Time" have now appeared. Part IV contains an "Essay on the Development and Practice of English Water-Color," by Walter Shaw Sparrow; etching, "Amboise," by D. Y. Cameron; oil-painting, "Norham Castle," by Sir George Reid, R. S. A.; auto-lithograph, "The Mine," by Frank Brangwyn; water-color, "Scarlet Zinnias," by Francis E. James; oil-painting, "The Mediterranean," by Claude Monet; water-color, "Valendam Harbor," H. Casiers. Part V contains an article on the value of line in etching and dry-point, by Dr. Hans W. Singer; etching, "Bridge of St. Martin, Toledo," by Joseph Pennell; auto-lithograph in colors, "Brume Matinale," by Henri Rivière; water-color, "Youth and the Lady," by Eleanor Fortescue-Brickdale; oil-painting, "A Shaded Pond," by Mark Fisher; water-color, "Walcheren Peasant-Girl," by Nico W. Jungmann; oil-painting, "Nidderdale," by P. Wilson Steer. Each picture is separately printed so that it may be removed intact from the portfolio if desired. The

work will be complete in eight parts, and for the whole a cover is furnished. Published by John Lane, New York; price, per part, \$1.00.

In "A Prince of Sinners" E. Phillips Oppenheim has achieved the feat of predicting the present political situation in England. The author evidently knows a great deal of politics, and knows well how to pull the strings of his office-mad puppets. In portraying society he is not so successful, but the novel as a whole is of considerable interest. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Once more, in "The Wars of Peace," we have it borne home that the trust is chiefly an evil to its engineers. It corrodes the morals, ossifies the sympathies, dissolves even the ties between father and son. At least, it does so, according to A. F. Wilson, author. Here is a novel thoroughly up to date, readable, and full of earnestness and altruistic intention. It has the faults of most books by young authors, but is, nevertheless, a novel that may be read without yawns. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

We confidently commend to the attention of parents and teachers a "geographical reader" that has been written by James Franklin Chamberlain, of Los Angeles, entitled "How We Are Fed." This little hook, which describes the steps in the raising, barvesting, and manufacture, of staple food-stuffs, will bring home very sharply to the mind of any intelligent boy or girl the complex indebtedness of himself or herself to the industrial world at large. There are a number of excellent illustrations. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

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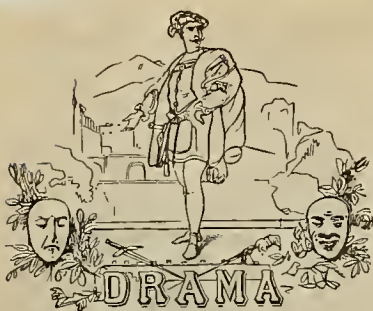
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"Once, in the days beyond recalling," before I had ceased to be impressed by a popular verdict on a novel, I conceived it to be my duty to read "The Manxman," because everybody else was talking about it.

I would not do it again, unless I were given a liberal bonus for each chapter. Of all varieties of sentimentalists, the commercial sentimentalist is the least endurable, and Hall Caine is a most flimsy and transparent specimen of that special ilk. He is one of the most successful literary fakirs of the past decade, and as popular with the large number who favor his liberally diluted fiction as he is obnoxious to those whom he constitutionally rubs the wrong way. Therefore, I have not rubbed up my recollections of "The Manxman." Therefore, I am unashamed even if I am hazy about the Manx character and dialect, and have peacefully forgotten many of the lesser happenings in the story.

But we must judge of a play as we see it, and not weigh its merit according to the closeness of its adherence to the novel upon which it is founded. "The Manxman," then, while a dreadfully tedious and plethoric novel, is not so as a play. But neither is it fine, artistic, or of a simple humanness. It abounds in theatricalism, because nothing in the line of drama upon which Hall Caine lays his fell touch can be aught else. This is the day of easy naturalism in the drama. It has begun to be recognized pretty thoroughly that it is abnormal to preserve a statuesque, a heroic, or a tragic pose through several hours—which, passed under the glow of the footlights, sometimes represent as many months or even years.

In the play, an attempt is made during the course of the first act, to present Kate Creegan as she appeared in her happier days in the book. She is a rosy lass, well satisfied with herself and her admiring court, clad like a rustic, and with the burr of the peasant on her tongue.

But Mrs. Peter Quillian, after her marriage, in dress and speech and demeanor, is the conventional heroine of conventional drama. She remains, too, in persistent low spirits, pale, self-absorbed, and is a decidedly heavy weight in the family circle. Pete would be quite justified in seeking a divorce from the melodramatic statue, which is a dismal fixture upon his hearthstone, but, on the contrary, nothing can mar his boisterous content.

In the domestic scenes, Mr. Caine, alertly seconded by his congenial collaborator, Wilson Barret, neglects no opportunity, even if it lies in an anti-climax, to lay on a touch of superficial sentiment, or insert a scene of superficial comedy.

The baby is, of course, in full evidence: a perfect sphinx of a child, enduring numerous long-winded apostrophes, from its distracted mother and its presumable paternal, in gloomy, silence. A genuine article of baby is brought in at first, which is handled somewhat gingerly by the Alcazar constituency, if we except White Whittlesey, who seems to have a practiced touch, and, indeed, proudly exhibited the same during a curtain call. All told, there is a good deal of baby à la Herne in the play. The baby's milk is poured into the baby's bottle by the baby's nurse from the baby's saucepan, which in the well-known fiendish manner of the saucepan spout, whether on or off the stage, spills a good third of the article. The baby's milk is sampled by the baby's doctor, who splutters a good deal of that innocuous fluid into circumambient space. The baby's supposititious sire clucks around like a distracted hen, fussing about draughts the while; the baby's nightie is produced, a new bonnet is exhibited, and—certainly a unique situation in a play—the aforesaid supposititious sire proudly exhibits the unconscious inheritor of sin to the paternal inspection of the real father, who, having just made discovery of this relationship, endeavors to get up a complex expression appropriate to the occasion. The baby figures prominently during the flitting of Kate, who produces the infantile coat, weeps, apostrophizes, and,

finally leaving the child to console the deserted husband, departs in the well-known thrilling style, endeared to us in the melodrama of the past, in which the husband returns just in time to escape tripping over the tail of his wife's eloping gown, and—dismissing all idea of his absent partner being in the laundry sorting clothes, or, perchance, in the kitchen peeling onions, or even, mayhap, in her bed-chamber doing up her hair in curl-papers—instantly realizes that he is cruelly abandoned by his wife, who had just fifteen seconds' start of him, and whose whereabouts are hopelessly swallowed up in an unsolvable mystery. Still, even with a rooted intolerance for Hall Caine and Hall Caine's ideas, I must admit he has something of a situation in "The Manxman," and he even succeeded in making that fact evident once or twice. But his is not the virile treatment that can put the situation strongly.

The nearest approach to real feeling was in the parting of Kate and Pete, during which both Miss Creighton and Mr. Whittlesey succeeded in portraying the opposing sentiments of the two—the offended pride and half-hearted acceptance of the girl, the unsatisfied tenderness and longing of the lover. There is just a little of bathos in the return of Kate, dummy baby in arms, to the paternal roof, and again in the interview between Peter and Philip, when the latter confesses his secret sin in a burst of turgid oratory, which flows on endlessly into illimitable space under the poise of Peter's axe. Certainly, if Pete has a tendency to appear chuckle-headed at times, Philip is put into an ignominious position in the final act, and one that is not logically in keeping with that in which he was, from the standpoint of sympathy, previously placed by the playwrights toward the audience. Philip was unquestionably a cad, but he really was rather picturesque in his regret and remorse for that fact; but what epithet can one lay one's tongue to to level at a dummy that stands orating with outstretched arms, inviting attack from an angry man with an axe, who presumably intends to cleave him to the chine with that weapon? Which reminds me, I really must look up chine in the dictionary.

The descriptive phrase applied to the last act, as seen in the programme, sounds like a bit of polite satire; something of which Hall Caine is never guilty. "The Wages of Sin" scarcely applies when poor old Pete, kissing the hem of his wife's robe—rather an absurd touch that—wanders off alone, and the two guilty ones join their lives together.

White Whittlesey is becoming more flexible under the developing experience of weekly changes of hill. He gave a consistent portrayal of loyal, simple-minded Peter, who had a wife and couldn't keep her, and in dress and appearance suggested the bigness and brawn of the peasant, although his features will occasionally fall into the expression sacred to stereotyped romance.

Charles Wynate, struggling bravely with an ignominious rôle; Harry Hilliard, a youth of pleasing and ingenuous countenance, proving himself to be a very capable young actor; Oza Waldrop, hurried under a pseudo-Manx accent and a shawl, worn à l'Irlandaise; Bertha Creighton, conscientiously woeful; and George Osbourne as a disagreeable and unintelligible old Manx fanatic, all had a prominent share in causing the audience to approve of the play. For with all its faults, they will probably love it still.

"They always seem to get back," some one remarked, apropos of Camille d'Arville's return to the stage, and true it is of a tolerably large proportion of those who have, or think they have, broken the spell that binds them to the footlights, and retired to private life. For those broken links have an insidious way of reuniting themselves and pulling with a force proportionate to the length of the separation. Old habits are not easily downed, and private life seldom or never affords opportunities for sweeping magnificently across a raised and brilliantly lit space in the sight of an appreciative multitude and giving vent to the insistent ego within by some outpouring of dramatic expression.

All normal people want audiences to appreciate something that is an expression of their individuality, if it is only the buckwheat cakes that mother makes, a school-boy's crude chalkings on the wall, or a Salvation Army lassie bleating doleful hymns to the grimy rabble circling about her stage of cobblestones. And the dramatic or musical artist, trained by the experience of years to exhibit his talent to others, demands, above all, an audience that gives free evidence of its appreciation. Perhaps that is the reason that we have Camille d'Arville at the Tivoli, walking the stage

with that easy, dominant air that is the natural outgrowth of long and successful experience, and uttering her lines with the most fascinating little foreign accent.

Both voice and appearance have suffered a partial eclipse during her temporary disappearance into private life, but the hoarseness is only occasional, and, although there is a lessening of the ringing volume of her voice, her vocalism is fine and effective. She looks a dashing blade enough in her man's habit, but the white wig is treacherous to her looks. An actress should, as far as possible, always exercise discretion in wearing a white wig, and avoid it as she would the foul fiend himself, if it has that cruel trick of dulling the lustre of her eyes, or the tint of her skin. It struck me, the other night, that she would make a very good duchess in Offenbach's opera. Grand duchesses need not be youthful sylphs, and the condescending infatuation of the great lady would suit Mme. d'Arville, whose fine figure and imperious air would be particularly appropriate to the rôle. The opera in which she appears, however, is a very good vehicle for the exploitation of her vocal abilities, and both story and setting have an old English picturesqueness with which the music is in harmonious accord. "In London Town" and "Farewell to the King's Highway" are two melodious instances, the latter, indeed, with its long ringing final note, proving so popular as to be the means of forcing upon Arthur Cunningham a larger measure of encores than he wants—another instance of the well-known willful selfishness of San Francisco audiences, who never permit a singer to evade an encore if once they have given expression to their sovereign will.

Mr. Cunningham does extremely well in the rôle of Captain Scarlet, the valiant highwayman; a rôle which permits him to treble the little racy touch of Irishism to his speech, and turn out a very fine brogue.

Edwin Stevens was Foxy Quiller, the over-acute detective. The rôle is a funny one, but not the funniest I have ever seen, although Stevens makes much more of it than would the machine-made comedian, who could easily set his blighting touch upon it, and lay it low. Mr. Stevens had most able coadjutors in the light-heeled quartet of sleuths that accompanied him. In fact, I think that all four, but more especially the two nimblest ones in the gypsy dance, deserve the honor and glory of having their names on the bill.

The remainder of the company were also well placed, and the performance generally had the desirable degree of brightness and buoyancy.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Mrs. J. M. Hutchings, widow of "the father of the Yosemite Valley," has asked permission to erect a monument on the Big Oak Flat Road, where her husband was killed, but the commissioners have denied the request on the ground that the shaft at that place would frighten the stage-horses. A suitable monument will, however, be erected in the little cemetery in the valley.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Ezra Kendall in "The Vinegar Buyer."

Amelia Bingham's five weeks' engagement comes to a close at the Columbia Theatre this (Saturday) evening, when the charming actress-manager and her excellent supporting company will be seen for the last time in Clyde Fitch's sparkling social comedy, "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson." During her long stay here Miss Bingham has attracted large audiences, and won such a host of friends and admirers that she will probably soon visit us again. Let us hope so, at any rate, and if she comes provided with as entertaining a repertoire as "The Climbers," "A Modern Magdalen," and "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," and surrounded by as many clever actors as she has with her this year, she will be sure of a hearty welcome, for San Francisco theatre-goers are ever willing and anxious to pay well for attractions that are really worth seeing. Miss Bingham is to be followed next week by Ezra Kendall, the popular comedian, who has given up vaudeville and returned to the legitimate stage, in a laughable rural comedy, entitled "The Vinegar Buyer." The play is in three acts, and was founded by Herbert Hall Winslow on one of James Whitcomb Riley's poems. The story of the play concerns the adventures of Joe Miller, impersonated by Mr. Kendall. He is a sort of jack-of-all-trades in the village of Bascomb's Corners, near Indianapolis, and being possessed of the "gift of gab" and the art of story-telling, he rapidly makes himself a leading citizen, and is elected mayor of the town. Alex Strike, a "low-down cuss," who keeps the village tavern, is opposed to Miller, whose honesty seems to menace the schemes of his son Henry, the village lawyer, to marry Mildred Arlington, the daughter of a wealthy blind widow. Mildred loves Walter Talbot, and the shady village attorney, acting in the interest of the Strikes, uses all his cunning to prevent this union. However, he finds his equal in Miller, who proves a good friend to the lovers, and succeeds in making young Strike the laughing-stock of the village.

"As You Like It" at Sutro Heights.

The open-air performances of "As You Like It" at Sutro Heights this (Saturday) afternoon and evening and to-morrow have attracted much attention, and will doubtless net a handsome sum for Nance O'Neil, in whose behalf they are being tendered as a testimonial prior to her departure for the East, where she is soon to appear at the Herald Square Theatre in several notable productions. The picturesque and velvety green lawns of Sutro Heights will make an ideal setting for the comedy, and as comfortable seats have been arranged for the spectators and an abundance of lights provided for the evening, the performances should prove especially enjoyable to all those who visit the Heights. Miss O'Neil will, for the first time, appear here as Rosalind; E. J. Ratcliff will be the Orlando; Charles A. Millward, the Jacques; Herbert Carr, the Oliver; L. R. Stockwell, the Touchstone; Blanche Stoddard, the Celia; and James J. Corbett, Charles, the wrestler. The Knickerbocker double quartet is to serve as chorus, and will sing "What Shall He Have That Killed the Deer," "The Cuckoo Song," and others of the original music. Over sixty people will take part in the production. The first open-air presentation of "As You Like It" in San Francisco was given at Sutro Heights in September, 1895, for the benefit of the Channing Auxiliary. Rose Coghlan appeared as Rosalind, William G. Beach as Orlando, Maude Winter as Celia, and L. R. Stockwell as Touchstone.

This, however, was not the first open-air performance of "As You Like It" in California, for on July 29, 1882, it was presented at the Redwood Grove on Russian River, where the Bohemian Club held their first midsummer jinks after the destruction of the Guerneville forest. The play was not produced in its entirety—only the forest scenes were given. Orlando was played by Joe Grismer, and Rosalind was cut out. "Old Bradley" took the part of the Banished Duke, and when he woke up in the morning found that some humorist had placed a small pig in bed with him. Orlando dressed his part with a pair of high "castellated" boots, and when he was about to retire, overcome with fatigue and things, he found it impossible to remove them, so Orlando went to bed with his boots on. These latter two incidents were also probably the "first time in California."

"Janice Meredith" at the California.

The Neill-Moscorco company will present "Janice Meredith," dramatized by Paul Leicester Ford and Edward E. Rose, at the California Theatre on Sunday night, with Lillian Kemble in the title-role. The play is in four acts, and the scenes represent the farm-houses of Squire Meredith, in Greenwood, N. J., in May, 1775, immediately after the Battle of Concord and Lexington; the living-room at Greenwood, Christmas Eve, 1776; the headquarters of Colonel Rahl, the Hessian commander at Trenton, on Christmas Day, 1776; and a dismantled house in Yorktown on the day of Cornwallis's surrender to Washington, in October, 1781. The play, it will be remembered, opens with a pretty love scene between Janice and Charles Fownes. Then comes the gunpowder incident, the news of the war, and the flight of Fownes to Washington with the powder purchased for the village militia. In the second act, Fownes, now Colonel Brereton, rides with dispatches from Washington to Lee at Brunswick, ordering a joint attack on Trenton. His mount giving out, he tries to secure a horse from the Meredith farm, where he is seen and attacked by a British patrol. Janice helps him to escape on the back of a British troop-

er's horse, and is arrested for aiding the flight of a spy. In the third act, she is brought before Colonel Rahl, at Trenton, under arrest. By her wit, she makes the colonel her friend. Brereton comes to Rahl, disguised as a Hessian, with a dispatch from General Lord Howe, which he took from a Hessian trooper. He is arrested as a spy, and the important dispatch taken from him. Janice, however, manages to gain possession of the document, and sends it to Washington, who has already crossed the Delaware, and is about to attack Trenton. The assault on Trenton saves Brereton's life. In the last act, Janice and Brereton meet again at Yorktown, where the young officer prevents his sweetheart from being kidnapped by Lord Clowes. The love interest of the play is consummated in their betrothal just as the drums of the Continental and British forces sound the "long parley," indicating the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to Washington. "Janice Meredith" is to be followed by Captain Marshall's pretty comedy, "A Royal Family," which was given here two seasons ago by Annie Russell.

Musical Attractions.

There will be practically no novelties next week in the musical line. At the Tivoli Opera House, "The Highwayman," with Camille d'Arville as Lady Constance Sinclair, will be continued for a third week. At the Grand Opera House, on Monday night, "In Wall Street" enters on its last week. Then comes "In Harvard," the hodge-podge of mirth, melody, and dancing with which the Rogers Brothers crowded the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, for some months last season. The double bill, "Under the Red Globe" and "The Three Musketeers," at Fischer's Theatre, is also nearing the end of its prosperous run. On Monday night, August 10th, two promising new burlesques will be offered. One is a travesty on "Quo Vadis," which Weher & Fields have called "Quo Vass Iss," and the other is "The Big Little Princess," in which fun is poked as Frances Hodgson Burnett's latest children's play, "The Little Princess." Eleanor Jenkins, the well-known comedienne, has been engaged for a leading rôle in "Quo Vass Iss."

"Zorah" at the Central.

Next week, Herschel Mayall will appear as Rabbi Francos, at the Central Theatre, in Edwin Arden's romantic play, "Zorah," which tells an interesting story of the persecution of the tribes of Israel in the Czar's kingdom, and abounds in striking situations and thrilling climaxes. The scenes are laid in Russia and one of the penal colonies of Siberia. The opening act shows a bazaar in the Jewish quarters of Moscow; the second and fourth acts occur in the reception-room of the government palace in the same city; and the third act pictures a Siberian mine in operation, showing the convicts chained to their wheelbarrows, and even forced to sleep on them at night.

White Whittlesey in "The Butterflies."

"The Manxman" is to give way at the Alcazar Theatre on Monday night to Henry Guy Carleton's modern comedy, "The Butterflies," which was first presented here with John Drew and Maude Adams in the leading parts. The play is particularly rich in humorous incident and crisp epigram, and has a picturesque environment, its scenes being laid at the contrasting fashionable resorts of St. Augustine, Fla., and Lenox, Mass. Mr. Whittlesey and Miss Creighton will impersonate the young lovers, and the cast will also include George Osbourne, Charles Wyngate, Harry S. Hilliard, Frank Bacon, Walter Belasco, Marie Howe, Oza Waldrop, and Eleanor Gordon. For his farewell week, Mr. Whittlesey will appear in a big revival of "The Three Musketeers," after which the long-awaited rural play, "The Dairy Farm," will be given with the same cast that is to be sent on tour. Then begins the annual engagement of the favorite actress, Florence Roberts.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

The Kaufmann troupe of acrobats, who scored such a hit here on their first appearance some two years ago, will return to the Orpheum next week, after a tour of the world. They give a display of combination trick-riding which is unrivaled. The climax of their act is reached when the whole six performers pyramid themselves on a single wheel.

One of the younger members of the troupe jumps and climbs about the machine with the agility of a monkey, and whirls about on one wheel like a dancing Dervish. The other newcomers are Larry Dooly and James Tenhrooke, singing and talking comedians; and Roberts, Hayes, and Roberts, a singing and dancing sketch trio, who appear in a sketch entitled "The Infant." Mme. Konorah, the "mystic calculator"; James J. Morton, the unique monologist; Macart's dogs and monkeys; Claudius and Corbin, the best banjoists ever heard in San Francisco; and the biograph, complete the programme.

Music-lovers will welcome the announcement that the San Francisco Symphony Society has arranged to have Fritz Scheel, the well-known conductor, lead a symphony season here, which will begin about August 13th, and conclude on October 9th. The concerts will probably be held on Thursday afternoons, at the Grand Opera House. The officers of the Symphony Society are: James W. Byrne, president; Willis E. Davis, vice-president; Robert Tolmie, secretary; Shafter Howard, business manager; and W. H. Crocker, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, John Farrott, and Dr. Harry Tevis, directors. Those desiring membership in the society, or season tickets, should apply early to the manager, room 91, Crocker Building. Tickets for the series of concerts will be placed on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store about August 12th.

Dr. Melvor-Tyndall is attracting large audiences to his interesting series of Sunday night lectures at Steinway Hall. To-morrow (Sunday) night his subject will be "Telepathy: Is It a Lost Faculty or a Development?" On the following Sunday, August 9th, he will lecture on "The Power of Persuasion."

Harry Eldridge Hall, who was well known here in business circles, and was a prominent member of the Pacific-Union Club, died in Los Angeles, at his late residence, 641 Bixel Street, on Wednesday, at the age of forty years.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,

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VANITY FAIR.

It was prophesied, when Harry Symmes Lehr was married, a year ago, that he would disappear from sight and no longer figure so conspicuously in New York's social life. But such has not proved the case. He is still a social leader, and, at Newport this summer, his remarks and doings are just as much quoted and chronicled as ever. He has recently had quite a tiff with the editor of *Newport Topics*, who printed a story in which the popular squire of dames was described as wearing pink pajamas and a rose in his hair when an unexpected interviewer was ushered into his presence. This was too much for the good-natured "Lamb," as he is called among his admiring followers. He sought out the editor, and in scolding him, is reported to have said: "I don't care how much you put in that paper of yours about me, so long as it does not reflect on my character, as that article does. I am made the butt of all sorts of stories all the time, and I'm now sick and tired of it. I'll furnish you with all the necessary news that you want about me. I'll tell you when I'm going to have dinners and luncheons and anything else you want to know, but I tell you, I won't have articles like this one, scurrilous and untrue, published about me."

Mr. Lehr is really a never-ending source of news to the society gushers of the metropolitan papers, who take a keen delight in describing his latest eccentricities and witty sayings. The *New York Sun*, for instance, relates this characteristic incident which, it claims, occurred a few weeks ago, when it was whispered mysteriously, and with many admonitions not to "mention it to anybody," that a young girl in Newport society had eloped with a youth of her own age. The rumor turned out to be untrue, but it excited Newport until the air cleared, and it was shown that this particular young woman was absent from the Casino and her other haunts for twenty-four hours merely because she was sick at home with a very commonplace malady which kept her in the house. The youth's known devotion to her was the only other ground for the rumor. It was being talked about at the Casino the morning the rumor was heard, and the place buzzed with the delightful piece of gossip. In one group stood the "Lamb." A woman who had heard nothing but the name of the heroine rushed up to him. "What in the world is all this about Mrs. X's daughter?" she asked. "She's eloped," answer Mr. Lehr in the high-pitched, peevish voice that can be heard by all near him; "she's eloped with nothing but a Prince-freshman and a pink chiffon hat." His audience appreciated this joke so much that by dinner time the reported escapee of the young girl had been altogether lost sight of, except as the inspiration for the Lehr joke. Mr. Lehr, by the way, has taken on considerable flesh during the last year, and is quite a contrast in appearance to the pink-faced blond young man who went north from Baltimore about ten years ago determined to climb to the heights of New York social life. The Lehr jokes came much more amusingly from him at that time than they do to-day. Now he takes up so much of the seat in a victoria that the other person looks crowded, and this increase in size, it is now predicted, will do more than anything else to injure his prospects of remaining Newport's most popular wit and cotillion leader.

President Roosevelt seems to be thoroughly enjoying his summer "rest" at his country place at Oyster Bay. Virtually all his outdoor sports and recreations are shared with his family. On his morning rides the President is on rare occasions accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt, who is an excellent horsewoman, but usually by one or two of his boys, all of whom are good equestrians. Many a brisk canter up hill and down dale the President enjoys in company with his children, and often a favored relative is added to the party. Sometimes he rides through the village, but more often pursues a course along the Cove Road or some sequestered bridle-path outside the village proper, when few beyond his immediate relatives, much less the villagers, know of his coming in or going out. Among his Sagamore Hill stable of some half-dozen animals the President is the owner of three saddle-horses—the veteran, and perhaps favorite, Bleistein; Renown, a jumper; and Wyoming, which the citizens of Douglas, Wyo., bought for five hundred dollars, and presented to him on his recent Western trip. This is another of the President's favorite recreations. Few afternoons pass at Saga-

more Hill without the President challenging Theodore, Jr., Kermit, Ethel, or certain of their young relatives who live near by, Mrs. Roosevelt herself being frequently an interested spectator of the game. Rowing is still another of the President's diversions. Not many rods removed from his country place is a little, unpretentious wood cabin, unremarked by the casual passerby, but known to the initiate as the "President's boat-house." Many a fine summer's morning or afternoon (says the *New York Tribune*) the President will slip quietly from the house with Mrs. Roosevelt, dispose the cushions for his wife, and, loosing the painter, set the oars in the rowlocks, and pull out toward Glen Cove. Frequently, too, emulating the example of Gladstone and Horace Greeley, the President, axe in hand, will vanish quietly at the back of the house, and proceed to chop down one of the tall forest trees that abound on his premises, finding considerable pleasure in the exercise. Soon the swift recurrent hiss of steel against wood, followed by the sound of rending timber, attests the woodsman's skill possessed by the chief magistrate. Swimming is a favorite diversion of the Roosevelt family. Besides the bath-house on the President's own ground, there is a large, airy bathing pavilion on Emlem Roosevelt's premises, and it is no uncommon thing for the whole family to take a plunge in the bay. Long woodland tramps, made at such a pace as severely taxes the endurance of his companions, or a day's picnic with the members of his family, are further of the President's outdoor amusements.

The Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* recently attended a luncheon given by M. Dessing-Whitmore, which was distinctly original. The table, he says, took the form of a boat, and the waiters were dressed as sailors. There was a distinctly nautical flavor about the whole thing, and during the *hors d'oeuvres* and dessert a sailor's chorus was sung. Not being a particularly good sailor, the perpetual motion of the table—which, it appears, took some time to get in working order—was not for me the most enjoyable sensation of the occasion. I was able, however, to appreciate the dexterity with which it had been planned, as not an article ever rolled—or even attempted to roll—off the table. To make the scene more realistic a canvas was hung on the walls on which was painted a somewhat rough sea. The guests numbered twenty-four, and each was presented with a small compass.

Colonel John Jacob Astor's new five-million-dollar hotel, the St. Regis, on Fifth Avenue, New York, which it is planned to open next Thanksgiving Day, will be nineteen stories high, with a three-story basement. Apparently, no expense is being spared in the construction of the St. Regis. The machinery installed in the basement will, it is said, cost \$750,000, and the plumbing \$350,000. A million dollars worth of furniture and bric-à-brac, \$150,000 for the decorations of a Roman court, and \$50,000 for the furnishings of what will be known as "the royal suite," are some of the other items that go toward making up the \$5,000,000. The ground site of the hotel is only about one-third that of the Waldorf-Astoria.

Thirty-seven young men belonging to the higher ranks of society in St. Petersburg have organized an association called the "Club of the Enemies of Flirting." The members exchange solemn oaths to refrain from flirting, and to prevent others from doing so. Those breaking the promise contribute, for charitable purposes, \$500 for the first offense, and \$2,500 for the second. According to the by-laws of the society, punishment for the third offense is left to the discretion of the president. The society meets in Ernst's restaurant, on the Kamennostrovski Prospect. Although the charter of the club has been properly registered with the authorities, the police see a revolutionary movement afoot, and imagine that if they could discover the key to the charter the youthful members of some of St. Petersburg's most noble families would soon find their way to Siberia.

American rag-time music has made a great hit in the Philippines, and the average Filipino (writes the Manila correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*) evidently thinks "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night" is our national hymn, for it is played on all occasions, even at funerals. Mr. Olmsted, of the census, relates that when he went out on a trip inspecting the work of the enumerators, banquets were tendered him in

each town. As he sat down at the first of the four which he was destined to pass through on the first day out the band started up, and he asked the native governor, who could not speak English, what the musicians were playing. With the utmost gravity the dignified provincial official replied: "Mucho calor en el pueblo, viejo este noche." Some juxtapositions which their tunes produce are full of amusement, of which the natives are blissfully unconscious. During Holy Week processions are almost constantly moving, each usually headed by a life-size wooden figure of a saint. One of these, in a small provincial town, as an American teacher related, had a figure of the Virgin, elaborately clad in silks and satins, and wearing a Parisian hat, decked with a huge ostrich feather. The band just behind played away vigorously at "There's Just One Girl in This World for Me."

Phil Daly's famous Pennsylvania club-house, with its gilded domes, at Long Branch, which for years was the finest gambling palace in this country, and frequented only by those who could wager unlimited amounts, is advertised to be sold August 3d at Freehold, N. J. The bric-à-brac, draperies, and decorations of the Pennsylvania Club cost more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The seizure was on an attachment.

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SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie,
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	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain- fall.	State of Weather.
July 23d.....	66	54	.00	Clear
" 24th.....	66	52	.00	Clear
" 25th.....	62	52	.00	Clear
" 26th.....	62	52	.00	Clear
" 27th.....	62	50	.00	Clear
" 28th.....	60	50	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 29th.....	60	48	.00	Pt. Cloudy

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, July 29, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Los An. Ry 5%.....	10,000	@ 114	114 1/2	
Market St. Ry. 1st				
Con. 5%.....	32,000	@ 117 1/2	117 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	16,000	@ 120	119 1/2	
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%.....	44,000	@ 120 1/2-120 3/4	121	
S. P. R. of Arizona				
1900.....	14,000	@ 107 1/2-107 3/4	107 3/4	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%.....				
1906.....	12,000	@ 107	106 3/4	
S. V. Water 6%.....	1,000	@ 107	107	
	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
S. V. Water.....	175	@ 85-85 1/2	84 1/2	85 1/2
Banks.				
Anglo-Cal.....	100	@ 94	94	
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	110	@ 69-71 1/2	67	69
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. & S.....	285	@ 44 1/2-45	44 1/2	
Honokaa S. Co.....	200	@ 13	12 1/2	13
Hutchinson.....	120	@ 13 1/2-14 1/2	14 1/2	
Onomea S. Co.....	185	@ 23-24	23 1/2	24 1/2
Gas and Electric.				
Mutual Electric.....	185	@ 12 1/2-13 1/2	12 1/2	13 1/2
Pacific Gas.....	330	@ 52-53 1/2	52	53
Pac. Lighting Co.....	80	@ 56	55 1/2	56 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric				
U. Gas Electric.....	750	@ 67 1/2-69	66	68
10 @ 35			34 1/2	
Trustees Certificates.				
S. F. Gas & Electric	1,595	@ 65 1/2-69 1/2	65 1/2	
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	85	@ 147 1/2-150 1/2	145	149
Cal. Wine Assn.....	30	@ 98-98 1/2	98	99
Oceanic S. Co.....	5	@ 7 1/2	7	

San Francisco Gas and Electric sold up one and one-half point to 69 on sales of 750 shares, but at the close sold off to 67 1/2, closing at 66 bid, 68 asked; Pacific Gas Improvement was steady, 330 shares changing hands at 52 to 53 1/2.

The water stocks have been steady, with no change in prices.

Alaska Packers sold off three points to 147 1/2, closing at 145 bid, 149 asked.

Giant Powder, on small sales, sold off three points to 69, closing at 67 bid, 69 asked.

The sugars have been quiet, with fractional declines.

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1865—38,000 volumes.

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lished 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 vol-
umes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 222
Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In attacking Mr. Chamberlain in a speech before the Primitive Methodist Conference, the other day at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, the Rev. A. T. Guttery, of Newcastle, defined the present policy of the British Government as a "reign of blood, beer, and Birmingham."

It is related that once, when *Punch* printed a cartoon representing an imaginary conversation between James McNeill Whistler and Oscar Wilde, Wilde wired Whistler: "Ridiculous; when you and I are together we never talk about anything except ourselves." "You forget," replied Whistler in a return telegram, "when you and I are together we never talk about anything except me."

One evening, during Caroline Miskel Hoyt's first engagement in Minneapolis as a star in "A Contented Woman," her husband, Charles Hoyt, invited the door-keeper to have a drink with him. Across the principal street from the theatre there was a row of five saloons, and, as they neared the first, the playwright remarked: "Billy, one of these thirst parlors is the worst in America. I have been in all five of them a dozen times or more, but hang me if I remember which it is."

A certain officer in the army, who is very much disliked by his men, was returning to barracks recently, when he slipped into some deep water. A private in his regiment happened to see the occurrence, and with great difficulty pulled the officer out. The latter was very profuse in his thanks, and asked his rescuer how he could reward him. "The best way you can reward me, sir," replied the private, "is to say nothing about it." "Why, my good fellow," said the astonished officer, "why do you wish me to say nothing about it?" "Because, if the other fellows knew I pulled you out, you can depend upon it, they'd get even on me by promptly throwing me into the water."

An amusing story is told of President Loubet's humble brother-in-law, whom an enterprising interviewer called upon directly after the French president's election. "How did you take the news?" asked the interviewer. "Oh, fairly well; without any rejoicings, of course. Now, here am I, for example, an ironmonger; in what way do you suppose it will benefit me that my brother-in-law is president of the republic? Why, this very morning I received three letters from people begging me to get them government tobacco shops. That is the only advantage that the election will bestow upon me. People fancy that I have influence, and I shall therefore be worried."

At the Portsmouth luncheon to the American squadron, United States Consul Swalm, of Southampton, who was stationed at Mon-evidio during the war with Spain, told the following story: "They were expecting the Oregon during the Spanish-American War, and they also expected that she would be short of coal. He could not buy so much as a pound of fuel, but one evening a Scotsman came to his door and said: 'You want coal?' The consul replied that he never wanted a link as badly as he wanted coal at that moment. The Scotsman had no power to sell, but he pointed out that he had eight hundred tons on board, and said he pitied the American captain who could not put his ship alongside, take out the bags of coal, and then 'cut the wainter.' It so happened that the Oregon did not call, but such an act of friendship which defied law and order touched his heart."

A laughable account is given by the *Kingman Leader-Courier* of the troubles of a young married couple from Pratt County, Kan. They had gone to Kingman to be married, and intended to go East on a wedding trip. After they had entered the train, the husband lighted for something, and the train went off and left him. His bride had neither money or tickets. She was frantic, but some of the passengers sought to console her. At the first station she got off. It was night, but she managed to find a farmer who agreed to carry her back to Kingman in his wagon. They arrived so late in the night that all the hotels and other places were closed, but the farmer managed to find refuge for the bride at the home of a family. In the meantime, the husband had learned that there would be no train out of Kingman the next day, which was Sunday. He wired to Hutchinson that he

was coming by buggy, but his wife was not at Hutchinson to receive the telegram. He made a long night drive to Hutchinson, but found no one there who knew anything about the lost bride. By Sunday, however, an exchange of telegrams was managed, and on Monday the husband came back to Kingman. "He was met at the depot by his grief-stricken wife," says the *Leader-Courier*. "Hand in hand they wended their way up town and partook of the first square meal since noon the Saturday before."

Once, when the late Bishop of Canterbury, who was an almost fanatical advocate of the temperance movement, was Bishop of Exeter, he traveled some distance into the country to attend an agricultural function. On his return, his rest was disturbed by a newsboy shouting, "Remarkable statement by the Bishop of Exeter!" To gratify his curiosity, he dispatched a servant to purchase the paper. This was found to contain his morning's address, but over his remark—jocosely made, of course—"I have never been drunk in my life," the sub-editor had placed the bold cross head, "Remarkable Statement by the Bishop of Exeter!"

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Deadly Pi Line.

Some fiendish printer is my secret foe,
On the top floor.

He has a trick that fills me up with woe
And oaths galore.

I wrote a sonnet to my lady's hair,
And said that "only with it can compare
etaoin shrdlu emfwyp vbgakj xzifffm
—This made me sore.

A thrilling romance, too, I penned one day.
On the last page

The villain told why he did seek to slay
Sir Durivage.

"I sought his life," quoth he, "not in the fray,
But helmet off, because he once did say:
vbgakj xzifffm ?(shrdlu shrdlu inlu
—That made me rage.

And forthwith to the editor I wrote,
With angry pen,

Correcting the mistake in a brief note
Of how and when

'Twas printed; yet an added horror smote,
As over the correction I did gloat:
MUST—All Eds—A J T—Bury on inside page
—I was mad then.

Could I but have this wretch to work my will
For one short hour,

I'd hoil him in hot pitch, or, better still,
Had I the power,

Above the fiery furnace have him grill,
Able alone to shriek in wordless wail:
"vbgakj emfwyp shrdl etotan shrdlu tao,"
Forevermore.—Inland Printer.

The Motorist's Farewell.

My palpitating petrol steed, no more with thee I
roam,

They bear me in an ambulance to take the train
for home.

For others fly in clouds of dust with all thy
winged speed,

I will not mount on thee again— We part, my
pungent steed.

No more upon pneumatic tire we rush the
crowded street,

Through streams of loud anathemas too lurid to
repeat,

No more we'll scare the country lane and foul
the breezy wind,

And leave the bobby who protests a happy league
behind.

I blame thee not for graceless form or hideous
design.

Thy stormy petrol spirit needs a stouter curb than
mine.

Thy brake and cylinder were false—too late I
know and feel

There lurks a demon heart within that throbbing
breast of steel.

I leave thee, snorting, panting fiend; with curses
loud and deep,

Thy farm-yard victims oft will rise and haunt me
in my sleep.

But when I'm tired of life and wish from this vain
world to flee,

I'd rather take the stately hearse than ride again
with thee.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A watery farewell: An Irishman and a
Frenchman were parting at the steamer.

The Irishman, standing on the wharf waving his
band to his friend, shouted: "O reservoir!"

The Frenchman, politely saluting, replied:
"Tanks!"—*Boston Christian Register*.

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all
druggists.

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water
tub and swimming baths, on Bay, between Powell
and Mason Streets, terminus of all North Beach
car lines.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The fact that the new King of Serbia has
bought an automobile has created the impres-
sion that he isn't going to wait to be killed by
assassins.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Permanently affected: Riiks—"Were you
ever in an automobile accident?" Riiks—"Well, I should say! My wife accepted me
in an automobile."—*Baltimore American*.

"If a fairy should appear to you and offer
you three wishes," said the imaginative young
woman, "what would you do?" "I'd sign the
pledge," answered the matter-of-fact man.—
Washington Star.

One way to rise: "Old Jones made a rise
in the world at last." "You don't say so?"
"I do. They're a-swingin' him to that hick-
ory limb yonder, an' he'll git thar, if the rope
don't break!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Lawyer—"I must know the whole truth
before I can successfully defend you. Have
you told me everything?" Prisoner—"Yes,
everything; 'cept where I hid the money, and
I want that for myself!"—*Glasgow Evening
Times*.

Circumstances alter cases: "The boys are
throwing stones at a poor peddler." "Out-
rageous." "That's what I think." "Whose
boys are they?" "Yours." "Oh, well, boys
will be boys. Let the children play."—*Chi-
cago Post*.

A colored sister who boarded a train at a
Billville station exclaimed, as the train was
nearing the next station: "I declar' ter
goodness, ef I aint gone on lef' my baby in
de depot whar I got on de train at! He sho'
aint in de packages!"—*Atlanta Con-
stitution*.

Still busy: Visitor (at an insane asylum)—
"Have you any celebrities here at present?"
Attendant—"Oh, yes. That lady yonder
writes all the rhymes for a breakfast-food firm,
and that man in the padded cell makes out the
summer-train schedule for a railway company."
—*Judge*.

The proof of it: Casey (after Riley has
fallen five stories)—"Are yez dead, Pat?"
Riley—"Oi am." Casey—"Sbure, yer such a
liar Oi don't know whither to belave yez or
not." Riley—"Sbure, that proves Oi'm dead.
Ye wudn't dare call me a liar if Oi wur
aloe!"—*Judge*.

Remiss: From the people in the car the cry
went up: "A woman has fallen in a faint!"
The conductor paled. "Heavens!" he ex-
claimed; "what will the company say when
they learn she had room to fall?" Then he
burst into tears, for he had a family to keep
and sorely needed his job.—*Life*.

The confidence of science: "How is that
young man who was subsisting on a borax
diet?" "In fine condition," answered the man
who was conducting the food experiments;
"the only danger is that he will spoil his di-
gestion with ice-water and milk before his
vacation is over, and he gets back to chemi-
cals."—*Washington Star*.

Feminine figures: "No," said the woman in
the case, "I can not marry you; the disparity
in our ages is an insurmountable barrier."
"But," answered the man who would a bubbly
be, "you admit to having celebrated twenty-
two birthday anniversaries, and I am only
ten years your senior." "True," said the fair
one; "but think of the difference twenty
years hence; you will be fifty-two and I will
be twenty-seven." And, being a wise man, he
said never a word, but let it go at that.—
Chicago Daily News.

If You Are Looking

for a perfect condensed milk preserved without
sugar, buy Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated
Cream. It is not only a perfect food for infants,
but its delicious flavor and richness makes it su-
perior to raw cream for cereals, coffee, tea, choco-
late, and general household cooking. Prepared
by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

That greatest of all disfigurements of a woman's
face, permanently removed, in the most successful way
—with the ELECTRIC NEEDLE, as operated by
Mrs. Harrison.

Warts, Freckles, Moles, Pimples, and Wrinkles
quickly removed under my personal treatment at
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easiest, crook, never fear the shade. Improved
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the signature
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COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,

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PARIS, FRANCE.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.
New York...Aug. 5, 10 am | St. Louis...Aug. 19, 10 am
Philadelphia...Aug. 12, 10 am | New York...Aug. 26
Philadelphia...Queenstown—Liverpool.
Westland...Aug. 1, 3:30 pm | Noordland...Aug. 22, 9 am
Haverford...Aug. 15, 2 pm | Kensington...Aug. 29, 2 pm

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Minneapolis...Aug. 1, 11:30 am | Mesaba...Aug. 15, 9 am
Menominee...Aug. 8, 9 am | Minnetonka...Aug. 22, 9 am
Only first class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
New England...Aug. 6 | New England...Sept. 3
Mayflower...Aug. 13 | Mayflower...Sept. 10
Commonwealth...Aug. 27 | Commonwealth...Sept. 17, 7 am
Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Dominion...Aug. 12 | Canada...August 22
Southark...Aug. 18 | Kensington...August 29

Boston Mediterranean Direct
AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.
Cambronia...Saturday, Aug. 8, Sept. 19, Oct. 31
Vancouver...Saturday, Aug. 29, Oct. 10, Nov. 21

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.
Potsdam...August 5 | Ryndam...August 19
Statendam...August 12 | Noordam...August 26

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a.m.
Kronland...August 1 | Finland...August 15
Zeeland...August 8 | Vaderland...August 22

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Armenian...August 4, 6 am | Germanic...August 12, noon
Teutonic...August 5, noon | Cedric...August 14, 9 am
Arabic...August 7, 5 pm | Majestic...August 19, noon
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,
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Occidental and Oriental
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan
Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Coptic (Calling at Manila), Tuesday, August 18
Gaelic...Friday, September 11
Doric...Wednesday, October 7
Coptic...Saturday, October 31
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan
Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG
calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and
connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903
America Maru...Wednesday, August 26
(Calling at Manila)
Hongkong Maru...Saturday, September 19
Nippon Maru...Thursday, October 15
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, corner First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland
and Sydney, Thursday, August 6, 1903, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, August 15, 1903,
at 11 A. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, August 15, 1903, at
11 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market
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MOUNT TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Leave San Fran.	Via Sausalito Ferry Foot of Market St.	Arrive San Fran.
Week Days	Week Days	Week Days
9:45 A. 8:00 A.	12:00 P. 9:15 A.	
1:45 P. 9:00 A.	12:50 P. 3:30 P.	
5:15 P. 10:00 A.	3:30 P. 5:50 P.	
11:30 A.	4:35 P.	
1:30 P.	5:45 P.	
2:35 P.	8:00 P.	
Saturdays only, leave 7:00 A.	9:30 P. Arrive 11:30 P.	

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OPTIONS 1 and SAUSALITO FERRY Foot Market St.

NORTH
SHORE

For SAN RAFAEL,
ROSS, MILL VALLEY, ETC.,
Via Sausalito Ferry.

DEPART WEEK DAYS—6:45, 7:45,
8:45, 9:45, 11 A. M., 12:20, 1:45, 3:15, 4:15,
5:15, 6:15, 6:45, 9, 11:45 P. M.

7:45 A. M. week days does not run to Mill Valley.
DEPART SUNDAY—7, 7:45, 9, 10, 11, 11:30 A.
M., 12:30, 1:30, 2:35, 3:30, 5, 6, 7:30, 9, 11:45 P. M.

Trains marked * run to San Quentin. Those
marked (†) to Fairfax, except 5:15 P. M. Saturday.
Sundays, 5:15 P. M. train runs to Fairfax.
7:45 A. M. week days—Cazadero and way stations.
5:15 P. M. week days (Saturdays excepted)—Tomas
and way stations.
3:15 P. M. Saturdays—Cazadero and way stations.
Sundays, 5 A. M.—Cazadero and way stations.
Sundays, 10 A. M.—Point Reyes and intermediate.
Light Holidays—Boats and trains on Sunday time
Ticket Offices—626 Market; Ferry, foot Market

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Charlotte M. Russell, daughter of Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, Jr., and Mr. Clement Tobin.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elsa Hoesch, daughter of Mrs. Henry Hoesch, to Mr. Frederick Tripler Hutchinson, grandson of the late General C. I. Hutchinson, one of the early mayors of Sacramento, and for many years prominently known in insurance circles in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Rosenbaum, of Stockton, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Clara Rosenbaum, to Mr. Carl Triest, of Los Angeles.

Mrs. John Adam Russell has sent out invitations for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Ada Mary Russell, and Mr. George Albert Webster, on Wednesday evening, August 5th, at eight-thirty, at St. Luke's Church, Van Ness Avenue and Clay Street. A reception will follow the ceremony at St. Dunstan's, where the family are now residing. Dr. W. J. Younger will give the bride into the keeping of the groom; Miss Julia Mau and Miss Dollie Ledyard will be the bridesmaids; Mr. Hubbard Dunbar will be the best man; and Mr. H. Dunstan, Dr. Frederick Vowinkle, and Mr. Dalton Harrison will act as ushers.

The wedding of Miss Loretta Nolan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Nolan, and Mr. Thomas O'Hara took place on Wednesday evening at Holy Cross Church. The ceremony was performed at five o'clock by the Rev. Father McGinty, pastor of the church. Miss Kathleen Nolan was her sister's maid of honor, and Mr. Leo Nolan acted as best man. The ushers were Mr. John Polhemus, Mr. Winslow Beedy, Mr. Arthur Geisler, and Mr. Frederick Sherman. The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the residence of the bride's parents on Golden Gate Avenue. After a short visit to Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara will depart for an extended European trip.

Mrs. Walter E. Dean gave a luncheon and card-party at the Hotel Rafael recently, at which she entertained Mrs. William Gwin, Miss Gwin, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. W. J. Somers, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. Ernest C. Butler, Mrs. Walter L. Dean, Mrs. Harry P. Sonntag, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. F. B. Anderson, Mrs. George D. Toy, Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mrs. F. H. Lefavour, Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mrs. Frank I. Johnson, and Mrs. H. C. Breeden.

Mrs. F. B. Anderson gave a luncheon at the Hotel Rafael on Monday afternoon. Those at table were Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mrs. George D. Toy, Mrs. Henry P. Sonntag, Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. W. J. Somers, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. William Gwin, Miss Gwin, and Mrs. Porter.

outing of the Automobile Club.

On Thursday next, the Automobile Club of California will start for Del Monte to take part in the tournament of sports which is to be held there this month. E. Courtney Ford, vice-president of the club, will be captain of the run, and will be assisted by N. T. Messer, Jr., and B. D. Merchant. Among the members who expect to take parties down to Del Monte for the tournament are E. P. Brinegar, G. A. Boyer, H. T. Bradley, J. Dalzell Brown, J. D. Grant, Walter Grothe, C. A. Hawkins, F. A. Hyde, Joseph Holle, Byron Jackson, H. S. Jerome, F. A. Jacobs, R. C. Lennie, L. P. Lowe, C. C. Moore, B. D. Merchant, of San José, F. A. Marriott, J. S. Menasco, of Watsonville, Charles Middleton, Sidney L. M. Starr, James Spear, W. H. Talbot, William von Voss, J. M. Wilkins, and W. J. Wagner. From the Alameda County Automobile Club there will be John Conant, G. D. Cummings, L. A. Hicks, W. E. Knowles, and H. Dana. Dr. J. L. Benetti, E. T. Sterling, and Dr. E. Wislocki will represent the San José Automobile Club.

The plan of the automobilists, as at present arranged, is to start for San José on the afternoon of Thursday, August 6th, taking the road through San Mateo, or Oakland, as they please. The night will be spent at the Hotel Vendome, San José. On Friday, August 7th, an early start will be made, in conjunction with the automobilists of San José and Oakland, for Del Monte. A rendezvous will be held at San Juan, where luncheon will be enjoyed. On Saturday, August 8th, the automobilists will attend the last day of the polo and pony racing tournament, held under the management of the Pacific Coast Polo and Pony Racing Association. On Sunday, August 9th, the automobiles will go over the seven-

teen-mile drive along the shore of the Pacific Ocean.

On Monday morning, beginning at ten o'clock, there will be a hill-climbing contest at Carmel Hill, open to all automobiles of any style or weight, the prize being a silver trophy presented by E. Courtney Ford. On Monday afternoon, beginning at two o'clock, there will be automobile races on the Del Monte track. The first race is for gasoline machines only of 1,200 pounds or less, two miles, for a trophy given by the Pioneer Automobile Company. The second race will be an open event for machines of 1,200 pounds or less, three miles, for a silver trophy given by C. S. Middleton. Third race, five miles, open to all machines of 1,500 pounds or less, for a silver trophy given by the White Automobile Company. One-mile obstacle race for a silver trophy. Five-mile race open to machines of 20 horse-power or less, the prize being a silver trophy presented by the National Automobile Company. Ten-mile race, open to all machines, irrespective of their power or weight, the prize being a cup offered by F. A. Hyde, president of the Automobile Club of California. Five-mile exhibition against time. The last event on the programme will be a five-mile handicap, open to all machines that have taken part in any of the preceding events on the programme.

On Tuesday, August 11th, the automobiles will leave Del Monte at 9:30 A. M. for Point Lobos, where luncheon will be served, and on Wednesday, August 12th, the automobiles will start on the return trip home.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the more important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

The executors of the will of the late John Dolbeer—George D. Gray and William G. Mugan—have filed their final report in the superior court, and asked for an order of distribution. Miss Dolbeer, who was bequeathed \$500,000 in cash and \$400,000 worth of the stock of the Dolbeer & Carson Lumber Company, has agreed to take \$900,000 worth of the stock in payment of these two bequests. She will also receive under her father's will the residence at 2112 Pacific Avenue, with the furnishings, jewelry, plate, books, pictures, ornaments, and other articles contained there, and three-fourths of the residue of the estate after legacies and expenses have been paid. The total amount of the estate now in the hands of the executors is \$1,331,176, and most of this sum will go to Miss Dolbeer. She will receive about \$1,200,000, including interest in vessels, dividend-bearing stocks in various corporations, realty, and cash.

The will of Nathaniel P. Cole has been filed for probate. Mr. Cole bequeathed one-half of his estate to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth O. Cole, and set aside \$4,000 for the support of Ralph W. Cole, his nephew, and \$3,000 for the support of Eunice E. Cole, his sister, the interest on these sums to be paid them, and the amounts to revert when they die to Mr. Cole's children. The rest of his estate is to be shared equally by his sons and daughters, who are Charles M., Foster P., Emma E., Ellen H., John F., Nathaniel P., Jr., and William E. Cole, and Mrs. Grace M. Smith. Charles M. and Foster P. Cole are to act as executors. The estate consists of \$3,560 in cash, 345 shares of stock in the Sterling Furniture Company, 100 shares in the John Breuner Company, 25 shares in the Donohoe-Kelly Banking Company, 10 shares in the Merchants' Exchange Bank, and 300 shares in the California Furniture Manufacturing Company.

In his will which has been filed for probate, Gilbert Palache gives \$1,000 to his sister, Louisa W. K. Jordan, of Devonshire, England; \$1,000 to his daughter-in-law, Kate O. Palache; \$1,000 to his son, Thomas H. Palache; \$500 to the California Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; and the rest of his estate in equal shares to his wife, Margery Palache, and his two daughters, Sadie N. and Ida W. Palache. The testator appointed his daughter, Ida, and his son, Thomas, as executors of the will, to serve without bonds, and to have power to sell any property of the estate at their discretion, without an order of court. The will was made last year. The estate is valued at \$110,000, and includes \$10,500 on deposit with H. M. Newhall & Co.; a partnership interest in that firm valued at \$20,000; life-insurance policies for \$25,000; real estate in San Francisco worth \$40,000; real estate in Marin County worth \$5,000; and some personal property.

William B. Hooper has bequeathed one-half of his estate to his wife, Eleanor C. Hooper, and the other half in equal shares to his three children, George Kent Hooper, Rose Hooper, and Mary Hooper Perry. During Mrs. Hooper's life the decedent's realty is to be held in trust for his wife and children by the Central Trust Company, and at her death it is to go to the three children. The will was dated July 11, 1903.

A remarkable spectacle is seen from the summit of Mt. Tamalpais, when one looks down upon the upper surface of one of the fog-banks which frequently enmantle the lower levels. It is a strange and weird sight. Standing in brilliant sunshine, you observe far below a vast, white sea of fog, which blots out the ocean and bay, and all the cities and towns.

What Roosevelt Says.

"Every boy and girl should know how to swim," says President Roosevelt, foremost advocate to-day of men and women "doing things." The best place around San Francisco for swimming and other sports is the Hotel Vendome, at San José. Here are new pools, large and clear, and all precautions for safety.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., will attend the Grand Army of the Republic National Encampment in this city this month.

Major-General George W. Davis, who was retired from the army on Saturday last, having reached the age limit, has transferred the command of the Department of the Philippines to Major-General James F. Wade.

Lieutenant-Commander Henry Minnett, U. S. N., who has been on the gunboat *Wheeling* for the past two years, arrived from Pago Pago early in the week.

Lieutenant Ashton H. Potter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Potter, after a visit to Santa Barbara, are at the Hotel Del Monte.

Lieutenant-Commander Simon Cook, U. S. N., has been detached from duty as inspector at the Union Iron Works, and ordered to the *New York* as executive officer.

Captain B. Frank Cheatham, U. S. A., has been appointed constructing quartermaster of the new post at Indianapolis.

Colonel Charles A. Coolidge, U. S. A., who has just been retired, and Mrs. Coolidge have taken an apartment at Van Ness Avenue and Lombard Street.

Colonel William S. Patten, U. S. A., is to be the new chief quartermaster of the Department of California, relieving Lieutenant-Colonel John McE. Hyde, U. S. A., who has been ordered to take station at St. Paul. Colonel Patten will not come to his new post of duty until September.

Colonel George F. Chase, Twelfth Cavalry, U. S. A., sails for Manila to-day (Saturday) in command of the third squadron of his regiment.

Colonel John B. Kerr, Twelfth Cavalry, U. S. A., who is to be chief of staff to General James F. Wade, commanding general in the Philippines, and Mrs. Kerr have been making a short stay in town. Colonel Kerr sails for Manila on the transport *Sheridan* to-day (Saturday).

Major John R. Williams, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is doing duty at army headquarters as acting adjutant-general during the absence of Colonel George Andrews, U. S. A., who has gone to the Yosemite.

Major Francis H. Hardie, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., who has been on duty in San Francisco for some little time, will return next week to his former station at Fort Wingate, New Mexico.

Lieutenant Charles F. Andrews, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., who arrived from Fort Leavenworth early in the week, will be stationed at Fort Mason.

General Jacob B. Rawles, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Rawles are contemplating a trip East this autumn.

Captain George P. White, U. S. A., has succeeded Captain David S. Stanley, U. S. A., as quartermaster at the Presidio.

Mrs. Edward G. Parker and daughter have returned from San Diego, where they spent several weeks with Dr. Parker, who is the surgeon on the *Adams*.

Lieutenant William P. Cronan, U. S. N., who arrived here recently from the East, has been assigned as navigator of the *Alert*, taking the position made vacant by the detachment of Lieutenant Clarence M. Stone, U. S. N.

The artist, Tom Hill, who is seventy-four years old, and who has never wholly recovered from his severe stroke of paralysis a few years ago, was taken dangerously ill at Wawona on July 16th, and grew worse until the twenty-fourth, when he became a little more comfortable. The army surgeon at Camp Wood, a physician from the Yosemite, and a medical man who was stopping at Wawona, held a consultation and sent to San Francisco for a trained nurse, who arrived the next day. At last accounts, the veteran artist was a little easier.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, who are at present in Europe, expect to return before the winter, when their daughter, Miss Anita Harvey, will make her debut.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and the Misses Rutherford have left their country place at Darlington, Pa., where they have been for several weeks, and gone to Bar Harbor, where they will spend most of the summer.

Mrs. Stanford will sail from San Francisco on August 6th for Australia, where she will visit her brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Welton Stanford. Later, she will visit India and Europe. She intends to spend about a year and a half abroad for the sake of rest and pleasure. Her private secretary, Miss Bertha Berner, will accompany her.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger and family will spend the month of August at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King are at Lake Tahoe for a few weeks. Their daughters are still traveling in the East.

Mrs. J. D. Tallant, who has been sojourning at Wawona and the Yosemite for a month, accompanied by her son Jack, returned on Monday last.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs arrived in New York on Tuesday, after a four months' stay in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Sabin were guests at the Hotel Vendome, in San José, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison, who have been in Southern California, have returned to San Mateo, where they will remain for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan will be guests at the Hotel Del Monte during the tournament of sports this month.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway is at Del Monte for a few weeks' stay.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding has arrived from the East to attend the midsummer jinks of the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. C. Cutter and Miss Pearl Landers were guests of Mrs. Walter E. Dean at the Hotel Rafael from Thursday to Saturday last week.

Mrs. W. B. Bourn and Miss Maud Bourn sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy and Miss Harriett Pomeroy will be guests at the Hotel Rafael for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Hedges, will spend the month of August at Byron Springs.

Mrs. Moody is looking forward to a visit from her daughter, Mrs. Ray Sherman, who is coming from Manila to spend some time with her.

Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Detrick has been visiting Mrs. Abby M. Parrott at her villa in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, accompanied by Mrs. R. B. Sanchez, have returned from their camping trip to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. William Greer Harrison and Miss Ethel Harrison sailed this week from New York for Europe, where they will make a prolonged stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Poett have gone to Los Angeles to live.

Miss Bertha Runkle is visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Dr. David Starr Jordan returned early in the week from his recent fisheries investigation in Alaskan waters.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff and the Misses Cluff have returned after a seven months' tour abroad, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. J. W. Dutton and Miss Mollie Dutton have returned, after an extended absence abroad. Miss Gertrude Dutton is in Paris, where she will remain during the winter.

Dr. Beverly MacMonagle was in Santa Cruz last week.

Mrs. W. B. Tubbs is visiting Mrs. A. L. Tubbs at Del Monte.

Mrs. James Otis has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been visiting Mrs. Canfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bonny have recently been visiting Santa Cruz.

Mr. J. W. Byrne is sojourning at the Hotel del Monte.

President and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler and their son have gone to Mount Desert, in Maine, and will not return to Berkeley until the opening of the semester.

Mrs. Charles A. Bennet and Miss Elsie Bennet have returned to Oakland from a six weeks' visit to Mrs. Thomas H. Williams, at her country place on the McCloud River, in Siskiyou County. Miss Elsie Bennet will shortly accompany Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Hooper Jackson to San Luis Obispo, where they will spend a month as the guest of Captain and Mrs. Murray Taylor, at their large cattle ranch in that vicinity.

Major and Mrs. B. C. Truman and Miss Truman are in the Yosemite Valley for a short stay. They will soon return to Wawona, where they will remain until October.

Mr. Theodore Wores has left New York, and is on his way to Granada, where he proposes to spend some time.

Mr. E. L. Parker was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. Pond and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fernald, of Santa Barbara, visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. John Carignan has gone to China, where he anticipates remaining several years.

Miss McDonald and Miss Blythe McDonald have taken apartments at the Hotel Rafael for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht, after a six weeks' stay at Lake Tahoe, is now at Del Monte, where she will spend the month of August.

Miss Alice Andrews has returned from Santa Cruz, where she has been visiting Miss Den

Mrs. R. W. Campbell, Mr. and

Mrs. L. E. Hanchett, and Mr. E. H. Gary, of Pittsburg, registered at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Lillenthal and their two sons, Philip and Theodore, have returned from an extended absence in Europe.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Furman, Miss George Huntsman, Mrs. E. F. Lewis, Miss Lewis, Miss Helen W. Thomas, Miss L. Swansberg, Mr. W. T. Bowers, Mr. R. Cardore Knight, Mr. James P. Sims, Mr. Frank B. King, Mr. William D. Forbes, and Mr. Bennet Southland.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hetzel, of Pittsburg, Mr. and Mrs. E. Mosley, of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Bronson, of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Judah and Miss Maude E. Bell, of Los Angeles, Mrs. George R. Adams and Miss Edyth Adams, of Oakland, Mr. W. Batchelder, of Chicago, Mr. E. Cowles, of Minneapolis, Mr. H. Morse Stephens, of Berkeley, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Clark, Mrs. C. P. Overton, Miss Owen, Mr. Frank Owen, Mr. Ralph Hart, Mr. Charles Farquharson, Mr. Louis Monteagle, Mr. John C. Wilson, Mr. W. O. Wayman, and Mr. Guy Wayman.

The California School of Design will begin its fall term August 10th. In addition to the establishment of the new department of applied arts, certain alterations have been made in the interior arrangement of the school-building whereby its comfort and convenience are greatly enhanced. The night life-class for women has been given a spacious and well-lighted apartment, which will no doubt increase its attendance, while another room has been fitted up for visitors. In this latter apartment will be placed on permanent exhibition the best work of the students. The applications for instruction indicate a large enrollment.

A new bath-house, with about a dozen bath-rooms, and an adjoining room for massage treatment, is to be installed in Yosemite Valley. An experienced masseur will be provided next season, and supply the demand for an expert to rub away the soreness caused by mountain-climbing.

A burlesque of Augustus Thomas's "Arizona" will be an early offering at Fischer's Theatre.

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In May, 1899, one Dougall, a retired officer of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, murdered, at Moat House Farm, England, Miss Camille C. Holland, a woman of wealth and talent, and buried the body in a ditch in the yard. The place was a lonely one; the woman eccentric and without relatives or intimate friends; there were no

witnesses of the crime; and so, for four years, Dougall went free. But on April 27th last, the woman's body was discovered. In May, the murderer was apprehended. In June, he was tried and convicted. On July 14th, he was hanged. Between sentence and death but three weeks elapsed; between arrest and the gallows but three months.

This sure and swift administration of justice is no exceptional thing in England. It would excite no astonishment in France, or, indeed, in any Continental country. It is taken for granted there that guilty men shall be promptly punished. But how about the United States? Would it not, we may ask, be here something of a legal miracle for a man to be convicted for a crime four years past, on circumstantial evidence? And even if he were finally sentenced, how long and intolerably tedious would be his trial! In such a case as this, it is easy to imagine with what adroitness the felon's lawyers would have secured delays and postponements on "technicalities," and have appealed again and again, while, meantime, witnesses died or mysteriously disappeared, evidence vanished into thin air, anatomical experts quarreled over skeletal minutiae and beclouded the question of identity, a sensational press took sides, and reports that the "murdered" woman had been seen alive were telegraphed daily from various enterprising towns of the interior. Here in California it has even taken years to convict assassins whose guilt was confessed or beyond shadow of a doubt. Look at the case of William Fredericks, who entered a bank, in broad daylight, on one of the principal streets of this city, and shot down the young cashier in cold blood for a few paltry dollars. He was guilty beyond peradventure—caught with the reeking pistol in his hand. Yet it required one year and four months for tardy justice to overtake him. And even then it was the "record" in speed for California! Worden, who derailed a train of cars and murdered the engineer and several soldiers, enjoyed life and health at the expense of the State for more than three years. And nobody has forgotten how the evil life of Theodore Durrant was prolonged by the juggling of lawyers with the law—his case even being appealed on utterly frivolous grounds to the Supreme Court of the United States. It is not alone that long and complicated trials cost the State and county thousands of dollars in each case, it is not alone that justice delayed loses its deterrent force, but each trial increases the liability that the criminal may escape on a "technicality." He is allowed, of course, to take advantage of every such point, while none may be counted against him. His attorneys may have made scores of mistakes; if he is acquitted he is safe: if the public prosecutor makes one error, it means a new lease of a bad life, or even the freeing of the guilty. Thus society arms its enemy.

Just now the subject of lynching is uppermost in men's minds throughout the country. During seventeen years past, 2,516 men and women have been lynched. The theme engages the attention of our highest judicial officers. Judge Brewer, of the Supreme Court of the United States, says: "Lynching is murder." From pulpit and rostrum it is proclaimed a blot upon our civilization. Doubtless for it there is no excuse. Yet we can not but believe that this terrible list of lawless acts might be sensibly shortened had people absolute confidence in our courts—did they know beyond cavil that the law would visit its penalties swiftly, surely, without mistake—were they confident that no guilty man would escape on a "technicality." Here is an extract from a letter which we find in a New York paper:

Referring to a negro animal who all but murdered a tender little white girl of eleven years near Albany, you say: "The

negro was held to await the action of the grand jury, which will convene in Catskill in NOVEMBER." Great God! Must this bestial malefactor be housed, fed, and guarded at public expense for four months? Will he be tried six months after that?

If lynching for this species of crime be unlawful, then legalize it at once. Let these fiends learn that for them there is nothing but justice, sure and swift. No trials, appeals, stays, and legal chicanery.

Violent language though this is, its author expresses a widespread feeling. And why not, at least, end "the legal chicanery" which defeats justice? Why should the United States lag behind other civilized countries—England, France, even Spain—in such a vital matter?

"But," says some one, "better that a hundred guilty men escape than that one innocent man suffer." The phrase is a grandiose, smooth-sounding one, but vicious. Is it not more true to say: "Better that a thousand men be punished by due process of law, speedily, even though one prove guiltless, than that a thousand men be hanged, or shot, or burned at the stake, by crazy mobs, at midnight, with a hundredfold more chance for awful and irreparable wrong?"

There is, too, another phase of the matter. The criminally inclined man, who reads and hears of trials long drawn out, and perceives the many legal loop-holes by which the guilty escape—must he not come to hold the law more or less in contempt? Penologists unanimously agree that certainty, not severity, of punishment is the best deterrent of crime. Avery D. Andrews, formerly police commissioner of New York, who visited Europe last winter, on his return wrote:

As a deterrent of crime, nothing is more effective than swift and sure punishment. In England, a murder trial is completed within a few weeks, or months at the outside, after the apprehension of the accused, and from the first trial there is no appeal to a higher court of review or appeal. The police records show an astonishingly small number of murders in London, and I believe that the celerity with which the trials are conducted has much to do with the suppression of this most heinous of all crimes. According to the official report for 1901, there were reported to the London police only twenty-four murders in a population of over six millions of people.

Coroner Leland, of this city, has just published his report for the fiscal year ending June 30th. That report shows—

Murders, 22.

Manslaughters, 10.

Justifiable homicides, 4.

If London's murders bore the same proportion to the population as San Francisco's there would be, not 24, but 320! Perhaps the comparison is, for some reason, not a fair one; we hope it is not; but as it stands, it is appalling.

It may be said that in this article we have written what everybody knows and what we have often said before. True. Yet it will only be time to stop when public knowledge becomes public action and a commission is appointed to purge our judicial system of those vicious practices which now drain the treasury, incite to lawlessness, and foster crime.

Ex-President Cleveland is the author of an article in *Collier's Weekly* entitled "A Few Plain Words on Labor Troubles," in which he reviews, in his well-known turgid style, the contentions between labor and capital. He takes no side in the controversy, nor does he attempt to detail the particular rights or wrongs of the contestants, but speaks as one of an onlooking public that has "a right to complain of the recklessness with which the warring contestants pursue their quarrels, without the least thought or care for the comfort and substantial welfare of their unimplicated fellow-citizens." He recognizes a serious condition that has arisen from the stubborn disagreements in industrial localities, which is a menace to prosperous conditions and to individual patriotism. Necessarily, he touches upon the cause, the

effect, and the remedy, which may be outlined as follows:

The prevailing labor troubles "must be regarded as the result of a clashing of efforts on the part of labor to secure at any cost a larger share of American opportunity, with the opposition of employers who insist that these efforts are based upon demands unreasonable in substance and unjustifiable in methods of enforcement." It is assumed that both sides are at fault through the promptings of self-interest and prejudice. Labor has made demands, adopted policies, and permitted conduct which can not be justified. Employers, in many instances, have been heedless of just and reasonable claims and disdainful of complaints.

The recklessness with which the contest has been pursued on both sides has caused strikes, lock-outs, boycotts, paralysis of production, pinching deprivation in the homes of workmen, idleness and its malevolent influence on character and habits, and a morbid discontent, which comes from brooding over real or imaginary wrongs. Most important of all there has been "loss and injury inflicted upon numerous citizens absolutely innocent of the least complicity in the contentions, and utter strangers to all they directly involve."

The law can not efficiently intervene to shield sober and peaceable non-combatants from the actual damage and disquieting fears which labor quarrels spread among the people, nor can the courts suppress these evils at their birth and thus assure the safety of neutral interests. The only remedy now within reach is that offered by a mutual disposition to arbitration—to a calm review of differences by a trusted intermediary of some such character as the National Civic Federation—an arena in which new light would be thrown on the positions of the disputants, and where the prejudices of self-interest would dissolve in the light of disinterested reason. No progress can be made in this direction so long as the contestants, while professing amiable motives, insist that the justice of their positions in the dispute are so clear as to leave no room for adjustment. There must be a peaceful mood and a conciliatory sentiment to begin with. If there is a real sentiment for a settlement of the troubles, it can be brought about by such friendly discussion facilitated by some concessions in advance. Labor should abate some of its too radical demands, free itself "from the suspicion of taking advantage of necessities and emergencies in industrial conditions to enforce questionable demands," and place itself in such a position that conservative citizens can approve the legitimate purposes of labor unions. If these things were done, the way would be open to a recognition by employers of regularly constituted labor unions, and an admission that they could be reckoned with in case of dispute. After that, arbitration would have a beneficent and quieting effect. No objection is found to organization on either side, provided it is effected in the proper spirit, and for worthy objects. "With organization on both sides of a labor dispute," he says, "the field for review and deliberation would be so enlarged, and such an aggregate of varied and individual situations would be presented, that any conclusion arrived at in conference would be more comprehensive in its results, more widely binding, and more easily enforceable than any that could be otherwise reached." Relief through arbitration "depends for its curative effect, as well as its existence, upon the unprompted volition and disposition of the parties arrayed on either side." If it fails, another recourse can be had to the influence of public sentiment, which exacts decency and fairness in every phase of business and industrial life when once aroused. If the contestants fail to find the path of peace for themselves, "we can hopefully await the hour when the people shall be aroused to the danger that threatens the republic, when public sentiment shall search out the right and wrong of labor disputes, and adjudge that they shall no longer breed terror and hatred among those who should be willing co-workers in achieving a grand national destiny."

It will be recalled that in the Post-Office Department scandals, charges of maladministration appeared against the management of ex-Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith, followed by a letter from the latter in defense, supplemented by an editorial in Smith's paper, the *Philadelphia Press*, reflecting upon the chairman of the Civil Service Commission, who made the charges.

John R. Proctor, president of the commission, has now addressed, an interesting letter to the present Postmaster-General, replying to Smith. The Postmaster-General had requested the commission to investigate and report whether the civil-service rules had been violated in the Washington post-office, and the investigation disclosed facts which brought departmental appointments within its scope. The charge is reiterated that persons were appointed to outside offices for the purpose of classification and afterward transferred to the Washington post-office, and later to the department. Persons were also appointed as laborers, but irregularly assigned to classified duty in the Washington post-office, and afterward appointed in the free rural-delivery system just previous to its classification. Mr. Proctor claims that the department and not the postmaster was responsible for most of the evasions and violations of the civil-service law and rules, and cites the statement of the postmaster that the violations occurred in cases of those designated by the department, and that people who had proved inefficient in the department had been unloaded on the post-office. Mr. Smith having claimed that the practice of appointing persons to offices about to be classified, and afterward transferring them to other parts of the service, was established before his time, Mr. Proctor replies that only four such appointments were made prior to Mr. Smith's administration, and one hundred and twenty-four while he was in charge; that the free rural-delivery service was packed with employees in the interest of individuals is sustained by the fact that fifty-six were appointed in the twenty-six days just prior to the classification on November 27, 1901, while only seventeen were appointed between that date and May, 1903. Mr. Smith explains this on the ground of the great increase of work as indicated by increased amount appropriated for it for the year ending June 30, 1902. To this Mr. Proctor replies that the appropriation was again more than doubled for the year ending June 30, 1903, but it was found necessary to appoint only seven persons in Washington from November 27, 1901, to May, 1903. It is a fact, says Mr. Proctor, that nearly all of the persons appointed or employed in evasion or contravention of the civil-service laws and rules, who were examined during the investigation, were appointed through the influence of senators and representatives, or high officials of the Post-Office Department. Their names and the names of the persons who urged their appointments appear in the report of the investigation. Mr. Proctor refutes the charge that he was "so unreasonable, dogmatic, and impracticable that he had to be overruled by his own associates, and eliminated from all part in the construction of a system of rules for the appointment of rural letter-carriers," by the statement that there never was the slightest friction or difference of opinion between the three commissioners, and that it was by Mr. Proctor's request that Mr. Foulke took up the question of the examination of rural carriers. Mr. Smith's editorial in the *Press* is characterized as being "given almost entirely to abuse and vituperation." In reply to it, Mr. Proctor denies "that he sought exceptions to the civil-service rules in behalf of his relatives and friends," and states that he not only asked no favors, but so far as he knows has no relatives in the classified service.

The New York *Sun*, from which source emanated the story that the President and Secretary Hay had seriously disagreed over the Kishineff petition matter, is a paper so bitterly hostile to Mr. Roosevelt that the story was at first generally discredited. The opinion now seems to be growing, however, that "something happened." According to the *Sun*, what happened was this: The President was at Oyster Bay, Secretary Hay at Newport. The President, angered at Russia's delay in the Manchurian matter, prepared a statement, openly charging the Russian Government with bad faith in its dealings. This statement was telegraphed to the State Department at Washington, whence it was given out, as usual in such cases, on the authority "of an official." Now, it is charged that Hay had previously come to an understanding with the Russian ambassador, Cassini, and that the Presidentially inspired statement emanating from the Department of State was directly antagonistic thereto. It is charged that it seriously inconvenienced Secretary Hay's negotiations, which had theretofore been conducted consistently. Subsequently, Secretary Hay had an interview with the President, "lasting far into the night," the rumor that he intended to resign was denied by him, and the incident is apparently closed. *Harper's Weekly* thinks it "improbable that there has been any grave disagreement between President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay," but that "it is true that a sharp departure seemed to be made from Mr. Hay's circumspect and cautious management of our relations with Russia."

Collier's Weekly thinks that "if the President's treatment of Russia actually impedes Mr. Hay's diplomacy, then Mr. Roosevelt's standing suffers; but if he turns out to be as successful as Mr. Olney and Mr. Cleveland were in their crass Venezuela menaces, the inelegance of his manner will lack importance." It is worth while noting that Mr. Wellman, whose Washington correspondence to the *Chicago Record-Herald* is sometimes inspired, does not credit the rumor that Hay threatened to resign. "It is true," he says, "that Secretary Hay did not know anything about the statement until he saw it in the newspapers. There is no doubt that it was not quite the proper thing for the President to issue a statement of so much importance without consulting his Secretary of State, who for four years had carried on the battle with Russian diplomacy for the open door in the Far East, but Mr. Hay never thought of taking umbrage."

The newspaper editors and very special correspondents, who have lately been discussing Papal possibilities with such owlsh gravity, must have felt rather cheap when the news came that Giuseppe Sarto, whom they had never even heard of, had been elected as the two hundred and sixty-fourth Pope, under the name of Pius the Tenth—a name, by the way, endowed with no particular odor of sanctity by its last Papal possessor. But the new Pius seems to be a man of character. "Cultured," "religious," "mild-mannered," "pious," "a country mouse," "quiet," "kind-hearted," "liberal," "timid"—these are some of the epithets applied to the late Patriarch of Venice and new Pope of Rome. The same authorities, however, deny him political shrewdness, diplomatic craft, and executive ability. They predict that he will be not a statesmanly but a "religious" Pontiff.

All interest at this time, of course, centres on the policy of Pius with reference to the Italian Government. It is already clear that it will differ in no vital particular from that of Leo the Thirteenth. The new Pontiff is even quoted as saying significantly: "My first pleasure will be to explore the gardens which now confine my little world. Heigh ho! How I shall miss my long country tramps—and the sea!" This, if authentic, shows plainly enough that Pius, like Leo, will be "a prisoner in the Vatican." Doubtless, however, as the dispatches indicate, his personal liking for the king and queen, especially the latter, will make the relations between Quirinal and Vatican smoother and more amicable than heretofore.

It is not an altogether admirable policy this, that the Pope is about to continue into the twentieth century. He himself cuts not a very dignified figure. He is "an alien and an enemy in the most Catholic country of Europe." A play monarch in a toy monarchy, playing at ruling a few score soldiers and servants—a man of supposed intelligence, shutting his eyes to fact, and hugging fast an illusion—deaf to common-sense, but with ears open to moss-grown tradition—medieval in the midst of modernity—nursing a grievance, and longing for the impossible—such is the Pontifex Maximus, scarcely more impressive than that noble person named Fitz-James, who lays claim to the throne of England as a lineal descendant of the Young Pretender. The temporal power of the Pope can never be won back; should Italy cede back the Papal states, the Pope could not rule them; they were ill ruled when they were his. Yet the moldering institution of Papal sovereignty clings desperately to the last vestige of its vanished power, ever hoping, denying, as it were, the sun at noon.

Full details of the first transcontinental automobile journey are now at hand to supplement the meagre dispatches of last week, and they make interesting reading. The trip of Dr. H. Nelson Jackson and his chauffeur, from San Francisco to New York, required sixty-three days. No attempt, however, was made to make fast time; there were nineteen days when no run was made. Showing what a field the auto has yet to occupy, Dr. Jackson says that 3,000 miles of the journey were through a country where a motor-car had never before been seen. Cowboys rode seventy or eighty miles to take a look at the cayuseless carriage. From beginning to end there were no serious breakdowns, such as to compel the motorists to wait for repairs to come from the manufactory. This is significant of the degree of perfection to which the auto has been brought. Mud, sand, bridgeless rivers, and high mountains were successfully encountered. This auto was even a good swimmer—according to Dr. Jackson. Indeed, his auto is either an amazing machine, or he is a shameful liar. For this is what he is quoted as saying:

In the swamp lands of Nebraska, sometimes our machine sank into the mud until the motor was entirely submerged. In these emergencies we used a block and tackle, making the block fast at a point some distance ahead. We would then attach the rope to the car, start the engine, and make the machine literally pull itself out of the mire. Another common obstruction we encountered was the rivers and small streams. We generally rode into them full force, and, where the water was deep, we would float, and the revolution of the wheels would act as propellers. We lacked steering-gear, however, and in several instances Crocker was obliged to swim ashore with a rope, which was attached to the machine. He would fasten the other end on shore, and I would start the engine, and wind the machine in.

Does Dr. Jackson's auto talk? Or do any tricks? Or toot its own horn to wake the chauffeur in the morning? Those would seem not too hard feats for an auto that can swim. But, seriously, this achievement is of far greater importance than the news that the mile record has been lowered to 55.45 seconds, striking though that fact is. The auto is fast becoming practical. It is getting cheaper, too. A *Chicago* paper says that a thousand auto licenses have been issued in that city. Four and five-hundred-mile trips are lightly undertaken. An auto has climbed the mountainous roads, and invaded the Yosemite. A New York paper regularly runs a half-page advertisement of auto-trucks. We hear less now of "speed madness"—a sure sign that the motor-car is passing

from the position of being a rich man's toy to that of a busy man's servant. In short, the day of the auto is just dawning.

That a man ought not to be punished for taking money from blackmailers was the substance of the defense in a remarkable Brooklyn case just decided. Lawrence Murphy, treasurer of the Brooklyn stone-cutters' union, was charged with having embezzled the union's funds, amounting to \$12,000. The amazing contention of his counsel was that, inasmuch as this money had been unlawfully extorted from employers by a "band of conspirators," posing as union representatives, therefore it did not lawfully belong to the union, and could not be embezzled. This contention the judge promptly overruled, but the fact that the funds stolen had actually been got by walking delegates for the settlement of a strike was established. Colonel Andrew D. Baird, president of the Stone-Cutters' Association, and late candidate for mayor of Brooklyn, testified that on March 13, 1902, his mer had stopped work, a strike having been ordered. On the following day a committee called upon him. Continuing, he said:

Call [a walking delegate] said that he and his friends were a committee from the stone-cutters, and that they wanted \$50,000. We asked what they wanted \$50,000 for. They said it would have to be paid before our men could go back to work. We offered \$5,000, and they went off and conferred. Then they came back and demanded \$21,000. We raised our offer to \$7,500. They conferred some more, and then came back and said they must have \$13,000. Then we came up to \$10,000, and they conferred again, and said that would do. Q.—After the check was paid did the men return to work? A.—Yes, the very next morning they were back again.

This is not a solitary instance. It is estimated that \$200,000 has been collected in this way, by piratical committees, from large employers. Much as the contractors have suffered, however, it is doubtful if they have fared worse than the rank and file of union laborers who delegated power to these rascals. So, at least, thinks W. H. Rand, the New York assistant district attorney, in charge of indictments against these offenders. "The men," he says, "who, in their ignorance and stupidity, entrusted their business to the walking delegates, are the chief sufferers." At the same time, it is clear that the labor unions will best commend themselves to an aroused public opinion by seeing to it that power is speedily taken from the hands of those who have abused it. In this case, Murphy was convicted of embezzlement, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

The primary election for this city will occur on Tuesday, August 11th, at which time delegates will be elected to the conventions of the three parties, which conventions, in turn, will nominate candidates for mayor and all other city officers for terms of two years.

On the Republican side, the United Republican League is said to be well organized. One political prophet estimates that it will elect two hundred and twenty out of the three hundred and nineteen possible delegates. The three districts acknowledged doubtful are the twentieth, where Martin Kelly is striving for supremacy; the fortieth, where Jesse Marks has refused to "come in"; and the forty-first, where the Davis-Dibble combination is said to be strong. It is the league's policy not to indorse candidates before the primaries, but many names are being mentioned. A few of them are Henry J. Crocker, W. G. Stafford, State Senator E. D. Wolfe, David Rich, Arthur Fisk, Horace Davis, Dr. McDutt, Treasurer McDougald, Senator A. P. Williams, Charles A. Murdock, Sheriff Lackman, and Supervisor Boxton, for mayor; Harry Baehr (present incumbent) and George R. Wells, for auditor; John E. McDougald (present incumbent), for treasurer; Attorney Barry and ex-Judge George H. Baehrs, for city and county attorney; Attorney Frank McGowan and ex-Governor Saloman, for district attorney; John Farnham (present incumbent) and Julius S. Godeau, for public administrator; Samuel R. Beckett and E. C. Kalben, for recorder; Deputy County Clerks McElroy, Kennedy, and Morris, and R. W. Dennis, Major Hugh T. Sime, and State Senator Thomas Maher, for county clerk; Dr. Glover, for coroner; Charles Boxton, for assessor.

On the Democratic side, there are two prominent factions. One is the Democratic County Central Committee, run by Gavin McNab, some of whose delegates will be pledged to Lane for mayor, while all of them will be favorable to him. Washington Dodge for assessor, L. F. Byington for district attorney, Edward Godechaux for recorder, and Coroner Leland for renomination, or something better, are also on the programme. Municipal ownership of public utilities is favored. It is said to be conceded that this faction will elect a majority of the delegates. The other faction, known as the Democratic League, or the "Horses and Carts," has not yet named its candidates.

Of the progress of the fight between the Casey and Schmitz factions of the Union Labor party little seems to be known. The decision of Judge Murasky gives the Casey faction place on the ballot, which gives him some advantage, but the mayor is said to be prosecuting his fight with vigor.

William A. Miller, assistant foreman in the government printing-office, has returned to work. The other bookbinders, though the constitution of their union provides that they shall not work with a non-union man, remain in government employ under protest. It is said that the President is receiving thousands of telegrams from all over the country congratulating him upon, and commending, his stand that no question of unionism or non-unionism shall be permitted to figure in the offices of the government.

Meanwhile, a thorough investigation of the conduct of Miller is being made to ascertain if there is any basis for the objections to him. Charges against him have been filed by the

union. There are some grounds for the belief that in the end Miller will be discharged. Walter Wellman, for instance, says:

The probabilities are that Miller will have to go after all. President Roosevelt will get the advantage that lies in the declaration of his principle that a workman's tenure in the government printing-office does not depend upon his membership in a union, while the union will have the satisfaction of taking Miller's scalp. The decision of Printer Palmer is not likely to be made in a hurry. In fact, he will be very deliberate. The longer time it takes him to come to a decision the more likelihood that the public will have forgotten the first phase of Miller's case when announcement of the disposition of the second part is made.

Miller himself is stirring things up somewhat by his statements regarding the part the unions play in the government offices. Among other things, he is reported to have said:

The binders operate under rules that no other labor union would tolerate. They are antiquated, and interfere with the government work. They keep down the output, and tie the hands of the foreman, who is forced to be a member of the union. The arbitration committee of the union restricts the amount of work done in a day. They are the real heads of the bindery, going to men and countermanning orders given by the foreman. Thus, when I arranged for the post-office work, Mr. Barrett told me they objected to my cheapening the work; they also objected to improvements.

The affair has stirred up the whole question of the conduct of the government printing-office. The New York Times says:

The government printing-office is the largest establishment of its kind in the world, yet it is without a single labor-saving machine in its immense composing-room. Numerous attempts have been made in the past to introduce type-setting machines in the office, but these efforts have been defeated through the efforts of the typographical union.

There have been rumors that the President has directed Secretary Cortelyou to inquire into the relative economy of machine and hand composition, but this is denied by Mr. Wellman, who says the report is "wholly groundless," and that "he never thought of such a thing."

The Sunday papers of New York and other large cities continue to be of huge size. It may be interesting to note that the New York World, on a recent Sunday, contained 8,960 inches of printed matter (counting pictures as printed matter), of which 2,085 inches were advertisements. The Herald, on the same Sunday, contained 7,872 inches of printed matter, of which 2,069 inches were advertisements—a somewhat smaller proportion of reading-matter—and pictures. The more conservative sheets are commonly smaller than these two. The Sun, for instance, contained a total of 4,221 inches, with 1,346 in advertisements. There are few, or no, pictures. The leading conservative morning paper of San Francisco, on a recent Sunday, contained a total of 6,468 inches, of which 1,874 were advertisements. However, on the regular week-day issue, the amount of advertisement space of this paper falls considerably below that of papers in towns of about the same size as San Francisco. For instance, on a recent Thursday, the Enquirer, of Cincinnati (population, 1900, 325,902), contained 649 inches of advertising, and the Dispatch, of Pittsburg (population, 1900, 321,000), 1,018, to the San Francisco paper's 577.

That Myron T. Herrick, the Republican nominee, will be elected governor of Ohio, is a foregone conclusion. Therefore, Tom L. Johnson doesn't want to run on the Democratic ticket. But he has a scheme, 'tis said. It is to nominate some willing victim for governor, make a great show of vigor in electing him, and then, under cover of the noise, trade him off for votes for State legislators. In this way, Johnson hopes to get a majority in the legislature, and thus to be elected senator. It is certainly a pretty story; it is doubtful if a true one. But if true, Marcus Alonzo Hanna will doubtless see to it that the necessary number of sticks are thrust between the spokes of Tom Johnson's red automobile.

There is trouble between the Building Trades Council and Andrew Furuseth, secretary of the sailors' union of the Pacific Coast. The Building Trades Council had had trouble with the Union Lumber Company, and, after unsuccessful attempts to compromise the difficulty, had ordered a boycott of the products of that company so long as it continued to employ non-union labor to the exclusion of union labor. Mr. Furuseth is now accused of endeavoring to "frustrate these conditions." It is claimed by the Building Trades Council that when the sailors walked off the National City, refusing to sail with the men who had been employed by the Union Lumber Company to take the place of their locked-out union employees at Fort Bragg, a union crew was shanghaied on board the vessel, and that under the guise of an agreement signed by Furuseth and others in behalf of the sailors. The eloquent resolutions adopted by the Building Trades Council wind up by notifying Mr. Furuseth "that he is not now, never has been, and never will be, in any manner whatever, able to destroy the influence of such a splendid organization instituted to safeguard the rights of the wage-workers."

The statistician of the board of health has handed in his report of births and deaths for the year 1902-3. During that period there were 7,613 deaths, 734 being classed as violent. This is an increase of 620 deaths over the previous year. The City and County Hospital is charged with 692 deaths, an average of nearly two a day. Under the classification, according to cause, tuberculosis, as usual, heads the list, being responsible for 1,146, or about one-seventh of the whole number, 996 being pulmonary. Pneumonia caused 625 deaths, and diphtheria 176. Bright's disease was the cause of 394 deaths, and 225 are charged to old age. Among the violent deaths, 500 are charged to accident or negligence, 36 to homicide, and

198 to suicide. Asphyxiation by illuminating gas was responsible for 106 deaths—an unnecessarily large number—while there were 45 drownings, 75 from shock following operations, and 92 from falls. The electric cars killed 19 people; vehicles, 14; steam railroads, 15; and cable cars only 6. In all but eight of the cases of homicide, firearms were used. Among the suicides, carbolic acid is still the favorite method, 61 having chosen that poison; 45 chose firearms, and 32 illuminating gas.

A health-resort seldom has a low death-rate. Persons who have contracted disease in unhealthy regions, aged people, as well, seek healthy climates, and there many of them are bound to die. Thus, San Francisco's death-rate is merely average—18.57. Thirty-six per cent. of those who die in San Francisco hospitals and sanitariums are non-residents. It is estimated that the natural death-rate of citizens of this city is about 14.

Only a few months ago, when Mr. Michael Casey was president of the teamsters' union, very few persons had ever heard of him. Now, as President Michael Casey, of the board of public works, he is very much in the public eye. Mr. Casey aspires to be the leader of the Union Labor party in this city, and he finds Mayor Schmitz very much in the way of the realization of his hopes. With a view to reducing the mayor's power, Casey determined to exercise the power of the board of public works to remove supporters of Schmitz from subordinate positions. Without consulting the board, he sent letters to four employees requesting their resignations. Commissioner Manson supported Casey's action, and Commissioner Schmitz was powerless. An unexpected difficulty, however, has arisen to confuse Casey's plans. The dismissed employees are members of the steam engineers' union, and the union has taken up the cudgels in their behalf. The first step was to secure an order from Judge Murasky restraining the board from removing these employees. The order is temporary, but Casey was given one week to show why it should not be made permanent. In the meantime, the employees, whose services were to have been dispensed with on July 31st, have entered upon a new month of service. At a meeting, on Tuesday, of the International Union of Steam Engineers, Local No. 64, a resolution was unanimously passed, denouncing Casey as "a traitor," "an imposter," "a so-called labor-leader," and "czar." Mayor Schmitz was commended. It was announced that "every cent of the six thousand dollars in the treasury would be spent to 'down' Casey."

A few years ago, the Merchants' Association, in its efforts to improve the appearance of this city, inaugurated a crusade against the unsightly and dangerous network of telegraph, telephone, and fire-alarm wires that disfigured the business section of the city. A loud protest was immediately raised by the corporations that maintained the nuisance, but the Merchants' Association is a powerful organization, and the reform was effected in a comparatively brief time. Having cleared the business section, the Merchants' Association rested from its efforts. The Outdoor Art League, an organization of ladies, who appreciated the value of municipal art, has now taken up the fight against poles and wires in the residence parts of the city. There is just as much, if not more, reason why these disfigurements should be removed. It is even more desirable that the homes of the people should be surrounded by beauty than their business houses. The offense of the wires is glaringly visible in the photographs of any of the handsome residences of the city, streaked as they are into a semblance of a geometrical drawing. The wires and poles disfigure private property and damage it by obstructing the view. They endanger life and property in case of fire. The considerations in favor of removing the wires are universally admitted, yet these public-spirited women have hard work ahead of them before they shall succeed. The interested corporations will fight as hard as they did before. The difficulties to be overcome in the residence section are greater than they were in the business section. Even more difficult to overcome will be the apathy of the general public, which should not exist at all. Nevertheless, success will crown the efforts of the league if the members are patient and persistent.

When a hand of five outlaws suddenly opened fire from ambush upon the pursuing militiamen and officers at Manzanita Hill, near Placerville, on Saturday night, and shot dead two young men and wounded another, the chase of the convict became tragic, rather than farcical, as it had been all the week. On the same day, Springer, a member of the posse, was killed by a comrade who thought him a felon. On the Wednesday following, two criminals recently released from Folsom informed the sheriff at Sacramento that two of the convicts, Howard and Roberts, were in the city after opium. Howard got away without being caught, but Roberts was trailed from Sacramento to a field near Davisville, where he was found in a state of semi-stupor, and captured without trouble. On Thursday, the "bloodthirsty" negro, Scavis, boarded a freight train at Newcastle, and rode into Auburn, where the conductor notified Sheriff Keena, and the man was captured. When found between the cars he ran for it, firing four wild shots from his revolver. Kenna let fly at him with a charge of buckshot, which took him in the legs, whereupon the negro toppled over, yelling "Don't shoot." As the case now stands, the felons to date have caused the death of four men, and badly wounded two more. One convict has been killed, two captured. Ten are still at large. Doubtless convict-chasing is difficult business, but if it takes eleven days to catch two men, one of whom voluntarily comes to the capital of the State, and the other to a large town, how long will it take the hunters to get the other ten who are hiding in the hill?

BOOKBINDERS,
PRINTERS, AND
THE PRESIDENT.

THE CHASE
OF THE
CONVICTS.

WHEN
LABOR UNIONS
FALL OUT.

SOMETHING
DOING
IN OHIO.

GOSSIP
ON THE
EVE OF
THE PRIMARIES.

LEAVES ON THE RIVER PASIG.

A Tragic Episode of the American Occupation.

The Bouloung *casco* lay off the Quiapo Market, which is on the left bank of the Pasig, just below the suspension-bridge. The Chinese junk—tradition says—was modeled after a whimsical emperor's shoe, consequently the *cascos* of the Philippines, being really junks without sails, are not very dainty bits of naval architecture. As a rule, they are not accorded the dignity of a name; but this one was known as the "Bouloung casco," because it was owned and manned by members of one family. Santiago Bouloung was steersman, his three sons were polemen, and Simplicia, the daughter, was *el capitan*—her father said, affectionately. Their permanent home was a little *nipa*-thatch shelter at the stern of the vessel.

The men had gone ashore shortly after the mooring—the father on business, the sons on pleasure bent—and Simplicia, much to her disgust, was left on board. She was a Tagalo girl, of the light-complexioned type, pretty even when judged by our standards, of which fact she was aware.

"The river, the river," she said to herself, petulantly, "always the river. I was born on the river, and I have been going up and down the river all my life. When we come to Manila I may go ashore for a few hours only, and then the river again—and the lake. And Ramon is a fool!"

It was a clear, warm night, and the rippling water of the Pasig glistened in the moonlight, so that she could see the leaves rush by in clusters. Ramon had said: "Think of me when you see the leaves on the river—the bright green leaves from the dear lake country. It seems sad to think that they must float down past the city where the water is fouled, and then out—far out—to be lost on the big salt sea." But Ramon was always saying queer things that she could not understand.

The murmur of drowsy voices came from the crowded huts of the market-place. Oh, how long till morning! She wanted to buy some bits of finery there, and then to stroll through the city, especially along the Escolta where there were stores that exhibited splendors from all countries. She hoped that one of her brothers would hire a *carametta* the next evening, and take her to the Lunetta, where the wealthy of Manila congregated to enjoy the cool night air and the concert. A band of *Americanos* played there every evening.

They were wonderful men, these American soldiers, much taller than Filipinos or Spaniards, and many of them had blue eyes and hair of the color of gold. The pride of kings was in their stride, and they looked as though they feared nothing.

Farther on down the river at the Alhambra Café, where the Spanish officers once gathered to hear the music of Spain, the orchestra played a new air that delighted her. There was a burst of cheering. The music was "Dixie," and the demonstration was made by some Tennessee volunteers, who always gave something reminiscent of the old "rebel yell" whenever they heard it. From the Cuartel Infanteria, across the river, the American bugles began to shrill a "tattoo." Their music was wonderful—everything pertaining to these big, bold men was wonderful, she thought.

Something bumped against a side of the *casco*, and Simplicia hurried over to order away a supposed ladrone. She leaned over the side with such abruptness that the wooden comb slipped from her heavy mass of black hair. It fell like a dusky curtain, and brushed the upturned face of a man. He was not a little brown Filipino, but a tall American, fair and yellow-haired. He laughed a soft, pleasant laugh. She drew herself backward with a frightened cry, but his eyes held hers. The man was standing in a small canoe, steadying his craft by holding on to the *casco*.

"Buenos noches," he said, smiling. He spoke Spanish, but not like a Spaniard or a Tagalo. Simplicia smiled, faintly. She knew that she should go into the *nipa* cabin, but this handsome man looked so kind and—Ramon was a fool. And her father and brothers were selfish, and—

So Simplicia returned the salutation, and stood leaning over the bulwark tasting the delirious delight of her first flirtation. The man—he was a college boy until the United States Government gave him a suit of khaki and the right to bear the former designation—thrilled with joy at the delicious novelty of the situation. He was in a city that was at once the tropics and the Orient, and over which hung the glamour of departed medieval days. For several hundred years guitars had tinkled on that river, and voices had been lifted to latticed windows. The air was laden with ghosts of everything but common sense and scruples.

A bugle across the river caused the man to recollect that he was under certain restraint. "I must go," he said, but he did not release his hold on the *casco*.

Simplicia's eyes were big and bright in the moonlight. He stretched out one arm and drew her face toward him. She tore herself away, and stood breathing *hu rriedly* through parted lips.

"Manana por la noche," said the soldier. He plied the paddle vigorously, and the canoe glided away. But he looked back, longingly, for Simplicia's lips were very soft and warm.

She stood gazing after him till the canoe vanished into the shadow of the Cuartel Infanteria. The unseen bugle softly wailed "taps," the call that bids the soldier rest. It is also sounded over graves.

The sun beat down fiercely on the Pasig. Canoes toiled up and skimmed down the river. Lumbering *cascos*, their crews naked to their waists, were poled painfully along. The Quiapo Market was astir with a babble of tongues, the barking of dogs, and the incessant challenge of hundreds of game-cocks. The little brown people bought, sold, and bargained with the full strength of their lungs.

Simplicia, as purser of the *casco*, was in the market purchasing provisions, but she spent most of her time near the stall of a Chinese vender of fabrics. After much haggling, she became the possessor of a dainty bodice of silk and pina cloth.

Most of the girls who visited the market-place seemed to be drawn to that spot, for there Simplicia met a friend who had left the lake country a little later than herself.

"Ramon will come down the river to-night," said the friend, breathlessly, delighted to carry a message of that sort. "He has written something that he thinks they may print in *La Libertad*. Isn't that wonderful? You must feel so proud of him. For a man to be able to write at all is wonderful—but for the papers!"

Apparently there were no words in the Tagalo dialect strong enough to express the girl's admiration. Simplicia tossed her head, loosening the hair, a frequent happening. She caught the heavy tresses quickly, and almost forgot for an instant everything but the last time they had fallen.

"Are you not pleased?" asked the other girl, in astonishment. She was dark, and not pretty from any point of view.

"Oh, yes," drawled Simplicia, "but Ramon is very tedious sometimes, and the lake country is very dreary. We will go into the city this afternoon and see the *Americanos*."

They saw many *Americanos*—State volunteers clad in blue shirts and khaki trousers. The city was full of them. They occupied all the barracks formerly the quarters of the Spanish soldiers, and they crowded the drinking-resorts. Along the Calle Real they came upon companies drilling, and on the Lunetta they saw an entire regiment on dress-parade.

Simplicia, though she scanned every soldier's face, did not see the stranger of the previous night, nor did she see a face that seemed nearly as handsome.

"They say," mused the other girl, "that the men of Aguinaldo will drive these *Americanos* out of Manila if they do not go of their own accord soon."

Simplicia laughed scornfully, and pointed toward the troops. The men were in battalion front, standing at "present," and the sun glistened on a thousand bayonets.

"But there are only a few *Americanos* and there are many thousands of Filipinos," said the girl.

"The *Americanos* will take what they want and nothing can stop them," announced Simplicia, decisively. "Let us go to our *cascos*."

The twilight gathered on the river. In the north the sky was lit by continuous flashes of lightning. Myriads of stars were overhead, and the Southern Cross was viceroy of the heavens, for the moon had not yet come into her kingdom. The water noisily gurgled by, and Simplicia waited. Which would come first, the tedious Filipino school-master lover or the stranger? Would the *Americano* come again?

She watched every canoe that passed, but they were all going up or down. The moon appeared and clearly revealed the river's surface. Simplicia fixed her eyes on the shadow of the Cuartel Infanteria. Something emerged from it and glided rapidly through the stream. It was a canoe, and it was being paddled with strong, sure strokes toward her. Her heart beat tumultuously and she almost cried out in her delight.

He came, and, fastening his canoe, swung himself aboard the *casco*. Her arms were about his neck in an instant, and her beautiful tresses escaped the comb again.

They sat in the shade of the *nipa* thatch talking in low tones. His arm was round her waist. Her head rested on his shoulder. He puffed with deep breaths of enjoyment a cigarette that she had daintily lit for him. The intoxication of the country was in his brain—the devil that whispers, "There is nothing but pleasure, and no time but now."

The *plunk-plunk* of a guitar close by startled them both. Simplicia trembled violently.

"It is a foolish man who is always singing to me," she explained.

A clear, musical voice rose in a song, and the soldier checked a question to listen, for the voice and the song charmed him from the first note. The song was in Spanish, and though he was by no means perfect in the language, he caught the meaning and spirit of it. It ran something to this effect:

Bright are the leaves and the blossoms that grow in the beautiful lake country.

They fill the place with brilliance of things celestial. Some of them drop or are thrown to the river, Helpless they drift on its swift running surface. Down past the city through slimmest fowl, Out they are whirled to waters eternal Lost and forgotten forever and ever. Blossom I cherish; I'll hold thee. Never shalt thou leave the lake country. But my heart, it is sad for the leaves on the Pasig.

The last words died on the air like the sob or the faint cry of a passing spirit. The soldier sat mute, like one bewitched by fairy music. Simplicia's lips, pressed against his cheek, brought him back to her.

"I do not care for him. On my soul, I do not!" she whispered. She was pretty, and her arm tightened coaxingly about his neck. His better nature was conquered, and the devil in his blood reigned supreme. The situation suddenly seemed highly amusing, and he laughed a suppressed laugh of recklessness. To be serenaded by a native poet while the arm of the troubadour's lady-love encircled his neck—verily he would have a great tale to tell some day.

There was a faint sound of a footfall on the deck of the *casco*. The soldier disengaged himself. A face peeped in through an opening in the thatch, and the American struck it a sharp blow with his fist. He would have rushed after the intruder, but Simplicia held him.

"It is only a foolish man," she said, "do not follow him. It would make trouble."

"I would not bring you any trouble," he said. "What is the matter? You tremble?"

"It is nothing," she replied. "I love you."

The soldier's conscience smote him. He swore that he loved her, and tried to believe that it was true. She seemed almost happy again.

"To-morrow the *casco* goes up to the lake again, and we will be gone three days. Oh, that is so long!"

"Very long," he assented.

"But you will wait and think of me always."

"Yes, I will watch the leaves on the river—"

She shuddered.

"No! no! Do not speak of them. *Madre del Dios!*

I hate the river, and I hate the leaves it drags along. I think I hate everything but you."

The soldier was young, and this was his first experience with hysteria and woman, which combination often disturbs even wiser heads. It disturbed him exceedingly, but he soothed her finally with the wildest vows and many kisses. He kissed a tress of her long hair as he stepped from the *casco's* poling platform into his canoe.

For the second time she watched the canoe till it glided into the shadows. Then she shivered violently, chilled to the bone.

A sergeant of a certain regiment of United States volunteers was prowling along the brink of the Pasig, outside the Cuartel Infanteria's walls, looking for a pet monkey that had disappeared. Something in the long grass caught his eye, and he stopped. He stepped back quickly and hurried around the corner of the wall, returning with four soldiers.

He parted the grass with his arms, and they saw the dead body of a Filipino girl. Her face was concealed by a disordered mass of black hair, and, pinned to her breast by a rudely fashioned knife that was buried to the hilt, was a miniature insurgent flag.

They tenderly bore the body to the pathway, and the hair fell from the face. One of the soldiers let go his hold and tottered to the ground.

"Harrison's a softy," grunted one of the men. "Take hold, sergeant. He's fainted, I guess."

The form was placed in an unused storeroom. When the news went round the men came to view it, not out of curiosity, but to show respect such as they would pay to their own dead.

"This is the way I make it out," said the sergeant, sagely. "The girl was killed by Aguinaldo's gang, and it must have been because she spoke a good word for our people."

"And we'll take it out of their hides when the time comes," said one of the soldiers, snapping his jaws together, which resolution the regiment unanimously adopted. Even the chaplain refrained from chiding when he heard of it. He knew his flock.

There being no way of finding out anything about the girl, a fund was quickly collected and arrangements made for the funeral. Several hundred soldiers followed the hearse to the cemetery at El Paco.

The regimental chaplain read the regulation burial service, while the men stood with bared heads. They placed at the head of the freshly made mound a plain board that read:

FOUND IN THE PASIG.

After the last soldier had gone, a covering thing walked unsteadily up to the grave, and, kneeling beside it, laid down a cluster of green leaves.

"By God! I did love her. I did," he muttered, continuously. He drew a pencil from his pocket and scratched her name on the board: "Simplicia."

And his youth was buried there.

W. O. MCGEEHAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1903.

A recent report from Cairo indicates that all the expected benefits from the great dam at Assuan have been realized. All the water stored during the winter in the reservoir for summer consumption has now been completely discharged, and the irrigation of the summer crop is assured. A largely increased area of cotton has been irrigated, and Assuit and Minieh have received summer water for the first time. The rotations of crops have been greatly modified.

MARGARET FULLER'S ROMANCE.

Extracts from Her Love-Letters to Joseph Nathan.

The publication of the "Love Letters of Margaret Fuller" reveals a hitherto unknown chapter in the life of the brilliant woman who, after a long association with the New York Tribune under Horace Greeley, went abroad, married the Marquis Ossoli, in Rome, figured in the short-lived Italian revolution of 1848, and met with a tragic death, with her husband and infant child, on July 16, 1850, when the vessel on which they were returning to her native land was wrecked off Fire Island, near New York. Whatever may be said of the good taste of publishing Miss Fuller's ardent epistles, which were never meant for profane eyes, their charm is undeniable, and the story of disappointed love which they chronicle is far more interesting and absorbing than any of the love-letter novels which, through skillful advertising, have recently run through many editions.

Joseph Nathan, to whom the letters are addressed, was a brilliant German Jew, who, at the time Miss Fuller first met him at the home of the Greeleys in New York, was a commission merchant. A close friendship sprang up between them, and, despite the fact that they saw each other almost daily, they began a correspondence which covered nearly two years, and terminated when Mr. Nathan, who had returned to Europe, married a woman of his own nation.

In 1838, he died in Hamburg; but fifteen years previously he had arranged Miss Fuller's letters for publication, writing an introduction in which he justified his course by saying:

For many years after the tragical end of their author, I would not part with this motherless offspring of our spiritual intercourse, and, with the exception of a few detached leaves, submitted to her friend and biographer, Mr. W. H. Channing, at his solicitation, no human eye has ever seen them. But now when more than a generation has passed, and no earthly interest or feeling can possibly be injured, I can not suffer their exquisite naturalness and sweetness to sink into the grave. More especially do I not feel justified in withholding them from others, who, having deeply loved her in life, and mourned her death, are entitled to this sacred experience of her inmost soul, while at the same time I feel I can wreath no fresher laurels around the cherished memory of "Margaret" than by showing, through these letters, that, great and gifted as she was as a writer, she was no less so in the soft and tender emotions of a true woman's heart.

Miss Fuller's first letter was written in February, 1845, and in it she acknowledges that she had long had a presentiment that she would soon meet one of his race and religion. A month later she writes:

It is nothing to be together in the parlor or in the street, and we are not enough so among the green things. To-day the lilacs are all in blossom, the air is full of the perfume which causes ecstasy, and I hear you with awe assert the power over me and feel it to be true. It causes awe, but not dread, such as I felt some time since at the approach of this mysterious power, for I feel confidence in you, and know that you will lead me on in a spirit of holy love, and that all I may learn of nature and the soul will be legitimate. The destiny of each human being is no doubt great and peculiar, however obscure its rudiments to our present sight, but there are also in every age a few in whose lot the meaning of that age is concentrated. I feel that I am one of those persons in my age and sex. But when forced back upon myself as now, though the first turnings of the key were painful, yet the inner door makes rapturous music, too, upon its golden hinge. What it hides you perhaps know, as you read me so deeply; indeed, some things you say seem as if you did. Yet do not unless you must, for you look at things so without their veils. When you hold me by the hand I sometimes think and can only say: Psyche was but a mortal woman, yet, as the bride of love, she became a daughter of the gods, too. But had she learned in any other way this secret of herself all had been lost, the plant and flower and fruit. I love to hear you read off the secret, and yet you sometimes make me tremble. I confide in you as this bird, now warbling without, confides in me. You will understand my song, but you will not translate it into language too human.

On April 15th she again wrote:

I have felt a strong attraction to you almost ever since we first met, the attraction of the wandering spirit toward a breast broad enough and strong enough for rest, when it wants to furl the wings. You have also been to me a sunshine and green woods. I have wanted you more and more, and became weary when too long away. When you approached me so near I was exceedingly agitated, because your personality has a powerful, magnetic effect on me, partly because I have always attached importance to such an act. . . . Oh, was that like angels, like twin spirits bound in heavenly unison to think that anything short of perfect love, such as I myself am born to feel and shall yet in some age and some world find one that can feel for me, could enslave my heart or compromise a lover. You have touched my heart, and it thrilled to the centre, but my heart is a large kingdom.

After an unsatisfactory visit of Mr. Nathan, Miss Fuller wrote on the evening of May 30th:

Long before you went I felt that the tone which had for a moment repelled me was caused by the mood of the hour, the trials of the day, and, above all, by the presence of a third person. Had we been alone, I should have dropped a few tears, as I think from something you said you felt annoyed, and then the sun would have shined on again; but as it was, I could not act as I felt, the warm tide of sympathy with which I had begun the evening was turned back upon me, and seemed to oppress my powers of speech and motion. Yet it was very sad to me to have you go forth from the place, whither you came in hope and trust, into the dark night and howling wind. So far as the fault of this was my own, forgive me, dear friend. . . . You have claimed me on the score of spiritual affinity, and I have yielded to this claim. You have claimed to read my thoughts, to count the pulses of my being, often to move them by your heart and your will. You have approached me personally nearer than any person, and have said to me words most unusual and close to which I have willingly listened. . . . This is probably my last letter, and I have written it with the enclosed pen, which I wish to give to you, and hope it will pen down some fine passages of life during your journeyings. . . . Reading over my letter, it seems too restrained. Believe that my soul utters God bless you, and feels that your whole soul returns the same. May we meet as we feel.

The foregoing was the first letter referring to Mr. Nathan's departure on a voyage to Europe, from which he never returned to her. Shortly before he sailed, Miss Fuller wrote: "You had better leave my letters. They have been like manna, possible to use for food in their day, but they are not immortal, like their source. Let them perish! Let me burn them. Keep my image in the soul without such aids, and it will be more livingly true and avail you more."

On June 12th, after he had left the United States, she wrote:

You seem to be much with me, especially now that the moonlight evenings have again begun. Last evening I had no lamp lit after sunset, and lay looking at the moon stealing through the exquisite curtain of branches which overhangs my windows. You seemed entirely with me, and I was in a trance, as on evenings when you used to sing to me. At those times heaven and earth seemed mingled. . . . But the effect of our intercourse was to make me so passive I wondered if it was so interesting to you; and yet I do not, for I seemed a part of yourself; we were born under the same constellation. You found much of yourself in me, and there was a long, soft echo to the deepest tones. . . . Whenever there was dissonance between us it ended as being so superficial that it seemed but a continuing of the blast to make the music better. I never had these feelings at all toward any other. . . . Forgive me should my letters be somewhat reserved. I am afraid it will make me timid that my letters must go so far and be so long in getting answered, passing through so many hands and public offices. When they only went a few paces into the next street by the page, then I could add with lips and eyes all that was wanting to explain them, I had more courage. You are a man, and men have the privilege of boldness. Put your soul upon the paper as much as you can.

Just after the Christmas holidays, she wrote:

You are now among your kindred. I do hope you will find joy in it, and that it may be possible to take up the ties as if all these years had not passed between you. I want you to write me how they all strike you, but do not, loved one, speak to them of me, except outwardly.

The letter she wrote on Sunday, April 25, 1846, was full of sadness. It begins:

Lost too soon, too long; where art thou, whither wander thy steps, and where thy mind this day? . . . Hast thou forgotten any of this influence, hast thou ceased to cherish me, O Israel? I have felt these last four days a desire for you that amounted almost to anguish. This is just such a day as came last year with our resolution, when the trees had put on their exquisite white mantles and you gave me the white one. That evening you went home and wrote me a sweet little letter, in which you likened yourself to the cherry-tree by my window. But thou dost not return. Could you but be here all this day, only one day. Alas! there is too much to be said. I say alas! alas! and once again alas! I send a leaf and flower of the myrtle that grew at the foot of the rock of which I gave you some the day we seemed to be separated forever.

The last of Miss Fuller's letters is dated July 14, 1846, and in it she advises Nathan how best to get his foreign letters published in book-form. She talked and she suggested the *Weekly Messenger*, thinking the information would be of special interest to the Jews, but Mr. Greeley said there would be no pay there.

That her feeling for Nathan changed materially after his marriage is apparent from the following entry in her diary:

Leave Edinburgh on Monday morning, September 8th, for Perthshire. Letter containing virtual reply to my invitation of September 1st also dated September 1st. From June 1, 1845, to September 1, 1846, a mighty change has taken place. I ween, I understand more and more the character of the tribes. I shall write a sketch of it, and turn the whole to account in a literary way, since the affections and ideal hopes are so unproductive. I care not. I am resolved to take such disappointments more lightly than I have. I ought not to regret having thought other of "humans" than they deserve.

In addition to a sympathetic preface by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the letters are supplemented with extracts from reminiscences of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Horace Greeley, and Charles T. Congdon, and a facsimile of Margaret Fuller's handwriting. A much idealized portrait serves as a frontispiece.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.35 net.

The Kearsarge's Record Run Across the Atlantic.

Commenting on the official report of the long-distance record-breaking run of the battle-ship *Kearsarge*, which recently steamed 2,885 nautical miles, from Portsmouth, England, to Bar Harbor, Me., in nine days and four and a half hours, at an average speed, 13.1 knots an hour, Admiral Taylor, chief of the bureau of navigation, says:

If we consider this trip in comparison with the performances of protected cruisers or armored cruisers, or ocean greyhounds, it does not seem very remarkable. But when we consider that the *Kearsarge* is a heavy battle-ship, loaded with armor and armament, and not intended to make a high rate of speed, the performance is remarkable, more so from the fact that at the end of her run the *Kearsarge* was ready for any service, and could cross the ocean again after coaling. At the end of the trip also, she had enough coal left for several days of steaming at the rate she made across the Atlantic, and for more time than that of fighting.

The municipality of Carpineto, Pope Leo's native town, has started a subscription for the erection of a colossal statue of the late Pontiff. It is to be forty metres high, and is to stand on the neighboring Mt. Capreo, where, in his younger days, Leo went hunting. Catholics throughout the world have been invited to contribute to the fund for the erection of this memorial. Ernesto Biondi has been selected as the sculptor.

The most gifted of all women composers was Clara Schumann; yet shortly before her marriage she frankly wrote in her diary: "I used to think I had talent for creating, but I have changed my mind. Women should not wish to compose; not one has ever succeeded. To suppose that I was destined to be an exception would be an arrogant assumption, which I made formerly, but only because my father prompted me."

OUR SAILORS AT PORTSMOUTH.

Officers and Men of the American Squadron Royally Entertained—
Didn't Shine in Athletics—But Favorites With the Ladies—
Dancing Differences—An Unfortunate Play.

I have just seen the American squadron steam slowly out of Portsmouth Harbor to Spithead, on its departure from British shores. The *Kearsarge* led, followed in order by the *Chicago*, *San Francisco*, and *Machias*. The English white ensign flew from the mainmasthead of each ship, and puffs of white smoke darted out from their sides in ten-second intervals as their good-by national salute was fired. The morning was still and warm, and the water without a ripple. Indeed, the whole sheet between Southsea Castle and Ryde Pier, which, as near as may be, makes what is known as Spithead, was like a leaden-gray pond. As the white men-of-war glided slowly on at quarter speed between the buoys which mark the channel, crowds gathered on the beach and "parade" on the common and "Esplanade," and on the door-steps and in the windows of the homes and residences which face the sea, for the sight not only was a picturesque one, but the people of Portsmouth and its suburb, Southsea, had grown to like "the Yankees"—as everybody called the American sailors—during their visit, and were, while wishing them godspeed, really sorry to see them go.

The American sailors have certainly had a fine time here, and no mistake. The Portsmouth town council voted five hundred pounds for the free use of the mayor in entertaining the squadron, and I must say that that gentleman—a recently made knight, who can scatter an *h* now and then with the best of them—did his utmost to make the visitors enjoy themselves. Not the least appreciated of the entertainments was a free matinee at the Theatre Royal. The play, however, was not exactly what one could call fortunate. It was "The Lady Slavey." I don't know if it is known in America, but one of the characters depicts a burlesque American millionaire of the most outlandish type, who enters firing a revolver in the air, and wearing an ulster lined with the American flag. Among the other eccentric things this American gentleman does is to sit down next a lady, and put his feet in her lap. When expostulated with, he asks: "Aint I an American millionaire?" I should imagine that such scenes would be incompatible to the individual American—how much so to an audience of them, especially after the liquid accompaniments of the generous luncheon, to which they had been treated by the mayor immediately preceding. I do not know. Liquor calms as well as excites, and so I suppose it was on the present occasion, for the papers said the American sailors "enjoyed the play hugely."

They were also invited to attend the United Service athletic sports. There were several "open" events, and some of Uncle Sam's representatives entered for them. But I'm sorry to say they didn't shine at any of them. A blue-jacket from the *Chicago* entered the one-thousand-yard race, but he gave up after the second lap. Another was nowhere in the long jump, while a team was made up to go in for the "tug-of-war" at the end. When this event came off, the "Yankees" were simply pulled off their feet in no time.

During the squadron's visit the American flag has been much in evidence in doorways of shops and hotels. And the streets and the walks along the sea-front and Southern Common looked almost like those of an American seaport, for American sailors were to be found wherever you went. And on the whole, the American sailor compared favorably with his English brother. Generally the American sailors looked lighter and less robust. They hadn't the ruddy color of the Britisher, and their hair was a bit too long. The dress was much the same, but the dark-blue collar beside the English light blue gave them a more sombre effect. Besides this, they did not wear white summer covers on their caps. The top of the American sailors' cap is much larger and flatter than that of the English navy, and when worn side by side—especially when your eye was used to the smaller cap—the effect was not favorable to the *tout ensemble* of the American.

But "the Yankees" were great favorites with the Portsmouth and Southsea girls, if one could judge by the numbers of pretty young women whom one saw walking out arm in arm with them in the evenings. Nor was this feminine predilection manifest only toward the sailors. At Admiral Hotham's ball to Admiral Cotton, the young American officers had it all their own way with the pretty Southsea girls, who were apparently completely captivated by the superior dancing of the Americans. I saw people stand and look on at them when they danced, everybody seeming particularly interested, not only in the gracefulness of the American waltz step, but in the art displayed in guiding. There was no bumping, there was no colliding, there were no falls, where the American officers danced, and when they reversed—a thing Britishers never do—there was a stampee to see them. It was quite wonderful how soon the girls caught the American step, and what adepts they became in reversing before the ball was over. The English officers were simply nowhere. All of which will doubtless serve to tie the knot of British-American amity tighter than ever.

SOUTHSEA, July 17, 1903.

COCKAIGNE.

A SOCIETY WOMAN'S DAY.

The French Lady of 1650, the American of 1903—A Comparison.

Some time since, in reading a book on the women of the French *salons*, I came on a description, from one of Mlle. Scudery's novels, of the manner in which a society lady of that epoch passed her days. It struck me as particularly interesting, in that it was so precisely similar to the way in which a modern young lady of the same sort spends the twenty-four hours. Here it is—might it not be a description of the day of a rich American girl with fashionable affiliations?

"Sleeps twelve hours—three or four hours to dress herself—two or three hours in consuming her divers repasts—and all the rest of the time is spent in receiving people to whom she does not know what to say, or in paying visits to people who do not know what to say to her."

Doubtless, the amiable Scudery was somewhat sour when she wrote this. She was a dark, spidery little spinster, with a reputation (in a day when such things were regarded as useless luxuries), and a wondrously fluent pen. She knew her world well—no one better. And we may be sure that such a paragraph as the above was not a spiteful female thrust at frivolous beauty, but was an unbiased statement of an interesting social development.

Any one who has passed much time in the realms where well-to-do, well-educated, well-dressed women congregate, will sooner or later be puzzled by the question as to how a large quantity of them spend their time. Kill their time would be a better phrase. When one talks of spending time it suggests the doling out of a precious commodity to be used to the greatest possible advantage. Killing time is the getting rid of long, empty hours, which, instead of galloping, lag listlessly by.

The division of labor, among women who are well provided for, luxuriously envired, and all that sort of thing, is one of the most uneven distributions that exist. Women with children—no matter how large their means—have an unending work and responsibility if they are faithful to their trust and honestly discharge their duty. Women with children, where the means are small, have a herculean labor, a task to try the endurance and tax the energy of the strongest. Women with houses to keep—either large homes full of servants, or small ones where there is no servant at all—have got a fair amount of honest toil to get through every day. To run a house well is no mean task, whether it be a mansion or a five-room flat.

Below these we come to the women who have either no maternal or domestic responsibilities, or, having the latter, shirk them by refusing to maintain homes and living in hotels, or by letting the servants do the housekeeping. With these women go the unmarried "girls," as we politely call them, of from twenty-eight up, who, having remained spinsters, have neither maternal cares nor domestic duties, and being comfortably supported by a father, a brother, or a private income of their own, have no need to "hustle" for their bread. Skim off from these the women of energy and initiative, who become engrossed in enterprises such as charities, settlement work, some branch of philanthropy or study, and we have a residue whose days are spent in the manner Mlle. Scudery describes.

It has often been a cause of secret curiosity to me how many people I knew or knew of disposed of the fifteen waking hours the day gives us. I knew that they had no settled tasks, I knew that they had neither houses to run, children to bring up, nor professions to follow. Yet they had fifteen hours to get through. Take from these three for meals, and it leaves twelve, unoccupied, long, portentous. How did they pass those twelve? How did they kill them? I thought vaguely of reading, but that could not be made to fill more than one or two. Many of the women who were the subject of speculation read nothing but the morning paper. Some looked through a novel or two a week, others bought half a dozen magazines once a month. But these literary excursions do not occupy a large part of the day.

I then asked a friend of mine—an intelligent man—for his opinion. He was cynical, and inclined to scoff. "Why, dressing," he said; "four or five hours a day can be easily spent on dressing."

I denied that. Two hours a day for the toilet was ample, and more than most women—vain though they might be—spent on it. Give three-quarters of an hour for the morning toilet, the same time for that before dinner, and half an hour for a change of dress in the afternoon. The scoffer laughed aloud at this.

"Three-quarters of an hour! That's absurd. Why, an hour can be easily put in just finishing up—last touches on the canvas, as it were."

"You could paint the canvas as elaborately as Meissonier in that time," I demurred, for, truthfully speaking, I have known few women who took longer than an hour to dress.

"Well, then, there's shopping," continued the cynic, "a whole afternoon can be profitably and pleasantly put in shopping."

"But you can't do that often. It would mean spending so much money. Even rich women can't go on a grand shopping orgie every day."

"They don't buy anything. That's not shopping. Don't you ever hear of the woman who asked her

husband for fifty cents to go shopping with—forty for candy and soda-water and ten for car-fares?"

This really seemed plausible. I did once know a woman in New York who, describing the agreeable simplicity of a friend's taste, said of her: "Why, it amused her to go down to Wanamaker's and buy a spool of thread."

And I myself have a vivid recollection of going with a friend to buy a pair of gloves, and how we went into every glove-store down a long mile of Broadway. In each place she looked at the gloves, felt them, stretched them, asked as many questions about them as a doctor does about a patient's health, and went out again without buying them. At the end of our walk I said, in a low-spirited tone: "Now, I suppose we'll go all the way back again, and you'll take the pair you liked best?"

"No," she said, dubiously, "I didn't really like any of them very much. I think I'll go out to-morrow and see if I can do better on Sixth Avenue."

Of course one can get rid of a good many hours this way. As a time-killing device it answers the purpose accurately, and if this is what is generally meant by "shopping" I can see how it can be made to fill an otherwise blank afternoon in a perfectly comfortable and comprehensive manner.

From my own observation, I think the modern unoccupied lady finds the social diversion of calling as engrossing as did her ancestress in Mlle. de Scudery's time. When everybody has a day at home, one could call all afternoon, from lunch to dinner, and always find one's victims sitting in the parlor, fattened for the sacrifice. Those were the days of short visits, when experts could get in ten calls from three to six, provided the recipients lived on or near car-lines. The call was as arid of cheerful social intercourse as were those which the *spirituelle* Scudery described. There was, as Omar Khayyâm has it, "a little talk of thee and me," and then the visitor flitted on. But it killed off the afternoon quickly and effectively. By six o'clock the dying day had not a kick left in it.

One of the strangest things about these time-killing women is that they are always telling you how frightfully busy they are, how they hadn't a minute to call their own. They rush up to you effusively, and say how they long to see you, how to call upon you is one of the dearest wishes of their hearts, but they really haven't a minute in the day. You smile, and try to look as if you believed it. By an effort of will, you banish the expression of startled incredulity from your face; you even refrain from saying with an air of innocent politeness: "What are you so busy about? I never knew before you were really working at anything."

The women who are working at something don't often use the phrase about being so busy. They also appear to have more time to cultivate the society they affect. When the work hours are hard and long, the play hours are carefully and profitably arranged. Women who are engrossingly engaged in domestic life or professional work are always easier to find, simpler of access, than women whose lives are arranged entirely on a society basis.

One of the most universally known and practically tested ways of passing time among "the frightfully busy" is "sitting round and talking." Hours romp joyously past when one is thus occupied. You "sit around and talk" after breakfast, after lunch, and after dinner. From three to five hours, according to the staying capacity of the sitters, can be worked through in this manner. The subject of the talk does not matter. It can range through the fields of art, literature, science, religion, scandal, politics, dress. Sometimes the talkers rock in rocking-chairs and sew. I once had a friend who asked me to lunch, and said: "And bring your work, and after lunch we can sit round and have a good talk." I was afraid to go, and said I couldn't bring my work, as I was making a lampshade of the circumference of an average umbrella, which was all a lie.

I always supposed sewing occupied a great deal of the time of the unoccupied women, but I hear now that such is not the case. My masculine friend, when I suggested it, was scornful at my ignorance. He said nobody ever sewed now, except thrifty bachelors, who did their mending on Sunday, and people who were paid. I certainly have known women who made most of their own clothes, but here again it is true they were poor, and the clothes-making was squeezed in at odd times, like the bachelor's mending. The prosperous women of independent means do not sew at all, except when "the sitting round" process is in progress, and then it is in a desultory fashion, because the talking is what one is "sitting round" for, the sewing is merely a sort of decorative adjunct.

All things considered, we find that the way Mlle. Scudery divided up the day of the lady of leisure was just about the same in her epoch as it is in ours. Perhaps she gives an undue length of time for sleep. Eight to nine hours is the average allowance for an American woman, though if you count the hour or two spent in waking up before the actual getting up takes place, you can run the resting half of the day to nearly her figure. The two or three hours spent in consuming her food is a very moderate allowance; one often sits two hours over a dinner alone, and the three or four to dress herself, which, to me, seemed excessive, is evidently not by any means an unusual length of time to spend in front of the glass.

GERALDINE BONNER.

THE NEW CUP DEFENDER.

Remarkable Record of the "Reliance"—How She Acquired Herself in Twenty Races—Unsatisfactory Trial Tests of the Two "Shamrocks"—Sir Thomas Lipton's Predictions.

The consensus of opinion to-day among yachtsmen is that the committee of the New York Yacht Club on cup challenge did a very sensible thing in calling off the trial series at Newport yesterday, after the initial race, and selecting the *Reliance* to defend the *America's* Cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's new challenger, *Shamrock III*. The first international contest is scheduled to take place on August 20th, and it is none too long a time to prepare the defender for the supreme test. To-day she left Newport for Bristol, R. I., where she is to be overhauled, cleaned, polished, and put in thorough order for what Captain Hank Haff predicts will be the closest and grandest series of races ever sailed for the historic cup.

The new yacht is extreme in model, being big and powerful above the water, and lean and sharp below. Her dimensions have never been made public, but approximately she is 145 feet long over all, 25 feet 10 inches beam, and close to 99 feet on the water line, on which she carries a sail spread of nearly 17,000 square feet of canvas, the largest ever carried by a cup defender. The syndicate, which paid for her design and construction, is composed of C. Oliver Iselein, Elbert H. Gary, Clement A. Griscom, P. A. B. Widener, William B. Leeds, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Norman B. Ream, Henry Walters, William G. Rockefeller, and J. J. Hill. She was designed by Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, built at the shops of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, in Bristol, R. I., launched on April 11th, and had her first trial on April 25th.

Never before has a defender given a better demonstration of her right of selection than the *Reliance*. Since May 22d she has sailed in twenty races. Two of these were not finished, and in another race she lost her topmast, and withdrew. In the remaining seventeen races the new yacht finished first, although in two of these events she lost to *Constitution* on time allowance. *Constitution* also won the race from which *Reliance* withdrew, and the record for the cup yachts previous to yesterday's trial race at Newport is fifteen victories for the *Reliance* and three for *Constitution*. In all her twenty races, which were sailed under all conditions of wind and weather, she has shown exceptional speed in very light airs, and ample power to carry her tremendous sail spread in a heavy blow. Not a little of her success, of course, must be attributed to the fact that she has been handled with great skill and judgment by Captain Charley Barr.

While all yachtsmen are ready to admit that *Shamrock III* is the handsomest craft that has ever crossed the Atlantic in quest of the *America's* Cup, the majority manifest no alarm for the safety of the cup. This, despite the fact that the trial spins of the two *Shamrocks* off the Hook have been far from satisfactory to outsiders trying to "get a line" on the speed of the challenger. In the first place, it must be remembered that Captain Wringe and Captain Bevis are both on the pay-roll of Sir Thomas, and yachts can be held back almost as easily as horses. Then again, these tests have all been held on courses laid out in an off-hand way by the *Erin*. It is true that they have proved conclusively that the new ship is swifter than the old one, but they do not give definite figures by which one can estimate even roughly how much swifter Fife's latest creation, *Shamrock III*, really is.

The trials of *Reliance* with *Constitution* and *Columbia*, on the other hand, have been open and above-board. Each yacht has done her handsomest on every occasion that they have met. No one thinks for a moment that Captain Rhodes would hold back *Constitution* for the sake of sentiment—not while August Belmont was on deck. *Columbia*, too, has done her best under all conditions, having been handled throughout the races by E. D. Morgan, a first-class amateur skipper.

The selection of the *Reliance* to defend the cup, however, does not seem to have shaken Sir Thomas's confidence in his challenger. When told of the New York Yacht Club's choice, he remarked: "I never doubted that the *Reliance* would be selected, and it is very much more satisfactory to me to meet the new boat, and what is believed to be without a shadow of a doubt the best boat, than it would be to meet an older boat, or one about whose capabilities there should be the least doubt. We have all looked forward to the selection of the *Reliance*, and she is unquestionably a great boat, worthy in every way of her great designer, Mr. Herreshoff, but I have not lost faith in the slightest degree in the *Shamrock III*, and I believe firmly she will win. I believed so before I saw the *Reliance*. I have believed so since I came here, with implicit confidence in my boat, and I have all that confidence still. You will see that cup starting on the home voyage this time."

Nevertheless, Sir Thomas's confidence in *Shamrock III* has not converted many American yachtsmen to his way of thinking, and there is consequently very little betting. Most of the knowing salts with whom I have talked are satisfied that no fleetier racing machine than *Reliance* was ever designed, and, consequently, are firm in their belief that never was the cup in less danger of crossing the pond than now.

NEW YORK, July 28, 1903.

FLANEUR.

THE LONDON GAIETY THEATRE.

Final Performance at the Famous Old Home of Burlesque—Reminiscences of Notable Plays and Players.

Those who attended the memorable closing performance of the famous old Gaiety Theatre, in London, last month, enjoyed the unique experience of seeing many old stage-favorites in the parts in which they won favor many years ago. The programme included the second act of "The Toreador," which reached its six hundred and seventy-fifth performance, and "The Linkman," a musical hodge-podge, in which Florence St. John appeared as Marguerite in "Faust Up to Date"; Ethel Haydon as La Favorita in "The Circus Girl"; Letty Lind as Donna Rita in "Ruy Blas and the Blasé Roué"; Charles Danby as Don Salluste in the same burlesque; Arthur Williams as Septimus Hooley, and Seymour Hicks as Charles Appleby in "The Shop Girl"; and Ethel Sydney as Edmond Dantes in "Monte Cristo, Jr." Here, indeed, was a heavy talent that could not be surpassed in England, but there were still other popular Gaiety girls and comedians who appeared. Evie Greene, Ethel Irving, Hilda Moody, and Edna May gave a dainty song and dance, which was hurled by Edmund Payne, George Grossmith, Jr., Harry Grattan, and Fred Wright, Jr.

Then came Sir Henry Irving, who, by the way, was once a Gaiety performer himself. In the course of an enthusiastically applauded speech, he said:

"I appear on this stage after rather a long absence—more years, I am afraid, than most of you can remember. But I am gratified to know that among the playful associations of the past, which have been gathered in 'The Linkman' by my young friend Grossmith—George the Second, who seems as full of humorous fancy as his father—I am gratified to know that I have not been forgotten. Indeed, I noticed, as I came in just now, a gentleman whose flattering resemblance to myself was positively startling, and he was accompanied by a very close copy of my dear old friend, John Toole. I wish with all my heart that two such famous representatives of the genius of the old Gaiety as Mr. Toole and Nellie Farren could have joined us to-night and mingled their remembrances with ours. Ladies and gentlemen, I have just dropped in, as Mr. Toole would say, as an old neighbor of thirty years' standing, who used to carry on a different sort of shop over the way, and is still in that serious line of business—hell and that kind of thing, not far off—I have just dropped in to offer Mr. George Edwardes my heartiest congratulations. In a few minutes he will close the doors of the old Gaiety—Good old Gaiety, as it is called by my friend, the ever-green John Hollingshead, who established its fame. Mr. Edwardes will soon close these doors, and not in melancholy. I believe he has a comfortable little arrangement with the county council, and I dare say a good many people would be glad to close their doors on the same terms. But in a few weeks Mr. Edwardes will open the doors of the new Gaiety, to a flood of popularity and prosperity, which, I am sure, will keep him, and his company, and the public, in the highest good humor for many years to come. And, as an earnest of that, I believe it is almost time to close this celebration, after a few welcome words from Mr. George Edwardes, by joining Miss Florence St. John in singing 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

Thus ended the brilliant career of the "Good old Gaiety," which was opened on December 21, 1868, on the site of the old Strand Music Hall. In the earlier years of the theatre's existence, the programmes were not wholly confined to burlesque, and some of the actors who appeared there then were Henry Irving, John L. Toole, Adelaide Neilson, Henry Neville, Madge Robertson, and Mrs. Kendal.

Burlesque soon became the regular policy of the theatre, although dramas were occasionally acted, and the Comédie-Française company made its only appearance in England at this theatre. John Hollingshead was the manager of the theatre until 1886, and during his season of burlesque there the institution was no credit to the drama. Men about town in London—decapitated earls and rich lordlings—had access to the stage as freely as if they were actors in the performance. The pretty women in the chorus paid little or no attention to their work, left during the performance if they were so inclined, and were said to ignore for months at a time the envelopes containing their salaries.

H. J. Byron and F. C. Burnand supplied most of the burlesques in those days. Nellie Farren, Arthur Roberts, Fred Leslie, Kate Vaughn, Phyllis Broughton, Letty Lind, E. J. Lonnien, Florence St. John, Sylvia Grey, John Monkhous, and Marion Hood were some of the artists who took part in these performances. Kate Vaughn, who died a year ago, was the inventor of the skirt dance, which was for a long time identified with the Gaiety's productions.

George Edwardes, the manager of the theatre until its close, changed the régime established by Hollingshead, and made the Gaiety as respectable as any play-house in London: He made burlesques the principal feature, but foreign actors also played there. Augustin Daly's company appeared at the Gaiety for several seasons. W. J. Florence and his wife, Henry E. Dixey, Nat Goodwin, and John T. Raymond also made their first English appearances at the Gaiety.

The Gaiety knew few failures, and, during the last decade of its existence, any musical farce produced there was sure to run at least a half-year.

What Roosevelt Really Said.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 1, 1903.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have read with interest the communications which you have printed in the last three issues of the *Argonaut* on President Roosevelt's "race-suicide" theory, and it strikes me that none of the writers seem to be exactly sure of what our chief executive actually did say. If I am not mistaken, the discussion of his views was first started by the letter he wrote to Mrs. Van Vorst, after reading her chapter on the conditions at "Perry, a New York Mill Town." This letter was included in the volume, "The Woman Who Toils," written in collaboration by Mrs. John Van Vorst and Marie Van Vorst, and immediately attracted much attention. It is as follows:

"To me there is a melancholy side to your article, when you touch upon what is fundamentally, infinitely more important than any other question in this country—that is, the question of race suicide, complete, or partial.

"An easy, good-natured kindness, and a desire to be 'independent'—that is, to live one's life purely according to one's own desires—are in no sense substitutes for the fundamental virtues, for the practice of the strong, racial qualities, without which there can be no strong races—the qualities of courage and resolution in both men and women, of scorn of what is mean, base, and selfish, of eager desire to work, or fight, or suffer, as the case may be, provided the end to be gained is great enough, and the contemptuous putting aside of mere ease, mere rapid pleasure, mere avoidance of toil and worry. I do not know whether I most pity or most despise the foolish and selfish man or woman who does not understand that the only things really worth having in life are those the acquirement of which normally means cost and effort. If a man or woman, through no fault of his or hers, goes through life denied those highest of all joys which spring only from home life, from the having and bringing up of many healthy children, I feel for them deep and respectful sympathy—the sympathy one extends to the gallant fellow killed at the beginning of a campaign, or the man who toils hard and is brought to ruin by the fault of others. But the man or woman who deliberately avoids marriage, and has a heart so cold as to know no passion, and a brain so shallow and selfish as to dislike having children, is in effect a criminal against the race, and should be an object of contemptuous abhorrence by all healthy people.

"Of course, no one quality makes a good citizen, and no one quality will save a nation. But there are certain great qualities for the lack of which no amount of intellectual brilliancy, or of material prosperity, or of ease of life, can atone, and which show decadence and corruption in the nation just as much if they are produced by selfishness and coldness and ease-loving laziness among comparatively poor people, as if they are produced by vicious or frivolous luxury in the rich. If the men of the nation are not anxious to work in many different ways, with all their might and strength, and ready and able to fight at need, and anxious to be fathers of families, and if the women do not recognize that the greatest thing for any woman is to be a good wife and mother, why, that nation has cause to be alarmed about its future.

"There is no physical trouble among us Americans. The trouble with the situation you set forth is one of character, and therefore we can conquer it if we only will."

E. T. G.

An event occurred in Rome, the other day, which recalls the Pontificate of Pius the Ninth when such things were more common than they are now. This was the beginning of the novitiate as a Benedictine nun of Princess Alfonsina, the twenty-four-year-old daughter of Prince Orsini. The ceremony was attended by all the members of the old Roman aristocracy. The Orsini, ever faithful to the Papacy, have given five Popes to the chair of St. Peter, the first so far back as 752, and the last in 1724. The present head of the family, the father of Alfonsina, is assistant to the Papal throne, the highest lay position at the Vatican. One of his sons is an officer of the Noble Guard, and was a favorite of Leo the Thirteenth.

George Soule Spencer, of the Neil-Moroso company, now playing at the California Theatre, leaves for the East next week to become leading man for William H. Crane. He is to create the part of Percival Bines in Crane's production of "The Spenders."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Notwithstanding the honors heaped upon Professor Adolf Lorenz in the United States, hardly any attention was paid to him in Mexico. He was not invited to demonstrate his method, and the local German, as well as the Mexican, doctors kept aloof from him. The Austrian ambassador, Count Hohenwart, however, gave a dinner in his honor.

J. A. Sheppard, the brilliant English artist and illustrator, better known by his pseudonym, "Phil May," died in London on Wednesday, at the age of thirty-eight. He was a victim of consumption, and his end is said to have been hastened by his bohemian life, hard work, and fondness for late hours. His most notable work was done for *Punch* and the *Graphic*.

The Duke of Marlborough, who has been appointed under secretary of state for the colonies, has heretofore held no political office, although he was mentioned for lord lieutenant of Ireland. He is the ninth duke in succession to the great John Churchill, is thirty-two years old, and is interesting to Americans, inasmuch as his duchess was formerly Consuelo Vanderbilt, daughter of William K. Vanderbilt.

Lady Stanley, wife of the explorer, Sir Henry Stanley, has made some interesting drawings for the current *Bazar*, illustrating an article on "Street Arabs in London." Before her marriage, in 1890, she was Miss Dorothy Tennent, daughter of C. Tennent, of Glamorganshire, England, and known as a beauty and wit. She acquired fame in England by electioneering for her husband, when he was a candidate for Parliament. Her sister was the model of Millais's celebrated painting, "Yes or No?"

The Hon. Charlotte Knollys (pronounced Knowles), who has been the constant attendant of Queen Alexandra for the last thirty years, is said to be the only lady not related to the English queen who calls her by her Christian name, or rather its diminutive, "Alix." In return, her majesty and the Princesses Louise, Maude, and Victoria always address Miss Knollys as "Chatty." She invariably travels with the queen, and has apartments in all the palaces. Her brother, Lord Knolly, is secretary to King Edward.

Robert J. Burdette, who, up to his practical retirement, a few years ago, from the newspaper field, had a national reputation as a writer of humor, has decided to become a preacher. For some time past, Mr. Burdette has been devoting his attention to the lecture platform, and recently, when there came a split in the flock of the First Baptist Church, of Los Angeles, he was asked by some two hundred of the members to establish a new church and become its pastor. After due deliberation, Mr. Burdette consented, and one of the largest church edifices in Los Angeles has been leased by the new congregation.

James R. Keene, the well-known Wall Street stockbroker, who last week lost \$1,500,000 through the doings and failure of his son-in-law's brokerage firm of Talbot J. Taylor & Co., announces that he was not embarrassed, "only annoyed." Keene is too seasoned a gambler in stocks, horse-races, and the like to make a noise over the loss even of millions. He went from San Francisco to New York in 1878 with a reputation for daring speculative deeds and a fortune supposed to rise into the millions. This fortune has been lost, won back, increased, and lost again several times since then. He was reputed to have dropped from \$4,000,000 to \$7,000,000 in the slump of 1883-4, and suspended payment, but was soon on his feet again gathering in other millions.

Giuseppe Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, who was elected on Tuesday to succeed Pope Leo the Thirteenth on the throne of St. Peter, was born at Riese, Province of Venice, June 2, 1835. He was only twenty-three years of age when he was consecrated a priest at Castel Franco. For nine years he acted as coadjutor to the parish priest at Tomholo, Province of Padua. Then he was appointed parish priest at Salzano, and in 1875 he was elected chancellor of the Bishopric of Treviso. Then he was promoted to spiritual director of that seminary, judge of the ecclesiastical tribunal, and finally vicar-general. At the age of forty-nine, Pope Leo appointed him Bishop of Mantua, where he remained nine years, until 1893, when he was made a cardinal, and appointed Patriarch of Venice. He encountered a determined opposition on the part of the Italian Government, however, before he could take possession of his

See. The government maintained that the patriarchate was part of the King of Italy's patronage, and that it was the king's right to present his own candidate. The difficulty which ensued was in reality solved, or shelved, because Cardinal Sarto, though chosen by the Pope, was a favorite with the Italian Government and with King Humbert himself—a rather singular case in Italy. The cardinal has, therefore, ruled his diocese undisturbed during the last ten years, beloved by Catholics, esteemed by the government, and respected by his enemies. Under his sway, the Catholic institutions of Venice have thriven exceedingly, and the cardinal's piety, combined with his very noteworthy common sense, has given him the reputation of being an ideal bishop.

It is reported from London that the delay in the announcement of the engagement of Miss Muriel White, daughter of the secretary of the American legation, and Austen Chamberlain, M. P., is due to the bitter opposition of Joseph Chamberlain, who feels that his eldest son could more materially assist his prospects by marrying into one of the great and wealthy English families. Inasmuch as the colonial secretary married Miss Endicott, of Massachusetts, daughter of President Cleveland's Secretary of War, London society is amused at his opposition to the marriage of his son to an American girl. Austen Chamberlain, by the way, is already forty years old. He has accumulated considerable wealth, and, as he is a great social and political favorite, he is considered a great catch by dowagers with marriageable daughters.

Captain John J. Pershing, U. S. A., who returned from the Philippines last week on a leave of absence, is a West Pointer of the class of 1886, with an exceptionally brilliant army record. Last October he was appointed Datto of Iligan by the Sultan of Mindanao, upon the request of the latter's own subjects. Iligan is the chief town of the Lake Lanao district, on the island of Mindanao, and as *datto* Captain Pershing dispensed justice to the Moros. In power he was supposed to be second to the sultan, and subject to his command—that is, so far as it did not conflict with his duty to the stars and stripes. Captain Pershing was virtually the civil as well as the military ruler of the district, and the chiefs, who held him in the highest esteem, consulted him daily. Almost every conceivable kind of business, private as well as public, was taken to him for adjustment. Captain Pershing taught the Moros that they had a different kind of people from the Spaniards to deal with. He fought them to a finish when fighting was necessary, and by fair, upright treatment won the friendship of all but a few. Their confidence in him was so strong that he was able to make periodical expeditions about the district with a mere handful of men. At one of the recent outbreaks in Mindanao he held the north lake Moros out of the trouble solely by his influence.

La Marquise.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Can you print in your "Old Favorites" column a French poem by Longfellow which appeared in a volume of short stories a number of years ago?

C. DE L.

[There is a French poem, addressed to Agassiz, which appears in Longfellow's works, and was acknowledged by him. The following he is said to have written; it appeared in "Swanee River Tales," by Sherwood Bonner.—Eds.]

Qu'elle est belle la marquise!
Que sa toilette est exquise!
Gants glacés à dix boutons,
Et bottines hauts talons!
Qu'elle est belle la marquise!

Quelles délices, quel délire,
Dans sa bouche et son sourire!
Et sa voix—qui ne dirait
Que le rossignol chantait?
Qu'elle est belle la marquise!

La marquise! ma marquise!
"Bel amour" est sa devise
Et sa profession de foi
Est: "Je vous aime— aimez moi!"
Qu'elle est belle la marquise!

Some of the recent manifestations in Italy of public ill-will toward Austria have been of an extraordinary character. In Rome, during the performance of M. Rostand's "L'Aiglon," in the Teatro Nazionale, whenever Austria was mentioned or Austrian uniforms appeared on the stage, the audience hissed and cried "Down with Austria"; and when the Austrian hymn was played they whistled and stamped, and called for the Italian hymn and the "Garibaldi March." So great was the commotion raised by Rostand's play that further presentations of "L'Aiglon" have been prohibited by the Italian Government.

LITERARY NOTES.

James Lane Allen's New Novel.

At least one noted American man of letters temerously proclaims in "Who's Who?" that he is "a novelist and farmer." Frank Mr. Garland! But he needs to look to his rustic laurels if James Lane Allen is to continue to have such ardently agricultural tastes in book-titles. On the cover of the Kentuckian's first novel the lush and juicy blue-grass of Kentucky courtied in the breeze. Soon thereafter came "Aftermath" with its georgic associations. Then his readers followed the agronomic Allen into "the hemp-fields" with a mighty swish of skirts. "A Summer in Arcady" was a title that harped on the same old theme. Now as a cap-sheaf (to speak farmerly) in bucolic nomenclature we have "The Mettle of the Pasture." Mr. Allen plainly has both feet hard and fast in Kentucky gumbo, and can't get loose.

It is only fair to say, however, that Mr. Allen's book is not so pastoral as the title. True, there are a few calves, bovine and human, in it, but they scarcely count. The real theme of the story—well, we don't know what it is. There are five couples; some of them get married and some do not. The book is so divided among them that what we may call the major couple is out of mind most of the time. Indeed, "The Mettle of the Pasture" scarcely deserves the name of novel at all. It is rather a series of little stories bound together by threads of relationships. Dent and Pansy's little romance is a perfect thing of its kind, and quite detached. So are the fine character-sketches of Professor Hardage and his sister, that of Judge Morris, the narrative of the old maid's wooing, and the little affair between Barbee and Marguerite. It is these carefully depicted habitants of the old Kentucky town who will live, we think, in the memories of readers. The book is well worth while, if only to make the acquaintance of the venerable judge.

But the hero and heroine are disappointing. Their mutual problem is solved weakly and sentimentally, not sensibly. The problem is this: Shall a man who, in early youth, has had a child by a girl who has since married a man of her own class and passed with the child irrevocably out of his life—shall he tell the pure woman who loves him and whom he is about to marry of the fact? Mr. Allen's hero does so. The blue-blooded Kentucky girl recoils from his very touch and ends at once everything between them. The young man (he is only twenty-five) is proud but broken-hearted; he turns for solace to hard work on his estate; his health fails; unfounded rumors besmirch his character. Meanwhile, Isabel travels abroad. It takes her three years to make up her mind, and then she comes back to marry Rowan, "for love's sake." Rowan dies within a year after the marriage, but not before she has borne him a son. Reams of argument might be spent on this theme—and we suppose will be. Let it suffice here to say, however, merely that it is difficult for us to admire Rowan for his brutal truth-telling. There are moral heights so high that people freeze there. There are moral atmospheres so rarefied that people suffocate. As for Isabel, had she been less proud and selfish it seems to us that she would have married Rowan any way. She wrecked two lives. Who gained? If nobody, then why? But Rowan's painful sense of honor is not admirable. At the opposite pole from James Lane Allen in character and philosophy is one who has written:

"If there is trouble to Herward and a lie of the blackest can clear,
Lie, while thy tongue can utter, or a soul is alive to hear."

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Delicate Studies of Nature.

Charles G. D. Roberts is a poet, and into his prose stories of beast and bird he puts poetic feeling and charm of phrase that are rarely to be found in current writing. In "Earth's Enigmas" he has attempted "to present one or another of those problems of life or nature to which . . . there is no adequate solution within sight." Thus, in the story called "The Young Ravens that Call Upon Him," he vividly pictures an eagle's eyrie, where the great birds are "racked with hunger" and the young "incage and uncomfortable." Day after day the eagles have hunted almost in vain. But at dawn they again "leap themselves into the abyss of air" in search for food for their starving young. When Mr. Roberts has roused the reader's sympathies he turns and depicts a bleak and wooded hillside, and thereon a solitary ewe

with her newly yearned lamb. He paints for us her terror at the absence of the flock, her fear of some danger to the bleating weakling at her side, her blind courage, equal to charging a lion. Then the eagle swoops, and hears off the lamb to her young, while "with piteous cries the ewe ran beneath, gazing upward, and stumbling over the hillocks and juniper bushes." The stories might readily be called "Studies in Contrasts." In the present edition, there are three new tales, and a number of striking pictures by Charles Livingston Bull.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

A Youthful President's Ideas on Girls.

Under the title, "Life in a New England Town, 1787-1788," Charles Francis Adams has collected extracts from the diary of his grandfather, John Quincy Adams, while the latter was a law-student in the office of Theophilus Parsons, at Newburyport. To these he has added exhaustive notes clarifying all references and allusions. The whole makes an interesting book. The literary style of the youthful Adams is inclined to be stilted and high-flown, but that serves only to give a flavor of quaintness. Certain coy misses occupy a good deal of space, and some of the budding barrister, and future President's comments are highly amusing. One night he attended a ball. "Miss Fletcher," he wrote on his return, "had what is called a very genteel shape. Her complexion is fair, and her eye is sometimes animated with a very pleasing expression; but unfortunately she is in love, and unless the object of her affections is present, she loses all her spirits, grows dull and unsocial, and can be pleased with nothing. . . . I was glad to change my partner. Miss Coats is not in love, and is quite sociable . . . and, moreover, what is very much in her favor, she is an only daughter, and her father has money."

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Macmillan Company will soon bring out an intimate biography and critical estimate of the famous American artist, Whistler. It will be entitled "J. McNeill Whistler and His Work." Its authors are Arthur G. and Nancy Bell.

Gertrude Atherton has taken an apartment at Munich, and expects to live for some time in that city.

The hero of Stanley J. Weyman's new historical novel, "The Long Night," is a young theologian, the heroine a Genevan girl, accused of witchcraft, and the crucial chapter depicts a prolonged hand-to-hand conflict in the darkness of night, up and down the tortuous, precipitous streets of Geneva.

The series of articles upon "The Nineteenth Century in Caricature," by A. B. Maurice and F. T. Cooper, which began in the March number of an Eastern magazine, will be published in book-form in the autumn.

"In Double Harness" is to be the title of Anthony Hope's new society novel.

The new series of stories dealing with Sherlock Holmes is to be entitled "The Return of Sherlock Holmes." It will appear in the *Strand*, in England, and in a well-known weekly in this country. Consequently, the stories will not be included in the American edition of the *Strand*. The first four stories are entitled "The Adventure of the Empty House," "The Adventure of the Norwood Builder," "The Adventure of the Dancing Man," and "The Adventure of the Solitary Cyclist."

The Lippincotts have just published their biographical edition of the novels of Charles Dickens in twenty volumes. Each volume in the edition is supplied with a biographical introduction, giving a history of the book and its place in Dickens's life. The edition also includes Forster's "Life of Dickens," edited and revised by the English novelist and critic, George Gissing.

Dr. David Starr Jordan has in press a volume to be entitled "The Voice of the Scholar, and Other Addresses on the Problems of Higher Education."

General F. V. Greene, who recently visited San Francisco in Governor Odell's party, contributes a memoir of his father, the late Major-General George Sears Greene, to the genealogical work on the family, which is being issued privately, under the title "The Greenes of Rhode Island." The late Major-General Greene spent many years in collecting the material for this book. His manuscripts have been compiled and arranged for pub-

lication by Mrs. Louise B. Clarke, of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society. The publication is made by the compiler's sons.

The first edition of Jack London's "The Call of the Wild" was exhausted on the day of publication. A second edition of ten thousand, as was the first, is now preparing, but likely to be delayed somewhat because of the new process used in reproducing the colored illustrations.

A book of verse by Marie Corelli, to be brought out under the title "Songs and Poems," is announced for early publication.

Stephen Gwynn, author of "John Maxwell's Marriage," a forthcoming novel on the Macmillan Company's list, has been selected by John Morley to write the biography of Tom Moore for the English Men of Letters Series.

Dr. Lyman Abbott's book on Henry Ward Beecher, his predecessor in the Plymouth Church pulpit, is described as more intimate than formal.

J. Storer Clouston, author of "Adventures of M. d'Haricot," the account of ludicrous adventures of a Frenchman in England, is writing a new story, which is said to be not quite so broadly farcical as the "D'Haricot" book.

LATE VERSE.

Two Careers.

What has she done that men should stay
The jostling hurry of their way
To seek with wonder-eager eyes
The darkened mansion where she lies?
What has she done that, far and wide,
Has flashed the word that she has died—
That folk in distant lands have said
To one another, "She is dead"?
Why should the lips of strangers raise
To her a monument of praise?
Ah, it was hers to conquer fame.
She made a Name.

And she who lies so whitely still,
Untouched of joy, unwept of ill,
Has she done aught? Why, surely, no;
The records of her living show
No laurels won, no glory gained,
No effort crowned, no height attained;
In life she championed no cause;
Why should the passing people pause?
One little household's narrow scope
Held all her heart and all her hope.
Too lowly she for fame's high dome,
She made a Home.

—Jennie Betts Hartswick in August Bazaar.

Homesickness.

Where shall I wander, where upon the plain,
Who finds not that for which my heart is fain,
Not one sweet meadow where the violets wake,
Nor any woodland bordering a lake?
Where shall I search upon the mountain-side,
Who can not find the darlings of my pride—
The first arbutus hid beneath the snow,
The star-stown wind-flowers that I used to know,
The wintergreen, the little partridge-vine
Bright-berried yearly underneath the pine?
Where shall I turn, who can no longer see
The far blue hills familiar unto me—
The hills of summer and the hills of snow
Where great winds rise and driven clouds sweep low.
Too long my steps were taught New England ways,
Too long my eyes looked out upon those days
To find their comfort here. Here sorrow dwells,
And the wide future opens, dim and vast;
But there forever lie the olden spells,
The balm of childhood and my treasured past!
—Edith C. Banfield in August Century Magazine.

The Wandering Jew.

The shuttle flies, the cloth is being spun
To drape a form that shivered long in rags,
And journeyed from the mire, to reach the crags,
Along the lowlands, where the shining sun
Caressed him (as he passed, with staff in hand),
The homeless Jew, with nothing but a Book
To take along, when all else he forsook.

To pilgrim to his God o'er sea and land,
Unswerving in his purpose as the stars,
As true as steel, as firm as adamant,
As tender as a child in sentiment:
This wand'ring sage, who hides a myriad scars
Beneath his threadbare cap and gabardine,
Shall wear distinction with a modest mien.
—George Alexander Kohut in Ex.

The preparation by an English publishing house of a new translation of the novels of Dumas brings out the rather surprising fact that there are at least thirty tales of his that have never before been translated into English.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Porto Ricans.

The editor of "The History of Puerto Rico" assures us in the preface that there is no satisfactory history of the island in Spanish, and none at all in English. Consequently, it is clear that the reader who wants to know about Porto Rico must put up with the multitudinous faults of the present book by R. A. Van Middelburg, of the San Juan Public Library—chief among which is the disjointed arrangement, the achronological scheme, which puts the chapter headed 1520-1582 before the one headed 1515-1534, and the prominence improperly given to the sixteenth century at the expense of the seventeenth and eighteenth. Nevertheless, the book is interesting. One phase of it in particular—that of the racial history of the Puertorriqueños—is striking.

The first permanent Spanish settlements were made about 1508, the island having been discovered by Columbus in 1493. The character of the settlers may be inferred from the fact that they were all men, and that King Ferdinand expressly stipulated that "any Spaniard may freely go to the Indies . . . by simply presenting himself to the Seville officials without giving any further information [about himself]"—a clear invitation to shady characters. In a later document the king wrote: "Spread reports about great quantities of gold . . . do not trouble about antecedents . . . if not useful as laborers they will do to fight." These are doubtless the settlers of whom Arango speaks as "the vile brood of pardoned criminals." These criminals, of course, mated with the Indians, who are described in contemporary accounts as "short, corpulent, with flat noses, wide nostrils, dull eyes, bad teeth, narrow foreheads, the skull artificially flattened before and behind so as to give it a conical shape." From the loins of criminals and enslaved natives, then, sprung the mestizos. But a new racial factor entered before many years. The Indians, at first numbering about 6,000, being enslaved in the mines, were decimated by inhuman treatment and disease. Negro slaves were then imported—men and women. These mixed with the Indians, producing (to employ the terminology of Tschudi) the chino and zambo. They also mated with the whites, producing the mulatto. Then followed in due course various mixtures—the creole, zambo-negro, mestizos, etc. Later on, the predominance of Spanish settlers of a better class improved the racial tone of the population. Yet 315,632 of the 894,302 souls, which form the present population, are negroes, or of mixed race. Mr. Middelburg has firm faith in the ultimate redemption of the race, though he declares that "of the moral defects of the people it would be invidious to speak." The book contains a number of illustrations.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Six Trees."

It is not the first time that Mary Wilkins Freeman has tasted the bitterness of a too-reunmerative literary celebrity. Her natural bent is toward simplicity and realism, and her earlier stories of New England life and character were so unshrinkingly sincere and direct in their rigid, almost stern, honesty, and she was able to infuse so strong an element of interest into their forthright realism, that she built up for herself a reputation that, in its money value, now means ceaseless and not always artistic labor. Mrs. Freeman now, and for several years, has been producing too rapidly to maintain her former standard of literary art.

This is shown in her latest book, "Six Trees," which, like her series of animal stories that appeared in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* some years ago, has a fundamental basis of distorted fancy that is prompted more by expediency than by artistic conviction.

"Six Trees" contains six stories, each of whose leading characters is a person, and not a tree. But the idea carried out in all of the six stories is of the influence exerted on the life, the mental attitude, and the character generally of those who live in daily contemplation of, and association with, a favorite tree.

The idea is pretty, fanciful, and picturesque, but here it is hammered out thin by too much repetition; it becomes strained and unnatural, robbing the story that it embellishes of its spontaneity.

So it has proved in the tales which comprise the volume of "Six Trees" in nearly every case. The exception is "The Apple Tree," which is more like Mrs. Freeman in her earlier manner, and not Mrs. Freeman imitating herself. It has some of the humor of her ad-

mirable little story, "The Revolt of Mother," and in it the apple-tree is subordinated to its proper place, and not dragged up by the roots, trying to keep pace with humans. Mrs. Freeman's characteristic qualities make all the other stories readable, but scarcely credible. The New England nature, the New England dialect, the New England thrift and energy and tenacity of purpose, are all there in full, thriving beneath the shadow of accompanying trees, save the spring bloom of the apple-tree, where is drawn a tolerant and reposeful picture of thriftlessness which, on the whole, pleases more than the others by its sense of contrast.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

"A Puritan Witch," by Marvin Dana, is a melodramatic story of early New England days, dealing, as its title indicates, with the witchcraft delusion. Published by the Smart Set Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

The new edition of the works of Charles Kingsley, edited by Maurice Kingsley, which has heretofore been noticed in these columns, is carried forward by the publication of "Westward Ho!" in two volumes. Published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York.

The department of state of California, under the administration of Charles F. Curry, is publishing some very useful manuals for the use of lawyers and laymen. Two of these have reached us. One contains the State and Federal Constitutions, the Declaration of Independence, Magna Charta, and other interesting papers. The other is entitled "Corporation Laws of California," and is a closely printed work of more than three hundred pages.

So anxious are the publishers to escape the opprobrium of bringing another historical novel into the world, that they print in emphatic italics on the cover of "The Love of Monsieur": "This is not an historical novel." But George Gibbs has only escaped committing that crime by the skin of his teeth. He has left out the dates, the great personages in diaphanous disguise, the kings and the queens. For the rest, the book is of the fatally familiar sort—plenty of torrid love and gory fights. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

A book called "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" purports to have been prepared by George Gissing from material left behind him by Ryecroft, a somewhat mediocre London journalist, whose last years were brightened by an annuity of three hundred pounds, enabling him to settle down in the country and amuse himself by writing down random notes and memories. These jottings, though tinged with bitterness, are, from their frankness and freedom from restraint, quite interesting. It is not clear, however, that their author's name is Ryecroft. It may be Gissing. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

"Twixt God and Mammon," a posthumous novel by William Edwards Tirebuck, which is so unfortunate as to be introduced by Hall Caine, deals chiefly with rural life in Wales. The problem that there faces a young clergyman is whether he shall marry a sincere and lovely country girl named Joy Probert, and lead a devoted and earnest life in a country parish, or accept the "munificent" (!) offer of "a rectory, £450 per annum in an agricultural district"—a course which carries with it the tacit agreement to marry the mature and wealthy, but unspiritual, Miss Moore. The book as a whole is a gloomy one, but shows intimate knowledge of Welsh life and character. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

T. M. Clark's "Building Superintendence," is a standard work on the subject, being sufficiently commended by the fact that it has passed through fifteen editions. The section dealing with steel office structures has been entirely re-written for the last edition, and is now thoroughly up to date. The work is particularly designed for the use of persons having buildings erected, who desire to know how to supervise them efficiently, and for young architects. The theory of building is not gone into—merely the ordinary practice. It is amusing to read on page fifty-eight that "hard but crooked bricks, if not too much distorted, may be utilized in the backing of stonework, but must not be used in any pier or arch." This was once sound advice, but time hath worked its changes, and now the crooked, blackened and distorted bricks from

the top of the kiln are (at least in San Francisco) put in the most prominent places, since they are held to be "artistic." The brick that once "might be utilized in the backing" has verily now become the head of the corner. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

In "Sarah Tuldon" we have a rather striking story of Wessex life and character in the 'forties. The people of the tale differ little from those we find in the novels of Hardy, but Orme Angus has developed an original plot in an original manner. The heroine is a shrewish young woman, but possesses at the bottom really fine instincts. How she lifted her family from penury to comfort, and revolutionized the town in which they lived and the country round about, is the theme of the tale. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Parts VI and VII of the Representative Art of Our Time Series are now from the press. Part VI contains, among other things, an etching by M. Lepère, a lithograph by M. Steinlen, a reproduction of a painting by Mr. Clausen, and one of Charles Conder's fan-designs. In Part VII we find an etching by Alphonse Legros, and reproductions of Mr. Watt's "Trifles Light as Air," and of a landscape by M. Raffaelli in his own medium. The papers accompanying the prints are contributed by A. L. Baldry (on "The Development and Practice of Pastel Painting" and "Herkomer-gravure"), and Alfred East (on "Monotyping in Color"). These numbers maintain the standard set by the previous issues. Published by John Lane, New York.

Henley's Friendship for Kipling.

Before his marriage, Rudyard Kipling and the late W. E. Henley were very devoted friends, and saw much of each other in London. So interested was Henley in his young friend's work that he is said to have retouched nearly all of Kipling's earlier poems. Sherwin Cody, in the *Boston Transcript*, thus relates how the two devoted writers finally drifted apart:

One of the well-liked young men in the early 'nineties was Walcott Balestier. He had two sisters who used to visit him in London, one coming for the winter and one for the summer. The older one, who came for the winter, was not at all popular, while the younger sister was a favorite. One day a young literary friend rushed in on Mr. Henley, exclaiming:

"Kipling's engaged to Miss Balestier."
"Which one?" was the query: "summer or winter?"
"Winter."
"Oh, my God!" was Henley's spontaneous exclamation.

Well, Kipling was married to Miss Balestier, and came to the United States to live. After a time, as we know, he went back to London. He had apartments in Chelsea, not far from Henley's home at that time. After he had been in London for about three weeks, Henley met him on the street one Sunday morning. It was the cordial reunion of old friends, for Henley kindly forgot the fact (a fact which had pained him greatly) that Kipling had been in London, just around the corner, for three weeks, and had not been to see him. Kipling and Henley went to the latter's apartments, and talked gayly until after one o'clock, when Kipling suddenly pulled out his watch, and declared he must go home at once, that his wife would be waiting lunch for him. Henley pressed his friend to take lunch with him; but Kipling insisted that he must go home. He said he would return immediately, however. As a matter of fact, Mr. Henley did not see his famous young friend again during his stay in London. In view of all that he had done for Kipling, even to the detailed revision of his first regular volume of verse, when the young man was unknown in London, this seemed like rank ingratitude; but Mr. Henley laid it all to Kipling's wife.

Extraordinary Values of "Science and Health."

A remarkably rare book (says the *Boston Transcript*) is the first edition of "Science and Health," by Mary Baker Glover, Boston, 1876. This, the gospel of Christian Science, as first promulgated by its author, is now one of the most-sought books of comparatively recent date. The votaries of Christian Science include many wealthy collectors. One of them purchased an inferior copy at a recent sale at Libbie's for fifty-five dollars, but copies have been known to bring as much as one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Perfect copies are rarely met with, for the reason that most of those of the first edition have been well-thumbed or have been handled carelessly. The work is now in its two hundred and seventy-fourth edition, each edition being limited, in recent years, to one thousand copies. Of the first edition, however, only five hundred and one copies were issued. The first edition should contain a leaf of errata, and a very few copies have inserted the preliminary announcement of the work.

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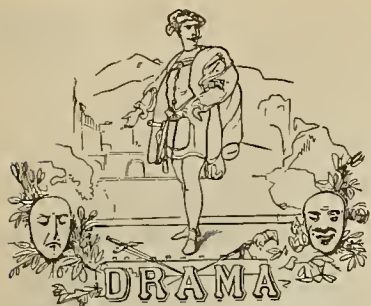
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A lazy man would warmly approve of "The Vinegar Buyer," in which vagabonds and gentry without visible means of support are good men and true, who win for themselves the love of fair women, while the industry of rogues, who toil and sweat for the wherewithal, does not prevent them from being a thoroughly bad lot. The good fellows, too, are humorists, while the deplorable industry of the unprincipled pair is even more unpardonable from their reprehensible lack of appreciation of a joke.

"The Vinegar Buyer," however, as announced by Ezra Kendall in his speech before the curtain, does not aspire toward "literary heights or dramatic flights." It is a gauzy dramatic structure, built around a meandering River of Jocosities. It is almost, but not quite, a farce, might pass for rural drama, swings hazily toward vaudeville when Ezra Kendall takes his stand before the curtain, and, boldly to coin a word, monologizes, and occasionally has passing moments of seriousness, like the freakish gravity that sometimes overtakes the cheerfully inconsequent moods of an inebriate. These moments, however, are few and far between, and Ezra Kendall figures in them not at all.

Mr. Kendall, as Joe Miller, the chief and champion joke-retailer of Bascomb's Corners, is merely himself projected into a play—if play it can be called. Joe Miller has endeared himself to the hearts of his fellow-townsmen by regarding virtue and jokes with equal approval. He encourages the one and propagates the other, and the only cloud that obscures his perpetual sun of enjoyment is the occasional inability of his associates immediately to "drop" when he makes a play upon words, or, by some infinitesimal shading of inflection, transforms an innocent-seeming phrase into a good-natured rap over the bald head of the town braggart, or a temporary disturbance of the sleek self-satisfaction of the town schemer.

Joe Miller was evidently named after his great prototype, because he is a human joke-factory. He never expresses himself in simple, direct phrase, but employs a vernacular which is exclusively jokese. He wishes, he says, to have his shoes massaged, and, while he makes rotatory caresses over the surface of his silk hat, remarks that, when he got it, it had a long nap, and is now in need of a hot application. Each of Mr. Kendall's words drops lingeringly, deliberately, from his lips, as if his car unconsciously sought for some unusual juxtaposition of syllables which would spell joke. There are many people of a similar tendency, whose ear and understanding get trained to a quickness that, to a mere, ordinary, non-joking individual, is sometimes marvelous and sometimes fatiguing.

The right kind of personality is necessary to this sort of thing, and Ezra Kendall has it. He is not a strenuous jester, looking avidly for applause, but rather a comfortable host, steadily and hospitably dispensing good cheer without examining you too narrowly to see if you appreciate it. He is easy, unruffled, magnetic, and serenely and continuously funny. His speech before the curtain, consisting of a string of irrelevantly funny sayings, is evidently duplicated nightly, and concludes with a funny story, which leaves the house gasping, gurgling, choking, or shrieking their appreciation after his retreating back.

As for the company, they are so carefully selected for their parts that they fit them most acceptably, giving one the impression of being clever people. Charles H. Crosby shows a broad, good-humored face, the demeanor of a man entirely unconcerned with the wage-earning worries of life, and a sunny disposition, as the town vagabond.

June Mathis, a bright young actress, apparently not yet past childhood, was very natural as his affectionate, confiding little daughter. Her absorption in her part, the expression of childish pleasure and wonder of her features, together with her implicitly trusting, innocently gliding eyes, gave her an entrancing air of reality.

Frank A. Lyon contributed to the rôle of

Aleck Stripe the big, hurly body and lumbering braggadocio that were required for the part, while Ralph Dean has the air of manly worth requisite in Mildred's young lover.

Roy Fairchild's style of physiognomy—his habit of narrowing his eyes craftily, and thrusting forward a pugnacious chin in a way that suggests a bad man, who holds back his anger through self-interest—gives him an appropriate appearance for the scheming young attorney, and John D. Garnik's Bob Bascomb is just the sun-dried, weather-seasoned, wind-faded, wire-hung, engaging sort of scarecrow that the part seems to call for.

The women, except Mirandy Talbot, Sandy's energetic wife, are permitted to be ornamental. Lucille Lu Verne, whose aggressive American personality is but intensified by her fluffy French stage manner, is naturally adapted to her rôle. The humor, which lies in continually misplacing the accent in the pronunciation of words, loses its point in a very short time, and becomes labored. But this little detail is probably not original with the actress, whose Mirandy was, in all other points, quite the appropriate blending of New England griffin with soft-hearted woman.

Helen Salinger was probably selected for her phenomenal ability to preserve a uniformly agreeable expression and a blind fixity of gaze for a long time at a stretch, and Lottie Alter, who is of the sweet-girl-graduate type, is doubtless indebted to her school-girl appearance, neat, round dimples, and a mildly flavored Sunday-school brand of sweetness, for having been chosen as the Mildred of the cast.

People who wait for the occasional first-class performances, over which they may rave, thrill, weep, or argue, will perhaps pronounce "The Vinegar Buyer" a frivolous intruder. However, its title permits no illusions in advance, and Mr. Kendall gives his audience many an occasion for healthy, hearty laughter.

"Under the Red Globe" and "The Three Musketeers" are so thoroughly blended into one at Fischer's that the spectator would have to be well up in both past and present fiction to know where the burlesque of "The Red Robe" ends and that of "The Three Musketeers" begins. Not that it really matters, more especially as Weyman so freely and openly imitates Dumas that both authors are equally burlesqueable. That is certainly an amusing travesty of both when the would-be duelists fall to doffing hats and monsooning each other. Strange to say, Bret Harte, in his famous old "Condensed Novels," did not begin to be as funny in "The Ninety-Nine Guardsmen" as in "Miss Mix," "Guy Heavy-stone," "Fantine," or a dozen other of those sixteen brilliant burlesques whose qualities of unerringly funny and keenly satirical mimicry are untouched by time. There was not a single joke in Bret Harte's "Ninety-Nine Guardsmen" that might have been cribbed for use in "The Three Musketeers" burlesque, which shows how utterly the modern point of view concerning humor has changed.

They rattle through it all amusingly enough, however, and all the familiar quips and comicities that are particularly appreciated by the audience are lugged in somehow. The inevitable plethoric wad of paper bills makes its appearance, and the audience, with accustomed delight, hangs with suspended breath and suffocated laughter on another version of the familiar scene in which the sharper cheats the greenhorn—and the bills change hands.

The Flossies, Gerties, Dollies, and Winnies wave scarves, spasmodically and rhythmically kick their foreheads, exhibit their petticoats and their shapes, sing and recite their lines in cracked childish voices, and all the beautiful spectacle, set in a warm haze of changeable electric brilliancy, floats like a vision of paradise before the enraptured gaze of the spectator whose susceptibilities to amusement are not dulled by years and custom. But the old fellows, too, are wonderfully responsive. Who would think that these stout, seasoned, weather-worn old toilers, wandering in alone, or in twos, urged on by that ever-insatiate necessity of getting over the interim between dinner and bedtime without thought, could, under the wear and tear, and fighting and dulling routine and strenuousness of life, preserve such a ready, bubbling effervescence of enjoyment over the merest trifles of jokes? It is perfectly amazing how many veterans of sixty or thereabouts become mere infants, "pleased by a rattle and tickled by a straw," when they are in a theatre whose business it is to create laughter.

There is not much variety in these different burlesques, but they are excellent pegs

upon which to hang a great quantity of comic effects, whose comparative familiarity does not dull the edge of the audience's delight. Maude Amber always makes a point of gowning herself most elaborately, and the management are careful to throw considerable *éclat* over each of her entrances, while the three comedians never seem to pall.

At the Orpheum, there is a complete change in the personnel of the entertainers once a month. At the Tivoli, a few new faces at least are a periodical necessity. But at Fischer's, the house is always crowded with a laughing, delighted throng, who never seem to tire of the quality of entertainment or entertainers. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Theatrical Chit-Chat.

May Buckley will support Henry E. Dixey in "Facing the Music" next season.

Klaw & Erlanger have definitely decided to open the New Amsterdam Theatre, in New York, in October, with N. C. Goodwin in an elaborate production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The Bostonians, the well-known operatic organization, was incorporated at Albany, N. Y., last week, with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars. The directors are Henry Clay Barnabe, William H. MacDonald, A. Parker Nevin, Emile Bruguère, and Boudon G. Charlton, of New York City.

Louis James and Frederick Warde will not appear in Shakespeare next season. Contrary to their time-honored custom, they will be seen in a new drama by Collin Kemper and Rupert Hughes, based on the life of Alexander the Great. The title part will fall to Mr. James, and Mr. Warde will play the part of the villain, Perdicas. James K. Hackett and Richard Mansfield are also to impersonate Alexander the Great in plays in which he will figure as the leading character.

Charles Frohman has completed arrangements for the joint appearance under his management of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe for three consecutive seasons. They will begin in New York in the middle of September, 1904, and then tour through the United States to San Francisco, finishing each season by an engagement in London. The contract provides that during the three years they shall play "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado About Nothing," "As You Like It," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice," "A Winter's Tale," and "Hamlet." The combination of these two artists was made practicable by their desire to appear together in Shakespearian drama.

Mme. Modjeska is resting at her ranch in Southern California, after a brilliant season in her native land, Poland, where she was enthusiastically received by her compatriots in all walks of life. She appeared before them in several Shakespearian and other classic plays, and in a few modern dramas. It was necessary for her to memorize many of her old rôles once more when she played them in her native tongue, but the labor was fully compensated for by the enthusiasm of her reception. Mme. Modjeska will appear professionally very few times, if at all, during the coming season, her plans being limited to perhaps a dozen special performances of her old rôles in San Francisco, San Diego, and Los Angeles. Season after next, if her health remains as good as it now is, she intends to make an extended tour of this country. It is said that she is devoting a considerable part of her leisure to writing her memoirs, which will not, however, be published during her lifetime.

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Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c; Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

Fischer's THEATRE

Commencing Monday, August 10th, double bill,

QUO VASS ISS (QUO VADIS) AND THE BIG LITTLE PRINCESS

Our "all star" cast including Kolb and Dill, Barney Bernard, Winfield Blake, Harry Hermen, Maude Amber, Eleanor Jenkins, etc.

Reserved seats—Nights, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Saturday and Sunday matinees, 25c and 50c. Children at matinees, 10c and 25c.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Ezra Kendall in "The Vinegar Buyer."

Ezra Kendall will begin his second and last week at the Columbia Theatre in "The Vinegar Buyer" on Monday evening, and those who enjoy a hearty laugh should not fail to see the droll comedian, for his impersonation of the lovable old story-teller is very amusing, and his company much above the average. In response to repeated encores on Monday night, he said, in the course of a graceful little speech of thanks: "We just came to California to deliver the goods, and we are glad to see so many of you here to buy them. I am glad to be back here. I came first about twenty years ago. Many of you who are in the front seats now were upstairs then. I don't expect to live forever, but I expect to come back and see some of those who are upstairs now in the front seats then. That means more money. But that is all right, boys; we have got to have you, even if you do come high. I have six boys at home of my own, and I would rather have six more than lose one of them, and I would rather have a bad boy than no boy at all. If there were no bad boys, I would not have been here myself." On Monday, August 17th, Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin will begin an extended stellar engagement in Bernard Shaw's play, "The Devil's Disciple," in which Richard Mansfield scored one of his greatest hits. The sale of seats begins on Thursday, and as there is sure to be a brisk demand for tickets, it will behoove those who wish to be present on the opening night to be in line early. The management announces that it will adhere strictly to its rule that no orders will be taken in advance.

Captain Marshall's "A Royal Family."

The Neil-Morocco company will present Captain Robert Marshall's charming comedy romance, "A Royal Family," at the California, on Sunday night. The play was given here two years ago by Annie Russell, and drew crowded houses during the fortnight engagement. Its theme, that of the everyday life of kings and queens—royalty behind the scenes, as it were—is admirably handled by Mr. Marshall, and keeps the audience in a merry mood throughout the evening. The scene of the play is laid in the imaginary country of Arcadia, which is on the verge of war with its mythical neighbor, Kurland. The people of each country are clamoring for the fray, and to their sovereigns the only way to avert hostilities seems an alliance, to be brought about by the marriage of the Princess Angela, daughter of King Louis the Seventh of Arcadia, and Prince Victor, Crown Prince of Kurland. The stumbling-block to this marriage is presented in the Princess Angela. When the subject is broached, she refuses to consider it. She has never seen Prince Victor, and emphatically declines to wed him, stoutly avowing that she will give herself only to the man she has learned to love. Neither coaxing nor command is of avail, but a ruse devised by the wily Cardinal Casano, Archbishop of Caron, solves the problem to the satisfaction of all. It so happens that Prince Victor was formerly a pupil of the cardinal, and is visiting his old tutor *incognito*, under the alias of Count Bernadine. The cardinal contrives to bring the two together, and before ten days have elapsed they are in love with one another. Then comes the parting, for "Count Bernadine" has unselfishly pleaded Prince Victor's cause, and the princess has consented to the marriage. Not until the betrothal ceremony, before the whole court, does she learn that Count Bernadine and Prince Victor are one and the same, and that she is to marry the man she has learned to love. The cast will include Lillia as Kemble, the princess, Frank MacViears as the cardinal, Frederick Sumner as Prince Victor, and Phosha McAllister as the dowager queen, the rôle which Mrs. Gilbert played here two years ago. During Grand Army week, "Shenandoah" is to be the bill at the California Theatre.

Last Week of "The Highwayman."

There has been no diminution in the size of the audiences which have listened to Camille d'Arville in "The Highwayman," so the Tivoli management has wisely decided to continue DeKoven's romantic opera still another week. Then comes Anna Lichter in Victor Herbert's great success, "The Fortune Teller." Miss Lichter has been singing in New York and other Eastern cities for some months past, and her return here will be a source of much pleasure in musical circles. "The Fortune Teller" is one of Smith and Herbert's best works, and last year enjoyed a long run when revived at the Tivoli. New scenery has been prepared, and the opera will be splendidly dressed throughout.

The New Fischer Burlesques.

The new double bill, which is to be offered at Fischer's Theatre next week, promises no end of catchy music, dainty dances, and merry nonsense. Most people are familiar with Henryk Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis," by this time, and there will, therefore, be few who will not be able to fully appreciate the travesty entitled "Quo Vass Iss," which Edgar Smith and the late John Stronberg, the composer, prepared for Weber and Fields. Among the characters are Fursus, the strong man, impersonated by Kolb; Sallustius, the fresh Roman kid, Dill; Hilo, the hobo philosopher, Bernard; Petrolious, Blake; Lythia, Eleanor Jenkins; the Empress Popcornia, a woman of strong mind and powerful will, Maude Amber; her hepecked spouse, Zero, Harry Hermens; and Finishus, the young Roman chronicler, Arthur Boyce. In the burlesque of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's children's play, "The Little Princess"—the hook by Edgar Smith, and the

music by W. T. Francis—Maude Amber has the part of the "big little princess"; Barney Bernard will be the school-marm; Winfield Blake, the Rottie; Eleanor Jenkins, the Mrs. Pat Michael, with a family of four; and Charlotte Vidot, Flossie Hope, and Gertie Emerson will appear, respectively, as Freshie, a spiteful pupil, and Penchie and Chenie, two good-natured little girls at Mrs. Pinchin's academy for young criminals. The second act closes with a transformation, showing the dream of the "big little princess." Among the songs new to San Francisco will be "Etiquette," by Winfield Blake; "De Bugaboo Man," by Maude Amber; "There's Nobody Just Like You," by Eleanor Jenkins; "Miss Pinchin's Boarding-School," by Barney Bernard; and "You Am de One," by the Misses Hope and Emerson.

White Whittlesey's Farewell Week.

White Whittlesey has won many new friends and admirers during his three months' stay at the Alcazar, and it is safe to predict that his farewell week will see the theatre crowded at every performance. "The Three Musketeers" is to be revived for the occasion, as the rôle of D'Artagnan, the buoyant, gallant, quick-witted soldier of fortune shows Mr. Whittlesey at his best. Great interest attaches to the first production here, on August 17th, of "The Dairy Farm," a rustic play, which has met with much success in the East. It is to bridge the brief interval between the close of the Whittlesey engagement and the annual season of Florence Roberts, who will return with a number of new plays and several old favorites.

Melodrama at the Central.

The picturesque melodrama, "Zorah," will give way at the Central Theatre on Monday night to "Man's Enemy," which is described as "a moral sermon in action." Its theme is the evil of drink, which has been handled in an entirely different vein from "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." The cast will be a notably strong one, and several striking stage settings are promised, including the gambling pavilion at Monte Carlo, and a picturesque view of Blenheim Castle.

At the Orpheum.

Elfie Fay, who delights in the strange title, "the craziest soubrette on the vaudeville stage," is to head the bill at the Orpheum next week. Other new-comers will be Lew Hawkins, the "Chesterfield of minstrelsy," who comes with a new budget of entertaining parodies and stories; Sidney Wilmer and his company of comedians, who appear here for the first time in "A Thief of the Night"; and Mrs. Wynne-Winslow, a beautiful singer, with a light, graceful voice, which she handles well. Those retained from this week's bill are the Kaufmann troupe of seven bicyclists; Larry Dooley and James Tenhrooke, the good old-fashioned minstrel men, who will sing new songs and indulge in new "sidewalk" repartee; Roberts, Hayes, and Roberts, in their amusing sketch, "The Infant"; George Austin, the comedy-walker; and Macart's dogs and monkeys.

"In Harvard" at the Grand.

The latest Rogers Brothers musical success, "In Harvard," will be presented here at the Grand Opera House on Sunday evening for the first time. It is in three acts, with the scenes laid at the gardens at Claremont, N. Y., the campus at Harvard College on Class Day, and Entertainment Hall at Eden Musée, in New York. Several new people have been engaged for this production, among others, Julie Cotte, the popular soprano, formerly connected with the Tivoli; Winifred St. L. Gordon, a clever young actress; William L. Gleason, a well-known character actor; and Robert Warwick, a light comedian. The German comedians, Raymond and Caverly, in one scene will impersonate students of the University of California and Stanford, respectively. They will have a number of new parodies, and another of the Reuben and the Maid series. In the latter, they will be assisted by Julie Cotte and Winifred St. L. Gordon. Cheridah Simpson will sing a new Japanese serenade, and will introduce a piano specialty of her own arrangement, in which she will give imitations of several well-known musicians. Anna Wilks, assisted by the Esmeralda sisters and the chorus, will offer a new song and dance called "My Palm Leaf

Maid." She will also, with Budd Ross, give a song and dance entitled "My Red Carnation." Louise Moore will sing "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" and "Rainbows Follow After Rain." Harold Crane will have a new coster song entitled "Polly Aint an Angel," and Robert Warwick's number will be "I'm Getting Quite American, Don't Yer Know." The chorus will show up to excellent advantage in a march introduced in the campus scene, when each of the leading universities of the country, including California and Stanford, will be represented by an equal number of magnificently costumed girls.

Americans are to have another opportunity of seeing the great Italian actor, Tommaso Salvini, who will sail for the United States early in the spring to make a tour under the management of George C. Tyler, of New York. Signor Salvini will appear in "King Lear," "Othello," "Ingomar," and "The Civil Death," and in the first three of these plays Eleanor Robson will be the Cordelia, Desdemona, and Parthenia, respectively. Salvini's engagement will run through April and May next, and provides for twenty-five or thirty performances. Two weeks will be given to New York, where Salvini will appear four nights each week, Miss Robson playing in her classical repertoire on the other two nights of the theatrical week with her present leading man, Edwin Arden. With the exception of Salvini, who will, of course, play in Italian, all the company will be English-speaking.

The San Francisco production of the morality play, "Everyman," will take place early in September at a new hall to be opened under the management of Will Greenbaum. The company that is to produce it comes direct from London to San Francisco. However, at the request of President Wheeler, the first presentation in California will be given at the University of California, and the management hopes to produce it at Stanford also. The play appeals to the intellectual rather than the frivolous play-goer, and has had extensive runs in London, New York, Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia, and is now re-booked at each of these cities. It has also been given with success at Princeton, Yale, and at many of the other Eastern colleges.

The popularity of Dr. McIvor-Tyndall's psychological lectures have been well attested by the large audiences which have greeted him at Steinway Hall during the past three weeks. This Sunday evening he is to lecture on "The Power of Persuasion: Personal Magnetism," and not the least interesting part of the evening will be his experiments in mesmeric influence.

"You see it all from Mt. Tamalpais" is one of the striking remarks repeated often by visitors to the Tivoli. The gorgeous sunsets, the moonlight nights, the incomparable panoramic views, and the bracing atmosphere—all combine to make one's stay memorable.

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VANITY FAIR.

Hundreds of credulous women throughout the country recently have been taken in by an ingenious swindle launched on a gigantic scale, and just run to cover in Detroit. Each victim was mulcted to the extent of from \$15 to \$25, the sums aggregating many thousands of dollars to the swindlers. The fraud was perpetrated under the name of the "National League of American Women, Incorporated," and the victims were reached by means of the following advertisement, which appeared in several New York newspapers on the first Sunday in June: "Lady (under forty-five) as local secretary of Woman's Society (national); entire time required, at fair salary; reference necessary. Apply, inclosing addressed envelope, Mrs. Calvin, N. W. L., Detroit, Mich." The women who answered this seductive advertisement, and who appear to have been very numerous, received replies on paper headed "Office of the president, Detroit, Mich.," in which they were notified that their applications had been accepted. They were told that a booklet was enclosed giving a brief outline of their duties. Their salary was to be \$600 a year, payable monthly, with traveling expenses, when incurred. The victims were further informed that they would be expected to go to Detroit to receive full instructions and study in the details of the work, the expenses to be borne by the league. In conclusion, the secretary wrote: "It is quite strange that we both should have the same name, and I shall be glad to do all I can to help my namesake. I know you would like the work, and I hope to meet you if you come to Detroit. Wishing you success, yours very truly, A. S. BROMFIELD, Secretary." This last paragraph, referring to the similarity of names, was a particularly clever touch, for, though the letters had been run off by the thousands, the archplotter was able to put a little personal touch into each one by the simple expedient of changing his or her last name to suit that of each victim.

No booklet was inclosed, as stated in the communication, an omission which appears to have been carefully planned to make sure of a second letter from the victim, who wrote to ask after the missing circular as well as for other information. In reply to these inquiries they received letters from "Phoebe A. Calvin, president," asking them immediately to forward money to cover the regular one-way fare from their home to Detroit, when a round-trip ticket would be sent them. A bogus check for \$25 on a Detroit bank accompanied this unique epistle, and the amount, being \$10 in excess of what was required for the railway fare, helped to disarm suspicion on the part of the would-be secretaries. The certificate bore the name of "John P. Harris, Union Passenger Agent," and was dated June 27th. As the letter was dated June 23d, only a few days were left in which to take advantage of the reduced rates, and the victims, with no time to spare, induced some unwary friend or landlady to cash the check, and hastily forwarded the \$15 specified as the price of a round-trip ticket to Detroit to John P. Harris, at a certain post-office box, the number of which was stamped on the certificate. In their haste the victims did not reflect that a railway official was not likely to have his mail addressed to a post-office box. Neither did they take the pains to preserve the number of the box. The victims then sat down and waited for their tickets, but instead of tickets they secured protested checks. Not even the receipt of the protested check was sufficient to open the eyes of the victims, and not until they had written several times to the National League without receiving any answer were they convinced that they had been swindled. The scheme was very carefully thought out, and enabled the swindlers to get in all their money from all over the country before the character of their enterprise was discovered.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, who have been laughed upon English social life only a year, have apparently resolved to follow in the footsteps of the late Lady Sefton and the present Duchess of Buccleuch, both of whom made a special point of excluding Americans from all their grand parties. The duchess is the sister of the Princess Henry of Pless, and Colonel George Cornwallis-West, who married Lady Randolph Churchill. The first incident in the Duchess of Westminster's crusade against Americans was in the case of Miss Gladys Deacon at the time of the Chester races. Miss Deacon was staying in the neighborhood with Colonel and

Mrs. George Cornwallis-West. The latter, being the sister-in-law of the duchess, thought it quite allowable on the first day of the races to introduce her to the Westminster stand, but the duke was furious, and expressed his opinion so plainly that on the second day, when the Princess of Wales was lunching with him and the duchess, Colonel West stayed at home at Ruthven to keep Miss Deacon company. This excited bitter comment, and Miss Deacon's mother and friends, notably the Duchess of Marlborough, have taken sides against the Duchess of Westminster in an interesting social battle. The next stage in the crusade was the Duchess of Westminster's ball. To begin with, she asked the king to fix a date when he and the queen could be present. Not receiving an answer, she wrote a private letter to Lord Knollys begging him to ask the king to "hurry up." Then came the curt reply that the king "regretted that he was unable to accede to her proposal." It is said to be an open secret that the king refused to attend the ball because the duchess had left out a number of Americans, including Mrs. Arthur Paget and Mrs. John Leslie, a sister of the former Lady Randolph Churchill, and other well-known people, including Mrs. George Keppel.

A protest is being raised in Switzerland against the construction of so many mountain railroads, and particularly of the line which is slowly creeping up the Jungfrau. The Wengern Alp, it seems, once sacred to the beautiful blue gentian, is speckled with the shells of hard-boiled eggs; rows of ladies read penny "society" papers at the edge of the Eiger Glacier; and at the Sheideck a gramophone has taken the place of the "Ranz des Vaches." Happily, there still remain a few resorts of the old style, known to the elect; but they become fewer every year, and the projects of the engineers are so ingenious and extensive that, on the Bernese Oberland, at all events, another decade will probably see the last of them invaded.

Kansas school boards have determined to inaugurate a reform, and are inserting clauses in contracts with the teachers that prohibit either courting or marriage by the latter during the school term. Many schools were hadly interrupted last year by the marriage of the women teachers, many of whom immediately resigned, making it difficult to fill their places. Others neglected their school duties, and gave their time to courting. Some of the teachers object to the contract on the ground that it is an abridgement of their personal liberty, and that if this policy should prevail throughout the State it would create an army of unmarried old maids as seven thousand women teach in the State schools.

Many of the passengers who arrived from the Orient last week on the steamship *Siberia*, expressed great indignation over the manner in which their baggage was overhauled by the customs inspectors at Honolulu, following an order recently made by the Secretary of the Treasury directing the searching of baggage of passengers passing through Honolulu for this country. Here is a statement of the trouble and discomfort experienced by the passengers on the *Siberia*, which was prepared on board: "The *Siberia* called at Honolulu to discharge some cargo, land a few passengers, and receive passengers for San Francisco. As soon as the health officers came on board a squad of custom-house officers followed, and, with the exception of three or four, they looked and acted like a lot of jackals. The passengers from China, Japan, and the Philippines were ordered to get their baggage ready for inspection, although bound from that port. They were also notified that what baggage they had in the baggage-room could not be touched, and all would be sealed in the hold. In fact, it was simply seized! The baggage in the rooms was examined, and the owners were dictated to as to how many shirts, collars, etc. they could retain. All the rest must be bundled up and sent to the hold and sealed up. One gentleman, who had lived for several years in Japan, had six suits of pajamas. The custom officers said: 'You can only have one,' and bundled the remaining suits into the hold. This was only one instance. The clothing was taken from the rooms, and was rolled up and tied in any fashion; some in paper, some in nothing, and now lies in the lower hold; no receipt given for it; what condition it will be returned in can be imagined. Men and women who have been living and traveling in a tropical climate, and were clothed in duck and flannels, had their heavy clothing sealed up, and

many serious cases of sickness are sure to arise before landing in San Francisco. We do not believe there is any law in the United States that permits the Secretary of the Treasury to use such high-handed measures, and trust that the Secretary has made a mistake by being misled by some overzealous custom-house official. The foreigners were treated in the same way as Americans, although most of them were on their way to Europe, via the United States. They one and all declared that they would never travel via San Francisco again. This is also the determination of two-thirds of the Americans on board. The officers on the steamer protested in every way, but were powerless."

Commenting on the reported crusade of American sculptors for the abolition of trousers from statues, the *London Tailor and Cutter* says: "We have never seen a pair of trousers reasonably reproduced on statues, yet it would be better if artists and sculptors took as great pains to make themselves acquainted with the outline of the present styles as they do with the legendary dress of classical heroes."

A statistician connected with the "Hachette Almanac" in Paris has been computing the "wages" which European sovereigns receive, with the following result: The Czar of Russia gets \$81 a minute; the Emperor of Austria, \$35; the King of Italy, \$22; Kaiser Wilhelm, \$18; King Edward, \$15; the King of Spain, \$14; the King of the Belgians, \$5; the King of Denmark, \$3.50; while Peter, the new sovereign of Servia, receives the mere pittance of \$1.55 a minute. These "wages" are reckoned on the basis that each monarch in question works for six hours a day, six days in the week.

Nelson's Amynocoe.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

Liebold Harness Company.

If you want an up-to-date harness, at a reasonable price, call at 211 Larkin Street. We have everything for the horse and stable.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
July 30th.....	62	50	.00	Clear
" 31st.....	63	52	.00	Clear
August 1st.....	60	50	.00	Clear
" 2d.....	60	52	.00	Clear
" 3d.....	56	50	.00	Clear
" 4th.....	53	48	.00	Clear
" 5th.....	64	48	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, August 5, 1903, were as follows:

BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	1,000 @ 106 3/4	106 1/2	108
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	3,000 @ 106 1/2	105 3/4	107
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	35,000 @ 120	119 1/2	120 1/2
S. P. R. of Arizona 6%, 1909.....	1,000 @ 107 1/2	107 1/2	108 1/2
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1912.....	1,000 @ 117 3/4	117 3/4	118
S. V. Water 4% 2d.....	6,000 @ 99 1/2	99 1/2	100
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	2,000 @ 100	100	100
U. Gas & Elect 5%.....	10,000 @ 105	105	107
STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked
S. V. Water.....	235 @ 82- 84 1/2	82 1/2	84 1/2
Banks.			
Bank of Cal.....	55 @ 500- 525	521	
Savings Loan.....	200 @ 95	92 1/2	
Street R. R.			
California St.....	20 @ 200	200	
Powders.			
Giant Con.....	205 @ 68 1/2- 69	69	70
Vigorit.....	200 @ 5 1/2- 5 3/4	5	5 3/4
Sugars.			
Hawaiian C. & S.....	250 @ 44 1/2	44	46
Hutchinson.....	340 @ 12- 13 1/2	13	
Pauhaui S. Co.....	105 @ 14 1/2- 15	14	15
Gas and Electric.			
Equitable Gas.....	10 @ 5	4 7/8	5
Mutual Electric.....	40 @ 12 1/2	12 1/2	12 3/4
Pacific Gas.....	60 @ 52 1/2- 52 3/4	52 3/4	
Pac. Lighting Co.....	60 @ 56	55 3/4	56 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric	220 @ 66 1/2- 68	67 3/4	68 1/2
Trustees Certificates.			
S. F. Gas & Electric	110 @ 65 1/2- 66	65 1/2	
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	385 @ 139 1/2- 146 1/2	143	144 1/2
Cal. Fruit Cannery.....	10 @ 90	89	90 1/2

INVESTMENTS.

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Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

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The FINEST COCOA in the World
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup
Forty Highest Awards in Europe
and America.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited
Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,
622 Market Street (Upstairs),
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel

170,000 PERSONS IN ALAMEDA
COUNTY RELY UPON

THE OAKLAND HERALD FOR ALL THE NEWS

THE HERALD is absolutely the Home Paper Greater Oakland and of Alameda County. The HERALD publishes each day complete foreign, cable, and domestic telegraphic news. The HERALD records fully each day, and particularly on Saturday, the doings of Greater Oakland society. THE HERALD is without question the best advertising medium in the County of Alameda.

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DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. We have a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

MILL VALLEY.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES to rent for the season or by the year; house, lots, and acre property may be secured from H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.
LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.
PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPEN June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRAMES AND FRAMES. From quality to price, quality at the top, price at the bottom. The new dainty ovals in Florence are among the latest effects. Bring your photographs of dear ones to the framing department of Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is related that a celebrated artist, being asked what he mixed his colors with to get such exquisite tints, replied: "Brains, sir, brains!"

A Kentucky woman has discovered a new use for the telephone. Wishing to visit a neighbor, she pulled the baby's crib up in front of the telephone, opened the receiver, and told central if the baby began to cry to call her up at the neighbor's.

Mark Twain tells of a man who, when he came home drunk, explained to his wife that his condition was due to the fact that he had mixed his drinks. "John," his wife advised, "when you have drunk all the whisky you want, you ought to ask for sarsaparilla." "Yes," retorted her husband, "but when I have drunk all the whisky I want I can't say sarsaparilla."

A young member of Parliament was addressing a meeting at which there was a considerable rowdy element present. Like the other speakers, he was frequently interrupted, until, losing patience, he called for silence, saying: "Don't let every ass bray at once." "Very well, we will let you go on braying, sir," said the ringleader, and the honorable member was left without a reply.

The other day, Secretary Hitchcock referred the following letter, addressed to him, to the Pension Bureau, for consideration: "Be far the war there wasn't no man who could a throwed me down or made me holler but now a goodish sized man could holler me over and I am so nervous I holler when I hear a hog squeak in killin time or the jists of my oald house grone with the wind. I aint playin no baby ack Mr. Sectery, but if you alls is spreadin \$20 hills out in the son to dry you mite jus as well let me have a few as any uther ole soljer. I ort to be paid for my nervousness."

A well-known English surgeon was imparting some clinical instruction to half a dozen students who accompanied him in his rounds, the other day. Pausing at the bedside of a doubtful case, he said: "Now, gentlemen, do you think this is, or is not, a case for operation?" One by one the students made their diagnosis, and all of them answered in the negative. "Well, gentlemen, you are all wrong," said the wielder of the free and flashing scalpel, "and I shall operate to-morrow." "No, you won't," said the patient, as he rose in his bed; "six to one is a good majority; gimme my clothes."

The Hon. M. E. Ingalls, of Cincinnati, resident of the "Big Four" Railroad, is a laine man, and whenever he goes to his native State, always spend a good portion of his time at Harrison, where he began the practice of law. Often in the evening, he goes down to the village store, and joins the circle of safers that gather to talk over the public and private events of the nation, State, town, and village. The other day, one old fellow inquired: "Is it true that you get a salary of a thousand dollars a year?" Mr. Ingalls limited that he did make as much as that twelve months. "Well," remarked the old fellow, "it is really remarkable what cheek and brass will do."

Edward Harrigan says that the most trying moment in his theatrical career occurred in New Orleans, soon after the Civil War. He had gone South with his company, and, yielding somewhat anxiously to popular request, it on "The Blue and the Gray." The play had been a success up North, but down South, with the air still full of the bitterness of the war, it was a dangerous experiment. Tony Hart was to represent the Confederate gray, he hunted up a uniform of the Louisiana gers, and when he came marching on, young, durt, handsome, the typical soldier boy in his beloved uniform, the house, men and women, cheered and shouted and cried for all their heroes embodied in this boy. Harrigan, finding in the wings in his Northern blue, willing to go on, had just one thought—"they'll kill me!" Then he stepped out, the bodiment of the enemy, and a cold, dead silence fell upon the house. Not a hand moved. The audience was tense with emotion, and there was only an instant to act, if play was to be saved. Harrigan, big, dly, good-looking, came swiftly down to front and stepped over the footlight gutter, lying down to them. "For the love of God,

won't you give the Yankee a hand?" he exclaimed. At once the house was caught, and, all the pent-up feeling turned the right way. There was a yell of applause.

This is the way the editor of a Western country paper recently wrote up a marriage ceremony in his native town: "Would that our pen had been plucked from some beautiful bird of paradise and dipped in the eye of a rainbow, that we might fittingly describe the beautiful marriage scene enacted at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Davis. Just as the day god, clothed in majesty sublime, had started on his downward course toward the Western sea, shedding his galaxy of quivering, golden beams o'er the rejoicing earth—it was then that the cords of confidence, hope, and love, binding the hearts of Eli Frederick Guernsey and Beatrice Davis were indelibly traced upon the scroll of life, and the sacred seal of holy matrimony placed thereon."

Dr. Gardner told Walter Wellman the following story, the other day, of a lucky escape from the bullet of an assassin which ex-President Cleveland once had: "Between his two terms as President, Mr. Cleveland lived in Madison Avenue. A demented fellow imagined that he was in love with Mrs. Cleveland, and used to send her a love-letter every day. One morning, Mr. Cleveland was coming down the steps of his house to drive to his law office in William Street, when this crazy fellow met him face to face, and pulled the trigger of a pistol aimed straight at the heavy figure standing on the steps two yards above him. By one of those miraculous interpositions of chance, the cartridge missed fire. Before the miscreant could use his weapon again he was seized and carried away. He was found to be insane, and in less than twenty-four hours was placed in an asylum, while the story was kept out of the newspapers. I was at the house within a few minutes, and the pistol was given to me. I have it yet; also the bundle of crazy love-letters. It was a well-made rim-fire revolver, and every other cartridge exploded at the first trip of the trigger. Mr. Cleveland probably owes his life to the chance that the one cartridge which had too thick a rim was the one which the insane chap tried to fire."

Whistler's Marriage.

In a recent number of *Truth*, Henry Labouchere claims that he was responsible for the marriage of the widow of Goodwin, the architect, and James McNeill Whistler, the artist. He writes:

"She was a remarkably pretty woman, and very agreeable, and both she and he were thoroughly bohemians. I was dining with them and some others, one evening, at Earle's Court. They were obviously greatly attracted to each other, and in a vague sort of way they thought of marrying, so I took the matter in hand to bring things to a practical point.

"Jimmy," I said, "will you marry Mrs. Goodwin?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Mrs. Goodwin," I said, "will you marry Jimmy?"

"Certainly," she replied.

"When?" I asked.

"Oh, some day," said Whistler.

"That won't do," I said; "we must have a date."

"So they both agreed I should choose the day, tell them what church to come to for the ceremony, provide a clergyman, and give the bride away."

"I fixed an early date, and got them the chaplain of the House of Commons to perform the ceremony. It took place a few days later. After the ceremony was over we adjourned to Whistler's studio, where he had prepared a banquet. The banquet was on the table, but there were no chairs, so we sat on packing-cases. The happy pair when I left had not quite decided whether they would go that evening to Paris or remain in the studio.

"How impractical they were was shown when I happened to meet the bride the day before the marriage in the street.

"Don't forget to-morrow," I said.

"No," she replied; "I am just going to buy my trousseau."

"A little late for that, is it not?" I asked.

"No," she answered, "for I am only going to buy a tooth-brush and a new sponge, as one ought to have new ones when one marries."

"However, there never was a more successful marriage. They adored each other, and lived most happily together, and when she died he was broken-hearted, indeed. He never recovered from the loss."

At this season of the year multitudes of people are paying from \$10 to \$25 a week at summer hotels for the privilege of being deprived of the comforts of home.—*Hartford Post*.

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy
cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A New Version.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise.
He jumped into a monstrous deal
That stood on massive lies.

And when he saw the game was up,
With all his might and main,
He loaded stock on trusting friends
And jumped right out again.—*Life*.

Quick Lunch.

How does the busy man lunch?

He rushes into a quick-lunch room,
All heedless of the impending doom
That lurks in the hasty bill of fare
Dispensed to the reckless eaters there.
He works his way to the crowded bar
Where heaps of quick-lunch viands are,
And, arming himself with plate and knife,
Proceeds to shorten his busy life.

He grabs a sandwich of ancient date
And shoves it between his thumb and plate.
Of eggs he seizes on one or two
That are boiled so hard the whites are blue
And as indigestible as glue.
Then a howl of coffee scalding hot,
And he hacks away with what he's got,
And he hurries the combination down
With gulp and gasp and impatient frown.

Again he goes to the fatal pile,
Fretting and worrying all the while
About the time that is speeding by.
He captures a piece of stuff called pie—
It looks all right to the careless eye;
It is all right if you want to die—
A couple of crullers of last month's make,
A stale éclair and a piece of cake;
Swallows the whole as quick as he can—
Oh, he's a terribly busy man!
A toothpick, ice water, and he's done,
And back to his office on the run.

How does the busy man feel?

He is very, very much depressed.
He feels as though he is all compressed:
Like a man was sitting on his chest.
He has a something he can't explain,
He knows it's there, for he feels the pain;
He'd call it wooden, but wood is light,
And the thing he has weighs like a fright.
He drags around from morning to night
A hall and chain on his appetite.

He sees a doctor and states his case.
The doctor, noting his pallid face,
Gives him the limit. The man goes back
To travel the old dyspeptic track.
—*Baltimore American*.

The Silent Lover.

For an hour, and more, at her feet he sat.
And while she chatted of this and that,
Tatted a little and trimmed a bat.
He only stared and he hardly stirred,
And he wasn't able to say a word,
Yet she didn't think him a perfect flat.
Ah! he was her lover, it must be inferred.
Well, so he was; but the fact's absurd,
When she caressed him, he only purred,
For he was a—cat.
—*Henry Austin in the Independent*.

Some Society Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Damme Expense are putting a new wing to their stable. It will cost about two millions. Their horses have gold shoes. Mrs. Van Damme herself wears diamond teeth, and has always had money. She holds very decided opinions concerning self-made people.

The Brazen Pushors are at Southampton. They passed the spring at Tuxedo. Mr. Pusher is quite scholarly in his tastes, always reading the society column in the daily papers.

Quite a number of distinguished people will sail on the *Ostentatia* next Wednesday—the Earl of Graftmore, Mr. and Mrs. Ammi Innitt, Mr. Trowers Van Guzzle, Mr. and Mrs. Goshwotta Pyle, and little Reggie Hogg, with his four tutors.

Mrs. Stilor Nuthin has become quite a "leader" at Newport. She has always been fashionable. When only two years old she insisted upon eating her ice-cream with a fork. Also, when eighteen, she was kissed by the Prince of Wales. Later on, she drank a little too much, doncherknow.—*Life*.

The Russian way: "Michael," said the Czar, "have you assured Uncle Sam that the open door is to be established in Manchuria?" "Yes, your imperial majesty." "Then hurry up and see that things are closed a little tighter, while he's bragging about his diplomatic victory, and not watching us."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

The Infant

takes first to human milk; that failing, the mother turns at once to cow's milk as the best substitute. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is a cow's milk scientifically adapted to the human infant. Stood first for forty-five years.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.
Philadelphia, Aug. 12, 10 am | New York, Aug. 26, 10 am
St. Louis, Aug. 19, 10 am | Philadelphia, Sept. 2, 10 am
Philadelphia—Queensstown—Liverpool.
Haverford, Aug. 15 | Friesland, Aug. 29
Norfolk, Aug. 22 | Westernland, Sept. 5

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Mesaba, Aug. 15, 9 am | Minneapolis, Aug. 29, 10 am
Minnetonka, Aug. 22, 5 am | Minnehaha, Sept. 5, 4 pm
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Mayflower, Aug. 13 | Mayflower, Sept. 19
Commonwealth, Aug. 27 | Commonwealth, Sept. 17
New England, Sept. 3 | Commonwealth, Sept. 24

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Canada, Aug. 22 | Dominion, Sept. 5
Kensington, Aug. 29 | Southwark, Sept. 12

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AMAZON—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.
Vancouver, Saturday, Aug. 29, Oct. 10, Nov. 21
Cambronne, Sunday, Aug. 29, Oct. 10, Nov. 21

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BRUSSELS.
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a. m.
Batavia, Aug. 12 | Rotterdam, Aug. 26
Rydam, Aug. 19 | Rotterdam, Sept. 2

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a. m.
Finland, Aug. 15 | Kronland, Aug. 29
Vaderland, Aug. 22 | Zealand, Sept. 5

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Germanic, Aug. 12, noon | Celtic, Aug. 21, 4 pm
Celtic, Aug. 14, 9 am | Victorian, Aug. 25
Majestic, Aug. 19, noon | Oceanic, Aug. 29, 8 am
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Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows:
Coptic (Calling at Manila), Tuesday, August 18
Gaelic, Friday, September 11
Doric, Wednesday, October 7
Coptic, Saturday, October 31
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.



TOYO KISEN KAISHA (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.) IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG calling at Kobe (Higoi), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
America Maru, Wednesday, August 26
Hongkong Maru, Saturday, September 19
(Calling at Manila)
Nippon Maru, Thursday, October 15
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, corner First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, August 15, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, August 15, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, August 27, 1903, at 2 P. M.
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This marvelous remedy will be sent to any address upon receipt of price, \$2.00 per single bottle, or three bottles (usually required) \$5.00.
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SOCIETY.

The Carnival of Sports at Del Monte.

The Hotel del Monte has been the fashionable Mecca of all Californians during the week, while the carnival of sports, under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Polo and Racing Association, has attracted a large number of interested participants and enthusiastic spectators. The hotel has been crowded with a gay throng who watched the various sports by day, and enjoyed themselves dancing and in other ways at night. A string orchestra has added to the pleasure of the guests at luncheon and dinner, and elaborate outdoor programmes of popular and classical music have been rendered in the afternoon and evening. Among other San Franciscans who have taken part in the festivities during the week are:

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Clark, of Burlingame. Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young. Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin. Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn. Folger. Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer. Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin. Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels. Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden. Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney. Mrs. Thomas Breeze. Mrs. J. B. Casserly. Mrs. G. L. Colburn. Mrs. Charles P. Eells. Mrs. M. C. Low. Mrs. Ernest La Montagne. Mrs. William P. Morgan. Mrs. Eleanor Martin. Mrs. C. H. Simpkins. Mrs. A. N. Towne. Mrs. A. L. Tubbs. Miss Breeze. Miss Maye Colburn. Miss Helen de Young. Miss Bertha Dolbeer. Miss Sarah Drum. Miss Virginia Joliffe. Miss Flora Low. Miss Morgan. Mr. H. P. Bowie. Mr. A. F. Bowie. Mr. Charles de Young. Mr. Thomas A. Driscoll. Mr. Christian Froelich. Mr. Edward M. Greenway. Mr. Fred A. Greenwood. Mr. Christian de Guigne. Mr. W. Mayo Newhall. Mr. James D. Phelan. Mr. Douglas S. Watson. Mr. Joseph S. Tobin. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tobin.

On Tuesday afternoon the first of the series of polo games was played. The match was between Mr. J. C. Colby, Dr. E. Boescke, Mr. Wickenden, and Mr. Cameron Rodgers, of the Santa Barbara green team, and Mr. Thomas A. Driscoll, Mr. Francis Carolan, Mr. Lawrence Redington, and Mr. Robert Bettner, wearing the bright red of Burlingame. Mr. Richard Tobin acted as umpire. The game was a very exciting one, and resulted in a tie—two all.

Polo gave way on Wednesday to harness and pony racing. The grand-stand was filled with spectators, and the lawn-covered area within the mile race-track was sprinkled with a picturesque crowd, which witnessed the races from automobiles, four-in-hands, surreys, runabouts, and saddle-horses. All the races were for \$50, \$40 of which went to the winner, and \$10 to second place. The officials were Mr. R. M. Tobin and Colonel H. C. Ward, U. S. A., judges; Mr. C. E. Maud and Mr. Walter S. Martin, timers; and Mr. C. Davis, starter. The result was as follows:

FIRST RACE—One mile, for teams, trotting or pacing, best two in three heats—Won by Captain Barneson's Morgan and Alfred H. Time, 2:53. A. H. McKay's Monroe, Jr., and Lucero ran second.

SECOND RACE—Three-sixteenths of a mile, for ponies fourteen hands or under—Entries: C. W. Clark's Oro, E. J. Boescke's Commotion, Parker Whitney's Chiquita, Rudolph Spreckels's Don, Francis Carolan's Bonnie and Floradora. Won by Floradora. Time, 0:10½. Bonnie was second, and Don third.

THIRD RACE—Three-quarters of a mile, handicap, for horses. Won by C. W. Clark's Decori J. Dr. Boescke's Respirator was left at the post.

FOURTH RACE—One-quarter of a mile, for ponies. Entries: Rudolph Spreckels's Don, Francis Carolan's Bonnie and Floradora, E. J. Boescke's Commotion, and C. W. Clark's Oro. Bonnie won. Time, 0:24½. Oro, second; Floradora, third.

Thursday morning was given up to a cavalry field day at the Monterey barracks, and in the afternoon occurred the second polo match between the Santa Barbara team, made up of Mr. J. C. Colby, Mr. Cameron Rodgers, and Dr. E. J. Boescke, and the Burlingame team, composed of Mr. Thomas A. Driscoll, Mr. Francis Carolan, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, and Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Jr. The game resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Burlingame players, the score being 7 goals to 1.

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To-day (Saturday) the members of the California Automobile Club will complete their run to Del Monte in time to witness the last day's programme of the pony and harness racing. Sunday they will make a tour of the seventeen-mile drive, and on Monday morning the following automobile races will be contested for:

10:00 A. M.—Hill-climbing contest at Carmel Hill. Open to all machines. For a silver trophy given by Mr. E. Courtney Ford.

2:00 P. M.—First race, two miles. For gasoline machines only; 1,200 pounds and under. For silver trophy given by the Pioneer Automobile Company.

2:20 P. M.—Second race, three miles, open event. For machines 1,200 pounds and under. For a silver trophy given by Mr. C. S. Middleton.

2:45 P. M.—Third race, five miles, open event. For machines 1,500 pounds and under. For a silver trophy given by the White Automobile Company.

3:15 P. M.—Fourth race, one-mile obstacle race. For a silver trophy.

3:45 P. M.—Fifth race, five miles, open event. For machines 20 horse-power and under. For a silver trophy given by the National Automobile Company.

4:15 P. M.—Sixth race, ten miles, open event. For machines irrespective of power or weight. For a cup offered by Mr. F. A. Hyde, president of the Automobile Club of California.

4:45 P. M.—Seventh race, five-mile exhibition against time.

5:00 P. M.—Eighth race, five-mile handicap. Open to all machines having participated in any of the foregoing races. For the Del Monte trophy. This trophy must be won twice on the Del Monte track by the same individual before becoming his absolute property.

On Tuesday the automobiles will leave Del Monte at 9:30 A. M. for Point Lobos, where luncheon will be served, and on Wednesday the return trip home will be begun. During the following week, commencing Monday, August 24th, the golf tournament will be held.

A suit has been filed in the superior court of Redwood City in which an attempt is being made to restrain John J. Doyle, who is a son of John T. Doyle, the well-known attorney, and John Bellamo from selling liquor. The complaint alleges that two weeks ago John J. Doyle represented to Baldwin & Howell, the agents of the plaintiff, the Triumph Loan Association, that he wanted to buy a piece of property near the Flood place for a residence. Subsequently, when the property was conveyed, one John Bellamo, who is employed by Doyle, erected a small building, and began selling wine. The tract contains fifteen acres of land and is situated in one of the most fashionable quarters of Menlo Park. Bellamo sells wine by the gallon, and it is claimed that an undesirable class is attracted to the beautiful locality by reason of the sale of liquor there. Nothing appears in the deed to Bellamo and Doyle prohibiting the sale of liquor. However, the wealthy residents of Menlo are up in arms, and a bitter fight is expected.

Marcus R. Mayer, the well-known impresario and theatrical manager, is in town, making arrangements for the visit of Adeline Patti in January next. According to the present plans, Patti will sing but twice in San Francisco, on the evening of the seventh, and a matinee on the afternoon of the eleventh. Patti opens her American tour in New York on November 2d. Signor Romualde Sapio, who has accompanied the *diva* on previous tours, will act as conductor, and the soloists who will be with her, all new to American audiences, are Vera Margolies, pianist; Roza Zamels, violinist; Wilfred Virgo, tenor; Anton Hegner, cellist; and Claude Cunningham, baritone. The Baron Cederstrom will accompany his wife on her trip.

Thomas M. Sullivan, the cloakman, has filed a petition in the United States District Court asking to be declared a bankrupt. His liabilities amounted to \$50,443.73. His principal creditors were Julia Fratering, \$6,799; First National Bank of San Francisco, \$2,133; Mrs. E. R. Lillis, \$30,000 on a note and \$7,422 on money advanced; wholesale and retail dealers of San Francisco, \$3,882.

In order to hide the evidence of his infraction of the ordinance a contractor who mixed mortar on the bituminous pavement on Cherry Street, between Sacramento and Clay, painted out the white stains with a mixture of tar and bitumen. Horses slipped on the greasy mixture and complaints poured in at the bureau of streets.

Mrs. George A. Crux was called to San Jose on Monday by the news of the sudden death of her mother, Mrs. P. M. Luson, who died from fright, caused by the earthquake. She was for years a sufferer from heart trouble.

A YOUNG LADY OF REFINEMENT AND EDUCATION, speaking French and Spanish languages, desires a position as traveling companion to a lady, at modest salary. Address, N. Y. Z., Argonaut office.

THE LADIES' SHIRT WAIST CUTTER OF THE coast is Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

"KNOX" CELEBRATED HATS; FALL STYLES now open. Eugene Korn, Hatter, 746 Market St.

NOTES AND GOSSIP.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Maud Cluff, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, to Mr. George W. Downey.

The wedding of Miss Alma McClung, daughter of Major and Mrs. J. W. McClung, and Lieutenant Frederick Horne, U. S. N., was quietly celebrated on Tuesday in Trinity Church. The ceremony was performed at noon by Rev. Clifton Macon. The wedding was to have taken place later, but was hurried when the *Aleri* received orders to proceed to San Diego. After a brief wedding journey, Lieutenant and Mrs. Horne will go to San Diego, where they expect to reside during the fall and winter.

The wedding of Miss Ada Mary Russell, daughter of Mrs. John Adam Russell, and Mr. George Albert Webster, took place on Wednesday evening at St. Luke's Church. The ceremony was performed at half after eight o'clock by the Rev. William Hayes, Dr. Edward Younger gave the sister-in-law into the keeping of the groom. Miss Julia Mau and Miss Dollie Ledyard were the bridesmaids; Mr. Hubbard Dunbar acted as best man; Dr. Frederick Vovincle and Mr. Dalton Harrison attended the groom, and Mr. Robert Dennis, Mr. George Daly, and Mr. Arthur Man were the ushers. The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the Hotel St. Dunstan. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Webster will reside in San Francisco.

Miss Lucie King gave a luncheon on Tuesday at which she entertained Mrs. Morton R. Gibbons, Miss Bernice Drown, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Miss Emily Wilson, and Miss Leontine Blakeman.

Colonel and Mrs. Oscar F. Long gave a dinner last week at "Highlands," the Regua home at Piedmont, at which they entertained Mr. and Mrs. McKee, of Santa Barbara, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa, Captain and Mrs. Charles Minor Goodall, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lacey Brayton, Captain and Mrs. Barneson, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Lucie King, Miss Florence Hush, Mrs. George Doubleday, Mr. Lyman, Mr. Nielson, and Mr. Hopkins.

A reception was given at the Presidio Club on Thursday by the officers of the Presidio Post garrison to Colonel Rodney, who retired on Wednesday as brigadier-general, after forty-two years of service in the army. The reception was a full-dress affair, and was in charge of Major William B. Stephenson, U. S. A., Major Albert Todd, U. S. A., Major W. Hobbs, U. S. A., and Captain James F. Hinkley, U. S. A.

Miss Ardella Mills gave a tea on Wednesday in honor of Miss Eleanor Davenport. Among others present were Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Miss Lucie King, Miss Ethel Cooper, and Miss Charlotte Ellinwood.

A contract was recently let at Keswick for the completion on the McCloud of a twenty-one mile road through the forests, designed solely for automobile travel. The road commences at McCloud, the saw-mill city, and runs westward to Mott, on the Southern Pacific. Eight miles were completed last summer from McCloud to the Hearst estate, leaving thirteen miles unfinished. Work on this section is being rushed, and the road will be completed before the season is over. The road, which winds through the forest, is only twelve feet wide, but the surface is covered with sand and gravel, packed by heavy rollers until it is as smooth and solid almost as an asphalt pavement. When completed, it will be the most novel highway in California, and will be wholly a private thoroughfare for the millionaire automobilists who have summer residences on the McCloud.

The first of the San Francisco Symphony Society's concerts to be given under the direction of Fritz Scheel will take place at the Grand Opera House on next Friday afternoon at a quarter past three. That there will be a brisk demand for tickets goes without saying, for the popular conductor has a host of friends and admirers here who will be glad to extend him a hearty welcome after his five years' absence in the East. The sale of season tickets begins on Monday, and single tickets will be ready on Wednesday. The programme of the opening concert will include compositions by Schumann, Wagner, and Tchaikowsky.

The estate of James Parker Treadwell has been appraised at \$443,404.22. The items of the report are as follows: Realty in this city, \$270,855; cash, \$1,043; mortgage, \$39,000; a third interest in the estate of Thalia and Maud Treadwell, \$89,145; stock in the Spring Valley Water Company, \$36,635.

Rose Coghlan has been engaged by Charles Frohman to play an important part in Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses," which will be produced at the Garden Theatre, New York, early in September.

Patti Will Sing Again.

Patti, the adorable and incomparable, is coming to San Francisco next January to give two concerts. That's good news to all lovers of good music, and there are many in California. Crowds of them have been at Hotel Vendome, San Jose, this summer, and are going there daily, just to rest and to enjoy the excellent orchestra there that charms every one.

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All society events of the week are mirrored in Saturday's TRIBUNE.

Local and State politics receive attention by special writers in the same issue.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Jane Stanford sailed for Australia on the Oceanic steamship *Ventura* on Thursday, expecting to be absent for a year.

Mrs. John B. Casserly and her sisters, the Misses Guday, of Chicago, who have been visiting her at her cottage at San Mateo, are guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood are making a short stay in New York, prior to their departure for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope have closed their home on Pacific Avenue, and are at Burlingame for an extended stay.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst, who is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Rogers, of Boston, will return to her country place on the McCloud River during the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxtun Beale returned to New York last week from their European trip. They will spend some time in the East before returning to San Francisco.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Miss Lillie Spreckels have returned from Coronado, where they have made an extended stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Parrott and Miss Marie Louise Parrott have returned from Mexico and are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Miss Lita Gallatin have returned from their ranch near Red Bluff, and are at the Palace Hotel. They expect to leave for Europe some time during the early fall.

Mrs. Blakeman and Miss Leontine Blakeman have returned from their visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Davenport and her daughter, Miss Eleanor Davenport, will sail to-day (Saturday) on the steamer *Siberia* for Japan.

Mr. Knox Maddox was a guest at the Hotel Vendome last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce and Miss Bertie Bruce have returned from their trip to the Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Keyes have departed for Howell Mountain, where they will remain the greater part of the month.

Mr. William Herrin and Miss Alice Herrin are expected home from their European trip next month. Mrs. Herrin and Miss Kate Herrin will return from Shasta Springs the latter part of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley were in Santa Barbara during the week.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee and her sister, Mrs. S. H. Farnham, of Fruitvale, have returned from a visit to Byron Hot Springs, where they were the guests of Mrs. Lewis R. Mead.

Miss Sallie Maynard was in New York during the week.

Dr. and Mrs. David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, were in town for a short stay early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker and their son have returned from Shasta, and are occupying their country house at Sausalito.

Mrs. Frank Norris, who has been spending the summer at Cloverdale, expects to go East in the fall.

Miss Margaret Sinclair has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Henry Glide, near Sacramento.

Rev. and Mrs. Clifton Macon will take up their residence in Oakland next month, when Mr. Macon will assume the duties of rector of Trinity Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Baker have returned from Ben Lomond, where they have been spending several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Y. O'Brien, who are sojourning at Santa Barbara, will return to San Francisco about the middle of August.

Mrs. Henry Vrooman and daughter, Miss Beatrice Vrooman, have been recent guests at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mrs. Tillingsnash, of New York. Mrs. Bradford Marshall, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. J. Stow Ballard, and Mrs. Edwin L. Breyfogle were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. Robert Greyrigge has returned from a stay of some months in England, and is visiting his mother, Mrs. W. B. Chapman.

Major and Mrs. C. C. Clay are sojourning at Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Archer Huntington have left London, and are traveling in South America.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grace (née Martin) have arrived in San Francisco, and expect to make an extended stay here.

Among the week's guests at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. T. K. James, Mr. F. M. Brooks, Mr. H. P. Roth, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Steindorff, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. McDonald, Miss M. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Horton, and Mr. William H. Mackey.

Among the guests registered this week at Saratoga Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Orville Chamberlain, of Indiana, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Kucks, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Johnson and Miss Imo Johnson, of Fresno, Mrs. A. Lachmann, of Los Angeles, Mrs. R. A. Porter, of Montana, Mr. E. A. Covell and Mr. D. F. Covell, of Woodbridge, Mr. John Marten, of Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Becker, Mr. and Mrs. George Kreplin, Miss Louise Nelson, Miss Sarah Carroll, and Dr. J. Claude Perry.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Taggart, Miss Grace Monk and Mr. E. R. Monk, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gervais, of Paris, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Torrey, Miss Spratt, and Mr. Lincoln Hutchinson, of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Starr, of San Rafael, Mrs. W. M. Kapus, of Portland, Or., Miss Harriet Regelsberger and Miss May A. Furley, of Honolulu, Mr. James Newlands, Jr. and Mr. Lovell White, of Mill Valley, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Judd, Mrs. J. C. Wilson, and Mr. W. G. Britton.

— THE LARGEST VARIETY OF PAPER-COVERED novels for summer reading can be found at Cooper's Book Store, 746 Market Street.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Henry C. Corbin, U. S. A., will relinquish his duties as adjutant-general of the army when the general staff law goes into effect on August 15th, and an officer of the adjutant-general's corps will be assigned as acting adjutant-general.

Colonel John McE. Hyde, U. S. A., was relieved as chief quartermaster of the Department of California by Major Carroll A. Devol, U. S. A., who will do temporary duty at headquarters until the arrival of Colonel William S. Patten, U. S. A., who is expected in September. Colonel Hyde, accompanied by Mrs. Hyde, leaves for his new post of duty, St. Paul, to-day (Saturday).

Captain George P. White, U. S. A., has relieved Captain David S. Stanley, U. S. A., as quartermaster at the Presidio.

Rear-Admiral Merrill Miller, U. S. N., Mrs. Miller, and Miss Miller have taken apartments at the Colonial for the autumn and winter.

Captain Parker W. West, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. A., aid de camp to General McArthur, who has been on sick leave for several weeks, is again on duty at department headquarters.

Inspector-General George H. Burton, U. S. A., who has been in Southern California since his arrival on the Coast, returned to San Francisco on Monday.

Lieutenant James A. Woodruff, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., who is here on leave, is visiting his father, Brigadier-General Woodruff, U. S. A., retired.

Rear-Admiral J. Trilly, U. S. N., was a guest at the Hotel del Monte during the week.

Lieutenant Benjamin Lear, Jr., Fifteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is in town on a leave of absence from his post at Manila, P. I.

Captain Frederick E. Johnston, U. S. A., has returned from a month's leave spent in the East.

Major Charles R. Krauthoff, U. S. A., and Mrs. Krauthoff are guests at the Colonial.

Commander Reginald F. Nicholson, U. S. A., who has been selected to command the cruiser *Tacoma*, which is now nearing completion at the Union Iron Works, is well known in San Francisco. He acted as navigating officer of the battle-ship *Oregon* in her famous run around the Horn at the outbreak of the war with Spain. For some time he was in command of the torpedo-boat destroyer *Farragut*, but of late has been attached to the bureau of navigation in Washington.

Captain Charles E. Stanton, U. S. A., paymaster, has been ordered to proceed to Denver to report to the commanding general of the Department of Colorado for duty in the absence of Major George F. Downey, U. S. A. Upon the return of Major Downey, Captain Stanton will rejoin his proper station.

The Marconi system of wireless telegraphy has been in successful operation on the American Line steamship *Philadelphia* for some time, and the company, realizing its value to the passengers and their friends, has decided to install the apparatus on the *St. Louis*, *St. Paul*, and *New York* at once. In addition to the facilities offered to passengers in the way of sending or receiving telegrams while at sea, arrangements have been made to supply current news, which will be sent by wireless telegraphy to east-bound steamers from the Polidhu Station on the coast of England, and to west-bound steamers from the Siasconset Station, Nantucket. Steamers thus fitted with the wireless telegraph apparatus will be practically in continuous communication with either shore stations or with passing steamers.

The number of people who are visiting the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art is larger than ever this summer, while the regular membership is steadily increasing.

The Yosemite Commissioners are considering the advisability of sprinkling the roads in the floor of the valley with crude petroleum.

Diamonds Can Not Be Judged in poor or under artificial light. The store of A. Hirschman, 712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, has perfect light, and is an ideal place to buy diamonds, etc.

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Automobile Run—

August 6th to 11th, from San Francisco, including meet at Del Monte. Under the auspices of the Automobile Club of California. F. A. Hyde, President. Entries to 151 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Golf Tournament—

August 24th to 31st. Under auspices of the Pacific Coast Golf Association. R. Gilman Brown, Secretary. Entries to 310 Pine Street, San Francisco.

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Trains leave Union Ferry Depot, San Francisco, as follows:

7.30	A M—*BAKERSFIELD LOCAL: Due Stockton 10.40 a m, Fresno 2.40 p m, Bakersfield 7.15 p m. Stops at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives 8.55 a m.
9.30	A M—*THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED: Due Stockton 12.01 p m, Fresno 3.20 p m, Bakersfield 6.00 p m, Kansas City (third day) 2.35 a m, Chicago (third day) 2.15 p m. Palace sleepers and dining-car through to Chicago. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives 11.10 p m.
9.30	A M—*VALLEY LIMITED: Due Stockton 12.01 p m, Fresno 3.20 p m, Bakersfield 6.00 p m. The fastest train in the Valley. Carries composite and reclining chair car. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 11.10 p m.
4.00	P M—*STOCKTON LOCAL: Due Stockton 7.10 p m. Corresponding train arrives 11.10 a m.
8.00	P M—*OVERLAND EXPRESS: Due Stockton 11.15 p m, Fresno 3.15 a m, Bakersfield 7.35 a m, Kansas City (fourth day) 7.00 a m, Chicago (fourth day) 8.47 p m. Palace and Tourist sleepers and free reclining chair cars through to Chicago, also Palace sleeper which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6.25 p m.

* Daily. † Monday and Thursday.
‡ Tuesday and Friday.

Personally conducted parties for Kansas City, Chicago, and East leave on Overland Express Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p m.

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SUNDAYS—7.30, 8.00, 9.30, 11.00 a m; 1.30, 2.30, 3.40, 5.10, 5.30, 11.30 p m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6.05, 6.50, 7.35, 7.50, 9.20, 11.15 a m; 12.50, 1.40, 3.40, 5.00, 5.20, 6.25 p m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.45 p m.

SUNDAYS—6.50, 7.35, 9.20, 11.15 a m; 1.45, 3.40, 4.50, 5.00, 5.20, 6.10, 6.25 p m.
† Except Saturdays.

Leave San Francisco.	In Effect May 3, 1903.	Arrive San Francisco.
Week Days.	Destination.	Sun- days. Week Days.
7.30 a m	7.30 a m	7.45 a m
8.00 a m	8.00 a m	8.40 a m
8.30 a m	8.30 a m	8.40 a m
9.30 a m	9.30 a m	10.20 a m
10.30 a m	10.30 a m	6.00 p m
5.10 p m	5.10 p m	6.20 p m
		7.25 p m
7.30 a m	7.30 a m	7.45 a m
8.00 a m	8.00 a m	8.40 a m
8.30 a m	8.30 a m	8.40 a m
9.30 a m	9.30 a m	10.20 a m
10.30 a m	10.30 a m	6.00 p m
5.10 p m	5.10 p m	6.20 p m
		7.25 p m
7.30 a m	7.30 a m	7.45 a m
8.00 a m	8.00 a m	8.40 a m
8.30 a m	8.30 a m	8.40 a m
9.30 a m	9.30 a m	10.20 a m
10.30 a m	10.30 a m	6.00 p m
5.10 p m	5.10 p m	6.20 p m
		7.25 p m
7.30 a m	7.30 a m	7.45 a m
8.00 a m	8.00 a m	8.40 a m
8.30 a m	8.30 a m	8.40 a m
9.30 a m	9.30 a m	10.20 a m
10.30 a m	10.30 a m	6.00 p m
5.10 p m	5.10 p m	6.20 p m
		7.25 p m

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altura and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geysers for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Boonville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Setaoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hullyville, Orr's Hot Springs, Haleway House, Compiche, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Uslal, at Willits for Fort Bragg, Westport, Sherwood, Caho, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Garberville, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

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7.45 A. M. week days does not run to Mill Valley. DEPART SUNDAY 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 11.30 p m.

7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45, 11.45, 12.20, 1.45, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 6.45, 9, 11.45 p m. Those marked (†) to Fairfax, except 5.15 p m. Saturday, Saturday's 3.15 p m. train runs to Fairfax.

7.45 A. M. week days (Cazadero and way stations, 5.15 p m. week days (Saturdays excepted)—Tomas and way stations.

7.45 P. M. Saturdays—Cazadero and way stations, 5.15 p m. Saturdays—Point Reyes and intermediate.

Legal Holidays—Boats and trains on Sunday time.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Variety is the spice of vice.—Life.

Casey—"Kelly hasn't th' price av a drink." Costigan—"How do yez know that?" Casey—"He aint drinkin'."—Judge.

Christian Science mother—"Eleanor, what is the matter?" "Oh, mamma, I got a terrible error of the mind in my stomach."—Life.

If Mr. Cleveland makes the race against President Roosevelt next year, honors will be about even on the full baby-carriage issue.—Washington Post.

Farmer Mossbacher—"What's William Jennin's Bryan doin' now?" Farmer Bentover—"Helpin' to elect the next Republican President."—Puck.

"When it comes to opening up a new country," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "there is nothing can beat a volcano."—Yonkers Statesman.

Tommy—"Mamma, what made people in old New York wear those great big ruffs around their necks?" Mamma—"That is how our first families learned to hold up their heads, my son."—Judge.

Nan—"Is there any infallible cure for sea-sickness?" Tom—"Oh, yes; when you feel the symptoms coming on, all you have to do is to go out and sit under a tree. You will very soon recover."—Puck.

Hat salesman—"So you invaded France with your line? How did you make out?" Bicycle salesman—"Very poor. Every time I handed any one my card he thought I wanted to fight a duel."—Chicago News.

Scribbles—"I've got a winner this time." Friend—"New historical novel?" Scribbles—"No; it's a book of excuses for borrowing money. They're all catalogued. Five for every day in the year."—Chicago Daily News.

We regret to hear that our old friend Wu Ting-fang is now merely a clerk in the Chinese foreign office. But prosperity may yet be in store for him. He may get into the post-office department.—Philadelphia North American.

A lack of coincidence: Downer—"I am glad it is good form not to wear a watch with a dress-suit." Upper—"Why?" Downer—"Because I never have had my watch and my dress-suit at the same time."—Pick-Me-Up.

"Ah!" he said to her over their ice-cream, "it is very sweet, but not so sweet as you." "It is so," she returned, promptly, "but not so soft as you." "And it is cold," he concluded, "but not so cold as you."—Philadelphia Press.

Cassey—"O'Rafferty is a sick man. He has heart complaint an' consumption." Murphy—"Sure, consumption's a bad disease." Cassey—"It is that same; but it's slow. He'll die av the heart trouble a year afore he'll die av the loong trouble."—Kansas City Journal.

"Yes," said the old native of the Kentucky mountains, "them Birdseye boys are pretty bitter, but they had some heart in dealin' with my boy Hank." "Spare his life?" queried the tourist. "No, but they passed him the demijohn before the shootin'."—Chicago Daily News.

Philanthropy: Andrew Carnegie—"I would like to give your town a public library." Leading citizen—"Thank you, Mr. Carnegie. It is very noble of you to propose such a thing. How much do you want us to subscribe for letting you put your name over the entrance?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Young man," said the stern parent to the applicant for a job as son-in-law, "I want you to know that I spent five thousand dollars on my daughter's education." "Thanks," rejoined the youth who was trying to break into the family circle; "then I won't have to send her to a school again."—Chicago Daily News.

Vanity: Mr. Potts (to his wife)—"My dear, the air is chilly. Fermez la fenetre." The visitor (sotto voce)—"Why do you ask your wife in French to shut the window?" Mr. Potts (ditto)—"Because you are here. If I asked her in English she wouldn't do it, as she won't take instructions from me before visitors. But if I say it in French she gets up and does it at once, so as to let you see that she understands the language."—Pick-Me-Up.

In earnest then: "I have noticed," said the off-hand philosopher, "that a woman will get a golf-dress when she has no intention to play golf." "That's so," agreed the man with the incandescent whiskers. "And," continued the off-hand philosopher, "she will get a ball-gown when she cares nothing about dancing, and a tennis-dress when she wouldn't play tennis for fear she will freckle, and a bathing-suit when she has no thought of going into the water, and a riding-habit when the very thought of climbing on a horse gives her the chills, and—" "Yes," interrupted the man with the incandescent whiskers; "but when she gets a wedding-dress she means business. Ever notice that?"—Judge.

Mothers and nurses all the world over have given their teething babies and feverish children Steadman's Soothing Powders. Try them.

The anxious mother—"Are you sure my son has appendicitis?" The eminent specialist—"We can tell you better, madam, after the operation."—Life.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

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5:15 P	10:00 A	3:30 P
	11:30 A	4:35 P
	1:30 P	5:45 P
	2:35 P	8:00 P
Saturdays only, leave 10:30 P.		9:30 P. arrive 11:30 P.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

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LEAVE	FROM	ARRIVE	COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street)
7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmhurst and Sacramento	7.25 P	17.45 A Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only)
7.00 A	Vacaville, Ukiah, Eureka, and Fort Bidwell	7.25 P	8.15 A Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations
7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	5.25 P	12.15 P Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations
7.30 A	Niles, Livermore, Lathrop, Stockton, Marysville, Oroville, (connects at Marysville for Gridley, Biggs and Chico)	7.25 P	4.15 P Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos and way stations (on Saturday and Sunday runs through to Santa Cruz; Monday only from Santa Cruz). Connects at Felton to and from Benicia Creek
8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Alhambra, (connects at Marysville for Gridley, Biggs and Chico)	7.55 P	
8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.	10.25 A	
8.00 A	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville	4.25 P	
8.00 A	Port Costa, Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, Paso, (week-bound arrives via Coast Line)	5.25 P	
8.30 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Fruto, Red Bluff, Portland	7.55 P	
8.30 A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff	4.25 P	
8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Bonora, Tuolumne and Orinda	4.25 P	
9.00 A	Martinez and Way Stations	6.55 P	
10.00 A	Vallejo	12.25 P	
10.00 A	El Paso Passenger, Eastbound—Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and El Paso. (Week-bound arrives via Coast Line)	1.30 P	
10.00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	6.25 P	
12.00 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	3.25 P	
11.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers	11.00 P	
3.30 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Williams, Colusa, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and way stations	10.55 A	
3.30 P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7.55 P	
4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	9.25 A	
4.00 P	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton	10.25 A	
4.00 P	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi	4.25 P	
4.30 P	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore	11.55 A	
5.00 P	The Owl Limited—Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles; connects at Sausalito for Santa Barbara	11.55 A	
5.00 P	Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, and El Paso	8.55 A	
5.30 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	12.25 P	
5.00 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	7.25 A	
5.00 P	Oakland, Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East. (Carries Pullman Car passengers only out of San Francisco. Tourist car and coach passengers take 7.00 p. m. train to Reno, continuing thence in their cars 6 p. m. train eastward.)	10.25 A	
7.00 P	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations	4.25 P	
7.00 P	Vallejo	11.25 A	
7.00 P	Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Sacramento, Truckee, Reno. Stops at all stations east of Sacramento	7.55 P	
8.05 P	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.	7.55 P	
9.10 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only)	8.55 A	
11.25 P	Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Hanford (to Yosemite), Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield	11.55 A	

A for morning. P for afternoon. Saturday and Sunday only. † Stops at all stations on Sunday. ‡ Sunday excepted. † Sunday only. a Saturday only. d Connects at Goshen Jct. with trains for Hanford, Visalia; at Fresno, for Visalia via Sanger. e Via Coast Line. / Tuesday and Friday. * Arrive via Niles. ** Daily except Saturday. ** Via San Joaquin Valley. † Stops Santa Clara south-bound only; connects, except Sunday, for all points Narrow Gauge. ‡ Only trains stopping at Valencia Street south-bound are 9:10 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 2:40 P. M., and 6:30 P. M.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LIII. No. 1379.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 17, 1903

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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In 1897, Mr. W. H. Mills, after an investigation, wrote: "California's prisons are breeding-places for criminals. We have two great institutions where men graduate—the State university and the penitentiary. One makes scholars, the other criminals."

Probably few people now will differ with Mr. Mills's conclusions then. Twenty-two hundred and fifty men are imprisoned at Folsom and San Quentin. At both places "dope" fiends regularly get their drugs in spite of walls and guards. At both places discipline is lax, prisoners are petted and coddled, the most debased and the least are thrown in contact, whose inevitable result is the bringing of the one to the low level of the

other. Both institutions are headed by practical politicians, not trained penologists. Both, in short, are a disgrace to the State. But it is not sufficient that press and public recognize, as they certainly have since the Folsom outbreak called the matter sharply to attention, that something is rotten. Action upon right lines is necessary. What are right lines?

Something more than a glance through the works of noted writers upon crime and punishment shows a certain agreement upon methods and principles, which it may be interesting very briefly to outline. In the first place, all penologists make sharp distinction between the habitual criminal and the occasional criminal. The former, according to Ferri, constitutes about forty per cent. of the total, the latter sixty per cent. The occasional criminal may be reformed; with the habitual criminal, the born criminal, reform is impossible. He is physically, mentally, and morally depraved. The Millbank (England) reformatory and "moral hospital" for hardened criminals, built at a cost of two million five hundred thousand dollars, after twenty-seven years of patient trial and vast expenditure, was finally declared a failure, and its title changed from reformatory to prison. The congenital criminal is abnormal and anomalous. Boies calls him the "imperfect, knotty, knurly, worm-eaten, half-rotten fruit of the race." He is the gangrened member of the body politic, the sole remedy for which is amputation. Placed in contact with the casual offender, he infects him with his own corruption. "By carefully providing for its degenerates and abnormals," says one writer, "in comfortable prisons, asylums, and almshouses, giving them the advantages of the highest knowledge and science of living, society unwittingly aggravates the evil it seeks to alleviate." "Why," asks another, "send such a man to prison for a definite term when it is certain he will commit fresh crime as soon as he is free? Why not keep him there?" The present system of determinate terms is held to be as wrong and false as to sentence a leper to a hospital for a month, and then permit him again to mingle with, and infect, society. The remedy for this state of things strongly recommended by many writers is that, upon a second conviction for crime, or as soon as the individual is identified as a hereditary or chronic criminal, he shall be given a life sentence, whatever the particular crime committed, in a prison devoted solely to those of his own sort. There he should be forced to labor hard in self-support, to eat scant, plain fare, to receive no visitors, to get no presents—not as a "punishment," but for the good of society, exactly on the same principle as moves society to incarcerate the dangerous insane, and to segregate the contagiously diseased. Moreover, Henry M. Boies and many others recommend that every such person, not only in prisons, but in poorhouses and asylums, by a simple and painless surgical operation be rendered incapable of reproduction. "Society," he says, "arrests and confines the leper, the victim of smallpox, yellow-fever, cholera, or typhoid; it does not hesitate to remove a corrupt limb or a diseased organ, . . . yet it allows its diseased in mind, body, and soul to disseminate social leprosy and cancer with impunity, while the skill of its surgeons could absolutely prevent the infection."

If any one believes that the present penal system of many States, including California, is a proper one, let him examine the reports of prison committees, prison society proceedings, the books on penology. He will find there not a single word of commendation for the system which, as has been said, is "merely the child of vengeance, paying the criminal so many years' worth

of imprisonment for such an amount of crime." On the contrary, he will find such expressions of opinion as these:

The prison is a hot-house for poisonous plants. . . . It poisons, brutalizes, depresses, and corrupts.—*Emile Gautier.*

Imprisonment, especially if short, is an excitation to crime.—*Reinach.*

The prison is still the best school of crime which we possess.—*Aubrey.*

With less than half a dozen exceptions, every jail in Ohio is a moral pest-house and school of crime.—*Ohio Prison Committee.*

Looking at our present system of dealing with thieves, examining it from every side, it is clear that nothing can be more clumsy and inefficient—except for evil.—*Thor, Fredur.*

Sentences often do nothing but unmix harm.—*Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England.*

With our existing system, twenty-four hours' imprisonment suffices, under certain circumstances, to ruin a man.—*M. Laloue, Inspector-General of Prisons in France.*

I have seen young men enter the Grande Roquette, guilty, but not corrupted, who went out decided to commit crimes which, a few months before, they would have regarded with horror.—*Abbe Moreau.*

Practically, the vast majority of our prisons are but schools of criminality. The entire system of sentences to imprisonment, according to the degree of the offense, is a tangled mass of injustices and absurdities.—*Charlton D. Lewis, LL. D.*

If all this be true—and there seems no reason to doubt it—then what is the remedy? To this, modern penologists have but one answer: The life sentence for the congenital criminal; the indeterminate sentence to a reformatory of the serious first offender, and the release upon probation of the petty law-breaker. It is a plan based not upon the punishment of the individual, but upon the protection of society. A man commits a crime. He is sentenced to a reformatory (where there are no, or few, hardened criminals) until such time, as in the judgment of the director, he is mentally, morally, and physically fit again to enter society. If the prison director, trained by long experience to judge, still mistakes, and the man again commits a crime, then it means a life-sentence. His power to injure society is from that moment forever ended. As it is to-day, hundreds of men are serving sentences for the fifth, sixth, even the tenth, punished crime. Under this proposed system, no man can commit more than two. And this system works. "Figures show a lamentable increase [in crime] in the United States," writes Philip C. Garrett. "The remarkable diminution in criminal imprisonments, noted in Great Britain in the last twenty years, is ascribed by William Tallac to the diminution in number of sentences to prison"—that is to say, the increased number to reformatories. "During thirteen years, from the opening of the Elmira Reformatory," says Havelock Ellis in his remarkable book, "The Criminal," "twenty-three hundred prisoners were paroled, and of these 152 only are estimated as having probably returned to criminal practices and contact." This institution receives, or did receive, only first offenders between the ages of sixteen and thirty. There, trades are taught, education given, and physical development enforced. And so strict, and stern, and rigorous is the régime that hardened criminals beg to be sentenced to the State's prison rather than to the reformatory. In Massachusetts, a probation law has been in force since 1891. It provides that in case of offense, believed to be without root in morally diseased character, the convict shall be under the surveillance of a probation officer, and at all times liable to arrest. That the plan is successful is shown by its steady expansion. Moreover, indeterminate sentence and probation laws have been adopted in other States—Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and several more. Henry M. Boies says: "All definite time sentences should be abolished; all convicts committed to the reformatories upon an indeterminate sentence. The incurable should be transferred to the penitentiary of the incorrigible." Havelock Ellis says: "The first reform necessary is the abolition of the definite and predetermined

tence." Sanford M. Green writes: "The definite sentence must be abolished and the indeterminate substituted in its place, and reformatories provided to take the place of our penitentiaries, which should be retained only for the confinement of such as may prove incorrigible; and these should never be allowed the opportunity of committing further crimes." J. W. Willis, chairman of the committee on prisons, addressing the national charities and correction conference in Detroit, last year, said: "The indeterminate sentence must be the governing policy of the future. All other forms of penalty for crime having proved inefficient, its advent and universal adoption will symbolize an advancement from the shadows of experiment to the sunlight of success."

In conclusion then—penologists say that the imprisonment of young with hardened criminals is an unmitigated evil. California does it. They agree that attempt to reform men so imprisoned is impossible. California tries it. They hold the indeterminate sentence is the only salvation. California has no such system.

It might seem that there is something to be done.

Some weeks ago, the *Argonaut* gave an editorial summary of Philippine affairs as gleaned from Manila papers, and commented on the dearth of information from the islands in this country. It is a singular state of affairs, considering the vast importance to both sides of the future of the relations between the United States and the Philippines. Our own country is so large, and its affairs at home so much nearer to individual interests, that we are apt to lose sight of conditions in the dependency we have created in the Orient.

An article of interest on Filipino affairs is published in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* as one of its series of "letters from abroad." It is written by Arthur Stanley Riggs, an American journalist, who has been successively editor of the *Manila Daily Bulletin* and the *Manila Freedom*. The account given does not show an encouraging outlook for the islands, either politically or industrially. Government under the American commission is largely blamed for present conditions, and the underlying basis of dissatisfaction is that "it sets up the native as preëminent," a course which is characterized as "un-American, autocratic, and blind to its own future." According to the writer, the Filipino does not deserve the sentiment that has been lavished on him. His nature and the treatment received from the Spaniard has made him a liar, a thief, and intractable to, and suspicious of, the efforts now being made to civilize him. "As an individual, he is the most innocent and harmless of any semi-civilized people; as a race, he presents a grave danger unless handled without sentiment, put in his place, and literally forced to prove that he is capable of further rights and privileges." Government by sentiment, says Riggs, is retarding the development of the islands without strengthening the bonds between the natives and the Americans. The Filipino does not understand and respond to it. The foreigner is waiting for the outcome. "A good-sized insurrection is going on in the north; famine, cholera, and ladronism stir the south; friction locally between the various branches of the government and the people have brought affairs in the islands to a standstill. Commerce is dull; business houses are daily retrenching; dissatisfaction grows with the attitude of the home government, and anxiety as to what the effects of the new gold peso will be is stronger every day."

Commercially, the year has been one of the most disastrous the islands have ever known. The rice crop has been a failure in most of the islands; thousands of the water-buffalo have died of disease; ladronism has devastated province after province; money is scarce and tight; and general agriculture in a deplorable condition. Sugar production is not advancing, owing, it is said, to the law preventing a corporation from holding more than twenty-five hundred acres. Vast tracts of sugar lands lie idle because it is claimed that a company can not afford to do business in the face of this limitation. A new insurrection is looked for, and, indeed, has actually begun in the northern provinces of Luzon. In the Bulacan and Rizal districts, the petty disturbances of the early part of 1902 "have grown into a full-fledged rebellion, that is being fought according to the rules of war, though the civil government refuses to recognize it as such, in spite of the fact that the army already does

so." These conditions are largely brought about by the machinations of the secret societies, of which the Katipunian, organized for assassination and rebellion against both church and state, is the best known.

Another conflicting movement, the result of which can not be foreseen, is the attempt by Gregorio Aglipay and his fellow-deserters to settle the friar question by the establishment of the National Independent Filipino Church. Aglipay is the self-consecrated bishop of the new organization, the motive of which is to seduce the people from allegiance to Rome, break the Vatican's hold on the islands, and drive the friars out of the country. "The average American had already decided that the orders must go. Aglipay has reached the same conclusion. The two forces, though pulling at different angles, have practically assured Rome of defeat." There is conflicting opinion as to the motives and intentions of Aglipay. He is regarded as a backstairs politician, a genuine and honest religious leader, or an avowed insurrectionist, according to the point of view taken. According to the latter, he is with old leaders and others who have taken an oath of allegiance, seeking to bring about the old days of insurrection once more, "and compel the Americans to give over the islands to the sovereignty of the Filipinos." The scheme, though considered silly and fatuous, is really anticipated. "Let the Filipino get a really compelling leader," says the writer, "and the issue will be forced upon us." If it comes, it will be impossible to restrain the army by any ideas of sentiment toward the natives. "Any Filipino troops that attack ours will be wiped out of existence in smoke and blood. There will be no nonsense about it next time. This is the opinion of the army." The inroads of Aglipay upon the church have been serious enough to bring Mgr. Guidi out from Rome. He has stopped the desertions somewhat, but does not get the deserters back. If we may credit Mr. Riggs, whose article we have here summarized, the Aglipayans, the Katipunians, and the ladrones will keep the Philippine Commission busy for many a day.

Two years ago, at the primary election, a total of 22,134 ballots were cast, of which 18,594 were Republican and 3,540 Democratic. This year, 26,222 were cast, of which 13,306 were Republican, 7,433 Democratic, and 5,066 Union Labor. This, for a starter, shows a slightly better sense of civic duty on the part of San Franciscans. Two years ago, in the Republican ranks, there was a bitter fight on the part of the "allied hosses," including Kelly, Burns, and Crimmins, against the *Call* and *Chronicle*. The "hosses" won. This year, Kelly, Jesse Marks, and the Davis-Dibble combination have been completely snowed under. The United Republican League, representing the better element, has every delegate to the convention. Here is another gratifying step in advance. In the Union Labor party, Teamster Casey, who, by discreditable use of official power, tried to defeat the man who had given him office, has himself gone down in utter defeat. It has been proved, as the *Argonaut* predicted a few weeks ago, that Casey and the anti-Schmitz labor-leaders represent only themselves, while Schmitz has behind him the mass of the labor vote. In the Democratic ranks, what appears to be the least disreputable faction apparently has won. The Buckley-Rainey, "Horse and Carts" push has about 137 delegates, the McNab-Lane party about 202. The prospects are that nothing can prevent the nomination by the Democrats of Lane for mayor. He will be very strong. His lead over Pardee in the last election was 9,556. He was reelected city attorney in 1901 by a majority of 10,488 votes. He will, this year, have every labor-union vote that is anti-Schmitz. When he is once nominated, doubtless the present division of the Democracy will cut no figure. He will be a hard man to beat. Mayor Schmitz will, of course, be renominated. He has the advantage of a notably clean record, the disadvantage of many enemies among those of his supporters to whom he gave no fat offices. But he will be a strong candidate. The *Chronicle* remarked on Wednesday: "It is improbable that the *Chronicle* will be able to support any of the candidates" or the Union Labor party. That paper further expressed its gratification that Schmitz was up and Casey down—all of which sounds as if De Young were duly grateful for favors received, and as if his paper should make no vicious fight against Schmitz. The *Examiner* is in the same boat, or a worse one. By some siren song of political profit, Hearst persuaded Mr. Schmitz to go East last fall and make some campaign speeches in his behalf. An elementary sense of decency would seem to compel Hearst now not to oppose Schmitz very violently, if at all. Besides, the *Examiner* doesn't like Lane. It silently opposed him last fall. Still, in view of Hearst's Presidential aspirations, it will probably choose to keep straight with the party, and ostensibly support Lane. But actually to fight the mayor would be a rank piece of political treachery.

What will the Republican party do? It goes without saying that for the minor offices it must nominate good, clean, upright men. Only in that direction lies the road to success. Lane is far more popular than his party. It is doubtful if the Union Labor party has much more timber as free from knot and rot as the mayor. Good men on the Republican ticket will stand a first-rate show for election. Poor men will stand no show at

all. As for the mayoralty—but there's the rub. Henry J. Crocker, W. G. Stafford, E. D. Wolfe, David Rich, Arthur Fisk, Horace Davis, Dr. McNutt, Treasurer McDougald, Senator A. P. Williams, Charles A. Murdock, M. H. De Young, Sheriff Lackman, Supervisor Boxton—will any of these "mentioned" for the place defeat Lane or Schmitz? Can any of them get ten thousand more votes than Pardee last fall? It seems very doubtful. If not, why set such an one up merely to be knocked down? If it be true—we do not say it is—that the nomination of one of these by the Republicans means the election of Lane, why not indorse a Republican for the place who stands a chance of winning? Hasn't the Republican party in San Francisco been a cat's-paw to rake Democratic chestnuts out of the fire just about long enough?

For many years we Republicans have been asked to indorse "Citizens," "Taxpayers," and "Non-Partisan" candidates, which always resulted in our electing Democrats. Suppose this time we try indorsing and electing a Republican for a change.

Lane carried San Francisco last year against George Pardee, a good man and good Republican, by nearly 10,000 votes. We are not going to have any votes to spare this year. We shall need all the Republican votes we have and what labor votes we can get. Schmitz will poll a large labor vote. If indorsed, he would poll nine-tenths of the Republican vote. Why not indorse him?

In a letter praising Governor Durbin, of Indiana, for the drastic and vigorous measures he has recently taken to stop lynchings and bring lynchcrs to justice, President Roosevelt outlines his views on this vital problem. When the race-riots broke out in Evansville, Governor Durbin at once dispatched a battery of artillery and Gatling guns to the jail; he threatened to declare martial law if order were not restored; when the militia fired on the mob, killing in all more than a score of persons, he upheld them, and declared that "this rioting shall cease if it takes every soldier in the State to suppress it."

The part of the President's letter in which he recommends the expedition of justice as a partial remedy for the lynching evil is, we may perhaps remark, without undue egotism, in striking accord with the *Argonaut's* editorial of last week. Here are a few pertinent paragraphs of Mr. Roosevelt's letter:

"Moh violence is simply one form of anarchy, and anarchy is now, as it always will be, the handmaiden and forerunner of tyranny. . . . The feeling of all good citizens that such a hideous crime shall not be hideously punished by mob violence is due not in the least to sympathy for the criminal, but to a very lively sense of the train of dreadful consequences which follow the course taken by the mob in exacting inhuman vengeance for an inhuman wrong. . . . The colored people throughout the land should in every possible way show their belief that they, more than all others in the community, are horrified at the commission of such a crime. . . . The slightest lack of vigor in denunciation of the crime or in bringing the criminal to justice is itself unpardonable. Every effort should be made, under the law, to expedite the proceedings of justice. . . . Judges and citizens should be addressed to securing such reforms in our legal procedure as to leave no vestige of excuse for violent methods. . . . The law must work swiftly and surely and all the agents of the law should realize the wrong they do when they permit justice to be delayed or thwarted for technical or insufficient reasons. . . . It is, of course, inevitable that where vengeance is taken by a mob it should frequently fall on innocent people, and for the wrong done in such a case there is no remedy. But even where criminals are reached the wrong done by the mob to the community itself is well-nigh as great. Especially is this true where the lynching is accompanied with torture. There are certain hideous sights which when once seen can never be wholly erased from the mental retina. . . . Whoever, in any part of our country, has ever taken part in lawlessly putting to death a criminal by the dreadful torture of fire must forever after have the awful spectacle of his handiwork seared into his brain and soul. . . . This matter of lynching would be a terrible thing, even if it stopped with the lynching of men guilty of the inhuman and hideous crime of rape; but, as a matter of fact, the lawlessness of this type never does stop and never can stop in such fashion. . . . The spirit of lawlessness grows with what it feeds on, and when mobs with impunity lynch criminals for one cause, they are certain to begin to lynch real or alleged criminals for other causes. . . . When the minds of men are habituated to the use of torture by lawless hordes to avenge crimes of a peculiarly revolting description, other lawless bodies will use torture in order to punish crimes of an ordinary type. . . . The corner-stone of this republic, as of all free governments, is respect for and obedience to the law. Where we permit the law to be defied or evaded, whether by rich man or poor man, black man or white man, we are by just so much weakening the bonds of our civilization and increasing the chances of its overthrow and of the substitution therefor of a system in which there shall be violent alternations of anarchy and tyranny."

It has been given out that the booms for Judge Gray and ex-Senator Gorman, Governor Pattison for the Democratic Presidential nomination have been laid aside, now the hope and one for Senator Gorman, of Maryland, substituted. The same authority announces

that Senator Gorman will have, besides a solid Southern delegation, that of Pennsylvania, and the personal support of James K. Jones, the national Democratic chairman, and of William J. Bryan. Gorman is now said to be supplanting Judge Parker in what was supposed to be the favor of the South. The explanation is that, while the latter is conceded to be an able lawyer and an upright judge, he lacks the capacity to "hustle" for votes which would characterize the former. The explanation is reasonable. Senator Gorman would be an ideal leader in machine politics. He has been brought up from his youth and lived his life in that atmosphere. He knows how to keep a firm grip on his party retainers, and how to avoid complications with factions. When things are not going well he keeps out of sight, and when there is "something doing" he hobbys up at the psychological moment. He neither supported Bryan nor holted the ticket, neither did he follow off after Palmer and Buckner. Like a wise old politician he waited for things to swing round his way, and he now appears to be *persona grata* with everybody Democratic. At present, his chances of nomination look

bright. With Pennsylvania, the South, and his own State behind him, he might easily gather increased strength from the East in convention, and possibly enough more from the West to see him safely through. When it comes to decision at the polls the case might be different. He is an astute politician, with no record as a statesman, or any popular hold on the masses. The machine which he would represent might land the Democratic vote which would be cast for any man nominated. It would have little effect upon the independent vote, which is supremely important. Senator Gorman's record would not fit in with the Cleveland tariff-reform agitation, which is just now strong. In anti-trust movements and sound-money circles, he has cut no figure. It is difficult to name any issue now of interest that would bring votes to his net, outside of those which the party machine always influences.

Mayor Schmitz has affixed his signature to the order for a special election, to be held on September 29th, to decide whether \$18,135,000 of bonds shall be issued. On October 8th, a special election will be held to decide whether \$710,000 more of bonds shall be issued, making the total nearly nineteen millions of dollars. The second issue is for the construction of the Geary Street Railroad. The bonds to be voted on September 29th are proposed for twelve public improvements. These are a city and county hospital, a sewer system, new school-houses (with sites and additions), playgrounds, repairs to accepted streets, a new county jail, an addition to the Hall of Justice, a public library, and public parks. The annual interest charge on these bonds will average, with sinking fund payments, \$1,087,090 for forty years. While these twelve propositions are to be submitted at one election, each is to be voted upon separately. Concerning the necessity of some of these improvements, there is general agreement; concerning others, there is wide difference of opinion. There is, however, another question to be considered aside from the question of necessity or desirability. The great majority, if not all of the expenditures, are to be under the control of the board of public works. The recent actions of that body have raised at least a presumption that, if the present incumbents have the spending of the money, it will not be expended to the best advantage of the people. It would be wiser to wait until conditions are more favorable before incurring this vast indebtedness.

It is evident that the native Hawaiians have yet much to learn before they can understand the ideas of government that prevail in this country. Two legislatures have now convened there since the islands became a Territory of the United States. The first legislature did not understand the separation of executive and legislative functions and their exercise by different sets of officers. They regarded the legislature as the whole government, the executive as a subordinate employee. They thought that because the native party controlled the legislature it had the right to dictate who should hold the offices, and the entire native population was very much surprised when President McKinley did not remove Governor Dole in response to the petition of the legislature. In the first legislature, the tendency of the natives was obscured by the fact that intriguing whites were trying to use them. In the second, this disturbing element was practically eliminated. In the senate, the majority was composed of white men, and the senate made a creditable record. In the house there were only six or eight white men, in a membership of thirty. Almost without exception, the house tried to cut down the salaries of offices held by white men, and to increase the salaries of offices held by natives. The feeling of discontent at not having their own way has gone even further, and members of the native party are already discussing the advisability of memorializing Congress to restore the former government. The action of the native party bids fair to divide parties more distinctly on race lines.

Chief of Police Wittman has lately returned from a trip through the East, where he made a study of the police departments of Eastern cities. He found that, so far as the personnel of the force is concerned, San Francisco suffers nothing by comparison with these older and larger cities. In the matter of equipment, however, this city is far behind the Eastern cities. We do not begin to have the conveniences and electrical appliances that are found in the departments of all the Eastern cities of any size. The number and equipment of station-houses is another point in which this city is decidedly deficient, as in the item of mounted police. These things cost money, it is true, but there is one item in Chief Wittman's annual report that suggests where that money might come from. During the year ending with June 30, 1903, there were 29,336 arrests made, while more than one-half of these (15,766) were for drunkenness, while 1,968 more were for disturbing the peace, an offense closely connected with drunkenness. It is, of course, out of the question to suggest the closing of the saloons in San Francisco. That will never be done. But it is obvious business policy to require the saloons, which are responsible for more than half of the crimes, to contribute toward their punishment by paying a reasonable license instead of one that is unreasonably low, as at present.

The Southern Pacific has pensioned thirty-five of its employees. According to the system that has been adopted by the Southern Pacific Company, every employee who has been in the service of the company for at least twenty years, and has reached the age of seventy years, is to be retired from active service and receive a pension. The average salary received during the last ten years of service is to be taken as the basis for figuring the pension, and upon this he is to receive annually one per cent. for each year that he has been in the employ of the company. Thus, none of the pensioners

will receive less than twenty per cent., or one-fifth, of the annual salary, while those who have served more than twenty years will receive a larger percentage. Of the thirty-five who have been placed on the pension-list, one-half were in the motive-power department, while the remainder were divided among the transportation, maintenance of way, general office, steamer, and land departments. Three captains of river steamers are among those retired, but the majority were not those who come in contact with the traveling public. It is said that several general officers are to be retired, but their names have not yet been announced.

THE LYNCHING OF A WOMAN.

Geraldine Bonner Writes of a Dark Chapter in California's History.

One constantly hears in the talk of old Californians, and reads in the books written during the pioneer period, of the almost fantastic respect in which the Californian of the 'fifties held women.

There are stories of how a miner came in some way or other into the possession of a lady's slipper, small and dainty, and how, after the heat and burden of the day's work was done, he would allow his comrades to look at this sacred article, even pass it charily from hand to hand, while he stood by jealously watching it. In a northern mining district, one of the authors of the 'fifties tells us that a band of miners once came upon a woman's sunbonnet lying in the middle of the road, where it had evidently fallen from an emigrant wagon. There is nothing sentimentally suggestive about a sunbonnet. One could weave a romance about a well-shaped slipper, but a sunbonnet only speaks of the tanned, unlovely face of the slab-sided frontierswoman. Yet the miners are reported as having snatched it up—kissed it, almost wept over it, and carried it away with them, as knights of old carried their lady's favor when they rushed into the fury of the fray.

Yet it was in this very period, when the woman, as a rare feature of contemporaneous life, still stood on an exalted pedestal, that one, young and handsome, was openly, and by the consent of a crowd of several thousand men, lynched in the mining-camp of Downieville. I am not certain, but I am under the impression, that this is the only white woman ever lynched in the United States. It certainly was the only white woman ever lynched in the cool light of day for a crime for which an impartial judge would have found mediating circumstances, and after a trial, in which those few who had the temerity to attempt to defend her, were kicked and hustled out of the court.

It is difficult to find information on the subject. Whether the historians of that and a later period decided that the matter had best be passed over in silence, or whether it was regarded as of insufficient moment to be carefully chronicled, I am not able to say. I first read of it in one of those curious little books, the jottings of observant travelers, or amateur miners, of which '50 and '51 were so prolific. I have forgotten the names of author and volume, but am under the impression that the writer was an eye-witness of the affair. After that a living eye-witness described it to me. Bancroft has something to say of it; so has Hittell. But to the majority of Californians, who were either not here at all, or who were too young at the time to be interested in anything outside the nursery, the matter is unknown history.

The story is one of the most dramatic and savage in the annals of the settling of the West. Rarely, in modern times—never, perhaps—was such deadly animosity shown toward a woman, young and apparently entirely defenseless. She was a Mexican, by name Juanita, twenty-four years of age, and standing not quite five feet high. She was also pretty, with the dark skin and eyes, and the shining black hair of her race. It is said that her character was not of the best, but at the time the story opens she was living quietly at Downieville with a monte-dealer—whether as wife or mistress nobody seemed to know or care—whose name has not come down to us, and who, apparently, stepped back and let "the law take its course" without a protest.

On the evening of July 4, 1851, there was a great celebration in Downieville. John B. Weller, then stumpng the State as a candidate for Congress, had arrived, and made speeches on a platform raised in the centre of the town, close to the hotel. Miners had come in from camps and diggings for miles up and down the muddy length of the Yuba. It was said that there were five thousand men in Downieville that night, and, as may be imagined, the hilarity was great. Among others who became exceedingly merry was Joe Cannon, an Australian, who, together with two kindred spirits, ranged through the camp, drunk and jovial.

Cannon was one of the most popular men of the district. He is described as a cheerful, easy-going giant, for he was over six feet in height, and weighed two hundred and forty pounds. In their riotous course through the camp, they arrived at the cabin of Juanita and the monte-dealer. Here, dark and silent, the little shanty presented no sign of life or light. Such friends as the unfortunate Juanita had, tried to win the clemency of her judges by stating that Cannon, with brutal language, had attempted to break down the door of the cabin. His friends, the next day, persisted that all he had done was to strike the door in a spirit of tipsy revelry, and so powerful was the blow of the giant that he burst it from its frail hinges of leather. After this they departed, unconscious of tragedy to

arise from the unpremeditated stroke of a drunkard's fist.

The next morning, when Cannon had recovered his senses, he was told of the damage he had done. His friends declared that when he heard it he immediately announced his intention of repairing to the monte-dealer's cabin and paying for the broken door. No one, according to the Downieville miners, had ever known Joe Cannon to do an ungenerous thing. It was said by the Mexicans that whether he had gone to the cabin for the purpose of payment or not, once there he had renewed the brutal and insulting language of the night before, and that Juanita, crouched in a corner of the room, had listened to it, still and fiery-eyed.

Whatever words passed, Cannon came to the open doorway, whence the broken door hung loose, and, standing with a hand on either post, looked into the cabin. Suddenly, from the corner where she sat, Juanita rose, and rushed upon him, drawing from her clothing a long knife. The attack was so unexpected and so swift that before Cannon could move she had driven the knife, hilt deep, into his chest. The force of the blow, for one so small and fragile, was amazing. It was as well-directed and unswerving as that which Charlotte Corday delivered to the man in his bath—"sheer through the clavicle into the lung." Cannon fell where he stood, stricken to the death.

He was carried away and laid on the puncheon floor of a half-built shanty in the middle of the camp. From here, the news of the attack flew like wildfire through the town, and up and down the banks of the Yuba. Such miners as had not attended the Fourth of July celebration dropped their picks and shovels, and turned their faces to Downieville. By the hundreds they stood round the body of the dying man; by the hundreds they filed in and out, taking a last look at him as he drew his labored breaths. He lived an hour. At eleven o'clock he was dead, and two thousand men walked through the camp to the house of Juanita.

She was ready for them; made no attempt to plead for mercy, and showed not the least fear. One of the most remarkable things in the whole remarkable story is the demeanor of this woman. She unquestionably killed Cannon in return for real or imagined insults. Having killed him, she seemed quite satisfied to pay for her revenge with her own life. There was a stoical, almost cynical, calm in the manner she faced the situation that added a last touch to the grisly horror of the whole performance. She asked for a moment's delay in order to arrange her dress and make her will. This she did verbally; then, calm and tranquil, surrounded by the two thousand miners, she walked to the platform that had been used the day before for the Fourth of July exercises.

Here a travesty of a trial took place, Juanita sitting, ever calm and sometimes smiling, in the midst of her judges. The camp was by this time in a frenzy of excitement. There were men who realized that one of the most barbarous acts in the history of the Far West was about to be perpetrated, and attempted to stem the tide. Dr. C. D. Aiken rose up and testified that she was not, physically, in a fit condition to be hanged. He was howled down, and driven from the platform. A Mr. Thayer, of Nevada, then lifted himself above the mob by standing on a barrel, and began to make a speech in her defense. The barrel was kicked from beneath him, his hat and glasses fell off, and he was hustled through the crowd, and kicked and struck at as he fled. The accusers of Juanita were, for the time being, outside themselves. They were savages demanding blood for blood.

In the hotel, overlooking the scene, was John B. Weller, the candidate for Congress. Some one rushed in to him, and pleaded with him to address and try and quell the fury of the mob. But the gentleman, evidently feeling his eloquence not equal to the occasion, refused. He had probably seen the treatment awarded the two champions of Juanita, and deemed the moment one where silence was golden. So, left to her fate, Juanita was tried, found guilty, and led to execution.

The four hours that elapsed between her conviction and death were spent by her in her own house, saying good-by to her friends, and making her toilet for her final appearance upon this earthly stage. Her accusers occupied the time in arranging a scaffold for her in the middle of the bridge across the Yuba. Two posts had been left standing in the centre of the bridge, and below these they lashed two planks, which extended out over the rushing stream.

When the hour arrived, Juanita appeared, walking among an escort of her friends. She had dressed herself carefully in white; her black hair was neatly brushed and braided. On her head she wore a man's hat, lent by one of her friends. Her imperturbable calm was as marked as ever. It was impossible to notice a tremor in her step or voice. When she had heard the words of her conviction spoken, she had given a little laugh. Now she was grave, but unmoved. She mounted the temporary scaffold, and, taking off the hat, sent it with a quick whirl of her wrist through the crowd to its owner. Then, turning to the still, staring throng, she bowed to the right and left, making a gesture of farewell. With each bow she pronounced clearly and firmly the words "Adios, mis amigos, adios!"

A few moments after, her dead body hung quivering over the stream. The crowd dispersed to its cabins and tents with what feelings we may wonder.

GERALDINE BON-

THE BLOOD OF HIS FATHER.

How the Tempest Showed the Mettle of Perk.

He keeps a little tobacco-shop in Astoria, and to reach it one must go up Commercial Street till it scrambles out over the river on spindling piles. Captain Perk's place of business is in a building balanced agilely on three legs over a huge boulder, and one corner only touches the board walk. On either side of it the rustling river-waves below play with sweepings from the street. In fact, the whole thing is strikingly like a harbor beacon.

During an extremely tiresome winter season that I spent in Astoria, Dave Amundson, one of the keepers of Tillamook Light, introduced me to Captain Perk's shop, recommended me as a good customer, and satisfied the captain of my fitness to participate in the reunions there held. When these preliminaries had been gone through with, and the weak-eyed captain had greeted him in his shambling fashion three nights in succession, Dave called me aside. "Yer a decent sort, sometimes," he remarked, kindly, "but I don't want ye to think anything about old Captain Perk except what ye hear."

"You mean?"

"I mean what I say," continued the light-keeper. "When ye want to know anything about the captain ye just come to me, or to George, or any of the boys ye meet reg'lar there. Don't trust yer own eyes or yer own ears. Captain Perk," he concluded, solemnly, "is a misjudged man."

Farther than this, my friend would not go. He left for his lonely station the next week, and his parting injunction was to believe nothing but what he told me. As he told me little, except in the way of warning against the evidence of my own senses, I was mightily in the dark. However, I determined that nothing should hinder me from fulfilling the terms of my introduction.

Three months' acquaintance with the man gave me a wondrous pity for his feebleness. Watery eyes, flabby hands, a pinched nose do not make up the figure of a seaman. To see Captain Perk dawdling over his wares, testing delicately the latest consignment of Swedish snuff, or pottering over a new pipe, awakened no thought of the briny sea or roaring gales. The captain himself seemed to have little recollection of his seafaring, though, when the subject was fairly brought up, he would spin yarns of hair-raising quality while the habitués of his shop sat three deep around his meagre form, dilated into odd manliness by the bigness of his tale. At its end, Captain Thorpe, the white-bearded, dare-devil skipper of the tug *Seafarer*, would wag a solemn head and ask for more details; huge Brisket of the lightship would recall some particular incident with comrade gusto; and Ivan Stutz, the crack fisherman of the Columbia River, would shake his heavy hair down over eyes and rumble forth appreciative comments.

When one has heard, from the slack lips of a scanty-haired man of under middle age, stories of daring and consummate seamanship that are belied in every strong detail by a feeble hand, a slender frame, and indecisive eyes; when men of expert and amazing knowledge of the most dangerous coast in the world will listen, as children before a master, to the wild yarns of a man whose whole appearance is that of one who never felt a rolling deck under him; when forty rise to call him cursed who doubts one jot or tittle of an impossible relation, then there is room for curiosity.

In a break in the bad weather in March, Dave Amundson returned on the tender *Columbine* from Tillamook Light. His first question was after the health of Captain Perk; his second as to how I stood with him, and the third (over a schooner of beer) was a deep inquiry as to my belief in his seamanship. I displayed the guile of the serpent, and assured Dave that I looked upon Captain Perk as a salt of the true deep-water stripe.

"That's right," said the keeper. "I've known some young fellows as never knew a heaving line from a sheet say as Captain Perk was a fraud. Which is a shame and disgrace. He's one of the finest seamen that ever stepped a quarter-deck, he is, and if anybody denies it let him run foul of me, and I'll show him what's what."

That evening the usual crowd gathered in the back room of Captain Perk's shop. The gale had resumed with a violence that foretold a long season of bad weather. The boulder beneath the building seemed to rumble on its bed as the surf piled high against it. An occasional piece of driftwood thundered on the piles that supported the street till everything shook and rattled. From overhead came the harsh screech of the maddened wind, which died away at intervals to be overridden by the roar of the bar ten miles out.

"Lord, I'm glad I got in before this broke," said Amundson, helping himself to tobacco from an open jar on the table. "This is the worst yet."

"Anything outside when you came in?" asked Captain Thorpe.

"Nothin'," answered the light-keeper. "Saw a bark off the North Head yestidday, but I guess she put out again. Lucky she did."

Captain Perk had been sliding around the room in feeble hospitality all the while, and I detected on his withered cheek a slight flush. Every now and then

he stopped to listen till some loud crash dissolved in the tumult of the elements, and more than ever I felt the incongruousness of the tales he told with his physical insufficiency.

"It was weather like this that you made that trip to the Rock," said Amundson, presently, to Captain Perk.

"Oh, worse than this," said the shop-keeper, smiling, softly. "I reckon, now, the wind was blowing a gale of maybe two hundred miles an hour," he continued, appealing to Amundson.

"I reckon it was," answered Amundson, gruffly. "No mortal could 'a' figured it out proper. It was an awful gale."

"But the *Charles T.* weathered it, didn't she?" pursued the shop-keeper. "Yes, sir, in all my seafaring experience, gentlemen, I never had command of a better craft. Sound, every timber, and seaworthy—there wasn't any to equal her, and they don't build any better nowadays."

"That was a great trip," said Captain Thorpe, pulling at his white beard. "That was the finest seaman-ship I ever heard of, and the town of Astoria aint big enough to hold the man that done it." The captain's voice had a note of reverence in it.

The tobaccoist took up the suggestion and inflated his narrow chest. "Yes, sir, that was a great trip. But I made better ones, now, don't you think?"

"No, sir," was the reply in a chorus, "there can't be no better. That was the unslumpin' trip ever made across the Columbia River bar or on this Coast."

"Well, well," mumbled the gratified Perk, "of course, I have my own opinions, being a seafaring man of experience, but of course you boys are entitled to your opinion."

The words had scarcely left his mouth when there was a terrific roar, and spray from the broken wave that had dashed itself against the boulder below, spattered like shot on the roof and walls of the building. In the din I heard Thorpe yell and Dave toss back a word unintelligible to my ears. Then, as drops of brine fell on the table from the ceiling, the men in the room, with wild laughter, jerked table and tobacco jars away, and in the confusion I missed Captain Perk.

When the bustle simmered down, I saw the tobaccoist sitting on a chair between Thorpe and Brisket. His watery eyes were fixed in terror, and his trembling hands frisked like mechanical toys. Bloodless lips and heaving chest told the pitiful tale. Brisket was staring at the leaking roof, and Thorpe was fondling the shaking arms. Then Dave's hoarse voice rose in a chantey, and the room filled with swelling chorus:

"Oh, I had a mother
And she loved me—
Loved me long and hearty.
But it done no good
For go I would
Though I had a mother
And she loved me—
Loved me long and hearty."

The next day, as I peered from under my sou'wester at the river boiling in the clutch of the wind-driven tide, Dave Amundson joined me in my nook to leeward of a heavy fender-pile. The dull clouds above were twisted into huge funnels and ragged rolls of murk, and beyond, where the bar tossed its raging crests upward, sky and ocean mingled. "Ye wouldn't think," said Amundson, with a swift glance over the harbor, "it was weather like this that Captain Perk made his trip, now, would ye?"

"I don't believe he ever went outside of his shop," I replied, irritably. "I've listened to enough of your rot about his being a seaman. He never smelt tar in his life."

"He's the finest seaman that ever turned a spoke," said Dave. "But he's not what he used to be. Let me tell you what he did."

Then there was recited into my ears the tale of how old Captain Charles T. Perk had amassed money and fame on the Oregon coast; how, in his rough old age, he had married a shrinking woman, whose frail constitution had weathered but one season, and how she died, leaving her lord a son, the present Captain Perk. "He wasn't much of a kid," said Dave, gently, "and the only trip he made to sea the old man brought him back locked up in the cabin, and didn't say nothin' to nobody. But I understand it sort o' got around that the kid wasn't much of a sailor on account of his mother bein' a little skeered and weak. And the old man was sore, because he built the *Charles T. Perk*, and boasted at the launchin' that it'd last to make his son a famous skipper, and his name 'ud be known even when he was dead."

"But after a few more trips he laid the *Charles T. Perk* up over 'n Young's Bay, and sent the boy to school, where he never done much but set around, and was called 'fraid-cat, and generally knocked about. Then the old man Perk died, and he left the young feller nothin' but the *Charles T.* and a lot of sea-yarns."

"Then people got to callin' him Captain Perk, same's the old man. It was fun at first, and then it grew natural, and there you are. He never done nothin', except loaf around the bay, but he was a good sort, and didn't hurt nobody, and he was fond o' tellin' sea-stories the old man had told before him, and we never took much account of him, nohow. I was bar-pilotin' then, and so was Brisket, and Captain Thorpe, he was with us, too."

"Well, one day we was all outside in the schooner *Harvest Home*, waitin' for a couple of ships that was

due. But before them ships was sighted the weather got awful nasty, same as now, and the *Harvest Home* was hove to out beyond where the lightship lays now. For two days we managed to keep dry, and then it was up to us either to get in or get out to sea. It was too rough to fetch in, and so we tried to work her out to sea. We tried for twenty-four hours, and we nearly lost her twice."

"Then in a flaw from the east'ard we managed to work down off Tillamook, and there we was caught in that current. Yes, sir, it was all off with the *Harvest Home*. We seen it, and we knew it was useless to do anything. They say somebody on shore saw us out there, and he rode across to the bay, took a skiff to Astoria, and told 'em what was goin' to happen."

"The crew of the life-saving station came up when they heard of it, but they knew as well as anybody they couldn't help us on that coast. It was either get a tug and go out, or let us bump up just once against them cliffs and rocks. The bar was so rough there wasn't a man, even the port captain, dared say anything about goin' outside. It was sure death to try it."

"Well, sir, Captain Perk was buzzing around kind o' skeered like, when one of the boys catches sight of him. 'I wisht the old man Perk was here,' he says, 'he'd go out if all hell was the other side o' the bar.'

"The little man heard the name Captain Perk, and he answers, smartly, 'What d'ye want of Captain Perk?'

"'He'd be the man to go out acrost that bar,' growls one of the boys, 'and save them poor devils that'll butt up against Haystack Rock before nightfall. That's what he'd do, him and his *Charles T.*'"

"The *Charles T.* rotted her engines out long ago," puts in another, "the same as the captain."

"'She aint neither,' says Captain Perk, straightening up, 'and I'll show you Captain Perk's as good as another.'

"With that he went away, and within an hour they nearly fell off the wharf to see the *Charles T.* steamin' around Smith's Point, like old times. Sure enough, the captain had gone round to her and got up steam with the aid of a boy he picked up, and she come up that river, they tell me, like a puff of smoke."

"When she rounded to by the dock, Captain Perk threw out a line, and they made her fast in no time, though ordinarily you couldn't have moored her noways with such a gale blowin'. Then the little man steps out, and says: 'I want an engineer, a fireman, and two hands to go out and save the *Harvest Home.*'"

"Nobody answered, they knowing he never rightly run a harbor tug, even. And the bar, as I said, was a holy terror. Then some fellers off a Frisco boat asks who it was in the oil-skins, and when they says it's Captain Perk they volunteers, and says they've heard Captain Perk could sail a ship through the rivers of hell, and no one could get it out of their heads that this wasn't the old man they thought it was."

"How that craft got out to the bar, I don't know. How it got across the bar, I don't know. But it was the biggest sight of my life when we sighted the *Charles T.* at about dusk, and she ran inside the Roek where no ship ever came out from, picked up the boat we put out in, and then, just before the *Harvest Home* struck, stuck her nose out into the gale from behind Tillamook Rock."

Dave's voice rose a little, and his breath seemed to choke him. "When we got on the deck of the *Charles T.* it was plumb dark. The shore wasn't to be seen, and just to windward we heard the suck of the surf as it overran the Rock. But Captain Perk, the man that runs the tobacco-shop, was at the wheel, and he never took his eye out of the murk. He simply yelled to us to bear a hand with the furnaces. So we piled down, all of us, and helped fire up, which was a good thing, as the boilers leaked, and the engines needed a heap of tendin'. Then, when we didn't founder nor hit nothin' for an hour, Thorpe and me went up top-side to have a look at the captain. The *Charles T.* was makin' good weather of it, and the Rock was to leeward. The old boat showed who built her, and so did the skipper at the wheel."

"Well, sir, I never thinks of it without feelin' queer, but next morning we was lyin' off the bar, safe and sound, with Captain Perk at the helm not a-sayin' anything, nor a-doin' anything, but just holdin' her into it as never did man before. All that night he done wonders. No man livin' could 'a' kept the *Charles T.* alive in that sea, let alone workin' her out of a bight on a lee shore."

"Then, when we saw the bar, we thought it was all off with us again. 'We'd better put out a few miles,' says Thorpe."

"'No,' says Perk, 'we're goin' in. The tide serves.'"

"And go in we did, though we lost the funnel, the foremost, all the boats, the top of the pilot-house, and the towin'-bitts. But the Lord himself couldn't 'a' got off any easier. Then we steamed up the river with four feet of water in the hold, and Captain Perk missed the channel, and run us up high and dry in the surf off Sand Island, and there the *Charles T.* lies now."

"While we was bein' taken off the island," concluded Dave Amundson, slowly, "Captain Perk was struck on the head and knocked unconscious. It made him sort o' foolish, and he's never been the same since. Some of the boys set him up in the cigar business. But that knock on the head fixed him."

JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1903.

SOME WHISTLER CONTROVERSIES.

Why He Sued Ruskin—How He Defied Sir William Eden and was Mulcted Out of One Thousand Francs—His Tilt with Du Maurier.

In the flood of reminiscences which the death of the brilliant American painter, James McNeil Whistler, has called forth, perhaps the most interesting anecdotes are those which relate to his many legal scurreries, for Whistler looked upon life as upon a kind of warfare, and was never so happy as when he was quarreling with somebody. He is quoted as having said, when asked if he did not have many friends: "Yes, I have many friends, and I am grateful to them; but those whom most I love are my enemies, not in a Biblical sense—oh, no—but because they keep one always busy, always up to the mark, either fighting them or proving them idiots."

Whistler's first suit of importance was against Ruskin, who, in a number of his "Fors Clavigera," wrote a slashing criticism of the American painter's work, in the course of which he said: "For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of willful imposture. I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

One of the most amusing features of the trial that followed the publication of this criticism, was the exhibition in court of some of the "nocturnes" and "arrangements" which were the subject of the suit. The jury of respectable citizens, whose knowledge of art was probably limited, was expected to pass judgment on these paintings. Mr. Whistler's counsel held up one of the pictures. "Here, gentlemen," said he, "is one of the works which have been maligned." "Pardon me," interposed Mr. Ruskin's lawyer, "you have that picture upside down." "No such thing." "Oh, but it is so," continued Ruskin's counsel: "I remember it in the Grosvenor Gallery, where it was hung the other way about." The altercation ended in the correctness of view of Ruskin's lawyer being sustained, and the fact that Mr. Whistler's own counsel did not know which was the top or bottom of the picture had more to do with Ruskin's virtual victory than all the arguments of counsel or the evidence of art experts.

The jury awarded the artist one farthing damages, which he hung on his watch-chain, and used to exhibit with sardonic pride. The British public, however, promptly subscribed the nineteen-hundred-dollar costs which fell upon Ruskin, and one of the subscribers exclaimed that ten times the amount would not have been too much for the public to pay for the entertainment the suit afforded them. After the trial, Whistler published a pamphlet on the subject, called "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," giving his views upon lay criticism in a brilliant bit of controversial satire.

While the suit was in progress, Whistler was one day abusing Ruskin, whereupon one of his friends reproached him with the remark: "Why not leave the poor old man alone? He has already one leg in the grave." "Yes," said Whistler, "but it is that other leg I am after."

Another dispute in which Whistler was engaged was with Mr. Leyland, the art patron, whose London house he decorated, the famous "Peacock Room" being the cause of disagreement. In 1895, he came off victorious in the suit brought against him by Sir William Eden; that is, he considered it a victory to retain the picture he painted of Sir William's wife, though he had to pay back the baronet's "valentine" of one hundred guineas, and was moreover mulcted in the sum of one thousand francs damages. Sir William, it seems, wanted a portrait of his wife painted by Whistler, and got George Moore, the English writer, who was a friend of Whistler, to intercede so that he might get it at a reduced price. Whistler would have charged five hundred guineas, he declared, but in view of Mr. Moore's request, he said he would paint it for one hundred or one hundred and fifty guineas. The portrait was painted, and Sir William, delighted, and remembering an engagement to shoot tigers in Africa, pressed a mysterious envelope into the painter's hand, and murmured, the day being February 14, 1895, "As a valentine." Whistler opened the envelope later, and was chagrined to find it contained the minimum sum named—one hundred guineas. He accepted the sum as a valentine, and refused to deliver the picture. Sir William deferred his hunting-trip, and sued for the picture and damages. The painter lost the suit, but refused to deliver the picture; and the justice of his position was shown in this trial, for Mr. Whistler's advocate, Maître Beurdelay, proved that Sir William tried to sell it to Goupil, not as a portrait of his wife, but as a portrait by Whistler. The artist had to return the "valentine," with interest to date, and damages, but he retained the picture, and in his "Baronet and the Butterfly" he declares that he had more than one thousand francs' worth of fun out of the sporting baronet.

Another of his quarrels was with his former friend, Du Maurier, for the supposed caricature he had made of Whistler in the character of Joe Sibley in "Trilby." In the third installment of his story, published in the March number of *Harper's Magazine*, 1893, Du

Maurier had introduced a life-like caricature of Whistler under the name of Joe Sibley. In the text that accompanied the sketch, Du Maurier described Sibley as a young man with "beautiful white hair, like an Albino's, as soft and bright as floss silk," and as "tall and slim and graceful, and, like most of the other personages concerned in this light story, very nice to look at, with pretty manners (and an unimpeachable moral tone)." Perhaps there was some sly satire in the parenthetical remark. Perhaps Whistler objected to the further description of "Sibley" as a monotheist. He had, said Du Maurier, "but one god," whose praises he was perpetually singing. And who was that god? "Sibley was the god of Joe's worship, and none other! And he would hear of no other genius in the world!" At all events, James Whistler took great umbrage at this description of Joe Sibley. He published a wrathful letter in the *Times* denouncing his old friend as an ingrate who had secretly cherished some old grudge for thirty years, and had at last found opportunity for venting it under the guise of fiction. He brought suit against Du Maurier and his publishers. The matter was finally compromised by the canceling of the offending page in the magazine, and the promise that neither the penciled nor the written sketch should appear in the book when published.

Whistler also had quite a tilt with Tom Taylor, the art critic of the *London Times*, who had made strenuous objection to a quotation by the artist from his article on Velasquez, Taylor declaring that the quotation standing alone as Whistler used it gave just the contrary impression to that which it conveyed when read with the context. "Why squabble?" wrote Whistler in reply. "You did print what I quote, you know, Tom; and it is surely unimportant what more you have written about the master. That you should have written anything at all is your crime. Leave vengeance to the Lord, who will forgive my garbling Tom Taylor's writing."

Frederick Wedmore, a critic, complained as Taylor had done, that Whistler had treated him unfairly in a quotation from his writings. Whistler had substituted, he said, "understand" for "understate." "My carelessness is culpable," wrote Whistler, "the misprint is without excuse. I have all along known that with Mr. Wedmore, as with his brethren, it is always a matter of understating and not at all of understanding." When Taylor died, Whistler remarked to a friend: "I have hardly a warm personal enemy left."

The artist also squelched Mr. Hamerton when he criticised his "Symphony in White" for having other colors in it: "Bon Dieu!" he retorted, "did this wise person expect white hair and chalked faces? And does he, then, in his astounding consequence, believe that a symphony in F contains no other note, but shall be a repetition of F, F, F?"

He had a rather amusing experience, too, in the spring of 1897, when Mr. Pennell brought suit against the *Saturday Review* for a statement made in its columns by Walter Sickert, an artist, and Whistler testified for the plaintiff. When he was being cross-examined he was asked if Mr. Sickert's allusion to him in the obnoxious article had made him angry, and replied: "Not in the smallest degree; if any one could be vexed at all it is that distinguished people like ourselves should be brought here by a gentleman whose authority has never before been recognized." This was quaint, considering that Mr. Pennell, his friend, had brought the suit; but Whistler was in fine feather and gave no thought to the slip. Counsel quoted Sickert as writing, "Mr. Whistler's almost nothings are priceless," and asked the witness, "You don't dissent upon that?" Whistler smiled, and replied: "It is very simple and very proper that Mr. Sickert should say that sort of thing, but I attach no importance to it." The bystanders were delighted, of course, but the laugh was turned against Whistler himself in the next moment. Addressing the judge, he said, "May I be permitted to explain, my lord, to these gentlemen [the jury] why we are all here?" "Certainly not," answered Justice Matthew, "we do not want to hear about that; we are all here because we can not help it," and the world was deprived of what would doubtless have been a speech worth hearing.

Only a few months before he died, he was showing his Scotch artist-neighbor, E. A. Walton, over his bronze-domed house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. "Beautiful," said Walton. "But rather Bunthorne," said Whistler, "and it has involved me in another lawsuit. Builders are working on the adjoining plot, and the noise of the hammers, etc., prevents me from working. I am an old man, and have no time to lose, so I wrote a protest to the landlord. He laid the blame on the woman who was building the house. I wrote to the lady, and she blamed the landlord. I am now taking proceedings against the landlord. You see, art is my pastime, and litigation my serious pursuit. It works for good. It pays my lawyers, it advertises my landlord, and it amuses me."

A check for one hundred dollars has been received from President Roosevelt for Theodore Roosevelt Signet, the boy born to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Signet, of McKeesport, Pa., some weeks ago, and which is the twentieth child born to Mrs. Signet. The money has been placed in a bank to the credit of the baby, the interest to accumulate until he is twenty-one years of age.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Russell Sage, still the largest loaner in Wall Street, and said to have more ready money than any other individual in the street, celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday in New York last week.

Mrs. Emily Crawford, Paris correspondent of the *London News*, will shortly, it is reported, retire from her post. For over thirty years has Mrs. Crawford—in conjunction with her husband and then with her son—been actively employed in that capacity.

Ellis Lando, the first Hawaiian naval cadet to enter Uncle Sam's service at Annapolis, was born in San Francisco in 1885 and is, therefore, eighteen years of age. Later he resided in Oregon and attended the Portland grammar school, going with his parents to Honolulu in 1898.

The salary of William E. Corey, president of the United States Steel Corporation, who has been elected to succeed Charles M. Schwab, has been fixed at \$75,000 a year. This is \$25,000 less than the salary which Mr. Schwab received, but it will be made up by the handsome dividend which Mr. Corey is to receive under the profit-sharing plan which the company has arranged.

Leon Daudet, the author, and Mlle. Marthe Allard were married in Paris last week, after a most romantic courtship. Mlle. Allard loved her cousin for ten years, but Jeanne Hugo forestalled her as wife, and was then divorced. Later, Daudet returned to his first love, and now he has just married her. His witnesses were Colonel Marchand, of Fashoda fame, Edouard Drumont, Ernest Daudet, and Jean Perdoux.

Captain Robert Wringe, sailing-master of *Shamrock III*, and Captain Charles Bevis, skipper of *Shamrock I*, had a rather unpleasant experience when a pier on the Shrewsbury River at Highlands, N. J., collapsed last week. The English master mariners were thrown into the water, with twenty others, including several of the crew of the challenger. Captain Wringe especially was in great danger of being drowned. When he came to the surface, two men, George Rockwell and John Parker, who were unable to swim, held fast to him, and he had to struggle bravely to keep afloat until a flotilla of boats came and rescued all three.

Winston Churchill, by his recent speech on the Sugar Convention bill, has considerably enhanced his already brilliant reputation as an orator. The junior member for Oldham attacked Joseph Chamberlain with a dash and daring worthy of his father, declaring that the colonial office had far too much to say on the policy of the country, and that it would be better for the country if the prime minister had not fallen under the influence of the head of one particular department. Lord Randolph built his parliamentary reputation on his systematic effort to break down the Gladstone tradition. Winston has set himself a similar task in respect to the colonial secretary. He has constituted himself a relentless critic of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, and, though he is not alone in this amiable diversion, he is by far the most daring of all who have joined in the somewhat perilous enterprise.

It is stated on good authority that last January, when Yi Hongs, Emperor of Corea, celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his coming to the throne, Miss Emily Brown, who has long been the light of his harem, was crowned Empress of Corea, and her son declared heir-apparent to the throne. Up to the time of her coronation, Miss Brown was known as Lady Emily. Now she is the Empress Om, which in English means "dawn of the morning." Miss Brown was born in Appleton, Wis., about 1860, her father being the Rev. Herbert Brown, the first Protestant missionary to settle in the capital city of Seoul. Emily acted as an interpreter in church dealings with the government, and when her beauty was reported to the emperor, he commanded her to enter his harem, which she indignantly refused to do. About two years later she concluded to accept the emperor's protection, and went to live in the palace after securing from the emperor a solemn promise of marriage when affairs of state would permit. This promise was kept soon after she bore the emperor a son.

Mrs. Jane Burke, better known as "Calamity Jane," who was a government mail-carrier and scout in the days when the West was really wild, died at Deadwood, S. D., a fortnight ago. It was in 1870 that her first work for the government was done. General Custer was at Fort Risona, Wyo., on his way to fight the Apaches in Arizona. She went to the fort, donned cowboy clothing, and offered her services as a scout. General Custer accepted her, believing her to be a man, and she was uniformed and enlisted as a soldier. The deception was soon found out, but not before Jane had convinced Custer of the value of her knowledge of the plains, and he allowed her to keep up her work. She went through many fights and shared all the hardships of the soldiers. In the campaign made by Custer and Miles in 1872, her services were again accepted, and in 1876, when Custer started on his march to the Big Horn, she was employed to carry dispatches. For several years she was a government mail-carrier between Deadwood and Custer, Mont., one of the worst routes in the West. In 1878, after a short service with the Seventh Cavalry, she bought a ranch and retired. She afterward married and had one daughter.

ROME'S NEW PONTIFF.

Cardinal Sarto's Election to the Throne of St. Peter.

When the conclave, on August 4th, after being in session in the Sistine Chapel at the Vatican, Rome, for four days, elected Giuseppe Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, as Pope to succeed Leo the Thirteenth, it was said that the new head of the Roman Catholic Church, although sixty-eight years old, was in vigorous health, and would probably be spared to lead the church for many years. Throughout the trying ceremonies attendant on the death and burial of Pope Leo and his election, the venerable cardinal showed little signs of fatigue. But the ordeal of his coronation last Sunday left him thoroughly exhausted. Then, instead of resting, as did Leo after he was crowned, he insisted on conceding audiences to all comers, and as a result of this overtaxation of his physical strength, he fainted at mass on Tuesday just after he had given communion to two hundred Venetians, who had gone to Rome to witness his coronation ceremonies. Dr. Laponi has ordered perfect quiet for the Pope, and all audiences have been postponed.

As showing how little Cardinal Sarto expected to become Pope when he left Venice, a fortnight ago, it is related that when one of his friends bade him farewell and expressed the wish that he would be made Pope, Sarto replied, smilingly: "Oh, no. I'll come back. I have purchased a return ticket." When the first ballot of the conclave was taken it showed that the Sacred College was divided into two groups, the stronger one for Rampolla, and another, not quite so strong, for Serafino Vannutelli. The other votes were scattered, but included four for Sarto:

On the subsequent ballots, while the two principal factions were losing ground, Sarto gradually gained, drawing strength from both sides as well as from the neutrals, until the ballot Monday afternoon, when his vote had increased to 37, within six of the necessary two-thirds. When the result of this ballot was announced in the conclave, Cardinal Sarto was so overcome with emotion and so touched by the unlooked-for confidence reposed in him that he could no longer control his feelings, and, to the surprise of all, he broke down, declaring that such responsibility and honor were not for him, and that he must refuse if offered. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and he seemed firm in his determination to refuse the dignity. He was so palpably sincere that consternation reigned in the conclave, and the cardinals spent the whole evening and far into the night in convincing him that his election was the will of providence, and that he must accept. Several times he almost fainted, and had to be revived by the use of salts. He seemed happy, but broken down even after all the other candidates had retired, and on the final ballot he looked a statue of resignation. Cardinal Casetta, as scrutineer, was reading out the vote. When 42 votes had been recorded for the Patriarch of Venice, the scrutineer lifted his red seucchetto, saying: "Habemus pontificem." But from many sides cardinals cried out "Continue!" As the vote approached 50, however, the cardinals, as of one accord, surrounded the new Pontiff, and, according to tradition, demanded to know if he would accept the Pontificate. Cardinal Sarto's lips trembled so that he could hardly articulate, but after a visible effort, he said: "If this cup can not pass from me—!" There he paused, but the cardinals around him insisted that it was necessary for him to answer "yes" or "no." Thereupon he replied firmly "I accept." The *camerlengo* then asked the formal question: "What title will you adopt?" The new Pope replied: "Pius the Tenth." Instantly the cardinals lowered the canopies above their respective seats, and the Pope retired to assume the pontifical robes of white.

The conclave which elected Cardinal Sarto was the largest ever assembled in the history of the Roman Catholic Church. There were sixty-two representatives of the Sacred College present, the only two remaining members being Cardinal Celesia, Archbishop of Palermo, who could not leave Sicily because of ill-health, and Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, N. S. W., who was unable to reach Rome in time for the conclave. The quarters which the cardinals occupied during the election were by no means so primitive as in ancient times. Each cardinal had a comfortable, plainly furnished bedroom and sitting-room. Forty-two of the cardinals elected to eat their meal alone in their private apartments. The remaining twenty decided to dine at the same table. One of the daily sights at the Vatican was the arrival of the nun whom Cardinal Vaszary, the Prince-Archbishop and Primate of Hungary, brought with him from Hungary to act as his cook. Cardinal Vaszary is the wealthiest of the cardinals, and is reputed to have an income of four hundred thousand dollars annually. He desired to have his cook enter the conclave, but, the presence of women being forbidden, he arranged to have her cook his dinner outside and bring it daily to the Sistine Chapel.

The ceremony of closing up the door and sealing up the conclave was quite literally carried out. Genuine walls of masonry had been constructed across all the doors and passages, all telephones were taken out, and all telegraph wires were cut, so that there was absolutely no way by which the cardinals could communicate with the outside world. Soon after the conclave dissolved, one of the cardinals said to an Associated Press representative:

"We really were very, very well treated, and I feel better than when I went into the conclave. The perfect rest was really a treat. We had good food, and the arrangements for looking after so many people could not have been better. After mass every morning we entered the Sistine Chapel and transacted our business. I can quite understand that those outside grew impatient, but I scarcely think we could have been expected to decide so weighty a matter by such a lengthy method of procedure within a shorter time. No doubt the appearance of the smoke was irritating to those who looked for a speedy conclusion, although personally I am surprised to know that the smoke was seen at all. Looking into the little stove in the Sistine Chapel, and seeing the diminutive heap which the boys made, one could scarcely think that they would form, if burned, a cloud as big as a man's hand. After each morning session we had dinner. During the afternoon most

of us killed time by reading in our rooms. Through a chink in the boards which were placed over the window in my cell, I could see the crowd in the piazza of St. Peter's. They indeed formed a wonderful sight. To reach my room I had to climb one hundred and twenty-eight steps; you see I had plenty of time to count them. This was not a penance, as there was an elevator, to which, however, I have a deep-rooted objection. Besides, I am quite sure the exercise did me good."

The coat of arms of the new Pope is one of the simplest among the Princes of the Church. It was given to him by Leo the Thirteenth, and will be used by him as his Pontifical crest. Upon a silver shield is shown a troubled sea in the background, while in the foreground, where the water is calm, rests upon the surface a silver anchor. This signifies the hope bestowed by the Bishop of Mantua upon the poor of his province. Because of his great devotion to the Virgin Mother, who has been called the Star of the Sea, a silver star adorns the sky of the shield. Around the field are the triple cords of a bishop marked in crimson instead of green, the customary color. The introduction of the crimson shows the rank of the Patriarch. It has been said that the prediction of St. Malachy has been fulfilled in the election of Cardinal Sarto, the *ignis ardens* being traced in the star upon his crest. This superstition is carried out in the fact that the election occurred on the feast of St. Dominic, who has always been one of the favored patron saints of the new Pope. On the crest of St. Dominic also the *ignis ardens* is introduced.

MUNSEY IN NEWSPAPER ROW.

The Successful Magazine Proprietor's Failure to Make the New York "Daily News" a Paying Venture—His Dispute with Colonel Brown About Running the Paper.

The surprise of Newspaper Row this week was the announcement that the New York *Daily News* and all its good will and plant are to be sold by auction on August 21st. Colonel William L. Brown, who owns 140 shares out of a total of 300, is very much opposed to the sale, and is expected, when the proper time arrives, to interfere with a court process. It seems that at the first of the year, when the *News* was turned from an evening into a morning paper, Frank A. Munsey, the principal stockholder, offered to buy up Brown's shares, or sell his own, but the colonel said he had no desire to sell, and he was in no position to buy. After further disputes, Mr. Munsey, it is said, informed Colonel Brown that the paper was being run at a loss, and that it was his duty as a minority shareholder to pay his proportion of the losses. Colonel Brown's response to this was that the paper had been turned from a paying property into a losing venture, and that he would pay no assessment until the policy of the paper was turned back to that which was being pursued when the *News* was under the editorial control of himself. Since Mr. Munsey had no intention of doing this, a meeting of the stockholders was called, at which Mr. Brown was not present, when it was decided that it would be better for all persons concerned if the paper was sold.

When Mr. Munsey took charge of the *Daily News*, nearly two years ago, Mrs. Benjamin Wood and her associates had well-nigh ruined one of the finest newspaper properties in the city of New York. But his remarkable success with his magazine, and his former experience as managing editor of the *Press*, in 1889, led many people to believe that Mr. Munsey might be able to build up the *Daily Snooze*, as it had come to be called because of its sleepy appearance, and make it once again the power it was under George Bartholomew.

Mr. Munsey started out all right. He changed the personnel of the *News* staff entirely, and announced that he was prepared to spend \$1,500 a week in the editorial department, whereas under the old management the salary list of the nine persons employed amounted to only a little over \$100 a week, the highest receiving \$25 a week, and the lowest \$3. Samuel Williams was made managing editor, and his advent was hailed with approval by disinterested critics on Newspaper Row. He came to New York from a city desk in Cleveland, in 1893, and took part in the political campaigns on the *World* staff in '94, '95, and '96. He was with Joseph Pulitzer for a year as private secretary, then went to Washington, and later to London for upward of two years for the *Journal*, and for some months represented Munsey's magazine interests abroad.

Another good move on Munsey's part was his selection of Hartley Courtland Davis as Sunday editor of the *News*. He is a fluent, graceful writer, with executive ability of more than ordinary degree. William Garde was appointed his assistant. Other well-known men who were added to the staff were William Dinwiddie, who took up the post of Washington correspondent, and Albert M. Downes, who, for four years, had been acting as private secretary to ex-Mayor Van Wyck. And to ensure an increase in circulation, Mr. Munsey secured the services of Ralph Pillsbury as business manager of the *News*. Mr. Pillsbury is the man who did much toward making the sales of the *Evening World* what they now are. He was formerly a reporter on that paper, and his tact and ability attracted the attention of Mr. Pulitzer, who sent him to the circulation department to report on improvements. His work was so satisfactory that he was made circulation manager.

It was expected that Mr. Munsey would attempt to build up the *News* on the lines laid down by Mr. Bartholomew, for, when it was in its prime, this journal enjoyed a vast circulation peculiar to itself. It devoted itself exclusively to the interests of the people who lived on the East Side. Everything that concerned them and their doings, social and otherwise, was carefully and fully reported. The Irish societies and organizations were exploited at more or less length in every issue, and a specialty was made of the fire and police department news of a personal character. The affairs of fashionable life received but little attention. The doings of Fifth Avenue were considered of small moment, while a social gathering of a club on Second Avenue always commanded ample space. In this way the *Daily News* was built up as one of the most prosperous papers printed in New York City.

All this was changed under Munsey's régime. The special departments which made the old *News* were virtually dropped, and instead of catering to the people of the East Side, he tried to reach the better element on the West Side by eliminating all sensational features. This was a mistake, and when he found out that Fifth Avenue had no use for the *News*, Munsey tried to switch back. It was rather late, however.

Then he again disappointed his subscribers last January by making the still graver mistake of invading the field of morning journalism with all the increased expenses necessary to such a step. He gave several reasons for the change, the principal one being that there were already too many evening papers—thirty-six in New York and her suburbs, within a radius of about twenty miles from the City Hall, against only eight morning papers. He also declared that, owing to the fact that there is no common carrier for the evening papers—no news company that handles them—the cost of circulation for each paper was infinitely greater, and the number of unsold copies returned unusually large. Mr. Munsey also frankly admitted that the "five-o'clock edition" of the *News* was little more than a relash of the morning newspapers. This, he explained, was due to the fact that the edition went to press at twelve o'clock. And as it was this miserable old "relash edition" that went chiefly into the homes of the suburban cities he claimed the *News* had no chance to make any headway because the merits of the paper were misjudged.

Another important factor, he argued, was the fact that an evening paper is only a five-day paper so far as the great shopping advertising goes. No merchant in New York cares to advertise in a Saturday night paper. He goes into the Sunday paper instead. The morning paper—exclusive of its Sunday issue—is a six-day paper, so far as concerns advertising. Saturday, which is an off day with the evening paper, is one of the best days of the week with the morning paper.

Mr. Munsey, too, has exalted ideas of newspaper work, which he has tried to introduce in his other newspaper ventures—the Washington *Times* and Boston *Journal*. He has no taste for "hysterical afternoon journalism," and, as he believed there were enough people in New York to support a morning paper that avoided sensational features and headlines, he increased the number of pages of the *News* to twelve, and attempted to make his paper an exponent of "straightforward, clean, attractive journalism."

But New Yorkers failed to appreciate his efforts, and the paper lost money steadily. Colonel Brown, too, objected to the conduct of the paper, and, as he refused to pay the necessary assessments to cover the losses, it is said Mr. Munsey finally decided to sell the paper at auction. Newspaper men are interested in the outcome, and while they are certain that Colonel Brown will not give up his interests without a struggle, they are inclined to believe that the sale will take place; that Munsey will become sole owner—that is, unless Colonel Brown or some one else outbids him; and that the *News* will be put on a paying basis as soon as the warring within the management ceases.

New York, August 7, 1903.

FLANEUR.

Jean Richepin, the celebrated writer and poet, who accused David Belasco of founding his play, "Du Barry," on one which he submitted to the dramatist for Mrs. Leslie Carter's use, will visit America in October to give a series of lectures and superintend the rehearsals of one of his plays. He will visit New York, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco, and St. Louis. Richepin will be accompanied by his wife, famous for her grace and beauty, and by his two children.

Dr. M. N. Gallagher, of Washington, is visiting San Diego for the purpose of establishing the Bertillon system of measurement that is to be employed there in the execution of the Chinese exclusion act. The first case was that of a Chinese laborer, who is about to visit China on a return certificate. His measurements were carefully taken. This is the first application of the system on the Pacific Coast. It will be introduced in other cities.

An English journal declares that America has the cleverest dentists because she has the best flour-mill makers. "The better the mill is, the finer the flour; the poorer the bread, the worse the teeth, and the better the dentists."

LITERARY NOTES.

The Mormons in Fiction.

In his new novel, "The Lions of the Lord," Harry Leon Wilson, author of "The Spenders," has made a most radical departure from the general style and purport of his earlier work. "The Lions of the Lord" is virtually an historical novel, with Mormonism for its theme. The action of the story, if one may so term that which is largely truth, begins with the exodus of the Mormons from Nauvoo; deals with the rise, spread, and enrichment of the new sect of Latter-Day Saints, and, after covering a period of some twenty-five years, closes with the coming of Gentile settlers into Mormon territory, giving intimations of the first mutterings against the unbridled ascendancy of Brigham Young over his followers.

Mr. Wilson, for the purpose, perhaps, of better unfolding his theme, has hit upon a device which, while possessing some ingenuity, is not a particularly happy one. For fully half the book, he causes his readers to view the Mormon religion through the mind of one of its most fanatic followers. This is Joel Rae, the hero, a personage possessing no heroic attributes whatever, since, although he is termed "soul-proud," he is constitutionally cut out to be a follower instead of a leader, implicitly obeying the decrees of his rascally superiors in the church, and reverencing their authority. Truth to tell, the first half of Mr. Wilson's book, with its superabundance of religious and Biblical diction, becomes somewhat tedious under these circumstances, and the reader's interest is not fully enchaind until the author begins to look at the question from a more open and unobscured point of view.

Mr. Wilson has evidently consulted authorities for the leading facts of his narrative, drawing, we suspect, for much of his information upon "The Story of the Mormons," a secular history of that strangely credulous people by William Alexander Linn, who was formerly editor of the *New York Evening Post*.

The latter half of "The Lions of the Lord" is very much brightened up by the advent of a cowboy wooer, whose vernacular is full of the colloquial Westernisms with which the author's own experience has made him familiar. Added to this, a much greater element of humor is perceptible in his dealings with the comedy side of the Mormon religion. The greatest defect in the book, since it aims to be a truthful recital of the spread of Mormonism, arises from the use of the device already mentioned, of viewing the earlier phases of the subject through a Mormon mind. Thus, the reader unconsciously gains the idea that finer qualities, better leadership, wiser judgment, greater fortitude, and some sense of integrity and morality existed among those who headed the pioneer band of Mormons to the Salt Lake settlement.

A truer and more comprehensive knowledge gained from Mr. Linn's history, already mentioned, and which draws its information almost exclusively from Mormon documents and publications, and from the national records, shows the earlier actors in this strange tragi-comedy to have been men of unscrupulous character, whose ascendancy was first gained by craft and duplicity, who built their power upon the ignorance and credulity of their followers, and who, discovering it to be almost absolute, used their religion as a means of giving unbridled rein to their immorality, their duplicity, and their general all-round criminality. All this of necessity can not appear in Mr. Wilson's book, but this aspect is unduly minimized in the first half of his narrative.

In conclusion, it may be said that, while from the nature of its subject, "The Lions of the Lord" will attract much attention, the author has, like George Eliot in "Daniel Deronda," sacrificed its fictional qualities to the weight of its historical element.

The book has six full-page illustrations by Rose Cecil O'Neill, wife of the author.

Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.50.

Ward Politics and a Girl.

Like the Frenchman's cocktail, with "a little lemon to make it sour and a little sugar to make it sweet," "The Spoilsman" pictures the ins and outs of a political campaign in Chicago in a vivid, touch-and-go style. Mason, a retail hardware-dealer of the eighth, and Darnell, of the twenty-fourth, who plays "golluf" and "pushes wan iv thim auty-mobils," are nominated for aldermen in their respective wards, and proceed to make a clean, honest fight for election. Mr. Elliott Flower,

the author, seems to have been through the political mill himself, for from the back-room confidences over the bar to the far-reaching combinations of the "Old Man," he is on the inside of "the devious ways of politics." When Billy Ryan demands, with fine scorn, "Do you think we are running primaries on a lottery plan? It's the game of politics, the 'Old Man' is playing, with a 'rake-off,' of course," we get the side we expect to see in a hard ward during a hot party conflict, and are bound to admit the Billy Ryan type is an all too-familiar figure. But when we hear Mike Duffy, middle-weight pugilist, assure Darnell, "You're all right with your quick-action think-tank. You see I'm wise to a lot that's going on. I don't live in the ward, but I'm next to some that do, and I hate to see a likely lad done up crooked. That's why I cut in last night, and that's why I'm cutting in now," we admit perforce that, despite Duffy's calling and manners, he is a twentieth-century ninth-ward Bayard.

Mason and Darnell make a shoulder-to-shoulder fight, being "coupled in the betting," as the ward-phrasing has it, and in the end win out. It is a bit discouraging, nevertheless, that in the end both retire from politics, tacitly admitting that a clean politician is an impossibility.

The "little sugar to make it sweet" is the woman in the case. Josephine Hadley, who is the power behind the throne of Darnell's political ambitions, is a girl of high spirit, high principles, and high ideals, very sweet and womanly withal. So it is to our great satisfaction, when the campaign is over and the identity of the sender of the red, red rose is settled, that we leave them in the conservatory and read: "She was leaning trustingly against his shoulder and he—well, there was no danger of her falling."

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Career of Harriet Lane Johnston.

Harriet Lane Johnston, who recently died in Washington, D. C., was one of the best-known women in the United States two generations ago, when, although in deep mourning for her brother and sister, she took her place as mistress of the White House during the administration of her uncle, James Buchanan. She was born in 1833, the youngest child of Buchanan's sister, Mrs. Elliot T. Lane, to whom he was warmly attached. It is recorded that he was not especially fond of children, but this youngest child of the Lanes, Harriet Rebecca, as she was christened, attracted him from her babyhood. On the death of her parents, she chose Buchanan as her guardian, preferring to live in a bachelor's establishment rather than in a comfortable home among women relatives.

According to the *New York Evening Post*, she was a madcap child, and was a sore trial to the stately and dignified man. Her mischief, her noisy ways, her audacious mimicries of his friends, called forth daily rebukes and admonitions. Once, Buchanan put her, for a whole year, in the household of two maiden ladies, famous for their strict sense of propriety and their parsimonious habits of living. In these days, exuberant spirits were thought ill-becoming a nice girl. This exuberance wore off to a degree during her school days, but Miss Lane was always rather livelier than the fashions of the day approved.

She was a blooming, beautiful girl of twenty when Buchanan was sent to England as minister to the Court of St. James, and her triumph aboard almost equaled that of her uncle. He was the only American minister up to that time who was greatly esteemed, diplomatically and socially, by the English. Mr. Buchanan was afraid his niece's head would be turned by the admiration she everywhere met with, and he endeavored to offset adulation by some polite snubbing of a kind common in families. "One would have supposed you to be a great beauty," he remarked, casually, after her first drawing-room presentation, "to have heard the way you were talked of to-day. Imagine that I was asked if there were many such handsome women in America. I answered that you would scarcely be remarked for a beauty at home." Which probably hurt Miss Harriet's feelings, because she knew better.

During her uncle's administration, Mrs. Lane's position as mistress of the White House was more crowded with public duties than any American woman's has been, as she entertained many foreign celebrities, including the Prince of Wales, now Edward the Seventh. Her career, however, practically ended with the retirement of Buchanan from the political field in 1861. Her whole life, her sympathies, and her affections had been so intimately connected with her uncle, that

she felt to the keenest degree the obloquy and bitterness under which he left the White House, and for several years she lived very quietly, seeing only intimate friends. She never was a prominent figure in general society afterward, although her latest picture revealed her a beautiful woman still, in spite of the years of sorrow, the loss of her uncle, her husband, and her two sons. Her hair, snowy white, was abundant, and her violet eyes kept much of their brilliance. She was *grande dame* to the last, one of the notable American women of her century.

New Publications.

"A Romance of Wolf Hollow," by Anna Wolfrom, is published by the Gorham Press, Boston.

"The Testimony of Reason," by Samuel L. Phillips, is published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"A Bunch of Rope Yarns," by Stanton H. King, superintendent of the Sailors' Haven Mission for Seamen, Charlestown, Mass., is published by the Gorham Press, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"Turgot and the Six Edicts" is the title of the doctor's thesis of Robert Perry Shepherd, Ph. D., published in the series of Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law, by the Columbia University Press; the Macmillan Company, agents, New York; price, \$1.50.

We don't know what a red-bird would say to Gene Stratton-Porter's story of his life and loves, but from a human's point of view the book is an interesting one. It tells with sympathy and in poetic language of the youth, mating, and maturity of one of the South's most beautiful birds, who "was hatched in a thicket of sweetbriar and blackberry." It will interest particularly children and young people; it is a good story for country-reading. There are many illustrations from photographs, which are reproduced by a new process, and are very soft and pleasing. "The Song of the Cardinal: A Love Story" is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; price, \$1.50.

"Daily Training," an addition to the Athletic Library, by E. F. Benson and Eustace H. Miles, is a very good sort. The authors are not dogmatic. They have open minds. They realize that what is one man's meat is another's poison. One of them, in fact, is a vegetarian, the other a meat-eater. One takes regular exercise, the other does not. One smokes, the other not. One delights in a cold bath, the other in a hot one. Both are healthy and strong and sensible. And they both believe that "air, light, and work are three prime remedies in the pharmacy of God." Also they "feel sure that sensuality is bad for everybody." We commend the book. There are a number of pictures. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50 net.

Several numbers of the monthly *Statistician and Economist*—which ceased after running for the years 1875-1878, but has now again been started—have reached us. The chronological and necrological tables are brought down to within a month of date of issue. "Everything," says the publisher, "that is bought, sold, drank, eaten, or worn, is quoted. It contains no matter that is not general in its character. The main features will be unique and unlike any other publication (of a monthly issue) now in existence." Broad claims, these, but pretty well borne out by the compact little book of one hundred and sixty pages devoted to facts and statistics. In the tables of events prominence is given to the Pacific Coast, and thus the book will be particularly useful to Californians. Published by Louis P. McCarthy, San Francisco; price, 25 cents.

Despite the fact that the newly collected volume of verses by Charles Dickens contains over two hundred pages, the whole of them are probably not worth the single poem familiar to all Dickens lovers, "The Ivy Green." The libretto to a comic-opera Dickens wrote in 1836 takes up fifty pages, then follow several verses from "Pickwick Papers" and other prose works, and these, with a few political squibs and occasional rhymes, complete the volume. F. G. Kitton, the editor, prefaces each chapter with a few historical notes and brief comment. Though the intrinsic merit of the verses is slight, it is still well enough to have them all brought together in a single volume. The publishers have given the book a handsome binding, but immoderately thick paper with expansive areas of blank white—the latter evidently for the

purpose of making from scant material a book big enough to charge a round price for. The scheme is somewhat too clever. Published by Harpers & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.00.

Captain Gordon Casserly, of the British army, who has written a book called "The Land of the Boxers; or, China Under the Allies," has a very good opinion of the American troops. He speaks of their bravery in emphatic terms, and concludes: "May we always fight shoulder to shoulder with, but never against, them!" So say we all of us. Barring its lateness, Captain Casserly's book is entertaining enough. The criticisms of the various armies, he says, are a résumé of the opinions of many officers with whom he has conversed. The book scarcely pretends to be more than a record of personal impressions in other respects, and touches only upon the surface of things, but in a pleasant way. The illustrations are all good. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

In explaining the title of her book, the unknown author of "People of the Whirlpool" gives us a bit of interesting information: "The name for the island since called New Amsterdam and York," she says, "was Mon-ah-tan-uk, a phrase descriptive of the rushing waters of Hell Gate, that separated them from their Long Island neighbors, the inhabitants themselves being called by these neighbors Mon-ah-tans, Anglice Manhattans, literally people of the whirlpool, a title which, even though the termagant humor of the waters be abated, it befits them as aptly fits them at this day." The book itself is of a feminine levity and volatility, satirizing with some wit and no malice the foibles of "high society." It resembles in tone "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," and, of course, the first book of this author, "The Garden of a Com-muter's Wife." Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

A biography of Charles Darwin, by Francis Darwin, appeared several years ago, but at that time many of Darwin's letters were not in the possession of his son, and many others were excluded by lack of space. These have now been collected, admirably edited, arranged, indexed, and published in two bulky volumes under the title "More Letters of Charles Darwin." They have slight popular, but great scientific, interest. The marvelous patience of the man, his perfect fairness and willingness to admit he was wrong when convinced of it, his attention to the minutest detail, his readiness to consider the slightest objection to any of his deductions, and many other traits of his remarkable character are revealed in these letters as in a mirror. The work should greatly stimulate readers who are also scientific students. It will also serve as a gloss on Darwin's books, in many cases making very clear the devious paths of reasoning by which conclusions were reached. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$5.00.

Those who have enjoyed the first two handsome volumes dealing with the Harriman Alaskan Expedition, will be glad to know that they are to be followed by further volumes. Eminent specialists have been at work four years, and three new volumes will be issued in September, on glaciers, botany, and geology, to be soon followed by other volumes, completing the work in twelve. In all, it will be a very interesting record of one of the most important expeditions of the kind.

Next month, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske will again produce, at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, her new play, "Mary of Magdala," which has been specially translated for this production. After its New York run, Mrs. Fiske will take the play all over the country, it is understood, coming as far West as San Francisco. Coincidentally with its production in New York, the Macmillan Company will publish the play in book-form.

M. Louis Fabulet, who has a great enthusiasm for Rudyard Kipling, and has translated numbers of his works into French, asked the author if there was any truth in the assertion that he had the French nation in his mind when he described the Bandar Log in the "Jungle Book." Mr. Kipling absolutely denied it.

Frederick Palmer, author of a pleasing volume of sketches dealing with the early stages of American rule in the Philippines, "The Ways of the Service," is at present arranging his new novel, "The Vagabond," for book publication in the fall. The story deals with the beginning of the Civil War.

LITERARY NOTES.

Anglo-Saxondom Triumphant.

When a man with the Latin-sounding name of Dos Passos writes a book on "The Anglo-Saxon Century," it arouses attention. When the same Portuguese-American advocates an alliance of Britain and America for protection against the Latin and other European nations, it excites interest. And Mr. Dos Passos's book is indeed an interesting and spirited argument for a strengthening of the bonds of friendship between all those who speak the common tongue in which Scott and Dickens wrote and Shakespeare sung.

He hases his strong argument, which fills some two hundred pages, on several grounds. Our laws, customs, institutions: our home life; our attitude toward the family; our sports, amusements, and pastimes; our political system; our mode of reasoning about things; the tendencies in religion; our sympathies; our literature and drama; to say nothing of the common language, the strongest bond of all, are much the same. "Are not," our author asks, "the foundation of an international relation, when made of such materials, solid and secure?" To-day the United States perhaps needs no ally. But why not look forward and prepare for future world-crises?

The specific recommendation of Mr. Dos Passos is a treaty which should embrace these stipulations: That Canada should divide herself into States with view to admission of each State into the Union; that common citizenship between citizens of the British Empire and the United States should be established; that trade between the nations be free; that a uniform currency be established; that a uniform standard of weights and measures be adopted; that an arbitration tribunal be created to decide all questions arising under the treaty. However hald and impossible these may sound apart from their context, Mr. Dos Passos, who is a person of boundless enthusiasm for his subject, makes them seem very plausible and possible. His theme is a big one, and his book will interest even those who may ridicule his grandiose ideas. One can not read "The Anglo-Saxon Century" without being impressed with the sincerity and earnestness of its author.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A Little, Light Book.

American social enterprise, sentiment, and snobbery all figure freely in Edward van Zile's novelette, "A Duke and His Double," which is, in effect, a rattling comedy expanded into a novel. Within the limited compass of a small volume, the author has contrived to bring together a number of representative types which stand out sharply and clearly, much as do the successfully silhouetted characters of succinct drama. The story, from its qualities of brevity, conciseness, humor, snappy dialogue, and telling situations, would transplant extremely well to the stage, and John Flint, the Chicago millionaire, his two breezy daughters, his ex-butler and present dual guest, and his Mrs. Malaprop of a wife, thrown out against a swell New York set for a shifting background, are agreeably entertaining folk, without having any pretensions toward being either wise, witty, or profound. After having started in with the apparent intention of showing how easy it is to fool the smart set of New York with a bogus peer, the author, much in the manner of the ephemeral comedy writers of the day, tails off his story to a satisfactory conclusion by letting up on comedy and intensifying the sentimental interest, which no doubt will please the appreciators of this special kind of literature.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

In the World of Graft.

Josiah Flynt's genius has recently soared from the tramp stratum of society to the professional crook circles, and his work carries the same convincing force. The story of "The Rise of Ruderick Clowd" commends itself to the thoughtful student of the slum problem, for although written, apparently, with no intention of pointing a moral, it is a striking study in slum ethics, and the picture is drawn from the intimate under side. The birth and training of Ruderick, the boy, the inevitable influence of the ward, the aspirations and standards of the lives of those about him, could produce no other logical character.

The life of the Under World, its aristocratic cliques, and societies, with their ideals and traditions is, we find, quite as real

a factor in our modern development as the Upper World, and its primitive code of honor quite as rigid. For instance, when we see Ruderick Clowd, professional crook, doing his crooked business strictly "on the square," and declaring within himself, when he is delegated to burn a building, and possibly its inmates, in order to loot it, "I aint no croaker, and I tell you Ruderick Clowd aint no crematory"; and when the poor little ex-seamstress answers his entreaties to return to him by asking him if she quits the "judge" now wouldn't she be doing just as mean a trick as he (Ruderick) had done when he deserted her, adding, "Until the 'judge' is mean to me, I'm going to be square with him," we realize the force of their fundamental code of honor in all its paradoxical phases.

Another vivid side-light of this book is the glimpse we get into the management of the reform-school, prison, and prison asylum, through all of which poor Ruderick has run the red gauntlet. But in his old age, we are glad to have him settle down to the life of a sober, honest watchman, although he confides to an interested listener: "I have to pretend to myself I'm blind when I see money I could take, and there was nights when, if I hadn't told Sara to hide my clothes, I'd have gone out on the graft."

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

According to the Macmillan Company, Pope Leo, as long ago as 1897, instructed Conte Soderini that when the time came to write an official and intimate "life" it should be an accurate history and not a mere panegyric. At the same time, he gave into Soderini's keeping many secret documents, and also dictated much personal matter. It now appears that F. Marion Crawford's forthcoming volume has been written in collaboration with the Conte Soderini, and that he has been able to avail himself of all the documents, the use of which was expressly sanctioned by the Pope. The volume will be issued early next year simultaneously with editions in continental tongues.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are bringing out in a paper-covered booklet the late William Ernest Henley's poem on the joys of automobiling, "A Song of Speed."

The late Sir Walter Besant began his career as an author by writing on French literature. A number of the essays to be printed in a volume, which is announced for the coming season, will testify to his interest in the subject, and in medieval and modern French history. Other papers in the book contain some of his observations on the craft of authorship.

It is interesting to learn that the late English novelist, B. L. Farjeon, best known in this country as the son-in-law of Joseph Jefferson, and as author of "Bread and Cheese and Kisses," completed shortly before his death a new story for children, which was secured by one of the Eastern magazines as a serial.

The Century Company has in preparation a new volume of nine short stories by John Luther Long, which, like this author's "Madame Butterfly," will be presented in charming Japanese dress.

A new novel by Beatrice Harraden, "Katharine Frensham," is to appear in book-form in the autumn. Since Miss Harraden published "Ships That Pass in the Night," in 1893, she has only completed two novels, "Hilda Strafford" and "The Fowler," and a book for children called "Untold Tales from the Past."

The Dowager Duchess of Argyll, who was the duke's third wife, is at present preparing for publication the memoirs of her husband. These are in part written by Argyll, and in accordance with his wishes, as expressed in his will, the widow is completing the work from many diaries and documents bequeathed to her for that purpose.

Rufus F. Zogham, whose naval studies are peculiarly valuable for their accuracy, is making the illustrations for a novel by Mrs. Edith Elma Wood, "The Spirit of the Service," which the Macmillans will publish early in September.

Mary MacLane has lately been living quietly in Boston, where she has been working at her new book, "My Friend, Annahel Lee," which will be published before the end of August.

Hall Caine is busy on a new romance, the scene of which will shift between London and Iceland. It is understood that the story will

be devoid of philosophical dissertations, that it deals with the primitive instincts and passions of mankind, rather than with any concrete religious, social, or labor questions, and that the plot is in a measure a paraphrase of the parable of the Prodigal Son, only with this difference, that when the prodigal returns he is not welcomed with a fatted calf, but incurs the vengeance of a brother whom he had wronged in the past.

A new volume of travels in Greece, which promises to combine scholarship with a lighter and more genial vein, is promised for publication in September by Charles Scribner's Sons. The author is Professor Rufus B. Richardson, who for eleven years has presided over the American Archaeological School in Athens, and during this time has had exceptional opportunities for visiting many parts of the country inaccessible to the ordinary tourist.

A new poetical version of the text of Wagner's "Parsifal," by Oliver Huckel, will be brought out in anticipation of the opera's first production in New York this winter.

Cyrus Townsend Brady is writing a sea story for D. Appleton & Co., which will be called "Reuben James: A Hero of the Fore-castle." It will be included in the Young Heroes of Our Navy Series. The hero is described as one "who was only a common sailor, just a type of the plain American blue-jacket at the beginning of our navy."

RECENT VERSE.

A Song of Delay.

Love, pluck your flowers:
To-morrow they may fade,
And, faded, who shall tell
How once they were arrayed?

Love, wear your crown:
To-morrow you may sleep,
And, sleeping, who shall say
What state you used to keep?

Love, love me now,
For soon it will be night.
In darkness hearts forget
The gladness of the light.
—Ethel Clifford in Century Magazine.

The Mother.

She sends her wild and noisy swarm
Of children out of sight to play.
Careless, it seems, of any harm
That might befall them on their way.

But she has weaker lives to rear—
Babes at her breast and at her knee—
And toiling on, unmoved by fear,
She lets her children wander free.

Untended in the rain and sun,
They fight and play and dream and roam,
Till, tired and listless, one by one
With lagging feet they make for home.

And there, forgetting grief and mirth,
Into their mother's arms they creep;
And on the cool, soft breast of Earth
Her weary children fall asleep.
—Edward Wright in the Speaker.

A Song Against Love.

There is a thing in the world that has been since
the world began:
The hatred of man for woman, the hatred of
woman for man.
When shall this thing be ended? When love ends,
hatred ends,
For love is a chain between foes, and love is a
sword between friends.
Shall there never be love without hatred? Not
since the world began,
Until man teach honor to woman, and woman
teach pity to man.

O that a man might live his life for a little
tide
Without this rage in his heart, and without this
foe at his side!
He could eat and sleep and be merry and forget,
he could live well enough,
Were it not for this thing that remembers and
hates, and that hurts, and is love.
But peace has not been in the world since love and
the world began,
For the man remembers the woman, and the
woman remembers the man.
—Arthur Symonds in the Athenaeum.

The death of William Ernest Henley has prevented a rather sensational book from seeing the light. Not long after Henley's caustic paper on Stevenson appeared, the relatives of Stevenson began collecting and arranging the letters written to him by Henley at different times. The tone and phraseology of these letters, it is said, are so at variance with what Henley afterward wrote and published about his dead friend as to convict their author of insincerity, to say the very least. They were to have been published within a few months; but now that Henley is dead they have been suppressed.

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LITERARY NOTES.

"Of Both Worlds."

San Francisco's already imposing array of minor poets has received an accession in the person of Herman Scheffauer, author of "Of Both Worlds." The book is, however, not particularly impressive. As the title suggests, Mr. Scheffauer's themes have a tendency to be large, not to say grandiose—Fate, Destiny, and the like—and this, coupled with an imperfect feeling for words, results, sometimes, in unfortunate effects. There is a tendency, also, to seek strength by gawky and bizarre similes and metaphors which are, in fact, simply shocking to the reader. Greater sincerity, less violence of expression, and more attention devoted to the elimination of essentially unpoetic words will greatly improve this author's future work. The present book, however, is creditable to a young writer. The faults are those of inexperience.

We quote the verses entitled "Back, Back to Nature." It might with profit be compared with Kipling's "The Feet of the Young Men," which differently expresses a similar thought:

Wear! I am weary of the madness of the town,
Deathly weary of all women and all wine,
Back, back to Nature!—I will go and lay me
down,
Bleeding lay me down before her shrine.

For the mother-breast the hungry babe must call,
Loudly to the shore cries the surf upon the
sail—
Hear, Nature wide and deep! after man's mad
festival
How bitterly my soul cries out for thee!

Once again would I embrace ye, Titan trees,
Once again these thirsting lips would kiss your
sod,
Wet with tears so deeply drawn, leaping tears that
freedom froes,—
The sacrificial flowers heart-blooming up to
God.

Hidden in the grasses of the darkest vales I'll lie,
Silently the happiness of Earth my heart shall
fill;
Blue eyes, are ye kindred to the blue, eternal sky
That looms above yon Earth-contemning hill?

Though the child be blinded by the world-dust,
he shall know
His mother—well that mother knows her child!
Him impulse star-compelling bids with panting
breath to go
To thee, great heart of Nature undefiled.

In that heart that holds the stars harmonious, O
Soul
Go bathe—where worlds on lustre-worlds in
awful orbits blaze,
Until the spirit's compass encompasses the Whole
Of God and of God the wondrous ways.

Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.

Letters of Wellington.

The avowed purpose of publishing at this time a volume entitled "Correspondence of Lady Burghersh with the Duke of Wellington" is to contradict writers who have represented the duke as "hard, stern, and unsympathetic—one to be greatly admired and feared, but not loved; one who has been described as sitting in his old age, 'lonely in the bleak and comfortless surroundings that he chose, while friendship and family affection passed him by.'" Most of the letters to his niece are brief, but kindly, and of very faint general interest. But in one of them we find an amusing bit of news. The duke writes: "I am on proper terms with the Stael—that is, she is confoundedly afraid of me. She told a person, who repeated it to me, that she had done everything in her power 'pour m'intéresser à elle' (what does she suppose me made of?), but she found I had no 'cœur pour l'amour'!" The frontispiece is a photograph after the portrait of the duke painted by Henry Weigall in 1851, and there are other portraits throughout the volume.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

A Sumptuous Work.

One of the most notable works of the year is "English Literature: An Illustrated Record," which appears in four massive and handsomely illustrated volumes from the pens of Richard Garnett, C. B., LL. D., and Edmund Gosse, M. A., LL. D.

Here is no dry record or labored chronicle, no barren catalogue of authors, or jejune list of their works. On the other hand, the work is intended to appeal to eye, ear, and hand. The curiosity aroused by the interesting extracts from an author's books to know somewhat of his personality, is gratified by portraits and biographical data. His place among his contemporaries, and in history, is fixed by historical notes. Interest, again, is sharpened by facsimiles of title-pages (some of them very curious), and of pages from

manuscripts and old engravings. In the case of early English classics, illuminated manuscripts in black-letter are reproduced. Here we find a letter of John Milton, there an old drawing of Chaucer, elsewhere the will of Bunyan, the picture of Stella, Swift's mistress, and William Blake's striking serpentine illustration to Young's "Night Thoughts." It is a genuine work of *de luxe* in every respect. As Dr. Garnett says, "It has been sought to depict for readers, of general culture rather than of special attainment, the development of this literature through centuries of vicissitude, from the primitive period when it was almost synonymous with poetry to the period when, in every department, it begins to challenge a place among the great literatures of the world."

Of this great enterprise, by these two writers of eminence, two volumes have reached us, the first and the third. The former extends "from the beginnings to the age of Henry the Eighth"—from Caedmon to Chaucer, from Chaucer to Sir Thomas More. The latter begins with John Milton and ends with Dr. Johnson. Dr. Garnett has prepared the first, Dr. Gosse the second of these books.

The volumes are of impressive size, printed on heavy enameled paper, and bound in red buckram. The illustrations are practically as many as there are pages. Some of them are in color; all are excellent.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, per volume, \$6.00.

New Publications.

"Essentials of German," by B. J. Vos, associate professor of German in the Johns Hopkins University, is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, 80 cents net.

"The Great Psychological Crime," edited by Florence Huntley, is published by the Indo-American Book Company, Chicago; price, \$2.00.

"Stories from the Hebrew," a supplementary school-reader in prose and verse, containing numerous illustrations, has been prepared by Josephine Woodbury Hermans, and is published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York.

The real seat of war between the "higher critic" and the rigidly orthodox is Germany, the land of professors; but Bernhard Pick, Ph. D., seems to be seeking to enmesh Anglo-Saxonism more deeply in the struggle. He has translated, under the title "A Reply to Harnack on the Essence of Christianity," the noted book of Hermann Cremer, an orthodox professor, of the University of Greifswald. The work has already seen several editions in Germany, and is an eloquent defence of the orthodox position. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

One might suppose that a novel called "The Sheep-Stealers" would tell all about the hazardous occupation of stealing sheep—how to keep them from bleating loudly, the best poisons for sheep dogs, the way to gag the shepherd, how to work upon the sympathies of magistrates. Really, however, Violet Jacob's "The Sheep-Stealers" has very little to do with that picturesque profession. It is a story of the Welsh mountains, a hundred years ago, and deals with rural riots over toll-roads, and tragedies of misunderstanding. There are many characters—in fact, too many heroes—and they are pretty well drawn. The book as a whole has a breadth that saves it from being ordinary. It is a first book, and rather a promising one. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"One of the most useful reference books published in a decade," is strong praise in these days of many such hooks. Yet the new "Index and Epitome" to Sidney Lee's sixty-six-volume "Dictionary of National Biography" is not less than that. This volume literally reflects in brief and bald outline the results achieved in that monumental work. There are thirty thousand biographical sketches of Englishmen, each about one-fourteenth the length of that in the Dictionary itself. They have been prepared by competent scholars, and are accurate to a high degree. The book, though containing nearly fifteen hundred pages, is—thanks to thin paper and close printing—not intolerably unwieldy. In its field it is easily the best biographical dictionary in existence. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

In writing "Rejected of Men," Howard Pyle has done a daring thing. He has told the story of Christ in the terms of to-day. Christ appears on the earth—to-day. He is a poor carpenter—of to-day. He heals the sick—and the yellow journals feature him, the modern Sadducees and Pharisees persecute him, and he

dies. So, doubtless, it would happen. Mr. Pyle has dealt with his subject reverently—there is no complaint on that score. And, for some, the book will dispel the mists of illusion, making more tolerant their judgment regarding those who shouted "Crucify!" two thousand years ago—and clearer the realities of to-day. "Rejected of Men" is a very true book, mordant in its satire, overpowering and unpleasant in its realism. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Henry G. Peabody, of Boston, who describes himself as a "lecturer on the Grand Cañon of the Colorado," has collected in book-form fifty half-tones from photographs of the cañon which are really excellent. The introductory paragraphs are not superfluous, but Mr. Peabody might have spared us the poem of Charles B. Botsford, also of Boston. "I can not from the wonder turn," says the Boston Botsford; later on he affirms the "brilliant arhesque" to be a "constant wonder and surprise." Well, we should think so! "Words are inadequate," continues Botsford, and if he refers to his own he is undoubtedly correct. But perhaps Mr. Peabody intended the verses to contribute a touch of humor to the book. If so, we withdraw these remarks, with profuse apologies. Published by Fred Harvey, Kansas City; price, \$1.50.

Kipling's New Book of Verse.

The London *Daily News* gives the following complete list of poems, twenty-five of which have never before appeared in print, which will make up Rudyard Kipling's new book of poems, "The Five Nations," to be published this fall: "The White Man's Burden," "The Hills and the Sea," "White Horses," "Destroyers," "Cruisers," "The Feet of the Young Men," "Diego Valdez," "The Broken Men," "The Song of the Wise Children," "The Second Voyage," "The Explorer Sussex," "Buddha," "Rimmon," "The King's Task," "Dives," "The Wage Slaves," "The Old Issue," "The Lesson," "The Islanders," "The Reformers," "The Young Queen," "Our Lady of the Snows," "The Files," "The Dykes," "The Old Men," "Recessional," "The Settler," "Dirge of Dead Sisters Bridgeguard in the Karoo," "Lichtenburg M. L.," "Two Kopjis," "Piet," "The Parting of the Columns," "Columns," "Boots," "The Return," "Me," "The Married Man," "The Instructor," "Stellenbosch," "Watervall," "Willful Missing," "Pharaoh and the Sergeant," "Kitchener's School."

The popularity of Anthony Hope was quite evident at his recent wedding in London with Miss Elizabeth Sheldon, of New York, at which there gathered a notable company of distinguished authors, among them Thomas Hardy, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Edmund Gosse, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and a host of others equally well known. Mrs. Humphry Ward was among those who sent gifts, and there was an elaborate testimonial from the Society of Authors, to which Hope Hawkins has rendered such valuable service. Ethel Barrymore was the maid of honor, and two little daughters of Richard le Gallienne were among the attendants. Mr. and Mrs. Hope Hawkins are passing their honeymoon in Surrey.

The Macmillan Company will bring out this month Mortimer Menpes's "World's Children," a volume containing one hundred full-page illustrations in color. The text is by the illustrator's daughter, Miss Dorothy Menpes.

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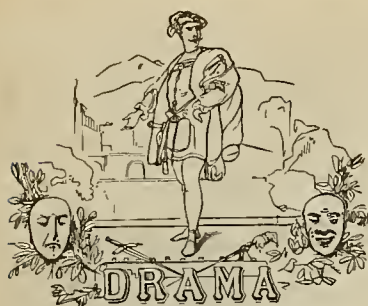
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Theoretically, we who participate in the blessings of the greatest democracy in the world, are disdainful of the attitude of those who place their necks under a monarch's yoke, and glory in their bondage. That, at least, is the point of view of the toiling masses, who, having little else, can hug their liberty. People who have money and leisure for travel and recreation constantly crave new sensations, and to Americans there is considerable novelty in beholding a display of the unearned emoluments of a man who is paid a colossal salary, surrounded by state, luxury, deference, military guards, public acclaim, and private incense, merely because he is alive. And so fastidious Americans abroad will enthusiastically rub elbows with a bad-smelling crowd in order to view royalty at close range. American journals will send representatives abroad to write columns of description of notable ceremonies in royal circles, and the American population will always turn out *en masse*, seeking, with a mingling of curiosity and demonstrative enthusiasm, to view the few royal personages who visit our shores.

This unanimity of sentiment and action need not, however, convict us, as a nation, of flunkiness. Rather is it an expression of the insatiable curiosity entertained by Americans toward an effete system, mingled with a desire to behold the outward workings of European institutions that are survivals of mediævalism. It is all because these things are so remote from the practicality and prose of our daily lives.

And then there is that love of pageantry that survives in us all, no matter what our private opinions, or what form of government we are under. Why have whole families of late been racing each other, down to the breakfast table but to be the first to obtain that special sheet of the morning paper that contains an account of the doings of the Sacred College in Rome, and a description of all the pomp and ceremonial attendant upon the election of a new Pope? Why, but to indulge second-hand in our passion for poetical and picturesque spectacle, whose gorgeous details are founded on traditions handed down from buried ages.

It is true that we are not anxious to pay the bills for this sort of thing. The American is too wide-awake, practical, and intelligent to feel that he can afford to keep up such institutions. He is working first, last, and all the time for himself and his family; or, rather, to do him justice, his family comes first. But in the meantime, while he is delving in hard facts, inseparable from the daily grind, he maintains a little tropical garden of fancy in his imagination, and revels in the splendor and romance of impracticable, exotic things that wither and die in our breezy land of common sense. In the meantime, we are not insensible to the dignities of our own making, and in that respect share in some degree the sentiments of our Old World brethren. We have no rulers, to be sure, serenely fixed in the consciousness of their illustrious lineage, and glittering with orders, medals, and other royal millinery; but let any of our executives, say our President, our governor, or our mayor, appear under the eye of the people, there is apparent at once an interest and an open cordiality of regard, not merely because they are good men and true, maintaining with steady steps a clear and straight path through the shifting knaveries of public politics, but because of the respect entertained for office, for the man who is raised above his fellows.

All of which long preamble leads up to the subject of "The Royal Family," which the Neill-Morocco company is presenting at the California this week. A second bearing of the play only confirms the good opinions previously entertained of this delicate and delightful little comedy. It was a luminous inspiration that came to Captain Marshall when he planned to dramatize the wooing of an up-to-date princess. Princesses we have known galore in fiction and drama, but never before like Princess Angela.

Princess Angela, to most of us, spells Annie Russell, so absolutely did the personality of

the latter adjust itself to the dainty imperiousness of the princess and to the undeveloped, awakening charm of the dreaming maid. It has often been said that it takes the intelligence and understanding of a mature actress to portray fittingly the virginal passion of Juliet. Perhaps, reasoning from the same standpoint, that will explain why there was lacking in Lillian Kemble's Angela, and will be lacking in that of many another actress. The instinctive youthfulness and fresh delicate romanticism of spirit in Annie Russell's princess.

At all events, the more mature actress was sweetly girlish as easily and naturally as a flower blooms; the younger is fussy, soubretish, and pert. An ocean rolls between the mental conceptions of these two players, and the manner of their outward expression is as far asunder as the two poles. Yet Lillian Kemble is young, dark-eyed, pretty, petite; doubtless off the stage she is bewitching. On it, she is the slave, instead of the mistress, of technique. She is no worse, and no better, than hundreds of actresses whose attempts to depict the mental processes of the character they portray are hampered by an inability to escape from self.

There was an actress, Theresa Maxwell by name, with the James-Warde combination at the Columbia, some months ago, when "The Tempest" was put on, who played the part of Miranda. She was not a beauty, and was utterly unheralded. But, with some simple alchemy compounded in her own imagination, she succeeded in reaching ours. She was not occupied with showing off her paces, but gave herself over to the part, and seemed, in truth, to be Shakespeare's Miranda—gentle, gracious, compassionate, and loving.

I often wonder, in these days of swift, shallow, specious presentations of character, if players of stock-companies are too overworked to tax the imagination, or why it is that that most necessary element in dramatic representation is so often neglected. The lack arises, perhaps, from too wide a recognition of the carrying power of mere physical attractiveness on the stage. Let a woman be pretty and light up well *en décolleté*, and she considers that a successful stage career is fully assured—until she tries it. Let a man have a deep voice, a stage stride, and an underdone English accent, and without further equipment he will confidently assume characters that are supposed to live, move, and have their being in the most exclusive drawing-rooms. And all these things tend to the universal lowering of standards, and to the waspishness of critics. And still, handicapped as it was at the California, "The Royal Family," with its brilliant central idea of showing up royalty engaged in its ordinary every-day avocations, could not fail of its intrinsic charm. And, moreover, there was good work done in some cases. Frank MacVicar, who was one of the most useful men in James Neill's company, played the part of the cardinal with intelligence and with that deliberation and comparative impressiveness of action and delivery which are essential to give such a character its due weight. His cardinal lacked in mellowness, but his individuality was not swamped in mere mechanism.

Phosa McAllister's Queen Ferdinand, too, was admirable. The part is a godsend to elderly actresses accustomed to be extinguished in obscure rôles. In this case, an elaborate make-up was necessary in order to simulate extreme old age; and the actress, to her tremulous accents, added the stiff, careful dignity of gait that expressed the age and emphasized the indomitable vain-glory of the venerable queen who had had her day.

Thomas Oberle contented himself with closely imitating Lawrence d'Orsay's King Louis, which was, doubtless, since he had no better conception to offer, a very sensible thing to do. I thought it not a bad imitation, for it recalled pleasantly the gentlemanly resignation of D'Orsay's Louis, when he set himself to tackling his royal job.

Seeing the play a second time set me wondering anew why it was that the author, so deft in limning in few but firm strokes the characters of the king, the princess, the cardinal, and even Father Anselm, should allow the queen to remain merely a graceful nonentity. It might have been from an embarrassment of dramatic riches, or perhaps he meant to indicate a certain benumbing effect left on the natures of royal ladies of the present day by their lives of ordered routine, cramped by the chill and stately etiquette of courts, so that they are likely to become mere gracious figure-heads. Such as

it is, however, Adora Andrews fills the part efficiently, making up for the absence of dialogue by describing numerous concentric curves with the tail of her gown around the royal furniture, looking gracious and amiable, and rather upsetting the tradition of the plainness of royal ladies by her appearance in the throne-room in robes of state.

The last act in the throne-room is little more than an interesting spectacle, except for its close. And what a simple and beautiful ending it is! One can almost relive that thrill of pure delight so exquisitely implanted by Annie Russell, even under such altered conditions. Neither prince nor princess had hitherto seemed more exalted personages than a young American couple of mediocre standing engaged in a pronounced flirtation. But at this final moment, imagination stepped in and spread its wings for a short but delicious flight.

As the curtain rolls down, and imagination folds its wings simultaneously, one begins to reflect on how much knowledge, or work, or both, an apparently simple little play like this requires. For one thing, it was essential that the author should be equipped with some knowledge of the routine of courts, and an understanding of their etiquette. He must be correct in all the forms of respect testified toward the members of the royal family by persons of inferior rank, and in the terms of address used by them, not only to the king, the queen, and the princesses, but to the cardinal. He must have some accuracy of information concerning the duties of the leading officials of the court, and needs to have kept tag of the kind of routine duties the king is called upon to perform. And, lastly, he must see to it that all the details connected with the assembling of the wedding guests during the final act are based, in some degree, upon actual practice. Verily, it takes more than good will, a bottle of ink, and a fertile fancy to write a play.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

First Production of "Everyman."

"Everyman," the fifteenth-century morality play, is to be given in this city for the first time on Wednesday evening, September 2d, at Lyric Hall, 121 Eddy Street, under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary of the First Unitarian Church. It will be produced with the original London company, which has been making such a remarkable success in Eastern cities, and under the direction of Benjamin Breet, of London. This interesting play was published early in the reign of Henry the Eighth to inculcate great reverence for old mother church. Its plot revolves around the central thought that Man was summoned from the world by Death. The moral pointed by the play emphasizes the fact that nothing will avail him in the beyond except a well-spent life and the comforts of religion. The costumes which are used in the modern production of this ancient play were designed from Flemish tapestries of the fifteenth century. Miss Ardella Mills, who is chairman of the committee in charge of this production, announces that tickets will be on sale, beginning August 26th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store. All will be reserved, and they will be \$1.00, \$1.50, and \$2.00, according to location.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Return of Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller.

Standing room will be at a premium at the opening of the Miller-Anglin engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, for since Saturday the entire house has been sold out. This is a good proof of the popularity of these two favorite actors in San Francisco, and it is safe to predict that their six weeks' engagement here will be a great artistic and financial success, for they have selected an admirable repertoire and surrounded themselves with an excellent company. The opening play will be Bernard Shaw's brilliant four-act play, "The Devil's Disciple," which was first produced in this country in the fall of 1898 by Richard Mansfield. It enjoyed a great success, but inasmuch as Mansfield had not visited us for over five years, San Francisco theatre-goers have had to be content with reading Shaw's play in book-form. It is a vivid and picturesque story, the scene being laid in New England just before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. Henry Miller will have the rôle of Dick Dudgeon, who revolted against the Puritanism and strict orthodoxy of early New England, and believed in living a care-free existence, doing what he conceived to be right and proper, and Margaret Anglin will appear as Judith Anderson, the wife of the fighting parson. The other rôles will be entrusted to Martha Waldron, Kate Pattison Seltén, Victoria Addison, Mary Bertrand, G. S. Titherage, Morton Seltén, Walter Allen, Walter Hitchcock, Robert Mackay, Ralph Lewis, Bertram Harrison, Douglas R. Paterson, Harmon MacGregor, E. J. Mettler, and John Tobie. During the Miller-Anglin engagement there will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

The Neill-Moroso Company in "Shenandoah."

"Shenandoah," the attraction at the California Theatre next week, is especially timely, in view of the visit here of the Grand Army veterans, who will find Bronson Howard's stirring war drama a realistic reminder of the days of '61. The military spirit pervades the piece from the moment the curtain goes up. The play opens with the bombardment of Fort Sumpter; then comes the arrival of the Federal army in the valley of the Shenandoah; the torch signaling from Three Top Mountain; the retreat of Sheridan's army at the Battle of Winchester; the famous ride of the great cavalry general, and the turning of defeat into victory. This scene, as produced by the Neill-Moroso company, is said to be a marvel of stage management. A large number of regular soldiers from regiments of the United States army, now stationed at the Presidio, will figure in the play, as well as a detachment of cavalry. Mr. Howard has introduced a strong love interest in his play; in fact, there are lovers galore. One is a Southerner, who sighs for a Northern girl; another is a Federal officer, who has lost his heart to a daughter of Virginia; and a third couple are both on the Union side. The dramatist has so deftly arranged his scenes that there are a succession of surprises in store for the audience, which goes away satisfied with the confusion of villainy and the happy union of the lovers.

"Cumberland '61" at the Central.

Another Civil War drama, suitable to Grand Army week, but entirely different in plot and treatment, is "Cumberland '61," which is to be presented at the Central Theatre on Monday night. Franklyn Fyles, who for twenty years served as dramatic critic on the New York Sun, and collaborated with David Belasco on "The Girl I Left Behind Me," is the playwright, and he has chosen Kentucky and West Point for the scenes of his play. The plot, briefly, is as follows: Young Gordon Grayne goes to West Point and imbibes Northern ideas, and when the war breaks out, he swears fealty to the Stars and Stripes. He loves the daughter of an Ainsley, but he can not hope to secure their approval of his suit, because the Ainsleys are not only enemies of his family, but their men are in arms or the cause of the South. While the Union army is encamped near by, Gordon steals to the farm of the Ainsleys to meet his sweetheart in secret. He is discovered by the girl's father, who swears to kill him. His only possible hope of escape is by crossing a bridge over a deep chasm. He risks the chance, but Ainsley meets him at the bridge, and, from the fight that ensues, sinks down exhausted. A Kentucky colonel's half-breed son, who also loves Miss Ainsley, has sought to cut off Gordon's escape by burning the bridge. The flames leap up, after Gordon has passed safely, but as he turns, he sees the bridge burning, and, rushing back through smoke and fire, saves the life of Ainsley. Southern troopers rush to the scene, and are about to shoot the youth when Ainsley recovers sufficiently to stop them. Meantime, the Union army moving southward brings rescue to Gordon. Ainsley forgives the brave lieutenant, and the family feud ends with the edding of the Union hero and the daughter of the lost cause.

Rural Drama at the Alcazar.

The first production in this city of Eleanor Cronin's popular rustic comedy, "The Dairy Farm," is to be given at the Alcazar Theatre on Monday evening. Its scenes are laid in upper New York State, in the early 'fifties, and the slavery issue, which convulsed the country during the Presidential campaign, resulting in the defeat of the gallant pathfinder, is a vital factor in the dramatic development of the story. One of the most thrilling episodes is an old-fashioned rally, in which the abolitionists and pro-slavery advocates are in opposing array. Great pains

have been taken to stage "The Dairy Farm" accurately, and to reproduce the quaint costumes, the antique furniture, and farm paraphernalia of half a century ago. In the cast will be several well-known character-actors, who have made successes in the East in this play. Among them are Theodore T. Rook, who appears as Simon Krum, the seventy-year-old miser and slave trader; Tony West as Joel Whitbeck, the lanky, loquacious country peddler; and Helen Hartley as the rich village girl, Eunice Jane Perkins. The young lovers will be impersonated by Edwards Davis, the Oakland ex-clergyman, who will make his San Francisco debut, and Juliet Crosby. Oza Waldrop, the Alcazar's favorite comedienne, will be Minty, the village tomboy. Florence Roberts begins her engagement on August 31st in the first production here of Mrs. Burton Harrison's play, "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch."

"In Harvard" a Big Hit.

The Rogers Brothers hodge-podge of nonsense, "In Harvard," has scored a pronounced hit at the Grand Opera House, which has been crowded nightly during the week. All the principals are provided with congenial rôles and catchy songs, and the chorus is seen at its best, especially in the finale of the second act, when a bewildering array of pretty girls, costumed to represent the leading universities, march on the stage, bearing the respective banners and insignia, and singing lively college airs. At the termination of each song they give the college yell with true vim, and come in for repeated encores, especially those who are garbed in the Stanford and California university colors. Raymond and Caverly have some very amusing scenes, and their new quartet, "The Troubles of the Reuben and the Maid," in which they are aided by Julie Cotte and Winifred St. L. Gordon, is a big success. Cheridiah Simpson is also encored for her "Japanese Serenade," and responds with a quaint coon melody. She also scores with her piano imitation of a music-box, an autoharp, and a country girl playing Sousa's march in a variety of keys. Anna Wilks and Budd Ross have a new song and dance, "The Red Carnation," which has caught the town. Miss Wilks, the Esmeralda Sisters, and the chorus also have a pretty little song and dance, "My Palm Leaf Maid." Other popular numbers are Harold Crane's new coon song, "Polly Aint an Angel," and Robert Warwick's "I'm Getting Quite American, Don't Yer Know."

Last Week of "The Highwayman."

Camille d'Arville is still drawing large audiences to the Tivoli Opera House, and, as a result, "The Highwayman" is to continue still another week. On Monday, August 31st, the grand-opera season opens, with a list of notable singers that will certainly make the season memorable. Of the old favorites, only three are returning—Tina de Spada, Giuseppe Agostini, and Augusto Dado. The new-comers will include Lina de Benedetto, dramatic soprano; Adelina Tromben, light soprano; Cloe Marchesini, contralto; Emanuele Ischerido, dramatic tenor; Alfredo Tedeschi, light tenor; Adamo Gregoretti, dramatic baritone; Giuseppe Zanini, brilliant and lyric baritone; and Baldo Travaglina, bass. Among the favorite operas to be sung are "Aida," "Trovatore," "Lucia," "Rigoletto," "Traviata," "Gioconda," "Ernani," "Cavalleria," "I Pagliacci," "Carmen," "Mignon," "Faust," "The Barber of Seville," "The Masked Ball," "La Bohème," "La Tosca," and "André Chenier." The Tivoli management has also concluded a contract for the production of Leoncavallo's "Zaza" and Cilea's "Adrienne Lecouvreur," two operas new to this country.

Burlesque at Fischer's.

Fischer's Theatre has another big success in "The Big Little Princess," which is described on the programme as "a good-natured kid in two acts on Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's kid play, 'The Little Princess.'" There is not a dull line in the whole burlesque, and the mounting and costuming exceed in beauty anything which this house has yet attempted. Winfield Blake as Rottie, the baby of Miss Pinchin's academy for young criminals, is immense, and looks very droll in his white baby dress, pale blue sash, golden curls, and infantile footgear. Barney Bernard cuts an equally laughable figure as the black-gowned, sour school-marm, Miss Pinchin. Dill as the naughty Erminegarter, who learns

all her lessons by proxy, and Kolh as the servicing lady, Specky, also convulse the audience with their comical make-up and antics. Maude Amher is fetching as usual as Sarah Crude, the star pupil, and wins much favor with her new coon song, "De Bughoo Man." Harry Hermens as Mr. Carisford, a wealthy and retired house-breaker, and Eleanor Jenkins as Mrs. Patmichael, a patron of the academy, complete the cast. "Quo Vass Iss," which precedes "The Big Little Princess," gives all the favorites an opportunity to show their versatility, but it is by no means up to the standard of the latter burlesque. The garden scene of Petrolius in the fashionable quarter of Rome, overlooking the arena and adjoining the palace of Zero and Allus Applaudus, however, is quite striking.

At the Orpheum.

There will be a number of interesting newcomers at the Orpheum next week, among others, Heeley and Meely, in a clever comedy acrobatic act; Rosie Rendel, an eccentric transformation dancer, who shows, in fifteen minutes, as many beautiful costumes as she does styles of tertiophorean evolutions; and John LeClair, an artistic juggler, who does not affect any of the stage trickery or huf-foomery many jugglers adopt to help their act along. The hold-overs are Elsie Fay, "the craziest sourette on the American stage," who will sing several new songs, and, retaining, by request, "The Belle of Avenue A"; Lew Hawkins in new parodies and stories; Sidney Wilmer and his company, who will appear in a new farce, "A Strange Baby," said to be even more amusing than "A Thief in the Night"; Miss Wynne Winslow, the soprano; and the Kaufmann troupe of bicyclists, who will make their farewell appearance.

Frank Bacon, the droll comedian, who has pleased Alcazar audiences for the past three years, will begin a starring tour next week in "The Hills of California," a rural comedy written especially for him. He is booked for a tour of forty weeks, and will go as far East as Chicago. His company will include Scott Seaton, Milton Ross, Adolph Angus, Roy Stephenson, Ernest Carroll, Gerald Hines, Walter Blake, Gus Tate, Claire Sinclair, Frances Slosson, Jane Weidman, Bessie Bacon, and the California Quartette.

Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall drew a large audience last Sunday night at Steinway Hall when he lectured on "Persuasion: Personal Influence." A committee of well-known business and professional men officiated during the experiments in psychic phenomena, which were unusually interesting. This Sunday Dr. Tyndall will talk on "The Mastery of Fate."

It is positively stated that "Ben Hur" will be seen only in San Francisco when it comes to California this year. The big production is of such magnitude as to require more stage facilities than are offered by any theatre outside the Grand Opera House.

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FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....4,386,086.72
July 1, 1903.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
FRANK B. ANDERSON.....Vice-President
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Cashier
SAM H. DANIELS.....Assistant-Cashier
WAL. R. PRINCE.....Assistant-Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

DIRECTORS:

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
JAMES M. ALLEN.....Attorney-at-Law
FRANK B. ANDERSON.....Vice-President
WILLIAM BARCOCK.....President, Farroth & Co.
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Capitalist
ANTOINETTE BOREL.....Ant. Borel & Co., Bankers
WARREN D. CLARK.....Williams, Dimond & Co.
GEORGE E. GOODMAN.....Banker
ADAM GRANT.....Murphy, Grant & Co.
EDWARD W. HOPKINS.....Capitalist
JOHN F. MERRILL.....Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson
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Foreign and Domestic Exchange Bought and Sold. Commercial and Travelers' Letters of Credit issued, available in all parts of the world. Correspondence solicited. Accounts invited.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$12,000,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.

BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, O. Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford
ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Cash Assets.....4,734,791
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,292,635

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific
411 California Street, Department.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND
LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889.

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00
Paid In.....2,250,000.00
Profit and Reserve Fund.....300,000.00
Monthly Income Over.....100,000.00

WILLIAM CORBIN,
Secretary and General Manager.

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ANYWHERE AT ANYTIME
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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Are you going to make
a Will?

If so, send for Pamphlet to

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT
AND TRUST COMPANY

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,288,550.43
Total Assets.....6,415,683.87

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San Francisco, California

VANITY FAIR.

When the Marquis of Headfort—then only a lord—married Rosie Boote, of the chorus of the London Gaiety Theatre, two years ago, it was predicted that he would be socially ostracized, and a speedy separation follow. But once again the wisecracks seem to have been mistaken, for the married life of the Marquis and the Marchioness of Headfort seems to be running along smoothly, and their recent appearance at a ball given by the young Duchess of Westminster, who has excluded nearly all Americans from her recent entertainments, has created little short of a sensation in London society. When he announced his engagement to Miss Boote, the relatives of the marquis moved heaven and earth to prevent the marriage. It is said that even King Edward endeavored to use his influence in the same direction. The marquis was a lieutenant in the First Life Guards, one of the crack British regiments, and his colonel, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, wrote him, pointing out that his career would be ruined if he married Miss Boote, as he could not be received by the regiment. The marquis replied, regretting that he could not see the matter in that way, and then sent his resignation papers to Lord Roberts. The commander-in-chief was also apparently involved in a little plot to prevent the marriage, for, instead of accepting Lord Headfort's resignation, he ordered the marquis to hold himself in readiness to go to South Africa on active service. Confronted with the necessity of giving up his fiancée, at least for a time, or of resigning his commission when ordered to go and fight, the marquis did not hesitate. He declared that the usual stigma that rests on an officer who declines active service would not rest on him, insisted on resigning, and married Miss Boote. English society pretended to be shocked that a young nobleman, head of an ancient house and the possessor of considerable wealth, should bring such a "disgrace" upon himself, and vowed that he would repent. It is likely that these predictions would have been justified had Miss Boote been a Gaiety chorus-girl of the May Yobe stripe, but, as a matter of fact, she was a quiet, refined woman, a devout Catholic, and there was nothing against her except the fact that she did not belong to the upper classes, and gained her living on the stage.

The papers said little about the marquis and his bride until a couple of weeks ago, when London society gasped with astonishment, for it found that the marquis and marchioness had been invited to one of the most important balls of the season—a ball at which King Edward and Queen Alexandra had consented to be present, but which, for state reasons, they later found themselves unable to attend. Princess Christian and other members of the royal family were there, and, so far as is known, none of the most exclusively disposed of the members of the aristocracy who had been invited stayed away. The entrance of the marquis and his wife was, of course, the sensation of the evening, and, in spite of what must have been a most trying ordeal, the former actress bore herself in a manner which every one declared to be perfect. Her gown was one of the most beautiful of all the beautiful costumes seen at the ball, and, if anything, her manners were better than those of the grandes dames who crowded round her inquisitively. Now that the Duchess of Westminster has received the Marchioness of Headfort, it is expected that other hostesses will of course follow suit, and the ex-chorus-girl will not only have the nominal but the actual position of a marchioness. Plenty of peers have married actresses before, but English society has in almost every case ostracized both husband and wife.

The delicatessen store has become an institution in this country to such an extent that it will be a surprise to the young people to know that the pioneer "delicatessenhändler" of the United States died in Brooklyn a few weeks ago. Paul Gabel lived to be eighty-four years old, and had the satisfaction of knowing that stores similar to the one which he started many years ago, which was one of the first of its kind in the country, have been established in every large city in the United States. "In its early days," says the New York Tribune, "the delicatessen store was patronized only by Germans. Its stock was comparatively small, containing only the strictly German food articles which the general dealer did not carry, either because he did not know that there were such articles, or for fear that the sales would not justify an investment. But the delicatessen man had a variety of kinds of cheese and sausages, cakes

and sweetmeats, and many a severe case of homesickness has been cured by remedies brought to the table from the delicatessen store. The German's American neighbors soon acquired the delicatessen habit, and for their accommodation the stocks were enlarged, ceased to be exclusively German, and included "made dishes" and "cold cuts," which have become a joy to the housekeeper and a refuge in time of unexpected guests. The delicatessen store, with an atmosphere all its own which can not be reproduced, has revealed to Americans the savory secrets of *Kartoffelsalat*, *Pumpernickel*, and *Lebkuchen*; it has made *Kaltcräuschnitt* a part of the Sunday bill of fare in hundreds of American families, and has given people who otherwise might never have known an idea of *Gänseleberpasteten* and of *Geräuchertergänsebrust*, of *Salzgurken*, *Senfgurken*, and *Rothfleischsalat*, achievements which the pioneer delicatessen man probably did not contemplate when he placed his German delicacies on sale fifty years ago.

A well-known New York milliner declares that the high-crowned hat in the big shape, and the turban in the small shape, are to be the favorites in millinery for fall and winter wear. In garnitures, shaded effects will be much used for the expensive hats. Long ostrich plumes are now dyed in patches, showing in one plume perhaps five tones of the same color. They will shade from a deep Burgundy red through to a light pink, from Havana brown to a pale champagne tint, from blue to hyacinth blue. The mauve and violet shadings are particularly rich and effective. A golden Milan straw hat, brought over from Paris recently by one of the best-dressed women in New York, has a high quilling around the crown, of the rich red Burgundy velvet, and an ostrich-feather shade, twenty-seven inches long of the pinkish mauve, swept around the hat and down the hair almost to the shoulder. This was worn most effectively with a mauve crêpe-de-chine.

Birds are to be worn more than ever in millinery, but the bird-lovers need not despair, for these trimming birds are made in Paris, and never sang a song. The stuffed bird, in fact, is being eliminated from millinery for what might be termed natural causes. They have come to be regarded as tasteless by French milliners, as they can not be handled with at all the same ease and effect that the made bird can. The wings of the stuffed bird are stiff, those of the made bird are pliable and easily bent to follow a crown or bend around a hat-rim. The feathers of common birds killed for food or because they are nuisances are used to make these birds.

The much-criticized heron's egret will not be seen in millinery after the first of the year, the Milliners' Association having come to an agreement with the Audubon Society to that effect. Aigrettes, however, will be seen, whose use will not violate this agreement. It is found that peacock and other common feathers can be chemically treated to duplicate almost perfectly the egret. Coque plumes are to be very much used. Beautiful specimens are shown rivaling in exquisite finish the best ostrich plumes. Marabout feathers, too, will be popular and beautiful, and costly feather capes of this and other varieties will be worn by those who can afford them. A new fluffy skin something like chinchilla is a decided novelty in millinery. It is called chayas skin, and is applied like fur and marabout.

The *Courier* thus recommends one of the belles to the consideration of eligible bachelors of Lincoln, Ill., who are thinking of entering the matrimonial arena: "Miss Julia Hickey is now an accomplished performer on the piano, and would prove an ornament in a rich man's home, for in addition to her musical talent she is a number one housekeeper and an up-to-date cook, and is able to sew and mend. Such girls are in demand nowadays."

The Kaiser's civilities to Cornelius Vanderbilt have aroused a great deal of adverse criticism in the German press. The *Welt-An-Montag* published a furious tirade, attributing the Kaiser's action to the inspiration of Baron Speck von Sternberg, German ambassador to the United States. It says: "When Specky heard of Vanderbilt's journey he cogitated as to what diplomatic advantage he could obtain out of the event. As his position does not call for specially intellectual work, he conceived it would flatter the Yankees if special honor

should be shown the special representative of the almighty dollar. The Kaiser relied on his Specky, and gave instructions to show Cornelius Second special honors." This paper makes a virulent attack on the entire Vanderbilt family, and tells some very improbable stories, one, for instance, that Cornelius Vanderbilt wants to buy the famous Castle Marienburg for a racing stable.

The single eyeglass, or monocle, never found many admirers in this country, and only a few transplanted Englishmen cling to them in San Francisco. An oculist, discussing the use of the monocle, said, the other day: "Dr. Kitchener, back in 1824, thought it a good thing. He advised its alternate use, now in the right eye, now in the left one. He said in his book that he had cultivated the habit of picking up the glass, each time he wanted to use it, with a different hand. Of course, picked up with the right hand it had to go into the right eye, and vice versa. As a matter of fact, the single eyeglass is injurious. It throws all the work on one eye. It destroys the harmony of the optic muscles and nerves. I know an Englishman who has worn, for a myopic affection, a monocle in his left eye for twelve years. The left eye is all right, but with the other the man can see practically nothing. Joseph Chamberlain wears his monocle in either eye alternately, and his son does the same thing. The habit of the monocle continues to live among the English swells."

A secondary consideration: The demure comedienne has closed with the *impresario*, and has agreed to create the leading rôle in the new comic opera. "And now," says the *impresario*, "what figure would you want for the season?" "Oh," she titters, with an affectation of embarrassment, "had we not best leave that to the costumer?"—*Judge*.

Equipped: "Have you everything for the automobile?" asked the stranger entering the store. "Yes, sir," replied the clerk. "Well, give me four yards of court-plaster, six gallons of arnica, a bundle of cotton batting, and half a dozen copies of 'First Aid to the Injured.'"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Nelson's Amycose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

Liebold Harness Company.

If you want an up-to-date harness, at a reasonable price, call at 211 Larkin Street. We have everything for the horse and stable.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
August 6th	70	48	.00	Clear
" 7th	68	50	.00	Clear
" 8th	60	46	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 9th	56	48	.00	Cloudy
" 10th	60	48	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 11th	60	52	.00	Clear
" 12th	58	52	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, August 12, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed Bid. Asked
Contra Costa W 5%	10,000	@ 102½	100 104
N. R. of Cal. 6%	10,000	@ 106½	106½ 107
N. R. of Cal. 5%	2,000	@ 119½-119½	119 119
Pac. Elect. Ry 5%	3,000	@ 106½	106 108
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%	26,000	@ 119½-120	119½ 120½
S. V. Water 6%	10,000	@ 107½	107 107
S. V. Water 4% 2d.	2,000	@ 99½	99 99½
Water.	Shares.		
S. V. Water	55	@ 82½-83½	83½ 84
Sugars.			
Hana P. Co.	2,000	@ 10-15	15 2½
Hawaiian C. & S.	165	@ 41-41½	41½ 41¾
Hutchinson	10	@ 13	12 13
Paauhau S. Co.	20	@ 14½	14 15
Gas and Electric.			
Mutual Electric	150	@ 12-12½	12 12½
Pacific Gas	40	@ 52	51½ 52
S. F. Gas & Electric	90	@ 66-67½	66 66½
Trusts Certificates.			
S. F. Gas & Electric	190	@ 65-65½	65 65½
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers	115	@ 142-145½	141 141½
Cal. Wine Assn.	50	@ 97	95 97½
Oceanic S. Co.	70	@ 7-7½	7 7½

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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That greatest of all disfigurements of a woman's face, permanently removed, in the only successful way—with the *ELECTRIC NEEDLE*, as operated by Mrs. Harrison.

Warts, Freckles, Moles, Pimples, and Wrinkles: quickly removed under my personal treatment at my Dermatological Parlors.

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DERMATOLOGIST,

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Persons who may desire to obtain clippings of entire articles from European newspapers and reviews, on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

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PARIS, FRANCE.

THE

Argonaut

CLUBBING LIST FOR 1903

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican)	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic)	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly	6.70
Argonaut and Judge	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine	6.20
Argonaut and Critic	5.10
Argonaut and Life	7.75
Argonaut and Puck	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan	4.35
Argonaut and Forum	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly	5.50
Argonaut and International Magazine	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West	5.25

PHOTOGRAPHY.

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MILL VALLEY.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES to rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRAMES AND FRAMES.

From quality to price, quality at the top, prices rock bottom. The new dainty ovals in Flemish Oak are among the late effects. Bring your photographs of dear ones to the framing department of Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

W. J. Lampton, the humorous versifier, wrote to a man who had asked him for his photograph: "My dear boy—I send you the photograph for which you ask. It is such a good likeness that it hurts."

When the late "Tom" Ochiltree first started out in life he went into the practice of the law with his father. "Well, Tom," the senior partner is said to have remarked, "what shall we style the firm?" Whereupon Tom immediately suggested: "Why not Thomas P. Ochiltree & Father?"

To explain why his trip had proved so poor, a commercial traveler once wrote a long account of how the weather had affected business in the territory in which he had traveled. In due time he received this reply from his firm: "We get our weather reports from Washington. Don't send us any more; what we want is orders."

It is said that Mark Twain was standing in a crowded street-car, hanging to a strap, the other day. As the car swung around a corner the strap broke, dumping him into the lap of a well-dressed woman. The humorist arose and bowed. "Madam," said he, "this is the first time the street-car company ever conferred a favor on me."

Once at Quarter Sessions, as recorder of Shrewsbury, Sir Arthur Jeef was sentencing a hypocritical prisoner, who, hopeful of softening the judge's heart, shed copious tears, and in reply to his lordship's inquiry, "Have you ever been in prison before?" sobbed, tearfully, "Never, my lord, never!" "Well, don't cry," was the recorder's reply, "I'm going to send you there now."

While journeying through the interior not long ago, a traveler was surprised at the remarkable ignorance of a venerable farmer at whose house he staid over night. He seemed to know little or nothing about current events, so the traveler asked him why he did not take a weekly newspaper, and so keep himself informed. "Wal," answered the farmer, "when pa died he left me a stack o' papers that high [lowering his hand to a position just above his knee], and I aint got half through th' pile yet, so what's th' use getting more?"

A New England deacon sold a pair of oxen to a brotther-farmer, who inquired before purchasing if they were "breachy." "They've never bothered me," answered the deacon. The purchase was concluded, but in a few days the purchaser had suffered considerable damage to his fences from these same oxen. Indignant, he confronted the deacon. "I asked you if they were 'breachy,'" he exclaimed, "and you said they'd never bothered you." "Well," answered the deacon, "I never allow that kind of thing to bother me."

At Newport, last summer, George J. Gould went aboard a battle-ship which was surrounded by a multitude of little boats, filled with curious spectators bent on seeing all that could be seen. There was a young officer on board who must have sat down accidentally on a fresh-painted bench or something of that kind, says Mr. Gould, "for his white duck trousers were very dirty. He, though, was not aware of it. He moved among the ladies gallantly, and his trousers were an eyesore. Finally some one on one of the little boats below in a stentorian Irish voice shouted: 'Och, misther, wouldn't yer ducks be better for a swim?'"

In his monologue at the Orpheum, recently, James J. Corbett told of an incident that occurred at the Coney Island Club when he fought "Jim" Jeffries for the first time. The fighters had to pass through the crowd of spectators on the way to the dressing-rooms. One man there, though he had never seen either of the fighters, had backed Jeffries heavily. As Corbett, followed by his trainers, passed into the place, some one yelled: "Hello, here's Jim!" The man who was backing Jeffries thought it was his favorite who had arrived, and he rushed up and caught Corbett by the hand. "Good luck, Jim!" he shouted: "I hope you knock Corbett's block off."

Lord Charles Beresford was once breakfasting in a small country hotel, and accidentally upset a cup of coffee over the clean white tablecloth, which the good lady of the house had dug up from her most sacred linen

cupboard for the benefit of the British admiral. Unfortunately, the upsetting of the steaming coffee also upset the good lady's temper, and she soundly rated Lord Charles for his want of tact. "It's a good thing for you," she said, "that the coffee has not left much stain on my cloth!" "It was too weak, madam," replied the admiral; "you'll have to stain your coffee before you can expect to stain your table linen. Use more beans, ma'am; use more beans!"

During his last years, Pope Leo, who had done so much for his relatives in a financial way, found it necessary on several occasions to refuse the requests of his nephews for further aid. The wife of one of these nephews is said to have undertaken to get some money from him. She solicited an interview, and, having obtained it, said: "Holy Father, I come to seek your advice. I am poor. I have a large family, and, alas! I am in debt. I have been gifted by heaven with a good voice, and the proprietor of a music-hall has offered me a large salary to appear on his stage and sing a few simple songs. Ought I to accept the offer?" "Certainly," replied His Holiness; "and I only regret that my official position will not allow me to be present at your debut."

Early one morning recently, before inspecting some regiments on the manœuvring ground, the present "Moltke" of the German army, Count Haeseler, went into the regimental canteen and asked for five cents' worth of bread and sausage, such as is supplied to the ordinary soldier. The man in charge thought he would do himself a good turn by handing the general an extra large piece of either luxury. Later in the morning, when halt had been called, the general ordered the soldiers to produce the rations supplied by the canteen for five cents. Naturally, those shown were not of such satisfactory dimensions as had been sold to the chief. He said, quietly: "Take your rations back to the canteen and tell Herr M—that Count Haeseler commands him to give each of you as large a portion as he had himself for the same money. My five cents is not worth more than yours."

At the very beginning of his editorial career, a friend visited Henry Labouchère, and, seeing a quantity of books around, which had been sent in for review, offered to bet the editor of *London Truth* that there was one book he had not got in the office. Labouchère inquired the name of the book, and his friend promptly answered: "A Bible." With a laugh, Labouchère offered to bet ten pounds that he had even that book. Turning the conversation in another direction, he furtively sent a note out into the clerk's office, telling the boy to go downstairs and ask the book-sellers underneath for the loan of a Bible. Presently he returned to the subject of the bet, and, calling his assistant in, asked him whether he had a Bible in the office. The clerk produced the book, which Labouchère handed over to his friend, giving himself away, however, as he did so by saying *solto voce* to the clerk: "I hope to goodness you didn't forget to cut the leaves!"

Just Questions.

Why does one always apologize for himself when seen buying a *Ladies' Home Journal*?

Why does one always explain that he takes the *Herald* for its shipping news, but never reads it?

Why does one always explain that, though he buys the *Sun*, he does not agree with its opinions?

Why does a reader of the *Tribune* explain that his father took it during the Civil War, and so he takes it now?

Why does a man with the *Times* always explain that he bought it just to see what the new management was doing with it?

Why do the men with the *Journal* and the *World* explain that they bought them just to see what yellow journalism was like?

Why is no man willing to admit that he likes the paper he is reading?—*Life*.

No Substitute

Not even the best raw cream, equals Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream for tea, coffee, chocolate, cereals and general household cooking. It is the result of forty-five years experience in the growing, buying, handling and preserving of milk by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

Tesla Briquettes are Excellent domestic fuel Since recently improved. Let us send you A ton—and please you.

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Concerning Correct Speech.

Oh why should the spirit Of Grammar be proud With such a wide margin Of language allowed?

Of course there's a limit—"I knowed" and "I've saw," "I seen" and "I done it," Are rather too raw;

But then there are others No better than they One hears in the talking He hears every day.

"Where at?" asks one person, Quite thoughtless. And: "Who," Asks another, "did Mary Give that honnet to?"

Hear a maid as she twitters: "Oh, yes, I went out With she and her fellow In his runabout."

And hear a man saying: "Between you and I, That block of Pacific Would make a good huy."

And this from a mother, Too kind, to her boy: "I bad rather you shouldn't Do things to annoy."

And this from a student, Concerning a show, Who says to the maiden: "Let's you and I go."

There's lots of good people, That's talking like that, Who should learn from we critics To know where they're at. —William J. Lampton in the Reader.

The Shorter Course.

Hurry the baby as fast as you can, Hurry him, worry him, make him a man; Off with his baby clothes, get him in pants, Feed him on brain foods and make him advance.

Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk, Into a grammar school; cram him with talk. Fill his poor head full of figures and facts, Keep on a-jamming them in till it cracks. Once hoys grew up at a rational rate; Now we develop a man while you wait. Rush him through college, compel him to grab Of every known subject a dip and a dah. Get him in business and after the cash All hy the time he can grow a mustache. Let him forget he was ever a boy, Make gold his god and its jingle his joy; Keep him a-hustling and clear out of breath Until he wins—nervous prostration and death. —Boston Transcript.

The Vacation That Failed.

Far from the madding throng's ignoble strife He wished to go to hunt and fish and rest; Alas! poor man! he had a foolish wife, Who yearned to dazzle where the people dressed.

Full many a gown her load of trunks contained, When, having made him yield, they went away; He thought of what was coming and was pained, She dreamed of dressing seven times a day.

He grumbled at his fate and spoke of brooks Where speckled beauties waited to be caught, Where one might sit, regardless of his looks, And wait for nibbles and indulge in thought.

She pictured to herself the charming place Where wide verandas spread and all was gay, Where she, arrayed in fluffy stuff and lace, Would fill the other women with dismay.

They reached the splendid scene in splendid style, He with a look that was distinctly sad; She with her head held high, a happy smile, And thinking of the finery she had.

At dinner next to him a woman sat, A woman who was young and passing fair; He seemed to find her well worth looking at, And oft their glances met and mingled there.

Ere long the woodland haunts passed from his mind, He thought no more of roaring mountain brooks; The lady was so sweet and so refined— They talked about their travels and of books.

What changeable creatures women are! Ere long His wife for woodland haunts began to wish; A-weary of the fashionable throng, She packed her trunks and dragged him off to fish.

Ah man! Thou art forever tricked by Fate; Thou earnest joy and then it is denied; He sat there while the fish chewed off his bait, And thought of other, gay scenes and sighed.

His wife, but little caring how she dressed, Was full of praises for the "sweet, pure air," And when she spoke about his "need of rest"— Alack! the wicked things he thought out there. —S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.
Phil'delphia, Aug. 12, 10 am | New York, Aug. 26, 10 am
St. Louis, Aug. 19, 10 am | Phil'delphia, Sept. 2, 10 am
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Haverford, Aug. 18, 10 am | Friesland, Aug. 29, 10 am
Noordland, Aug. 22, 10 am | Westernland, Sept. 5, 10 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Mesaba, Aug. 15, 9 am | Minneapolis, Aug. 29, 10 am
Minnetonka, Aug. 22, 9 am | Minneapolis, Sept. 5, 4 pm
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Mayflower, Aug. 13 | Mayflower, Sept. 10
Commonwealth, Aug. 27 | Commonwealth, Sept. 17
New England, Sept. 3 | Commonwealth, Sept. 24
Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Canada, Aug. 22 | Dominion, September 5
Kensington, Aug. 29 | Southwark, September 12

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.
Vancouver, Saturday, Aug. 29, Oct. 10, Nov. 21
Cambraman, Saturday, Sept. 19, Oct. 31

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM—VIA BOULOGNE.
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a. m.
Statendam, August 12 | Noordam, August 26
Kydnam, August 19 | Rotterdam, September 2

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a. m.
Finland, August 15 | Kroonland, August 29
Vaderland, August 22 | Zeeland, September 5

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Germanic, August 12, noon | Celtic, August 21, 4 pm
Cedric, August 14, 9 am | Victoria, August 25
Majestic, August 19, noon | Oceanic, August 29, 8 am
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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Coptic (Calling at Manila), Tuesday, August 18
Gaelic, Friday, September 11
Doric, Wednesday, October 7
Coptic, Saturday, October 31
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.



TOYO KISEN KAISHA (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)
IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903
America Maru, Wednesday, August 26
Hongkong Maru, Saturday, September 19 (Calling at Manila)
Nippon Maru, Thursday, October 15
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
W. H. AVEY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, August 15, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, August 15, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, August 27, 1903, at 2 P. M.
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SOCIETY.

Automobile Week at Del Monte.

Some sixty automobiles, owned by well-known people from San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Stockton, and San José, made the run to Del Monte last week, and participated in the first tournament of the Automobile Club of California held in this State. On Sunday, the automobilists made a tour of the seventeen-mile drive, and on Monday they participated in an interesting programme of races, held under the management of the governors of the Automobile Club and the following officials: Referee, Mr. E. Courtney Ford; starter, Mr. C. C. Moore; clerk of the course, Mr. R. C. Lennie; judges, Mr. J. D. Spreckels, Mr. R. P. Scherwin, Mayor Johnson, of Monterey, and Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee; timekeepers, Mr. P. Lowe, Mr. R. L. Bettner, Dr. D. A. Stapler, Mr. W. G. Irwin, Mr. E. J. Coleman, and Mr. W. H. Taylor; scorer, Mr. C. E. Mathewson; clerk of the scales, Dr. D. A. Stapler. On Tuesday, the automobilists enjoyed a picnic at Point Lobos, and on Wednesday the return trip was made.

So successful has this initial automobile tournament proved that President Hyde declares the club will hold a big race meet at the Ingleside Track, in San Francisco, next November, when some valuable prizes will be offered. The club added some notable members during the last week. Another result of this meet and the interest it has aroused will be a vigorous effort to secure a three-quarter double straight-away automobile race-course in Golden Gate Park, either along the northern or the southern side, with a low hedge separating the outgoing from the incoming track.

While many of the fashionable guests have departed from Monterey, now that the polo and pony races and the automobile tournament are over, there are still sojourning at the Hotel del Monte many well-known San Franciscans, who intend to remain there until after the golf tournament, which begins on Monday, August 24th.

A number of notable dinner-parties have been given during the week. Mr. Francis Carolan, Mr. Charles W. Clark, and Mr. Thomas A. Driscoll gave a farewell dinner at the club-house, at which they entertained Mr. Richard M. Tobin, Mr. Joseph O. Tobin, Mr. Clement Tobin, Dr. George F. Shiels, Mr. E. C. Waller, Captain J. Barneson, Mr. C. J. Buckley, Jr., Captain N. P. Batchelder, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. R. C. Rogers, Mr. Lawrence W. Redington, Mr. T. Fairham, Dr. Elmer J. Boeseke, Mr. Edward Boeseke, Mr. J. L. Colby, Mr. H. Praed, Mr. H. S. Gane, Mr. C. E. Maud, Mr. R. L. Bettner, and Mr. F. G. Newton.

Mr. Clement Tobin gave a dinner in the main dining-room of the hotel on Saturday last, at which he entertained Dr. and Mrs. George Shiels, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, Miss Charlotte Russell, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Pearl Landers, Mr. Richard M. Tobin, Mr. Joseph O. Tobin, and Mr. Edward Tobin.

Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Shiels gave a supper-party at the club-house on Thursday, August 6th, at which they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. Whittell, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Charlotte Russell, Miss Helen de Young, Mr. Clement Tobin, Mr. C. E. Orr, Mr. Joseph O. Tobin, Mr. Richard M. Tobin, and Mr. Charles de Young.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young also gave a dinner at the club-house last week, their guests being Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Scherwin, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Shiels, Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Miss Helen de Young, Miss O'Connor, and Mr. Charles de Young.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Julia de Laveaga, daughter of Mr. Miguel A. de Laveaga, and Mr. Andrew Welch, second son of Mrs. Bertha Welch.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haas have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Florine Haas, to Mr. Edward Brandenstein, son of Mr. Joseph Brandenstein, and brother of Supervisor Henry J. Brandenstein.

The engagement of Miss Hazel Maydwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Maydwell, to Dr. E. Weldon Young, of Seattle, was announced at a tea given by Miss Maydwell's parents on Tuesday afternoon, August 11th. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Alice May, Miss Paula Wolff, Miss Martha Spencer, Miss Chispa Sanborn, and Miss Jean Oliver.

The wedding of Miss Irene Ward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Ward, and Mr. Charles M. Duffey, will take place at St. Dominic's Church on Tuesday morning, August 25th. The ceremony will be performed at ten o'clock by Rev. Father Welch.

Miss Mildred Ward, sister of the bride, will be the maid of honor, and Mr. Rafael Duffey will be his brother's best man. Miss Alicia Duffey and Miss Elizabeth Duffey will be bridesmaids, and Mr. H. F. Anderson, Mr. George B. Keane, Mr. J. H. Fuller, and Mr. Harry Ruthrauff will act as ushers. Mr. Duffey and his bride will depart for Japan on their wedding journey.

The wedding of Miss Annie Sessions, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Sessions, and Mr. Charles Stuart Cushing took place on Monday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents on Durant Street, Oakland. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Charles R. Brown, of the First Congregational Church. The bride was unattended. Mr. Oscar K. Cushing acted as best man. The ceremony was followed by a wedding supper, after which Mr. and Mrs. Cushing departed on their wedding journey, which will include a tour of Yellowstone Park. On their return, they will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Frances Kautz, daughter of the late General A. V. Kautz, and Captain Alvin Chambliss Read, U. S. A., took place in Cincinnati on Saturday, August 8th, at St. Paul's Cathedral. Miss Kautz, it will be remembered, made her social debut in San Francisco when her father was stationed here.

Mrs. R. A. Vance gave a luncheon at the Hotel Rafael last Saturday, at which she entertained Mrs. J. B. Smith, Mrs. A. C. Freese, Mrs. E. Cline, Mrs. D. Green, Mrs. C. Platt, Mrs. A. L. Peyser, Mrs. E. G. Zeile, and Miss E. Ewing.

The Midsummer Bohemian Jinks.

The Bohemian Club held its annual midsummer high jinks at Bohemia Grove, near Guerneville, last Saturday night, and it was voted a great success by those who were present. During the afternoon a special train of six coaches went up to the grove, conveying over three hundred members. On Friday evening a special car was attached to the regular north-bound train to accommodate those members who wished to journey to the redwoods in advance of their associates. The principal feature of the Saturday evening high jinks was the opera, "Montezuma," the libretto by Louis Robertson, and music by Dr. H. J. Stewart. An impromptu entertainment was given on Friday evening, in which David Warfield and Nat Goodwin were the stars of the occasion. Mr. Goodwin gave a number of clever imitations, singing a song as Henry Irving would sing it, as Stuart Robson, and several others might. David Warfield's character recitations also won much applause. Joseph D. Redding and Donald de V. Graham were others who helped to make the affair a success. On Sunday morning, the merry-makers enjoyed themselves with walks along the Russian River, boating, bathing, and fishing. The return trip was made by special train in the afternoon.

The Fritz Scheel Concerts.

The musical season of 1903-4 practically began at the Grand Opera House on Friday afternoon, when the first symphony concert, under the leadership of Fritz Scheel, was given before a large and appreciative audience. The programme consisted of the following numbers: Overture, "Fingals Cave," Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdi; Symphony No. 2, C major, op. 61, Schumann; Peer Gynt, op. 46, Grieg; Suite No. 1, op. 43, Tschalkowsky; "Tannhäuser Overture," Wagner. The next concert under Scheel's direction will be given at the Grand Opera House on Thursday afternoon, August 27th, and the others to follow will take place on September 3d, September 10th, September 17th, September 24th, October 1st, and on October 8th.

The underground electric-railway system of Paris was the scene on Monday of one of the most appalling railroad accidents on record. Two trains of four carriages each, filled with passengers, were consumed by fire in the heart of the underground tube midway between stations, at an inaccessible point where no relief could be given to the victims, and no chance offered for escape from the death-dealing fumes and flames. One of the trains broke down at Menilmontant, and the train following it was ordered to push the disabled cars through the tube to the repair shops. When the two trains came in contact they caught fire. A panic ensued among the passengers and train hands. Many of them left the cars and attempted to escape, but instead some ninety persons, according to the dispatches, met death by suffocation.

Of the many improvements which Mr. E. S. de Wolfe has made since he has become proprietor of the Hotel Pleasanton, the most important is his transformation of the dining-room. The walls and ceiling have been beautifully tinted and frescoed, and one hundred and fifty incandescent flowered globes are used to light up the room properly. The ladies' reception-room has been refurnished superbly. All the furniture has been specially manufactured for the Pleasanton. The library, the café, the billiard-room, and the ladies' reception-room have also been handsomely furnished.

Mr. Arthur S. Brown, son of Mrs. H. W. Brown, and Mr. James F. Kutz, son of Admiral George Kutz, have been appointed assistant paymasters in the navy by President Roosevelt.

The list of big stellar attractions for the Columbia Theatre during the coming season includes Mrs. Langtry, who has not visited San Francisco in a number of years.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the most important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

The appraisers' report on the estate of G. W. Frink, the pioneer real-estate dealer, has been filed. It shows that the deceased was worth \$179,755. The estate consists of \$75,000 personal property and realty in this city, Los Angeles, Alameda, and San Diego, worth \$90,000.

The estate of Egbert Judson, worth about \$1,250,000, was distributed on Tuesday by Judge Coffey, after the final account of Charles C. Judson, the surviving executor and trustee, had been approved. Egbert Judson died in 1893. He was not married, and his heirs were two nephews and two nieces. One of the nephews, Henry C. Judson, died in 1894, leaving a daughter, Charlotte D. Judson, and a niece, Mrs. Charlotte A. Lynch, died later, leaving no children. Three persons were thus left to inherit the property—Charles C. Judson, a nephew; Mrs. C. S. Benedict, a niece; and Miss Charlotte D. Judson. They have formed the Judson Estate Company, and transferred to it the realty which came to them, including valuable property in this city, San Mateo, and Marin Counties, and mines in Sierra County. A large amount of stocks and other securities, and nearly \$77,000 in cash are to be divided between them.

The will of Franklin Heywood, the lumberman, who committed suicide on July 29th, has been filed for probate. W. B. Heywood and Walter Heywood, brothers of the deceased, and H. A. Powell, the lumberman, are named as executors. The document directs that the estate of the deceased, which is worth \$250,000, shall be held in trust by them until the death of Agnes B. Heywood, wife of the testator, from whom he separated many years ago. They are directed to pay to her \$150 a month during her lifetime, and a similar sum to Agnes Maud Heywood, the adopted daughter of deceased. Upon the death of Mrs. Heywood, the executors shall give to the adopted daughter one-half of the estate, and divide the other half between Charles, Samuel, W. B., Walter, and Harry Heywood, brothers of the deceased, and Hattie G. Hunt, a sister, and C. W. and Irene Phillips, a nephew and a niece. In the event of the death of the adopted daughter before Mrs. Heywood, her share will, under the will, go to the brothers and sister and nephew and niece in equal shares.

The will of Charles R. Lloyd, who died in Yokohama, Japan, August 6th, has been filed for probate in Oakland. The greater portion of the estate, valued at more than \$500,000, is placed in the hands and under the control of Dr. Thomas Addison and Arthur W. Goodfellow, as trustees, for the term of ten years. During this period, the trustees are directed to pay to the widow, Mary Lloyd, one-third of the income of the estate, and to Charles R., Mahel F., and Ethel Mary Lloyd, the three children designated as heirs, two-thirds of the income, in equal proportions. In the event of the deaths of the widow and three children within the ten years, without issue, then the estate is to revert to a brother, William Rees Lloyd, of England. Fred W. Lloyd, another son, is disinherited.

Grand Army Week.

There will be two large parades next week. One will be made up of Grand Army men entirely, while the other will have in line a large number of military and civic societies, and floats and many novel and attractive features, and will be one of the largest and most attractive parades ever seen in San Francisco. This will be the big parade of Tuesday, which will form in the morning around Union Square, and march through the principal streets.

The introduction into this market of a new cigar, with the name "L. Sanchez" upon its label, has led Sanchez & Haya, manufacturers of the established brand of Sanchez Havana cigars, to appeal to the courts to stop the alleged infringement of their rights. A bill of complaint has accordingly been filed in the United States Circuit Court, demanding that H. Rinaldo, a wholesale distributor of "La Flor de Sanchez" cigars, in this city, be required to appear and show cause why he and his agents should not be enjoined from offering their goods in the manner they are now alleged to be doing.

The Miller-Anglin season of forty performances will be followed by the great musical success, "The Prince of Pilsen."

Blanche Walsh, the actress, has secured a divorce from Alfred Hickman, to whom she was secretly married in 1896.

Grand Army Veterans.

No Civil War veteran who scaled the heights of Lookout Mountain should return to his home from his California pilgrimage without going up Mt. Hamilton to the great Lick Observatory. It's easy to do this—just go to San José, enjoy one's self at the palatial Hotel Vendome, and go from there in comfortable stages up to the heights whence astronomers look skyward through the biggest working telescope in the world. Even if you don't go up to the observatory, a trip to the Vendome is worth talking about.

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All society events of the week are mirrored in Saturday's TRIBUNE.

Local and State politics receive attention by special writers in the same issue.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan left on Tuesday for the East, en route to Europe. Before going abroad they will visit Mrs. Carolan's mother, Mrs. Charles Pullman, at her country place at the Thousand Isles, and after a short stay at Newport will sail for Europe, where they will remain three months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey had just left Florence for Naples when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and Miss Emily Wilson have returned to Burlingame after a short stay at Del Monte.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Reginald K. Smith, who are the guests of Mrs. Irving M. Scott, expect soon to occupy their residence on Pacific Avenue, Dr. Smith having been assigned to duty in this city as rendezvous surgeon.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, Jr., have taken the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Bishop on Pacific Avenue for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney came up from Monterey early in the week for a few days' stay in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan, who arrived from London last week, expect to remain here during the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pond, and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Breeden have returned from their visit to Santa Barbara.

Baron and Baroness von Schroeder sailed from New York for Europe last week, and expect to be absent several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa will leave Piedmont next month for an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss Helen de Young, and Mr. Charles de Young have returned from Monterey to their summer residence, "Meadowlands," in San Rafael.

Judge and Mrs. John F. Finn sailed from New York on August 6th for Hamburg. They expect to go to Copenhagen this month, and later will visit Stockholm.

Mrs. Ira Pierce was in New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ede and Mr. and Mrs. Burr Eastwood have returned from a month's visit to Dr. and Mrs. H. P. Carlton at Ben Lomond.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill were guests at the Hotel Vendome, San José, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Gwin and Miss Carrie Gwin, who have been spending the summer at the Hotel Rafael, expect to return to town within a fortnight.

Mrs. Norman McLaren and family, after a six weeks' absence in the country, are occupying their residence on Sacramento Street.

Miss Jacqueline Moore sailed for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Siberia* last Saturday.

Miss Elsie Gregory has returned after a stay of several weeks in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Miss Carrie Ayres was the guest of Mrs. Silas Palmer at Menlo Park last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Earle Brownell have arrived from the East and are occupying the residence they have taken on Broadway.

Mrs. William B. Collier and family have returned to the city after an extended sojourn at their country place at Clear Lake.

Miss May Friedlander and Miss Fanny Friedlander have removed from their late residence on Devisadero Street to Washington Street, near Fillmore. Miss Bessie Bowie, who is staying with them, is slowly recovering from her recent illness.

Mrs. C. L. Ashe is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gaston Ashe at their country place.

Mrs. Bowie-Detrick is the guest of Mrs. William Howard at San Rafael.

Miss Florence Starr is spending the month of August at Upper Soda Springs.

Mrs. John Landers and Miss Pearl Landers were guests at Del Monte during the week.

Mrs. J. D. Bailey and Miss Florence Bailey will leave next week for the East. They expect to be absent several months.

Dr. E. F. Robinson, of Kansas City, is a guest at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. F. T. Martin and Mr. N. C. Bahin were guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Bahin over Sunday at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Kimble and Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Runyon visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Miss Lillie O'Connor was a guest at Del Monte during the week.

Mrs. S. V. Maynard has been spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. William Gwin, at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann were at the Hotel Jungfrau, Interlaken, Switzerland, when last heard from.

Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler have returned to Berkeley after an extended trip to the Eastern States.

Mr. M. A. Daniels, of Berkeley, was the guest of Mr. Herbert Baker at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Judge M. E. Estee and Mrs. Estee arrived from Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Alameda* on Tuesday, and are the guests of Mrs. Charles Deering on Broderick Street.

Mr. Bert R. Hecht has joined his brother, Mr. Summit L. Hecht, in Boston. Before returning they will spend some weeks at the various watering-places on the Atlantic Coast.

Mr. Hamilton Wright, of Vicksburg, Miss., was a guest of Mr. William Gwin at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mr. Hother Wismer has returned from Honolulu, where he has been sojourning for about two months.

Mr. T. Stewart White and family, of Santa Barbara, are guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Dr. Bernard Moses, for many years professor of history at the State university, and latterly a member of the Philippine Commission, arrived from the East on Tuesday, accompanied by Mrs. Moses. They are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. James Armstrong, Mrs. W. A. Rogers, Mrs. Fred Cook, Mr. George W. Reed, Dr. A. P. Mulligan, and Mr. R. A. Cooks.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. James P. O'Neil and Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Nolker, of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Salishury, of Los Angeles, Dr. and Mrs. T. E. Nicholson, Mrs. S. Gilchust, Mr. Charles Townsend, of Oakland, Mrs. George H. Warfield, of Healdsburg, Mrs. C. S. Cutting and Mr. R. M. Cutting, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Horne, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Willett, and Dr. and Mrs. George W. Merritt.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., who was retired from the army on Saturday last, having reached the age limit, was succeeded by Lieutenant-General Samuel B. M. Young, U. S. A. General Miles is expected here in a few days to attend the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., accompanied by his staff, visited Benicia early in the week.

Rear-Admiral George C. Remy, the ranking officer of his grade, was retired from the navy on Monday. Since May, 1902, he has been chairman of the light-house board. He will be succeeded in that office by Rear-Admiral John J. Read, U. S. A.

General William R. Shafter, U. S. A., retired, and his daughter, Mrs. W. H. McKittrick, have taken the Tatum house on Pacific Avenue for the winter.

Captain Richardson Clover, U. S. N., and Mrs. Clover expect to remain at their country place in Napa until the last of next month, when they will make a short stay at Santa Barbara before returning to Washington, D. C.

Colonel George Andrews, adjutant-general, U. S. A., has returned from his ten days' outing in the mountains. During his absence, the duties of the office were carried on by Major John R. Williams, U. S. A., who is at present enjoying a short leave in the country with Mrs. Williams.

Mrs. Watson, wife of Rear-Admiral John Crittenden Watson, U. S. N., is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. D. Thornton, at her residence on Jackson Street.

Brigadier-General Oscar F. Long, U. S. A., returned last week to Washington. Mrs. Long will remain with her little daughters at Piedmont another month before leaving for the East.

Rear-Admiral Silas W. Terry, U. S. N., recently assigned to the command of the naval station at Honolulu, arrived from the East early in the week, accompanied by his wife.

Lieutenant Guy T. Scott, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to Baltimore to report to Major William A. Nichols, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, recruiting officer at that place, for duty as assistant.

Brigadier-General John B. Babcock, who has been adjutant-general of Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles's staff at Washington since April, 1902, and before that time was adjutant-general of the Department of California for three years, was retired from the army on Saturday.

Mrs. Horne (née McClung), wife of Lieutenant Frederick J. Horne, U. S. N., is to join her husband at Puget Sound, where the *Alert* has been assigned.

Colonel Constant Williams, Twenty-Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., returned from Manila on Sunday on the transport *Logan*, after a three years' campaign in the Philippines.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas C. Woodbury, U. S. A., is in temporary command of the Seventh Infantry, having relieved General Charles A. Coolidge, U. S. A., who was retired last week.

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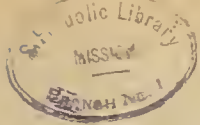
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Mr. Charles M. Schwab no longer draws from the Steel Trust the neat salary of one hundred thousand dollars a year. The "obscure nervous disease" which numerous doctors, the waters of many springs, and the salubrious air of various climes have failed to cure, is reported to be the reason for his retirement. "Schwab looks the sick man that he is," says a New York paper; "his face is pale, the whites of his eyes have a dull, leaden look." In short, at forty-one, Schwab is a physical incompetent.

This is the same young man whom, a few years ago, the newspapers were enthusiastically describing as "an industrial giant." They said he was "tireless," "in-

domitable," "irresistible," "a marvel of energy," and many other nice things. We distinctly recall that one ardent writer likened him to a "ten-thousand horse-power dynamo!"

Where, then, was the lack in Schwab? What was the little rift within the lute that now has made the music mute? What was the trouble with this "irresistible" young man whom ambitious parents not long since were holding up to aspiring sons as model, example, and perfect paradigm? Is it mere accident that the once lovely picture made by the rise of the dollar-a-day stake-driver to the one-hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year Steel King has now lost all its glamorous charm? Or is Schwab's case a typical, and therefore a significant, one?

By chance we have come across an interesting paragraph in the correspondence of William E. Curtis, written nearly a year ago. He says:

Schwab does not possess the moral fibre, nor the poise, nor the tact, nor the discretion, nor the sense of propriety, nor the philosophy . . . of great men.

In some respects this is a very curious statement. For who that reads and believes the newspapers could ever have supposed that "poise" and "moral fibre" were qualities necessary to trust presidents? Who'd 'a' thought now that "a sense of propriety" would be helpful to the head of a combine? Pushfulness, we knew, was necessary, prehensile fingers almost indispensable, and even prehensile toes highly advantageous. Bull-headed sticktoitiveness was just the stuff. Col. D. Streamer writes:

"There's no occasion to be Just,
No need for motives that are fine,
To be Director of a Trust
Or Manager of a Combine,"

and so we thought. And what great men could be greater than millionaires with ability to "rise on the dead selves" of their competitors? But "poise" and "philosophy"—are these venerable qualities still virtues in this day of get there? Can it be that "tact" is still above par and "a sense of propriety" quotable on the Stock Exchange? 'Tis passing strange, nay, incredible.

But jesting aside, these *were* the lacks that compassed the downfall of Schwab. Hard work in his younger days did not hurt him. The thunder of trip-hammers feazed him not at all. His face and figure denote strength. But a man may invent machines with multitudinous cogs and cranks, and still be ignorant of human nature. He may know all about iron, and still be mentally narrow. That appears to have been the case here. Successful with things, when Schwab came to deal with men—with men of brains—he had desperate need of those qualities of tact, poise, discretion, philosophy, which his training had failed to give him. Lacking tact, poise, discretion, and philosophy, things worried, perplexed, annoyed him—got on his nerves. Soon he found his doctors prescribing rest—a trip to Europe. But neither did he know how to rest or to enjoy. What to him were Gothic cathedrals, Louvre galleries, or Roman ruins? He was one of those of whom Emerson says:

He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

France was interesting to Schwab since on her good roads he could speed his forty horse-power auto, at Monte Carlo he could try to break the bank, Lake Como's placid bosom gave him the opportunity for a steamer race. Seeing life and hot old times filled up the hours. Poise? Schwab is a man essentially barbaric.

But we should not judge Mr. Schwab too harshly for

his failure to imbibe philosophy and poise. How could the young grocery-clerk of Braddock have learned that these were necessary virtues while his ears were filled with the tumult and the shoutings of those who cried: "Get rich, no matter how, but get rich!" "Nothing succeeds like success!" "There's always room at the top!" Naturally, he spent no moments wastefully cultivating the amenities of life, no mellowing hours with a book in a shady nook, no time at all with Shakespeare and Chaucer, Emerson and Carlyle, Ecclesiastes and Tolstoy. And now he is done for.

How different is the melancholy story of Schwab from that of the Vatican's late venerable occupant. Leo's was a delicate physique, Schwab's a robust one. The Pope, by the exercise of a will of singular inflexibility, made his frail body do his bidding for more than ninety years. Schwab's undisciplined brain was a bad master for his stalwart frame, and has already run the craft upon the rocks. The doctors' autopsy showed that the Pontiff's heart, arteries, spleen, liver, kidneys, and other vital organs were absolutely normal. He was an ascetic. Schwab, we believe, is not. And there are other venerable men who make Schwab, late the American Hero, look a puny figure. At eighty-two, Herbert Spencer surveys the world—sees it clear and sees it whole. Who can calculate the influence upon civilization of Theodor Mommsen, who is now eighty-six, or George Meredith, who is seventy-four, or Tolstoy, who is seventy-five?

It is the last of these who but yesterday had somewhat to say regarding America that is not flattering, perhaps not true, but at least worth thinking about.

"America," said the Russian philosopher, "has lost her youth. Her hair is gray, her teeth are falling out; she is becoming senile. Voltaire said that France was rotten before she was ripe, but what shall be said of a nation whose ideals have perished almost in one generation? Your Emersons, Garrisons, and Whittiers are all gone. You produce nothing but rich men. In the years before and after the Civil War the soul-life of your people flowered and bore fruit. You are pitiful materialists now."

This dictum doubtless the American young man will contemptuously reject. But if he will not listen to a sage of the nineteenth century perhaps he will hearken to a prophet of an earlier age—to him who once wrote: "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet whether he eat little or much, but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep." And again: "Better is an handful with quietness than both hands full with travail and vexation of spirit." Even Mr. Schwab might find food for thought in the question, "What profit hath he that hath labored for the wind?"

The Hay-Herran treaty has been unanimously rejected by the Colombian congress. The reasons for the rejection, according to a dispatch from Foreign Minister Ricos, at Bogota, to Dr. Herran, Colombian *chargé d'affaires*, at Washington, are substantially identical with those stated by M. Raúl Pérez, whose views were recently discussed in these columns. The question of Colombian sovereignty over the canal strip was of paramount importance; that of the pecuniary consideration (so the dispatches state) was not a factor in the decision. The news created "a fever of excitement" in the state of Panama.

If Washington is well advised regarding the rules which govern procedure in the Colombian senate, that body may still vote to reconsider its action, or any member of the senate may propose amendments to the treaty. Otherwise the President has power to negotiate with Nicaragua and Costa Rica. He is, however, not compelled to do so before any fixed date. "If these satisfactory negotiations can not be completed within a reasonable time," says John C. Spooner, author of

bill, "the President is empowered to negotiate for a canal by the Nicaragua route." But, according to the same high authority, he is the sole judge of what constitutes a "reasonable" time.

It has been repeatedly stated that Panama would revolt in such a contingency as has now come to pass. It has also been rumored that the President would not permit Colombia "to hold us up." Nothing is definitely known. But it is clear that several things may happen.

1. The Colombian senate may reconsider its action; indeed, some action seems already to have been taken.

2. The President may open negotiations with Nicaragua and Costa Rica, considering that the "reasonable" time mentioned in the Spooner bill has elapsed.

3. The President may hold that the nature of the negotiations with Colombia bind her to ratify the treaty, and he may make to the republic further representations in the matter.

4. The "fever of excitement" in Panama may grow into revolution; the state may secede; ask to be recognized by this government; and offer us the canal.

It is evident that events in the near future may be both important and interesting.

No words of ours nor of any one can increase or diminish the glory of the achievements of the young men who as old men have this week marched so proudly but so feebly through our streets.

"The world will little note nor long remember what we say here," said Abraham Lincoln on the field of Gettysburg, "but it can never forget what they did here." And upon the same memorable occasion he sounded the chord which must echo and reecho upon every similar occasion so long as the United States is a nation. His solemn words may most fittingly be recalled. "It is for us, the living," he said, "rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

The great majority of Democratic papers of the North and West have severely criticised President Roosevelt for permitting General Miles to be retired without commendation of his military services. The New York Times speaks of "the indecent, cold, and dishonoring hoving out of the great soldier." The Chicago Chronicle says: "Theodore Roosevelt ought to be ashamed of himself." The incident has had the effect of making a martyr of Miles. It has won him the sympathy of many people, and has greatly increased his chances (such as they are) for gaining the Democratic Presidential or Vice-Presidential nomination next year, the former of which he is said to want badly. It is believed that he would suit the anti-imperialists. The Boston special correspondent of the Springfield Republican announces that General Miles "is mentioned for the Presidency by one of the closest students of politics in the city." The Boston Globe mentions him as a possible candidate for governor of Massachusetts, as a stepping-stone to the higher office. Miles has been chosen president of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Association, and has accepted the office in an eloquent letter in praise of Jefferson—which is significant. It is clear, however, that W. R. Hearst does not regard Miles as a rival, but as an ally. "Hearst and Miles"—that was the phrase said to have been frequently heard in the National Building Trades Council's convention in Denver where the Hearst boom received a substantial boost in the form of a resolution commending the "fearless champion of the people's rights," and indorsing him for the Presidency. One of the chief objections to Miles is that he is unpopular with the South. He it was who put Jeff Davis in irons; and the South has never forgotten it.

Walter Wellman gives the following plausible statement of the reasons which led the President not to eulogize General Miles:

He thinks it would not have been honest of him. He does not approve of General Miles's conduct. He believes that officer guilty of acts which were unworthy an American soldier. He believes that, but for his [the President's] magnanimity, General Miles would have been court-martialed or retired a year ago, with a stain upon his record. Thus believing, the President could not stultify himself by dealing out complimentary platitudes to General Miles, there would have been no sincerity in his praise, and he felt that the country would know he was insincere. Worse still, if he praised Miles, the public would say he had done it for the purpose of averting criticism and to ease his way to a reelection. The President did not wish to appear in any such light as that, and, after deliberation, he concluded the honest and manly thing for him to do was to permit the lieutenant-general to pass from the active list without a word of comment from the commander-in-chief.

While Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow asserts that the investigations of scandals in the Department are by no means ended, what has developed so far discloses an unparalleled maze of official conspiracy to loot the Department appropriations by the manipulation of contracts. Details regarding the seven, more indictments recently found involving nine persons in the meshes of the law point to A. W. Machen as a "prince of grafters." The wonder is he was ever caught, for the ramifications by which the nefarious work was accomplished show an amazing tangle which the investigators have been obliged to unravel. For instance, John T. Cupper, mayor of Lock Haven, Pa., is charged with paying a bribe to Machen for the contract to paint mail-boxes. He was permitted to paint them with unnecessary frequency. In this way he received, it is said, eighteen thousand dollars for unnecessary work. Out of this, he drew

frequent drafts, payable to a William C. Long, in Washington, and Long as frequently handed his check to Machen for his share, which approximated ten cents on the painting of each box. The prices in the contract were exorbitant, and the contract was let without competition, the excuse being given that aluminum paint was used, which could not be furnished by painters generally. The contract with Maurice Runkel, of New York, for leather satchels and sacks for carriers was subjected to similar scrutiny, with similar results. Some of the articles supplied were unnecessary and unused, and are now in storage. Others were ordered in extravagant numbers, forty thousand equipments being ordered for eighteen thousand carriers. The bribe money coming from Runkel to Machen appears to have passed through the hands of a clerk in the latter's office. Another contract for equipment was made with W. G. Crawford and George E. Lorenz. As in the other cases, cash on account of the contracts is shown to have reached Machen by the means of a go-between, who, in this case, was the wife of Lorenz. Still another transaction was with the Postal Device and Lock Company. Checks have been traced showing the same interest of Machen in these contracts. In short, Machen got his rake-off on everything—paint, locks, sacks, fixtures, and other devices. He lost no opportunity, however small. He took toll from everybody who had dealings with his Department. Now he is caught, but the pertinent question remains: "Are there any more in there like you?"

In national politics, the news of the week is marked by the absence of anything of a positive character. What we have is a collection of gossip, a part of which may have significance. On the Republican side, President Roosevelt is the only candidate for nomination yet taken seriously. The statement is not affected by the fact that Senator Morgan, of Alabama, has predicted that the Republican candidate would be Joseph B. Foraker, the present senator from Ohio. Our views are so apt to be colored by self-interest that the prediction may rest on the side-tracking of the Nicaragua Canal for its motive. In Republican circles, there is more speculation about the second place on the ticket than the first. Among those mentioned are Myron T. Herrick, if elected governor of Ohio this fall; Governor Cummins, of Iowa, to please low-tariff Republicans; Internal Revenue Commissioner John W. Yerkes, of Kentucky, for his influence in border States; Assistant Postmaster-General Joseph L. Bristow, for his work in the post-office scandals; Governors Yates, of Illinois, Fairbanks, of Indiana, and La Follette, of Wisconsin. It is noticeable that all those prominently mentioned belong to the Middle West. It appears to be the conviction that President Roosevelt as a candidate would satisfy the East and the Far West equally well, and that the ticket would be most strengthened by a candidate strong in the Middle West, whose nomination would smooth over any difficulties and influence doubtful border States. Some Democratic politicians are talking the same way. It is conceded that the head of their ticket must come from the East, while the second place might be offered to Benjamin Shively, of Indiana, Charles A. Towne, of Minnesota, Tom Johnson, of Ohio, James D. Richardson, of Tennessee, or William F. Vilas, of Wisconsin. There is talk also of Senator Dubois, of Idaho, ex-Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, and Governor Garvin, of Rhode Island.

Senator Gorman remains the most conspicuous candidate for the Democratic nomination. He has been trotted out, examined by interviewers, who got nothing out of him of significance, and the papers have been discussing his points. Outside of those who would follow the party anywhere, and of those who would follow Gorman anywhere, there appears a unanimity of opinion that, as a politician, he is a "smooth article"; as a statesman he is impossible; and as a Presidential candidate he is questionable. The Western sentiment lately controlled by Bryan is reported to be indifferent. "We can not win next year," they say, "and the candidate might as well be Gorman as another." The constitutional neutrality of Mr. Gorman in party matters may be a tower of strength in reconciling the factions. It may also be a source of weakness. Low-tariff Democrats have no encomiums for him. Neither are the followers of Cleveland, Hill, or Bryan shouting for him. Perhaps his strongest claim is stated by the New York Herald. We quote:

Senator Gorman would be the best money-raiser in the Democratic party, and that is the reason why so many of the "practical politicians" are in favor of his nomination. It is believed by them that he could go into Wall Street and get from the great financiers practically all the money financial New York would put into the campaign. He would naturally get the support of many Republicans who oppose Mr. Roosevelt's trust policy.

If it is true that Senator Gorman has been truckling to the Bryan contingent, it would seem that there is little to be gained from it. Mr. Bryan spoke at Chatauqua, the other day. His remarks were primarily an assault upon Cleveland of even a less dignified character than usual. He said: "The Democrats in 1892 played a confidence game on the people, and put a hunco-steerer at the head of the party." He then discussed the differences in the party, and wound up with the statement that "the fight will continue in this country until one side or the other is triumphant." Bryan is working desperately for control, or for influence in the party. If he keeps quiet he gets neither. The more trouble he makes, the more it will cost the party to appease him.

The addition of several more names to the long list of Republican candidates for mayor which we printed last week indicates that it is still considered anybody's race; that those who are now announcing themselves think they have as good a chance as the next man. Nothing could better show in what a hazy-mazy condition are mayoralty affairs in the Republican camp. Julius Kahn has not announced him-

self, but is being talked of. T. V. Cator, who was a candidate for mayor three years ago, would accept the place. William Cluff, the wholesale grocer, is also a candidate. Judge Slack was mentioned, but has so far refused to permit himself to be considered. So much for the new candidates. The real centre of interest, however, is Ruef and Schmitz. The political wise-acs say that Ruef has about one hundred delegates, and is working hard for more. It was supposed that these were certainly for Schmitz, but of late strange rumors are afloat to the effect that Ruef is bound by "solemn promises" made to the leaders of the league not to throw his strength to the mayor. He himself says that he is not pledged to the mayor, nor to work against him, nor to any one else. Between un-credentialed rumors and Ruef's carefully worded negations it is a pretty puzzle. Meanwhile, the defeated factions, Democrat and Republican, are collecting their shattered forces. Burns and Kelly are seriously talking of running an independent Republican ticket. The "Horses and Carts" are engaged in making a dicker with McNab's forces for an office or two in return for "being good." They are said to have agreed to be satisfied with the nomination of Raleigh Hooe for county clerk. As for the Democratic mayoralty candidate, Lane appears to have a sure thing, though David I. Mahoney is still in the contest.

The escape of the convicts from Folsom has resulted in turning loose upon the community a number of desperate criminals, but it is reasonably certain that every one of them will be behind the bars again before very long. The pursuit has completely broken down, and nothing is to be expected from that direction, but such men do not abandon a life of crime when the opportunity of reëmbarking it appears, particularly when they have escaped punishment so easily. The unfortunate feature is that each of them must commit one or more crimes before he is caught and punished again, and the community must suffer to that extent. The fact in connection with this wholesale escape that should impress itself most vividly upon the public mind is that the State is absolutely without machinery to pursue and recapture such fugitives. The jurisdiction of the sheriff stops at the boundary lines of his county; he is without any force at his command to perform such work even within his own county. The sheriffs who have tried to capture these outlaws have been obliged to raise possses at their own expense, and have been assisted by private citizens, who have paid their own expenses. There has been fatal delay in organizing possses where the machinery for such organization did not exist. The Argonaut has several times in the past pointed out the remedy and the necessity for its adoption. A State police, always ready for pursuit, and with a jurisdiction extending throughout the length and breadth of the State, is the only force that can cope with such situations. The expense of its maintenance is small, compared with the destruction of life and property that must ensue before these wretches are re-incarcerated.

A project that will be of advantage to the fruit-growers of Santa Clara Valley and the fruit-consumers has just been launched. This contemplates an electric road from San José to Alviso, and out upon a pier at the latter place that will project three and one-half miles into the bay. The electric road will be eleven miles long, and at San José will connect with the Los Gatos electric road, the same station being used for both lines, making them practically one route. The road is to be equipped with modern fifty-foot passenger coaches, as well as freight facilities. Between the Alviso pier and this city a line of steamers is to be run. For the first year, vessels will be chartered, but after the requirements of the traffic have been learned, new steamers will be constructed for the company. It is expected that the trip between this city and San José will be made in two and one-half hours. In this city, the terminal facilities will have one feature that is new, and that promises to be extremely popular. Besides the pier and wharf for handling passengers and freight, a market building will be erected. In this building each shipper will have his own platform from which he can offer his produce directly to the consumer. Residents of the city can go there each morning and obtain fresh vegetables, fruit, etc.

Senator Bard is in Europe, enjoying a little relaxation and rest, and advantage of his absence is being taken by senatorial aspirants to do a little politics on their own account. Senator Bard has not yet let the public into the secret of whether he would like to succeed himself, and his friends are apparently equally in the dark. Before going abroad he was evasive, and promised to make a public declaration later, which has not yet been forthcoming. The opinion is that he would gladly accept the position if it were tendered to him, but that he will not fight for it. Henry T. Oxnard is not so reticent. He is an avowed candidate, and George F. Hatton, who successfully managed the Perkins campaign, has been engaged as his manager. Hatton has been traveling around the southern part of the State gathering information as to the probable legislative candidates. Since 1898, Oxnard has claimed the town of Oxnard as his residence. He is wealthy, and will spend his money freely.

The board of public works has published an annual report that is a masterpiece in concealing the facts of its expenditures. A few facts that could not be concealed stand out glaringly, and plainly indicate that the board of public works, as now constituted, is misnamed so far as public work for the benefit of the city is concerned. In a total expenditure of \$857,107, there was paid for gas and electric lighting \$274,619, and for "administration," that is, salaries, \$115,884. This

leaves \$466,604 for the general expenditures of the department. These were the general totals that could not be concealed by any method of bookkeeping, and they show a most extravagant condition of administration. That the cost of administration should be one-quarter of the amount administered would be excessive extravagance for the most efficient administration. No business man would endure it for a moment in his private business, and why should it be endured in the public business? When it comes to the details of expenditures, the figures are so carefully totaled that no exact information can be obtained. For example, the cost of street cleaning is placed at \$186,493, and nothing more is known except that the work is badly done, and that is learned outside of the report. For cleaning and repairing sewers, the total is \$55,985; the details are unknown. For repaving accepted streets the total is \$95,533; the details are unknown. The form of the report successfully hides the leakages, but that the leakages exist every one knows.

THE NEWSPAPERS OF MADRID.

By Jerome A. Hart.

If it be true, as commonly said, that most of the Spanish people can not read, it is marvelous how many newspapers are printed in Spain. They are like the sands of the sea. If so few Spaniards can read, what a lot of time the reading Spaniards have to put in on the papers. They surely must be overworked.

Daily papers have a family resemblance all over the world. Weeklies are more distinctive. The most important weekly in Spain is the *Ilustración Española*. Still, like the dailies, it bears a strong resemblance to other pictorials, such as the London *Graphic*, the Paris *Monde Illustré*, and Frank Leslie's *Weekly*. Not so the little *Blanco y Negro* of Madrid; it is individual and distinctive. Despite its name, the taste of the day now forces it to give color work; but it has the discretion to print color-plates on the inside, and always has a most artistic black-and-white cover. Its plates are of various kinds—aquarellogravure, chromogravure, process reproductions of pastel, wash drawings, and monochrome; also, of course, many types of black-and-white work, including the familiar half-tone and the ever-present zincograph. But through all of *Blanco y Negro* there runs an artistic touch which is most pleasing.

A weekly not so well known outside of Spain is *Gente Conocida*, which might be translated "well-known people." This is more of a society than an art journal. Every week it runs a portrait of some "society lady," preferably a person of title. In the number before me, for example, the portrait is that of the Marquesa de Rafal, with her arms and crest. From this it would seem that in Spain (as in America) women are entitled to crests. According to English heraldry, this is heresy. Garter King at Arms sneers at our American female aristocrats for putting crests on their note-paper. I have heard the practice defended by ladies who did not know a dexter bend from a har sinister, and who would emblazon metal on metal because it "looked real nice." But the rules of American heraldry are principally settled in stationers' shops. Therefore heraldic stationers and coat-armored ladies will be glad to know that a Spanish marchioness bears a crest. Perhaps the Salic law has something to do with it. In a brief biography, couched in inflated rhetoric, the writer says of the lady: "She adds to the enchantment of youth the qualities of the perfect Christian heart, and the distinction of her person lends brilliancy and splendor to the court circles. Thus the Marquesa de Rafal in her mind unites all of the virtues, and in her person all of the beauties." This is rather fulsome flattery, even for a "society weekly." But the *Gente Jenkins* does not confine his flatteries to the gentler sex. Discussing the famous "Ducal house of Ahumada," the writer, Don Luis Ruhlil, says of the present duke: "He is known in high society as a prototype of the most exquisite gentlemanliness." (*Caballeridad mas exquisita*.) After reading this society weekly, I can not conceive how the Marquesa of Rafal and the Duke of Ahumada—unlike the two augurs in the temple—could meet without blushing. Several pages are given up to minute details concerning the movements of society people, including the Countess of Paris; we are told that this lady, with Princess Louise of Orleans and the Duke of Montpensier, while on their way from Paris to Seville, stopped at "one of their palaces" in Madrid. The awed tone in which the Madrid society weekly speaks of this august lady is accounted for when one recalls that she is the wife of the pretender to the throne of France; that she has palaces in Paris, in Madrid, in Seville, in Italy, in Austria, and in England; that she is almost a royal person—in fact, a "queen in exile." Portraits are given of three ladies and three gentlemen who have consented to act as judges in a photograph competition. Numerous other portraits of "society persons" figure in the number. In fact, the personal note is quite marked. Those who imagine that our "society press" in America is more personal than that abroad would seem to be mistaken.

Another illustrated weekly, *Nuevo Mundo*, inclines to theatrical and general illustrations and portraits. Don Angel Guimera, author of a successful play, "The Magdalen," then running in Madrid, was portrayed; so was Maria Guerrero, the actress who took the leading rôle. There were also portraits of various actresses then attracting the public attention at Madrid—among others, Angela Homs, who was playing a leading rôle in a Spanish translation of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

In a large weekly, curiously entitled *A. B. C.*, we find illustrations of the current happenings of the week, among others a photograph of "Mister Brodrick (*sic*), English minister of war, and his bride, landing at Gibraltar on their honeymoon." Among a dozen portraits of the week were Robert Planquette, the French composer, who had just died; Herbert Bowen, United States minister to Venezuela, who was then attracting the world's attention at Caracas; Millionaire Rockefeller,

who had just donated some millions of dollars to discover a remedy for tuberculosis. Among the other pictures were halftones of scenes from current plays, a review of the Madrid police force by the newly appointed chief, and a flash-light photo of a banquet. There were also two pictures of what we in our country would call "sewing-circles": one, "The Santa Rita Society," held its reunion in the house of a noblewoman with eleven names, so she must be very noble, indeed. The other was called "The Society of Our Lady of Hope." These two sewing-circles meet one day each week, and make garments "for the deserving poor." The pictures showed that they were held in rooms very richly furnished, but entirely dissimilar to the styles prevailing in our country. The chairs, the tables, the parquet floors, the oval pictures and mirror-frames, the elaborately carved moldings, the innumerable candelabra, both overhead and on the walls, the general style of the decorations and furnishing is old-fashioned, not to say rococo. As for the charitable ladies, it is evident that they all put on their best hibs and tuckers for these sewing-bees. There were no mantillas to be seen—they all wore hats, and evidently not hats of Madrid-atte-Manzanares, but hats of Paris town.

A little paper called *El Escándalo* ("Scandal") I purchased with a hunch of weeklies one day on the Puerta del Sol. It was fitly named. It seemed to be made up of venomous attacks on private individuals under thinly veiled pseudonyms—attacks not only bitter, but in most indecorous language. Its treatment of the theatres may be imagined from the heading of the dramatic department: "Cloaca Maxima"—(the gigantic sewer of ancient Rome). This gutter title was matched by its society department, which was entitled "The Cess-Pool." The editor seemed to have a quarrel with café-keepers, to whom he devoted an entire column of abuse, the last paragraph of which was remarkable. "The manager of the Cervantes Café," said he, "threatens to prosecute us in the courts if we do not withdraw our statement regarding the milk he sells, and how he gets it from the Marquesa de la Laguna." The journal proceeds to reiterate its charges. Delicacy forbids their repetition, but the reader may guess at the statement which offended the café-keeper when we say that the lady from whom he was accused of having purchased the milk was reputed to preserve her beauty by the same means as Diane de Poitiers, Ninon de L'Enclos, and Pauline Bonaparte.

Before leaving the field of general weeklies, let me mention the *Cake-Walk*. The casual reader may imagine that in giving this title I am pulling the long bow. But no: I purchased such a paper in Madrid—a little four-page-sheet calling itself "the *Cake-Walk*: An Independent, Satirical Weekly, published at No. 60 Cardinal Cisneros Street." Like the little Paris comic papers, the first page contained a colored cartoon, the rest being made up of miscellaneous satirical comment. The *Cake-Walk* did not seem to me destined for a long life. But that our American fad for an ephemeral negro-dance should give a name to a comic weekly in old Spain is certainly peculiar.

The most widely published weeklies are those devoted to bull-fighting. One, the *Heraldo Taurino*, might be called a high-class bull-fighting paper, as it is intended only for those who can read—there are no pictures in it. Many of the cheaper bull-fighting sheets are made up almost entirely of pictures. The *Heraldo* is the organ of the *Accionados*—bull-ring enthusiasts—who answer to our baseball cranks. It is therefore written in a weird language, which is probably intelligible to the bull-ring cranks, but certainly is not to a stranger. But even in our own newspapers the baseball crank peruses with feverish interest such lines as these:

"Hank got to first on balls, and died on second. Smitty got struck out. Big Jim sent a hot three-bagger to Short, who wanted whiskers on it, and Jim never stopped at third, sliding half-way home to the plate."

Were Shakespeare to revisit the glimpses of the moon he would find that too much for him. And this highly technical description of an *espada* finishing a bull—Cervantes might be able to comprehend it, but I doubt it much:

"Cambia el diestro de muleta, y tomándolo con calma, da seis con la derecha y dos ayudados. Estando descuidado, el toro lo achuca y sale rodando por el suelo. Al quite la cuadrilla."

Another paper, *El Toreo*, hears at its head such an ancient wood-cut of a bull-ring that I looked at the journal's date-line to ascertain its age, and found that it had been published for over thirty years. *El Toreo's* specialty is long letters from bull-fighting correspondents in Mexico, Central America, and South America.

Los Madriles is largely given up to illustrations. The chief bull-fighting editor, Edouardo Reballo, signs himself "Your Uncle Teddy," which shows the familiar relations existing between writer and reader in the bull-fighting press.

The most important of these journals is *Sol y Sombra*, or "Sun and Shade," the terms applied to the two sides of the bull-ring. The "sombra" is the expensive side, the seats being choice ones in the shade. The cheap "sol" side is what our baseball cranks call "the bleaching-boards," or, briefly, "the bleachers." *Sol y Sombra* is a handsome journal of twenty pages, printed on coated paper, and containing many half-tones and some wash drawings. In the number before me there is a spirited picture of the *cuadrilla* enervating a sluggish bull in the bull-pen with a barrel of blurring tar. Fire has always been a favorite medium with the Spaniards for converting heathen and inspiring bulls. A number of photo-process pictures accompany a letter describing bull-fights in the City of Mexico. A spirited full-page cartoon of Antonio Montes, a well-known bull-fighter, is by R. Esteban, an equally well-known artist. Then follow photographs of nine bulls' heads, mounted on elaborate escutcheons, on each of which is painted the scene of each particular bull's death. These souvenirs were prepared "to commemorate the taurine festival at Madrid on the occasion of the oath and proclamation of his majesty, Don Alfonso the Thirteenth," and were presented

to nine notables there present. But the gem of the number is an article entitled "From Becquer to Fuentes." It pictures "the house in which was born Gustavo Becquer, poet, where now lives the celebrated bull-fighter, Antonio Fuentes." The article is written by Carlos L. Olmedo. "Some may call me blasphemous," says Mr. Olmedo, "thus to link together the names of Becquer and Fuentes. But where is the incongruity in linking one of the greatest of our poets with one of the most famous of our bull-fighters?" Mr. Olmedo goes on to discuss, with enthusiasm, the career of Mr. Fuentes. Still, it is only fair to add that, while he inclines toward the *torero*, he speaks quite handsomely of the dead poet, and gives a photograph of the tablet on the front of the house. He also gives some photos of his friend, Fuentes; first we see him as Fighter Fuentes, in all the glory of brocade and hüllion, gold-laced jacket, satin breeches, and silk stockings; next we see the society Mr. Fuentes in semi-public life, as you see the bull-fighters at the Madrid cafés surrounded by their admirers. But the third portrait is a touching one—it represents the domestic Mr. Fuentes, seated on a garden bench, with Mrs. Fuentes affectionately leaning on his shoulder, and little Antonio Fuentes on Papa Fuentes's lap. Thus we see that even the fierce bull-fighters yield to woman in their hours of ease. Ah, how sweet is domesticity!

The lovers of lyric poetry can scarcely feel other than grateful to Mr. Olmedo for bringing Becquer into the fierce lime-light that heats around the throne of Antonio Fuentes.

Among the Madrid daily papers, *La Epoca* is the most conservative and ranks the highest. Next comes *El Nacional*. Others are *El Correo*, *El Español*, *El Liberal*, *El Pais*, *El Correo Español*, *La Correspondencia de España*, *El Globo*, *El Imparcial*, *El Diario Universal*, and *El Heraldo*. The last two seemed to me to have the largest sale. *El Diario* is an eight-page paper, well written and well illustrated. The illustrations in some of these Madrid papers are surprisingly good. *El Diario's* first page comes where the eighth ought to be, and the four-page dailies here are made up backward, the first page coming on page four of the sheet. The Madrid journals' leading articles are well-written—they are similar to the Paris papers in tone, being decidedly literary, even when political. The work done by the reporters is much inferior. The dispatches from peninsular points are voluminous; those from foreign places are shorter, but adequate.

Let us take the *Heraldo* as a specimen Madrid daily. It is from four to eight pages in size, and is the most enterprising of the Spanish dailies. There are 32 men in the editorial-rooms, 30 in the composing room, 6 in the stereotyping-room, 2 in the zincographic-room, 12 in the press-room, 20 in the business office; these, with the "outside men," make a total of 213 employees. I was told that last year the *Heraldo* printed over 40,000,000 copies, consuming two thousand tons of paper; that it spends every month a million pesetas; and that the paper received last year over 2,200 words by telegraph each day. It is published by a stock company. These particulars may make some of our American millionaire journalists smile, but they will at least show that the newspaper men in Madrid are "getting a move on." The *Heraldo* is installed in a handsome new building in the Calle de la Colegiata. This building was constructed expressly for the newspaper, with special facilities for its mechanical department. The press-rooms are large and well-lighted, and the presses are modern perfecting web-presses of the latest type.

In the composing-room I observed that the compositors all work at cases. Machine composition seems not yet to have reached Madrid. A striking detail was that the compositors were all clad in long blouses. This is significant. The blouse in Europe is a garment which distinctly sets off the working-man, the peasant, the laborer, from those above him—even the trades-people look down on the man in the blouse. In republican France it is rapidly going out. In Paris nowadays workmen do not favor the blouse; its use has become distasteful to them, stamping them as of a lower class. You still see it worn in the provinces of France—not so much in the large cities. But here in Madrid all of the compositors on the leading daily were clad in blouses. It shows the difference between republican France and monarchical Spain.

But think of the difference between monarchical Spain and republican America. In our country the printers are the most intelligent, the best educated, and the most highly organized craftsmen we have. Probably the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is as much respected, and possibly it is a more conservative trades-union, but its members, individually, while fine types of men, do not overtop the printers. Furthermore, the printers have been organized into a labor union for many years. For that matter, the guild usages of the typographers date back three or four hundred years. In this country the printers' union have had the employers practically at their mercy up to the organization of the Typothetae, or Master Printers, and the Newspaper Publishers' Association. Even now they treat with these bodies on almost equal terms, and if there is any inferiority, it is not on the part of the printers. To gaze on the humble Madrid printers, clad in the servile blouse, bowing obsequiously when addressed by any one from the editorial-room, moves an American newspaper man to inward laughter. For if any one is boss on an American daily, it is generally the printer's foreman—even the night editor is afraid of him. Yet the imperious foreman must at times take orders from the "father of the chapel," an official elected, according to ancient usage, by the printers voting as a "chapel"; if the "father of the chapel" orders the printers to stop work, they will disobey the foreman, and walk out. If the printers' union orders the "father" to call his "chapel" out, he will do so without question. And at such a threatened call, the owners of great dailies turn pale, and temporize. In short, the printers in this country can make the millionaire owners toe a chalk-line, and they have done it more than once. It is no wonder then that the appearance, dress, and demeanor of the Madrid printers should impress an American newspaper man.

GUILEFUL PEPPAJEE JIM.

How the Indian Won the Red-Top Boots.

Peppajee Jim drew his gay, scarlet and yellow blanket closer about his athletic person, and stepped from the glare of yellow sunlight into the cool shade of the catalpa-tree by the gate. His black eyes roved restlessly over the silent yard. Keno rose, stretched himself lazily, and wagged a languid greeting. Generally speaking, Keno hated Indians even worse than he did the gaunt, gray coyotes which sneaked through the sage-brush back of the chicken-yard; but he and Peppajee were old friends.

Peppajee stooped and rested a grimy hand upon the sleek, black head of the dog.

"Yo' Keno, *wano* dog. Heap *wano*!" It was the highest praise known to his tribe. Their scale of approbation is simple. It is this: *wano*, good; heap *wano*, very good, indeed. On the other hand, *ka wano* is bad, while heap *ka wano* is the worst possible. A more elaborate classification of one's good or bad qualities they consider superfluous.

Peppajee ascended and stood upon the porch. Finding the door open—for the day was hot—he advanced and stood in the doorway, darkening the room with his six-foot stature.

"Huh. Where yo' ketchum, Will?"

Will looked up from the new boots he was admiring. Their high, slender heels and shiny, red tops seemed to him the acme of perfection.

"Hello, Peppajee. Come on in. You like 'em boots? *Wano*?"

Peppajee came closer, eyeing the boots covetously the while. He ran a long forefinger critically over the red tops. The leather was soft and pleasing to the touch—distracting to the eye. His blanket slipped unheeded from one shoulder and trailed upon the carpet.

"Huh. Mebbysso *wano*, mebbysso *ka wano*," he replied, guardedly. "Mebbysso holes come heap quick. Mebbysso hurt feet—*ouch*!" His bronzed features mimicked the agony of uncomfortable foot-gear, while his gaze lingered upon the red tops. "Red," he admitted, reluctantly, "him heap *wano*. Where yo' ketchum?"

"Oh, I ketchum heap long way off—San Francisco. I pay eight dollars, so." Will held up a corresponding number of fingers. "No hurt feet—*wano*. No holes come, mebbysso one year." Will, when conversing with the Indians who came often to the ranch, adopted, as far as possible, their mode of speech.

Peppajee seated himself gingerly upon the edge of a chair, his blanket wrapped jealously around him. He would have preferred to squat comfortably upon the floor but for the fact that he prided himself upon his white-man ways. His beady eyes returned hungrily to the boots.

"Huh. Holes come, bimeby, yo' gimme red?"

"Yes, I'll give you red when holes come. It'll be a long time, though—mebbysso one year."

Peppajee grunted and relapsed into stolid silence. Secretly, Will wondered what had brought the fellow to the ranch. Two years ago he had been a frequent visitor, until Will, who was more facetious and less discreet, had concocted a horrible mixture of cold tea, red pepper, salts, vinegar, and ipecac, and presented Peppajee with a generous flask. It was April Fool's Day, but Peppajee knew nothing of the significance of the season. All days were alike to him. He carried the flask joyfully home to his wickiup, and if he found the "*wano* whisk" below the standard, he made no complaint. The only sign of displeasure had been a sudden break in his visits. Until to-day he had not deigned so much as a glance in Will's direction, so that his friendliness now was rather puzzling.

"Yo' let dinner plenty quick, mebbysso?" asked Peppajee, insinuatingly, as certain savory odors floated out to his nostrils from the kitchen.

"Yes. You stay, eat dinner with us."

Peppajee nodded acceptance of the invitation, and Will produced a box of villainous cigars, bought from a peddler and kept for the delectation of such guests.

"Come out on the porch, Peppajee. We smoke."

Peppajee rose, gave his blanket a hitch, and followed his host.

"Where fadder? Where boys?" he asked, politely, as they seated themselves.

"They went for horses. They come back soon."

Peppajee smoked in luxurious silence for a time, then began, suddenly: "Me got heap *wano* pony. Me trade him yo'. Him *wano*—heap *wano*. Him go fas—lak dat." He drew a hand rapidly through the air. "Him no buck, him no keek, him go all places same. Mebbysso rocks—lava bed—him go s-l-o-w—him no fall. Mebbysso *wano* road, him go, go, all same deer. Mebbysso heap dark—no moon, no star—him no los', him go all time home. Mebbysso ride all day, no stop for eat, for drink, him go all time fas'. Heap *wano* pony. Yo' trade?"

Will applied a match to his newly rolled cigarette and puffed vigorously. He knew something of the way of the red man; he is full of guile as when he rode rampant the plains, seeking whom he might devour—that is to say, scalp.

"What for you trade *wano* pony?" he demanded, suspiciously. "What for you no keep him?"

Peppajee shifted his position uneasily; his eyes nar-

rowed. "Vinie, she ride all the time. Vinie heap lazy. I lick. She no care, she ride all time same. Vinie no stay wickiup—no cook—no make moccasin for sell. Mebbysso me keel deer, me come home, Vinie gone. Me haf skin deer—haf cook. Vinie come back bimeby, me lick. No good. She go nex' day all same." He paused, dramatically, then continued. "Me trade pony. Me git noder pony, mebbysso me make buck a little. Vinie she see, she no ride—Vinie heap 'fraid. No walk—heap lazy. Vinie stay home, cook deer, make moccasins for sell—me no lick. *Wano*."

The explanation was logical and convincing. Will, more trustful then than he is at present, smothered any lingering doubt, and inclined his ear to Peppajee's specious reasoning.

"All right. We eat; then I go look at pony. Mebbysso I trade."

The eyes of the Indian sparkled. "Yo' got *wano* pony—mebbysso make buck a little?"

Will nodded. "You saw him out in the corral. Little black pony, *wano*. You spur him, he buck. You ride him to wickiup, you spur him—heap scare Vinie."

Peppajee looked down at his moccasins. "Huh. Me no got spur."

"Oh, well, there's an old pair in the blacksmith shop I'll give you," said Will, tiring of the "lingo." Peppajee grinned; evidently the prospect pleased him. Still, he clung to his Indian caution.

"Me go look; mebbysso me trade. Mebbysso me want ten dollah, so." He raised both hands, the fingers and thumbs extended, and the negotiations were postponed until after dinner.

"Mebbysso, me ride yo' pony. *Wano*. Mebbysso me trade."

"All right," said Will, and led the fiery little black from the corral, and held him while Peppajee transferred his saddle. The horse was a beautiful creature to look upon, but lacked stamina for a hard gallop over the rough, surrounding country, so Will considered the trade all in his favor. Peppajee's pony was a plump little pinto, kind-eyed, sure-footed, and sound.

The black threw back his head and eyed his prospective owner askance. Some horses seem to possess a constitutional aversion to our red brethren, and Mohawk was one of these. Peppajee hesitated, one moccasin foot in the stirrup.

"Him no buck heap?" he queried, apprehensively. The belligerent, backward glance of Mohawk filled his Indian soul with misgiving. Peppajee was a victim of civilization. He had allowed most of his accomplishments to grow rusty from disuse while he tarried long at wine—or, to be explicit, cheap whisky. He no longer rode *à la Centaur*. I doubt if he could even properly scalp an enemy; I am inclined to think he would have botched the job disgracefully. Will hastened to reassure him.

"He never bucks with me, unless I spur him," he said. "I don't know," he added, conservatively, "how he'll act with you. He never had an Injun on top of him. He don't seem to take to the idea."

"Huh," grunted Peppajee, stung by the distasteful epithet. He mounted, and settled himself and his blanket firmly in the saddle. "Yo' let go him head. Mebbysso, Injun ride fo' yo' bawn!"

Ned and Dick, who were watching the trade, sprang upon their horses, expectantly. Will turned loose the black and swung into the saddle. "We go with you," he explained. "We see how he go."

"Huh," said Peppajee, but got no farther. Mohawk gathered his feet under him, and sprang straight into the air, then dashed off down the trail, the boys following.

The scarlet blanket loosened and streamed out behind, like the danger signal it was. Peppajee turned in the saddle to re-adjust it, and inadvertently drove a spur deep into the flank of Mohawk. He winced perceptibly, lowered his head between his knees, and bucked off the trail and into the sage-brush. Will had neglected to warn Peppajee that Mohawk had a disagreeable habit of bucking backward—it might have spoiled the trade. However, Peppajee was not long discovering this peculiarity. Backward went Mohawk, nearer and nearer to a deep wash-out where a placer claim had once been located. Will, comprehending the danger, shouted, warningly. Peppajee, clinging tightly to the saddlehorn, looked behind him, and shouted also.

"Mebbysso, yo' rope—heap quick!"

Will unfastened his rope, galloping closer the while. The noose circled overhead, and Mohawk backed from its threatening swirl. Now he was on the brink. Twenty feet straight down—Peppajee leaned forward, panic-stricken.

Swish-sh! Will's faithful Gypsy braced herself for the strain, Mohawk dodged—too late. The noose settled relentlessly over his shoulders.

"Darn it all, look at that blamed Injun! He might have had sense enough to dodge that rope!"

Peppajee lay prone upon the neck of Mohawk, held fast by the pitiless rope which gripped horse and rider alike. Will turned Gypsy's head and drew the maddened black—and his thrice-maddened burden—back to comparative safety.

"Throw your rope, Dick!" cried Will. "Catch him by a foot and throw him. I'm breaking that blamed Injun's neck."

Dick obeyed. Another loop circled overhead; another rope swished through the sultry air. Mohawk struggled fiercely; then fell heavily in the loose sand.

Peppajee, freed from bondage, rose stiffly to his feet, assisted by Will.

"Huh!" he snorted, in a tone of deepest disgust, gathering his blanket about his outraged person. Will sat suddenly down in the hot sand, and covered his face with his gloved fingers. His whole body shook with what may have been sobs, but which bore suspicious resemblance to violent, uncontrollable mirth. Peppajee evidently so interpreted the emotion. He stood up, straight and tall, one trembling, sinewy arm outstretched accusingly, and regarded him wrathfully.

"Huh. Yo' heap laugh now. Bimeby yo' no laugh—mebbysso yo' heap cry. Yo' tink for keel me. Yo' do dat for mean! Me go for town; me tell sheriff-man yo' try for keel me. Him come, take yo'. Me go co't, me tell yo' try for keel me. Me putum in jail, one—two—*tree year*! Yo' bet yo' life! Mebbysso yo' quit laugh damn quick. Me no trade. Me no want damn cayuse! Huh." Turning majestically upon his heel, he scowled vindictively at the black and stalked haughtily—albeit with a limp—through the sage-brush and up the hill, not once turning his head to look back.

"He's so mad he forgot his pony and saddle!" said Will, when he recovered, and stood up. "I'll go after him and tell him I'm sorry. Poor old heathen, he did have a hard deal that time. I'll offer him my new boots that he had his eye on; that'll ease his temper, maybe."

Peppajee made no sign as Will clattered up behind him.

"Hold on, Jim. Come on back." There was no answer, though the face of the Indian lost an atom of its sternness. It was balm to his soul to be called Jim. Will went on, conciliatingly: "Come on back. I heap sorry. Mebbysso you trade; I give you boots."

"Huh." Peppajee relaxed sufficiently to grunt sarcastically. "Mebbysso holes come heap quick."

"No, no; heap *wano* boots. You trade; I give you boots."

Peppajee stood still, and considered. When he spoke it was as an emperor commanding his vassal.

"Yo' gimme boots, yo' gimme ten dollah, me trade. Yo' no trade, me go tell sheriff-man. Me ride cayuse, me no spur. Him buck, mebbysso me break yo' back!" Thus the ultimatum was pronounced, and Will consented, reluctantly, to the terms.

A week later, a travel-worn old Indian, who disclaimed any knowledge of the white man's language, skulked into the shadow of the catalpa-trees, and was immediately set upon by Keno, who would have done serious damage to the dirty gray blanket had not Will appeared opportunely and called him back. The Indian, after scanning the young man's countenance sharply, handed him a soiled fold of cheap letter-paper, and skulked back into the sage-brush whence he had come. Some ex-student of one of the mission schools had evidently acted as amanuensis for Peppajee Jim, who dictated the letter. Will read, and his soul was filled with bitterness.

Yo', Will Bolter, yo' heap big fool. Long time ago, yo' gimme big bottle, yo' say heap *wano* whisky. Me take whisky home, me drink, drink, whisky all gone. Heap *ka wano*! Me heap sick—me tink all time mebbysso me die. Me mad, all same lak for keel yo'. Me no keel. Me wait one, two year; me bring pony, me say *wano* pony. Yo' glad for trade. Pony him not my pony; him John Little Rabbit pony. Yo' gimme boots, yo' gimme ten dollah; yo' gimme black pony. *Wano*. Me sellum boots, sellum pony, heap dollah. John Little Rabbit, mebbysso him come take him pony. Yo' try tor keel, yo' go for jail. Me go heap long way—yo' no can find. Me got heap dollah, yo' got nothing. *Wano*!

His
PEPPAJEE X JIM.
Mark

BERTHA MUZZY BOWER.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1903.

Professor Doumergue, acting for the Historical Society of Geneva, recently determined the exact locality in the suburb Champel of that city, where Michael Servet was burned at the stake for heresy. A tablet is to be placed there bearing the following inscription: "We, the revering and grateful sons of Calvin, our great reformer, condemning an error which was an error of the times, and the faithful adherents of the principle of freedom of conscience, according to the true teachings of the Reformation and of the Gospel, have here erected this memorial of atonement on the 27th of October, 1903. On the 27th of October, 1553, died at the stake in Champel, Michael Servet, of Villanova, in Arragonia, born on the 27th of September, 1511."

A molecule of alcohol is composed of two atoms of carbon, six of hydrogen, and one of oxygen; so synthetic alcohol is obtained by uniting these atoms accordingly. For a long time it has been known that by direct combination of carbon and hydrogen in the electric arc acetylene can be obtained. Sufficient hydrogen must be added to the acetylene to produce ethylene, a constituent of illuminating gas. In combining water with the ethylene alcohol is obtained. Thus alcohol is produced in France without the employment of vegetable matter.

A pair of women's shoes made in Lyon, Mass., to establish a record for rapid shoemaking, required fifty-seven operators and the use of forty-two machines and one hundred pieces. All these parts were assembled and made into a graceful pair of shoes, ready to wear, in thirteen minutes.

CASSIUS M. CLAY'S STORMY CAREER.

Cause of His First Duel—How He Won Over a Jury—His Anti-Slavery Paper—Some Bloody Fights and Feuds—His Child-Wife, Dora.

General Cassius Marcellus Clay, the "Old Lion of Whitehall," as Henry Watterson once dubbed him—who recently died at his home near Richmond, Ky., at the age of ninety-three, won fame during his long public career as a lawyer, an Abolitionist, a warrior, a diplomat, and a duelist. His father was General Green Clay of Revolutionary fame, a kinsman of Henry Clay, and the scion of what was originally an illustrious Virginia family. Young Clay's earlier education was obtained in Transylvania University, but later he entered the junior class of Yale, where he was graduated in 1832. It was in New Haven that he heard William Lloyd Garrison speak, and as a result became a fervent Abolitionist, although his father was a slave-holder. Returning to his native State he studied law, which he soon began to practice with such success that he was elected to the legislature in 1835.

Just after he graduated from college he fought his first duel:

He was engaged to be married to a Miss Warfield at that time, when a rival, a young doctor named Declarey, of Louisville, wrote a letter to the mother of his sweetheart, making ugly and scurrilous charges against him. The mother showed the letter to General Clay, and asked for an explanation. He denounced everything as false, and went to Louisville on the hunt for the author. He found him, and gave him an unmerciful caning. James Rollins, afterward general, accompanied General Clay, and saw that the job was well done. When the young doctor got patched up from the caning he had received, he challenged General Clay, and they met at a point in Indiana; but there was such a mob of Declarey's friends assembled that the seconds refused to permit the duel to take place. Another meeting-place was selected, but the exchange of shots was again haffled for the same reason. The day after the last meeting, General Clay and the young lady were married, and Declarey declared that he would cane him. The general went to Louisville to give his rival public opportunity, but the physician's courage failed him. "A man who acted like that," the old general used to say, "could not live in Kentucky in those days." Therefore, Declarey committed suicide.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* tells the following striking story of Clay's shrewdness as a lawyer:

A man was once being tried for murder, and his case looked hopeless, indeed. He had, without any seeming provocation, murdered one of his neighbors in cold blood. Not a lawyer in the county would touch the case. It looked bad enough to ruin the reputation of any barrister. The man, as a last extremity, appealed to Mr. Clay to take the case for him. Every one thought that Clay would certainly refuse. But when the celebrated lawyer looked into the matter his fighting blood was roused, and, to the great surprise of all, he accepted. Then came a trial, the like of which has seldom been seen. Clay slowly carried on the case, and it looked more and more hopeless. The only ground of defense the prisoner had was that the murdered man had looked at him with such a fierce, murderous look that out of self-defense he had struck first. A ripple passed through the jury at this evidence. The time came for Clay to make his defense. It was settled in the minds of the spectators that the man was guilty of murder in the first degree. Clay calmly proceeded, and laid all the proof before them in a masterly way. Then, just as he was about to conclude, he played his last and master card. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, assuming the fiercest, blackest look, and carrying the most undying hatred in it ever seen—"gentlemen, if a man should look at you like this, what would you do?" That was all he said, but that was enough. The jury was startled, and some even quailed in their seats. The judge moved uneasily on his bench. After about fifteen minutes the jury filed slowly back with a "not guilty, your honor." The victory was complete. When Clay was congratulated on his easy victory, he said: "It was not so easy as you think. I spent days and days in my room before the mirror practicing that look. It took more hard work to give that look than to investigate the most abstruse case."

The first number of his anti-slavery paper, the *True American*, was issued in Lexington on the third of June, 1845, in spite of threats of mob violence. To guard against this he selected a brick building, and lined the doors with sheet iron as a precaution against fire. Behind folding doors, which could be opened on the instant, he mounted two brass four-pounders, loaded with shot and nails, for the warm reception of an attacking mob. The men in his office were armed with lances or guns, and he made provision for blowing up the building and his assailants if the worst came to the worst. In August, while he lay sick, his premises were entered by his enemies, under the leadership of "Tom" Marshall, and his press taken to Cincinnati. Frequent threats of assassination were made against him, also, but he continued to print his paper nevertheless, preparing it in Cincinnati and sending it into Kentucky for distribution.

When General Clay went to the Mexican War in command of a company, he decided that it was time to even up with "Tom" Marshall, who was also captain of a company:

The general often said that "Tom" was drunk, or under the influence of whisky, about two-thirds of the time, and it was while in this condition that he took delight in vilifying General Clay, who was too brave to hold him to account while drinking. However, one day while in camp, Marshall made insulting remarks to the general, who promptly told him to dismount and take his sword from the scabbard. Marshall refused, and rode off, returning later with his brace of pistols buckled around him. General Clay was prepared for him, and told him to fire, but he didn't do it, turning his horse and riding back to his tent. It is stated that that same evening "Tom" Marshall attempted to drown himself in the Rio Grande.

In 1849 General Clay again came near being mobbed to death at Foxtown while making a speech against slavery. Says Major R. S. Bullock, a life-long friend of the noted Kentuckian, in an article of reminiscences:

A man named Turner was his opponent in the debate. He denounced the general roundly, and a fight ensued, half a dozen

of Turner's friends taking part, and clubbing and knifing the general in a brutal manner. The general did not have his pistol with him, but used his knife vigorously, inflicting wounds on Turner which resulted in his death. The general was carried to his home, only a short distance, cut and badly bruised, where he lay near death's door for several days. He would not let the doctors touch him, but he pulled through, marked over with scars which looked as if he had been pulled through a thrashing-machine. This fight caused some of the Northern people to say that it would have been a good thing for the cause of the negro if General Clay had been killed; but the general did not think so, and he read the riot act to some of them, saying that, while he was against slavery, he was not ready or willing to sacrifice his life at the hands of a cowardly mob for the cause.

Another attempt was made on General Clay during his congressional campaign against Wickliffe, one of the bitterest contests Kentucky has ever known:

Wickliffe had made ugly remarks about Mrs. Clay, and the general challenged him, the challenge being accepted. They fired at ten paces, but neither shot took effect. The general demanded a second shot, but this was refused by the seconds, and the principals left the field without shedding blood. General Clay always contended that the pistols were loaded with blanks, as it was impossible for him to miss his mark. After this bloodless duel, the men met in debate, and the pro-slavery advocates determined to go up the general. It was arranged that "Sam" Brown, then one of the greatest bullies and fighters in all Kentucky, and "Jake" Ashton and "Ben" Woods, also well-known fighters, should do the work. They were at the public speaking, and when General Clay began to "skin" Wickliffe, the bully Brown struck him, and a general fight ensued. Again the general had not his pistols with him, but his trusty bowie knife was brought into play, and he used it with telling effect. Brown shot the general in the breast, but the general succeeded in splitting his nose open, cut one ear off, and literally sliced his head and face into pieces, and cut out one eye. While the general was using his bowie, Ashton and Wood mauled him with chairs and clubs, making wounds which crippled him. Strange to say, Brown got well, and General Clay was tried for mayhem, being acquitted, as it was shown that he was the assaulted party, and it was at the trial that Brown told of the conspiracy which had been formed to kill the general. Henry Clay defended the general at this trial.

At St. Petersburg, General Clay was quite a social lion. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, there is a massive painting of the Court of Russia during the 'sixties when Clay was the American ambassador there. The scene is one of unusual brilliancy, and portrays Alexander the Second in his imperial robes, while around him are stationed all the foreign ambassadors. In the picture, Clay and the Czar are the only two standing with their heads covered. It is said that Clay was requested to remove his hat in deference to being in the presence of the Czar, but this he refused to do, saying: "I only take off my hat to those who take off their hats to me."

It was always a source of keen regret to General Clay that his efforts to free the slaves were not appreciated by the negroes themselves:

When the Civil War closed, General Clay quietly returned to his home at Lexington, and had as his companion an adopted son, Lonney Clay, a child of five years, whom he had brought from Russia. From the outset the large retinue of servants began to make it unpleasant for their master, stealing his silverware and groceries and carrying off the products of the plantation. The adopted son was poisoned, and efforts were made to poison the general, but the plot failed, and it was then that the entire force, with a few exceptions, received their dismissals, and were forced to leave the place. One negro, Perry White, declared that he would kill the general, and one morning the two met while the general was out riding. The negro made an effort to draw his pistol, but before he could do so General Clay shot him twice, once through the neck, and once through the heart. Every man in the county knew the threats White had made against General Clay, and at the trial there was no trouble in finding a verdict of acquittal.

General Clay once contemplated fighting a duel with Julian Hawthorne, on account of disrespectful allusions to his wife, in a review of his memoirs published in Cincinnati in 1886. He demanded an unequivocal retraction, which Mr. Hawthorne wrote, and so saved himself from violence. After all, speaking musingly, reviewing his life, he confessed to a reporter, when he was above eighty-four, that he was opposed on principle to the duel, thinking it a savage way to settle a difficulty, "but there are some cases for which it seems to be the only remedy."

The act of General Clay's life that has commanded most attention in recent years was his marriage to a mere child after he had reached his eighty-fourth birthday:

He had become an ardent disciple of Tolstoy, and came to the conclusion that he ought to wed a "daughter of the people." In November, 1894, he chose Dora Richardson, the daughter of a woman who had been a domestic for some time in his mansion at "White Hall," near Lexington. When the little girl became his wife, the general proceeded to employ a governess for her. She rebelled. Then he sent her to the same district school she had attended previously. The fact that he supplied her with the most beautiful French gowns and lavished money upon her, she did not consider compensation for the teasing she got at the hands of her fellow-pupils. In two months he had to take her back home, still uneducated, and in spite of his kindness, she kept running away from "White Hall." Finally he decided he must get a divorce. This he did, charging her with abandonment. She soon married a worthless young mountaineer named Brock, who was once arrested for counterfeiting. Then the general began to plot to get her back, having already given a farm and house to her and her new husband, only to hear that Brock sold the property. At last Brock died, and a few months ago dispatches from Kentucky stated that the general was trying in vain to prevail upon his "child wife" to return to him. She refused persistently, never having outgrown the dislike for the luxurious life with which he surrounded her, and still preferring the simple country existence to which she was born.

In his will, General Clay provided handsomely for his former child-wife, Dora. His fine Kentucky estate, "White Hall," he bequeathed to the government, with an income from his coal mines and other lands to cover all necessary expenses. His memoirs in five volumes, and the manuscript of his volume, "Tearus," were left to the Association of American Authors, of which he was an honorary member.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

L. O. Emerson, the composer of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "The Ivy Green," and other popular songs, celebrated his eighty-third birthday in Boston last week.

John Alexander Dowie ("Elijah the Second"), "general overseer of the Christian Catholic Church," and a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, was made a citizen of the United States by Judge Gary, of the superior court, in Chicago, a fortnight ago.

When Reginald C. Vanderbilt and his bride recently returned to Boston, after a three months' honeymoon in Europe, he was obliged to pay the customs officials \$8,000. This is the biggest collection ever made from a returned tourist at the port of Boston. The nearest approach to it was last year, when Lars Andersen paid \$3,600 in response to the edict of the appraiser.

Prince Adelbert, the second son of Emperor William, has just celebrated his nineteenth birthday. Like his royal uncle, Prince Henry, he has embraced a naval career, and is being instructed just now in torpedo-boat service. He has completed his theoretical training, and will depart soon for a two years' period of active service in East Asia on board the first-class cruiser *Hertha*. During the first twelve months of this period, Prince Adelbert will do duty as a midshipman. He will then be promoted to the rank of lieutenant.

"Billy" Radcliffe, of Youngstown, O., is running a campaign tour for Mayor Johnson that is unique in Ohio politics. Radcliffe is a comedian, slate-writer, sleight-of-hand performer, plays the banjo, and sings "coon" songs. Four weeks ago the political minstrel started out on his tour of Ohio towns. He has delivered speeches daily to crowds of farmers in rural towns, and incidentally he has distributed fifty thousand pieces of Mayor Johnson's literature. He drives a spanking team of blacks, and travels in good style. With his songs, stories, and comicalities he never fails to attract an audience.

There are great rejoicings in Holland over the semi-official announcement that Queen Wilhelmina once more entertains hopes of presenting to the nation a Dutch-born heir to the throne. This birth, which is expected some time in November, will relieve her loyal subjects of the dread they have entertained of seeing their country absorbed by the German Empire, since her death without issue would bring to the throne of the Netherlands her cousin, the reigning Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and, failing him, Princess Marie of Reuss, whose sons, like the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, are Germans of the most enthusiastically patriotic type.

William J. Bryan's indorsement of John W. Bookwalter as "a most suitable candidate" for the Democratic Presidential nomination has started quite a boom for him in Ohio. Bookwalter is a wealthy agricultural implement manufacturer, who owns thousands of acres in Far Western farms, besides his manufacturing interests. He ran for governor of Ohio on the Democratic ticket against Charles Foster in 1881, and was beaten by a small plurality. He has since traveled much abroad, attended to his properties, and remained loyal to the party whose advocacy of free silver in 1896 and 1900 rather pleased than offended him—he having been addicted to what are called soft-money views as far back as his campaign against Foster twenty-two years ago.

"Fred Gebhard's revival" is what old-time turfmen are calling the latest successes on the turf of the well-known New York clubman, who won the \$14,000 Spinaway Stakes on August 6th with the filly Raglan, which he purchased a few days before from John E. Madden for \$8,000. He also won the high-weight handicap with Gaw Boy, and the maiden race with Cottage Maid, and was credited with having taken \$30,000 out of the ring in his betting operations of the day. Gebhard's recent success, it is said, will result in his engaging in racing more extensively than ever before. He will now enlarge and strengthen his stable in every possible way, and not only be an aspirant for the rich stakes in this country, but will also send a string of young horses to England to try for the classics of the turf there next year.

Emile Loubet, president of the French republic, says he is determined never again to stand for office. In a recent interview, M. Abel Combarieu, secretary-general to M. Loubet, said: "At the expiration of the period of seven years for which he was elected, the president will step back into the ranks. He is a plain citizen, whom the people have raised to office for a given time, but he would consider it contrary to the spirit of the constitution for him to take advantage of his present position in order to secure reelection." President Loubet receives a salary of \$120,000 per year from the French Government, in addition to \$60,000 for household expenditure, and another \$60,000 for traveling expenses—altogether an annual allowance of \$240,000. Out of this money he is expected to keep up the presidential establishments, entertain distinguished guests, subscribe to all kinds of charities, and pay all his traveling expenses on French territory. President Loubet also has the free run of the Elysée Palace in Paris and the national palaces at Fontainebleau, Compiègne, St. Germain, and Rambouillet.

THE DANGEROUS LOVE-LETTER.

Geraldine Bonner on the White-Hot Effusions of Women,
the Chilly Epistles of Men—The Letters of a
Murderer—Margaret Fuller.

In one of the plays of Dumas fils, the hero says if he had daughters he would have them taught to speak in all languages, and write in none. He had come to this conclusion from a first-hand knowledge of the uncontrollable passion of women for writing letters for which they were afterward sorry and ashamed. The wisest woman, at some critical moment of her career, may be relied upon to snatch up her pen, and, in the fury of anger, or the exaltation of love, dash off a letter at white heat which, in twenty-four hours, she would give her eyes to recall.

Men have not only more respect for the written document, but the placing of their sentiments upon paper seems to have less charm for them. When a man is in a transport of rage, he likes to go direct to its object and express himself with the tongue that God has given him for that purpose. When Swift found out that Esther Vonhomrigh had been in correspondence with his beloved Stella on the subject of her reputed marriage, he wrote no letter, but mounted on his horse and rode the ten miles which divided him from Esther. Once with her, we do not know what vitriolic torrents of fury he poured upon her. All we do know is that she died eight days later.

The writing of love-letters has never been a popular pastime with the male of the human species. If the beloved object happens to be far removed from him, then he has to do it, and does it, as a rule, very ill. What famous collection of love-letters has been contributed to literature by a man? Writing thus at random, I can only think of a few, and none of them are worthy to be cited as perfect examples of the epistle of sentiment; as the letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse can be cited in speaking of the amatory correspondence of a woman.

The letters Prosper Merimée wrote to his *inconnue* are full of a capricious, baffling charm; but then the man who wrote them was one of the greatest of stylists, a mine of curious information, and possessed of a brilliant, biting wit, and a cynical melancholy. But they could hardly be called love-letters. If the lady ever responded to any of them with more than the warmth of friendship, we may imagine what a chill her tenderness received by such a sentence as "the affection that you have for me is only a sort of *jeu d'esprit*. You are all *esprit*. You are one of those chilly women of the North"; or, in the early part of their acquaintance, where he disclaims any ambition of being her lover: "Perhaps I shall find in you what I have been looking for so long—a woman with whom I am not in love, and in whom I can have confidence." These certainly are not the strains that usually proceed from the lyre of the Love God. Moreover, midway in the correspondence, the lady married, and the letters kept on as confidentially friendly, as coolly interested, as unemotionally familiar as ever.

The male correspondent seems invariably to tend toward a sort of voluble confidence in his letters to the One Woman. She is a pair of ears into which he pours, in a fluent stream, his ideas, hopes, aspirations, and ambitions. Swift, in his journal to Stella, now and then slipped into endearment; he had certain cajoling phrases of affection that he applied to her, drolleries of "the little language," that ran off the end of his pen, as he might have casually and carelessly kissed her had she been leaning on the back of his chair. But the interest of the journal is its record of the work, the amusement, the quarrels, the triumphs of the Irish dean. Stella, who was evidently of the loving, uncomplaining, forbearing sort, took what came without a murmur, and, I suppose, thought herself blessed that her friend condescended to write to her at all.

The gentleman (I think his name was Haskins) who, about a century ago, was executed for the murder of Miss Reay, left a small collection of love-letters which had an impassioned and genuine ring. Miss Reay, who had been a professional singer, and who had left the stage to become the ornament of the home of a noble peer, to whose household she contributed six children, was a woman of great beauty and charm. Haskins (let us decide that that was his name) met her somewhere, fell desperately in love with her, and declared his sentiments. Miss Reay at first gave ear to him, encouraged him, seemed for a time to have even contemplated deserting her peer and marrying him; then decided that a peer in the hand was worth any number of Haskinses in the bush, and threw him over.

His letters, which cover the period of their acquaintance, have more of the impetuosity and passion of real love-letters than those usually written by men. Yet even in these there was none of the fiery rush of words which distinguishes the epistles of the female scribe. They were all re-written, gone over, and embellished before they were sent. The lover kept copies of them, which were eventually found after his death. That his feelings, however he expressed them, were of the deepest, was proved by his final murder of Miss Reay. Finding her adamant, even indisposed to answer his love-epistles, he stationed himself at the door of the opera-house one evening, and, as she emerged, drew a pistol and shot her through the head.

In the love-letters of women there is no premeditation, no glance thrown ahead on consequences. The

letter boils to the surface of the mind, and then boils over on the paper. The women who have written like this, and then, in the cool light of reason or a subsequent rupturing of the fond tie, have been ready to die of rage and shame at the predicament in which their ready pens have placed them, are by the thousand. They write letters in just the same mad, impulsive way in which they commit suicide. A man kills himself in the manner most effective, sure, and speedy. He uses thought and judgment. A woman in a frenzy snatches up the nearest thing at hand, indifferent to the unnecessary pain it may cause her, or to its general inconvenience or discomfort.

Of late years the danger of writing love-letters has been increased a hundredfold by the possibility that their recipient may tie them neatly together, put them in a pigeon-hole, and some day, when he is hard up, sell them. The love-letters of women are evidently high in the public's favor, and have been for centuries. Mlle. de Lespinasse's impassioned effusions were collected and published by the wife of the man to whom they were written. This might have been a subtle feminine revenge, but I am inclined to think that Mme. de Guibert was animated only by a desire to give the reading world a treat. She was a Frenchwoman, to whom a graceful letter is always a delight. And it seemed to her that the madly loving epistles of a woman who had an extraordinary control of the pen, and an almost inspired talent in expressing her infatuation in writing, should be given to the public as one would give any other rare and valuable documents.

But when it comes to the man giving up the letters, it is rather hard to regard it from a calm, literary standpoint. The gorge can not help rising at Mr. Joseph Nathan's offering up of the epistles Margaret Fuller wrote to him in the 'forties. In the first place, what a blow to think that Margaret Fuller—that Egeria of an intellectual day, the inspiration for Hawthorne's Zenobia, the one gifted woman that we could boast of in those remote arid ages—should have fallen in love with a commercial German Jew, younger than herself and named Nathan! That is bad enough. Reading the letters one comes to the conclusion that Nathan, like M. de Guibert, was immensely proud of his conquest, but did not reciprocate the love he had inspired. Nevertheless, with a prudent Hebrew canniness where the dollars were concerned, he kept the letters, and years after their writer's death—he had that much decency—published them.

It would seem from these that Margaret was not so enraptured with her young Jew as she was with love itself. Byron says that women in their first affair love the man, and after that love love. This would seem to have been the case with the leading star of the *Tribune*. She was well over thirty at the time she met Nathan, and having lived in a society where there were many interesting men, it is to be presumed that she had had other admirers before the German Jew. She used him as a sort of figure-head upon which she hung garlands of sentiment, amaranths of poetically expressed tenderness. But when, after a separation of some months, he tells her of his approaching marriage, what a deadly frost seems to kill the posies of her speech! She notes down in her journal that the affair is over, but she will be able to make use of it in a literary way. It is good material.

This philosophic conclusion seems to bear out the suggestion of the letters that they are not inspired by the divine flame of true affection. Of course, they were written in a transcendental day, when Emerson was speaking from the heights, and Bronson Alcott was trying experiments in low living and high thinking, and Brook Farm was a reality. But even so, that impulsion and rush of feeling, that fervid down-flinging of impassioned words which marks the woman's letters to the beloved man, is absent. There is something frosty and considered in Margaret's tender phrases. They sound sometimes as if she were writing with an eye to the public. Nathan evidently—perhaps they were the only ones he ever had—thought they were just right. One can imagine him bridling with pride as he perused them, and one can imagine her writing them in a sort of fine literary frenzy, not thinking much about Nathan, just using him as a peg upon which to hang the melancholy elaborations of her fancy.

When it comes to her using the experience as material, that is a purely literary trick. Ladies—and gentlemen—of the pen resort to it constantly. They are unsafe people to make love to. Liszt, after George Sand had tired of him, brought the charge against her that she stuck a pin through her lovers as through a butterfly, studied them for a space, put the result of her studies in a book, and threw them away. Perhaps this is a legitimate revenge for the dangers that surround the writing fraternity in their simple pastime of indulging in sentimental correspondence. While they are conscious that at any day their letters may be given to the public, the person to whom the letters are addressed does not know at what moment a book may not appear in which he figures as the hero, possibly as the villain.

GERALDINE BONNER.

The bank clearings of San Francisco for the week ending August 6th were \$29,653,468, an increase of 23.8 per cent. over those of the corresponding week of last year. Los Angeles shows up with \$6,064,014, a 31.3 per cent. increase.

OLD FAVORITES.

Chorus from "Atalanta in Calydon."

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Ixylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy scandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the south-west-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers haggotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Menad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies,
—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

A Chorus of Gluttons.

We go with pleasure where you invite us, we scent the joy-
ance of dainties rare;
The well-known odors once more excite us, with force suffi-
cient to curl our hair.
A single purpose at ball or party controls our coming, pro-
longs our stay—
'Tis that of getting a nice and hearty substantial supper, with
naught to pay.
Our souls are with you, the gracious giver; we follow gladly
where'er you lead;
We own, each claimant, a perfect liver, and fine equipment
to largely feed.
Let others cherish the romping german, or see in chatter a
charm to lure;
Our gastric juices alone determine whatever pastime we may
secure.
No idle worship of empty Mammon, no silly babble of man
or maid,
Against attractions of flaky salmon or larded partridge may
be arrayed.
The eye that flashes, the lid that flutters, the fan flirtatious,
the murmured phrase—
How slight a magic their meaning utters beside a lobster with
mayonnaise!
What true contentment may pride insure us, through airs
pretentious and vain display,
When ranked with raptures that Epicurus, though dead for
decades, preserves to-day?
Shall Kate who ogles, or blushing Mabel, or smiling Lucy,
their foibles rate
With those enticements the supper-table, when fatly furnished,
can demonstrate?
Do feet that twinkle, or glances dreary, or lips that prattle,
at all compare
With Mumm and Clicquot a trifle creamy, or *filet mignon*
a trifle rare?
Nay, heed and trust us, the hue is duller on cheek of maiden,
though mantling gay,
Than that more balmy and bloomy color which brims a bottle
of Beaujolais.
The hopes of mortals may pass and perish; their faith may
vanish; their foes may smite;
But they are happy who still can cherish the one last blessing
of appetite.
Though love desert us, though friends' affection to deeds of
malice may basely stoop,
How sweet to treasure the proud reflection that still we value
a perfect soup!
While cares beset him and troubles thicken, no man is
wretched who still can boast
Appreciation of deviled chicken and admiration for quail on
toast.
Though tyrants flourish and varlets flatter, though kingdoms
totter and slaves rise up—
When all is ended, how slight a matter, if still we've peptics
to dine or sup!
Let statesmen squabble and nations wrangle, let great re-
formers their schemes propound;
What use to bother with life's tough tangle while nature leaves
us a palate sound?
The gains of glory defeat their winner; ambition's bubbles
explode when caught;
There dwells more comfort in one good dinner than all the
wisdom that Plato taught!

The writer who goes by the pen name of "Verax" contributes to the London *Daily News* a most despondent and depressing article on nerves. Modern society, if we are to credit "Verax," is largely a community of nervous wrecks.

LITERARY NOTES.

McCutcheon's Book of Cartoons.

How many of our readers, we wonder, are familiar with the clever cartoon work of John T. McCutcheon? Not many, perhaps, as the number of Pacific Coast readers of the *Record-Herald* is necessarily limited, and for some unexplainable reason none of the big New York dailies have been able to tempt Mr. McCutcheon to leave the Windy City for the metropolis. And yet in Chicago, where this inimitable artist has endeared himself to thousands of men, women, and children, the competition for his services has been so spirited that recently he has been coaxed away from the *Record-Herald* by the *Tribune*, which is now paying him the unprecedented salary of twenty thousand dollars a year for one cartoon each day.

For the benefit of the hundreds of thousands of people all over the country who have not had an opportunity to enjoy Mr. McCutcheon's work, however, a collection of one hundred of his best drawings has just been put into permanent form, and it is safe to predict that the volume will enjoy a large sale. George Ade, the humorist, in an appreciative introduction, hits the nail squarely on the head when he says that the main causes for the popularity of his college chum's work is that, first, McCutcheon cartoons public men without insulting them; and, second, he shows "blessed wisdom in getting away from hackneyed political subjects and giving us a few pictures of that every-day life which is our real interest."

The sterner sex will naturally revel most in the cartoons which depict prominent people in public life, and incidents of the commercial world. One of the most ludicrous of these represents President Roosevelt doing a strenuous morning's round of duties, and is headed "Resting at Oyster Bay." Another amusing series is McCutcheon's version of Prince Henry's reception in the United States. The artist pokes fun at the lavish banquet given by the captains of industry in New York, and then pictures the trying ordeals which the Kaiser's brother faced at St. Louis, Milwaukee, Niagara Falls, and Boston. All the drawings are crowded with amusing figures, and no matter how often one studies the groupings, he is sure to find some diverting bit of action which he has overlooked before. What is more, Mr. McCutcheon has a happy faculty of inventing very amusing sign-boards and explanations, which add greatly to the fun of his cartoons.

Among the other phases of American life which furnish the artist with material for his kindly satire, are the strange methods of our enterprising daily newspapers, the confusion in the board of trade, the follies and foibles of society at the horse show, the chase, and the track, women's golf tournaments, circus day, the country fair, college life, the football season, the Senate at Washington, and the war and naval manoeuvres.

But the drawings which will undoubtedly enjoy the greatest vogue, because they will entertain little ones as well as grown-up folks, too, are those which illustrate the wild adventures of Johnnie, a ten-year-old youngster, who is always the centre of an admiring group of children, and is usually followed by several faithful but scrawny-looking doggies. Every man, no matter what his station in life may be, when he glances through these pages will have happy memories of his childhood vividly recalled, for Johnnie is a wholesome, lovable boy, who delights in all the games and mischievous pranks which make life sweet to the average child in spring, summer, autumn, and winter. One's sympathies are immediately awakened when unhappy little Johnnie is first disclosed rocking his baby sister's cradle as he mutters disgustedly to himself: "I wish she hadn't been found until after the baseball season." And how can one help laughing when he beholds Johnnie dangling from a tree, nearly twisting his little bones out of shape in his wild endeavor to startle a row of interested maidens who are breathlessly watching him perform strange gymnastic exercises! And Johnnie is a first-class bluffer. This is evident from the solicitude shown by his mother when he is "suddenly attacked" by serious illness on the first morning of school. Other drawings, which can not fail to please, picture the sly wag making a secret visit to the pantry to sample the Thanksgiving pies and cakes, listening attentively to an engrossing fairy tale, seated in the sun for the first time after a severe illness, and laughing knowingly at the gullibility of his little brothers and sisters who are

writing a letter to Santa Claus. Perhaps the gem of the series is the drawing in which Johnnie is represented as coaxing his little brother to raid the tray of steaming doughnuts which have been placed near the window to cool. "Go ahead, Bill," he says, encouragingly; "you're braver than I am." And as the little fellow hesitates, he adds: "Go on; we'll just pretend we're pirates and the crulls is a ship filled with gold and joolry."

The drawings are 9 x 12 inches in size, printed on heavy cream-tinted paper, and are bound in gray boards, the cover-design picturing Johnnie with a happy grin on his face, while tucked carelessly under one arm is the same scrawny, innocent-looking dog which figures in many of the cartoons.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.25 net.

"The Stirrup Cup."

It is quite obvious that J. Aubrey Tyson has written "The Stirrup Cup" with an eye to its possible dramatization. The action has much of the brisk movement, and the dialogue the cut and thrust repartee, that rightly belong on the stage, while the leisureliness of style and intimate character-analysis of a novel are lacking. The action of "The Stirrup Cup" transpires during the Revolutionary War, and the story is nothing more nor less than a fictionalized recital of Aaron Burr's courtship of Theodosia Prevost, during the troublous times of the colonial struggle.

The author has been very successful in depicting the florid gallantries and steady coquetties that were a feature of the times in the social intercourse between the sexes, and has given, as well, a quaint Old-World turn to the language of the narrator, Abel Hartrigg, school-master by profession, and spy, with all distaste, through the necessities of the times, in the service of Washington, who appears a calm and commanding presence during the course of the story. Major André likewise appears, and other well-known personages of the times, who are active in war intrigues, administering checks and counterchecks to each other, with the drawing-room of Mistress Theodosia Prevost's country-seat figuring as a battle-ground for the war of wits, even while the stain of gallant bloods reddens her verdant lawns.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Our "Darned Frigates."

Lieutenant-Colonel Gurwood's compilation of dispatches and documents relating to the various campaigns of the Duke of Wellington during the years 1799-1815 fills twelve bulky volumes, and is, therefore, beyond the reach of the general reader. It is for this reason that Walter Wood has selected the most interesting papers, re-arranged them somewhat, provided an index and a few necessary notes, and printed the whole in a single volume. And an interesting one it is. Victories and defeats, success and failures, marches and counter-marches are described with a soldier's simplicity. Wellington is made "the historian of his own brilliant career." Americans will read with more amusement than anger this sentence in a letter (p. 417) regarding the embargo act, written in 1812: "It would be capital to turn the tables upon these cunning Americans and not to allow them to have any intercourse with those ports." Later, in 1813, he wrote: "I have been very uneasy about the American naval successes. I think we should have peace with America before the season for opening the campaign in Canada, if we could take one or two of these damned frigates."

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$3.50 net.

New Publications.

The title, "The Body Beautiful: Common-Sense Ideas on Health and Beauty Without Medicine," exactly describes the unpretentious contents of a book by Nannette Magruder Pratt. There are, besides, a number of illustrations. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York.

"The Centralization of Administration in Ohio," by Samuel P. Orth, Ph. D., and "Principles of Justice in Taxation," by Stephen F. Weston, Ph. D., president of Antioch College, are among recent doctors' theses published by the Columbia University Press: The Macmillan Company, agents, New York; \$1.50.

The little volume of Ruskin's letters to Mary and Helen Gladstone, daughters of the late premier, published under the title, "Letters to M. G. and H. G.," is delightfully intimate and altogether charming. Ruskin's was a big, warm heart, and for these daughters of his friend his love was genuine and fine. The Right

Hon. G. Wyndham has written a preface for the book, and there are also some extracts from the diary of Canon Scott Holland. The volume gives a refreshing glimpse of a great man. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Danish Life in Town and Country," by Jessie Brochner, is a well-written volume in addition to a series whose previous numbers we have found many occasions to praise. There are the usual variety of interesting illustrations. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Boys of thirteen or fourteen will find expert opinion and sound information on snaring rabbits, trapping, skinning animals, mounting birds, fishing, rowing, sculling and paddling, shooting, boxing, and wood-craft in general between the attractive covers of Edwin Sandys's "Trapper Jim." The book is in story-form. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

The annual "Directory of Americans Resident in London and Great Britain, American Firms and Agencies," compiled by W. B. Bancroft, has again this year been improved, and contains much more information even than its title implies. It will be found really indispensable by American tourists who are staying for some time in London. Published by the American Directory Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"His Friend the Enemy," by William Wallace Cook, is a bright and amusing summer novel. The plot concerns the rivalry of two town-sites for a county-seat. The hero owns one, the heroine is the presiding genius in the other. Thus they are rivals—and lovers. A dash of tragedy darkens the final chapters, but the last page finds the twain saying "My king!" and "My heart's idol!" Published by the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A rather desultory, but, we should think, a useful, work to the intelligent agriculturist, is "Birds in their Relation to Man," by Clarence M. Weed and Ned Dearborn. The authors emphasize and, in fact, demonstrate, what a valuable ally birds are on the farm. They also show what birds are, in a special way, useful as insect-destroyers. The book contains many good illustrations, and much general and interesting information. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.50.

Charles Egbert Craddock, or, to use the real name, Miss Murfree, has done conscientious and commendable work in "A Spectre of Power." The atmosphere of the times when the French and English intrigued for the favor of the Cherokees is well reproduced. The country, too, is well described, and there is sufficient romance in the plot, which concerns chiefly a French officer, an Englishman, a trader's daughter, and a treacherous Indian guide. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

In the preface to his "Rise and Progress of the Standard Oil Company," Gilbert Holland Montague says that "the sources of this history are the reports of official investigating committees." Some sage has already said that there are many things that do not appear in official reports. We think it very true in this case. Compared with the meaty recitals of Miss Tarbell this book seems jejune. However, it is a good digest of various government reports. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Life's Common Way," by Annie Eliot Trumbull, is a story of life in a New England town, centering about Ursula Keith, with whom several men in the story fall in love. The "action" of the piece is supplied by a street-railway strike and a riot. The necessary villainy consists in the bribery of a walking-delegate. It will be seen that the story is thoroughly up to date, and it may be said that it is fairly interesting. This author, it will be recalled, has a number of novels to her credit, all of which possessed elements of charm and distinction—as does this. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The interest of E. Belfort Bax in the non-orthodox sects, whose history he narrates in "Rise and Fall of the Anabaptists," is social, not religious. Himself a leading socialist of England, he finds in this "religio-political mysticism sporadic among the smaller handicraftsmen of the towns and the peasantry" during the sixteenth century, the germs of modern socialism. But at that time "the notion of a return to the economic conditions of the old village community" was "conceived

under a theological guise as 'The Reign of the Saints.'" Now, with progress in the arts and sciences, with the general widening of knowledge, the aims of the socialist are far different, but Mr. Bax asks for these medieval strugglers on the same hard path at least a "passing tribute of recognition." The book is a spirited one, such as might be expected from the ardent partisan of a well-loved cause. Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

Thomas Campion, an English lyric poet, who flourished about 1600, and who was held in high esteem by his contemporaries, after centuries of neglect has found an appreciative champion in A. H. Bullen, who published an edition of his works in 1889, and now publishes a selection—excluding the Latin epigrams formerly included—under the title "Thomas Campion." This poet's verses are characterized by grace, simplicity, and sweetness. Their theme, like that of the verses of Herrick and Lyly, to which they bear a family resemblance, is love. Here the distracted lover implores the marble-hearted maid to relent and ease his longing. There the deserted maid laments the fickleness of man. Again, the lover celebrates the charms of his not too coy mistress. Thus through nearly three hundred pages. A prose essay entitled "Observations in the Art of English Poesy" rounds out the book. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Death of Noah Brooks.

Noah Brooks, the well-known author and journalist, who was associated with Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and Charles Warren Stoddard in the early days of the *Overland Monthly*, died at Pasadena on Monday. Mr. Brooks was born in Castine, Me., October 24, 1830, and first began newspaper work in Boston, and in 1855 went to Illinois, where he edited the *Dixon Telegraph*, and became a warm friend and supporter of Abraham Lincoln in his memorable debates. Later on, Mr. Brooks came to California, and engaged in the newspaper business at Marysville. He went East again immediately after the first election of Lincoln, and became the war-correspondent of the *Sacramento Union*. After the war, he returned to California, and served a term as naval officer of the port of San Francisco. He was an editorial writer on the *Alta California* from 1866 until 1871.

Subsequently, Brooks went East again, and was engaged on the staff of the *New York Tribune*. He was on the *New York Times* also for many years as an editorial writer. For a time Brooks was editor of the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, a journal which was established so long ago that it published Washington's farewell address as a matter of news. When Lincoln was inaugurated in 1861, Noah Brooks had the good fortune to know the President as an intimate friend, and so the correspondent soon became familiar with the Cabinet officers of that time. Brooks was slated for the position of Lincoln's private secretary for the second term, but the assassination of the President put a sudden end to these plans.

He was the author of a number of successful books, including "The Boy Emigrants," "The Fairport Nine," "Our Baseball Club," "Abraham Lincoln," "The Boy Settlers," "American Statesmen," "Tales of the Maine Coast," "Abraham Lincoln and the Downfall of American Slavery," "How the Republic is Governed," "Short Studies in American Party Politics," "Washington in Lincoln's Time," "The Mediterranean Trip," "The Story of Marco Polo," "The Boys of Fairport," "Scribner's History of the United States" (two volumes), "General Henry Knox," and "A Revolutionary Soldier."

Bernard Shaw's Plaint.

Bernard Shaw laments with bitterness the inadequate display of books in shop windows in England:

For nearly twenty years I have been a published author, and, for nearly ten out of the twenty, one of the most insufferably heparagraped public persons in the country. But I have never yet seen a book of mine offered for sale in a shop window. In France, if you want to buy, say, Labiche's "Cagnotte," you can ask the book-seller which volume of Labiche's "Théâtre" it is in, and he will tell you, and probably have the volume in stock to hand to you. But suppose you have heard that one of my plays is called "Caesar and Cleopatra," and you want to buy it. You go to the book-selling stationer. The moment he realizes that you do not want a photograph frame or five quires of note-paper for a shilling, his countenance falls. You ask for Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." He has not got it, but can order it for you. Good. You then call on him at intervals for three weeks or a month, and are assured each time that negotiations are proceeding. At last he tells you that there is no such book.

LITERARY NOTES.

Thompson and Kettle, Heroes by Profession.

New editions are out of two books by Cutcliffe Hyne, one a volume which continues the former recital of the adventures of the martial "Captain Kettle, K. C. B." (published by the Federal Book Company, New York; price, \$1.50), the other a novel of English commercial life, entitled "Thompson's Progress" (published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50).

Those who have already become familiar with the resourceful character of the plucky little British captain are likely to desire a renewal of his acquaintance, for wherever Captain Kettle goes perilous adventure is by his side, and battle, murder, and sudden death hover in his immediate neighborhood.

In the present volume, the vigorous methods of the captain, who is trying his fortunes by turns in British Somaliland, Tunis, and Algiers, with an occasional exciting cruise thrown in, cut a wide swath through native intrigue, and a number of people get badly hurt, while the captain, up to a very late chapter, manages to keep his limbs intact. The author is very much more concerned in showing up Captain Kettle as an original character and an intrepid fighter, than in making his adventures credible, but none the less, his readers will not quarrel at his manner of telling them, for he shows a thorough acquaintance with the adventurous side of life on foreign lands and waters that could only be acquired, one would think, by one who was a combination of soldier, sailor, explorer, and war-correspondent.

Of the two books, "Thompson's Progress" is the superior, for, although the author's admiration for men of courage and resource impels him to give Tom Thompson, his hero, rather more adventure than commonly falls to the lot of a British manufacturer, he endeavors, on the whole, to adhere to the probabilities.

T. Thompson, as Mr. Hyne's self-made hero loves to call himself, was originally a "collier's brat," who early in life won the wealth that he conceived necessary to a full enjoyment of life. Tom began life as a poacher, and a poacher he remains to the end of the chapter, having a standing reward offered to any of his keepers who can catch him poaching on his own well-kept preserves. Like Captain Kettle, he is a man of unusual character, prizing victory and success in whatever he undertakes, and as indomitable in spirit under disaster as he is quick-witted and energetic in evading the ignominy of final defeat.

Although Tom marries a lady of aristocratic family, buys a country-seat, entertains statesmen, lends a hand to international politics, and finally has a peerage bestowed upon him, there are phases in his character which cause the reader dimly to suspect that Mr. Hyne has not entirely eliminated all undesirable traits of his plebeian ancestry. Taken altogether, however, T. Thompson is a man through and through, something of the bulldog type. It is true, and a little too openly admired by his creator, but a fine fellow, and quite out of the common run. So is the story, for that matter, which has no set plot, but consists rather of a string of interesting incidents in Tom's career, illustrating his pluck, prowess, and enterprise, and told in the brisk, incisive, clean-cut style characteristic of the author.

"Contrasts."

It is probable, from the extreme leisureliness of Florence Henniker's style, that the majority of people who pick up "Contrasts" at random will mistake that volume of short stories for a full-blown novel. The stories which have been previously printed in a number of English publications, do not number a single one of notable plot, but the author, in melancholy vein, and with a refinement of style that will please women readers, writes of romantic episodes, brief incidents that bear upon the history of hearts, and occasionally of some sudden action resulting from toward or untoward chance that makes or mars a lifetime. The author has a thrifty knack at spreading out her material very thin, and the volume will only be heeded by the constitutional novel-reader, who needs aid in whiling away the idlest of idle hours.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

Shakespeare's "System."

We must confess to the belief that, for the overwhelming majority of people, the reading of Shakespeare will be found more profitable than the reading of volumes of comment on, and exposition of, the plays, however scholarly and well-intentioned they may be. Therefore, we saw Richard G. Moulton's "The Moral

System of Shakespeare: A Popular Illustration of Fiction as the Experimental Side of Philosophy," with respect for the labor expended, but doubt of the utility of the effort. Who, we ask, failing to understand the larger meanings of Shakespeare's marvelous poetry will turn to Mr. Moulton's common prose for light? And who, if he understand dimly, might not better read twice and thrice rather than turn away? Some few laborious minds may profit by Mr. Moulton's book, but we think that Shakespeare himself, could he see it, would be vastly amazed.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

There will be no lack of literature dealing with the personality and work of the late James McNeill Whistler. Two books about him are already promised. Mrs. Joseph Pennell is to write an official biography, which will presumably be some time in the making. Meanwhile, the Macmillan Company announces for the autumn a volume entitled "J. McNeill Whistler and His Work." The authors, Alfred G. and Nancy Bell, completed their work only a few weeks before the artist's death. According to the *Manchester Guardian*, Whistler had arranged to have W. E. Henley write his biography, but the poet's death unfortunately put an end to such a plan.

F. Marion Crawford's next novel will be another story of modern Rome. It is to be entitled "The Heart of Rome," and will be published by the Macmillan Company this autumn.

George Gissing is writing a romantic novel based on life in the sixth century, which will be very different in atmosphere from any work of fiction he has hitherto produced.

Justin Huntly McCarthy's latest novel, "The Proud Prince," will be brought out next month, and a few days later the play made from the story by the author will be presented in New York, with E. H. Sothern in the title-role.

A novel of the "New Navy," with the title "The Spirit of the Service," by Mrs. Edith Elmer Wood, is announced for October publication by the Macmillan Company.

George Bernard Shaw has a new book on the eve of publication. It opens with about forty pages of dedication to A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the *London Times*. It contains a play entitled "Man and Superman," and is described as being a very miscellaneous volume indeed.

The new novel upon which Charles Major has been at work since the publication of "Dorothy Vernon of Hadden Hall," is a story of Indiana life in the 'thirties. The region in which the scene is laid is the one in which the author has lived all his life.

Mrs. Alice Meynell is writing the text for an art book which will be brought out in the autumn, consisting of some threescore reproductions of pictures of children painted by the old Italian masters. The Italian sculptors are also to be represented. The book will be entitled "Children of the Old Masters."

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has just passed its twenty-fifth edition. The total number of sales up to January 1st was sixty-two thousand three hundred and sixty-three.

Charles Scribner's Sons have on their list of October publications an "Autobiography of Seventy Years," by Senator George F. Hoar. Some of the chapters in the book have appeared from time to time in *Scribner's Magazine*.

A new volume is promised containing many anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington, with letters from his pen. It is to be entitled "The Memoirs and Correspondence of Captain Elers." The captain was a friend of Wellington's, and knew many of the notable people of his day.

Charles Scribner's Sons will issue early next month a new edition of Charles A. Stoddard's "Cruising Among the Caribbees." The author has brought his book down to date and enlarged it. There are chapters on Martinique, Porto Rico, and Jamaica; on the eruptions of Pelée and Soufrière, the emancipation of Cuba, and numerous other physical, political, and national changes. Mr. Stoddard has revisited the islands described in the book in order to get the material at first hand.

"The A. B.-Z. of Our Own Nutrition" is the title of Horace Fletcher's latest volume, which he has prepared with the assistance of Dr. Ernst Van Someren, of Venice, Italy,

and Dr. Hubert Higgins, of Cambridge, England. It is said to be a startling revelation of a possible scientific understanding of human alimentation, which has been worked out during five years of experiment in both the United States and in Europe under the advice and with the help of some of the leading physiologists of both continents.

INTAGLIOS.

A Prayer for a Mother's Birthday.
Lord Jesus, Thou hast known
A mother's love and tender care:
And Thou wilt hear, while for my own
Mother most dear I make this birthday prayer.

Protect her life, I pray,
Who gave the gift of life to me;
And may she know, from day to day,
The deepening glow of Life that comes from Thee.

As once upon her breast
Fearless and well content I lay,
So let her heart, on Thee at rest,
Feel fears depart and troubles fade away.

Her every wish fulfill;
And even if Thou must refuse
In anything, let Thy wise will
A comfort bring such as kind mothers use.

Ab, hold her by the hand,
As once her hand held mine;
And though she may not understand
Life's winding way, lead her in peace divine.

I can not pay my debt
For all the love that she has given;
But Thou, love's Lord, wilt not forget
Her due reward—bless her in earth and heaven.

—Henry Van Dyke in the Outlook.

A Ballade of an Old Sundial.

'Twas here at twilight, all alone,
Some slim Elizabethan sped
And sobbed upon your face of stone.
With clinging creepers garlanded,
And bowed her pretty, golden head.
And prayed her blessed Lord recall
The faithless lover who was fled.
Oh, dial, who outlived it all.

Here, when the second Charles was King,
A score of drunken gallants bled,
To win a little laughing thing
Who wanted with them all and wed
My lord, the King himself, 'tis said,
And ended in a Bishop's stall,
Respectable and overfed.
Oh, dial, who outlived it all.

And here, among the belles and beaux,
Belinda and her Baron led
The laughter, with the latest mot.
Mocked at the newest marriage bed;
Or tapped a jeweled box instead,
And wondered if the funds would fall;
Or wagged that Queen Anne was dead:
Oh, dial, who outlived it all.

ENVOI.

Dial, bow many tears were shed,
Upon your carven capital?
How many loves were numbered?
Oh, dial, who outlived it all. —Ex.

A Ballade of a Mirror.

Some laughing maid of honor here
Has set a rebel ringlet right,
To whisper with a sonneteer,
Or kiss a pretty page good-night:
And even a merry prelate might
Have lingered on the stair, alas!
To trifle with her curls in quite
The spirit of the looking-glass.

Or grandame bound her borrowed locks
And put the sorry years to flight
With perfume and with powder-box,
And deftly in the candle light
Touched withered cheeks with pink and white
And played the old eternal farce,
Too faithful to that cruel sprite
The spirit of the looking-glass.

Here in the growing dawn, perchance,
Ere some red August sun grew bright,
Has stood a smiling lord of France,
And smoothed his dainty frills despite
The summons to the Infinite
That thunder'd from the bloody "Place,"
When life was all too short to slight
The spirit of the looking-glass.

ENVOI.

Mirror, mine idle rhyme requite—
Can ever mortal love surpass,
Bethink you, in my lady's sight
The spirit of the looking-glass.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

Julien Viaud, who is much better known as Pierre Loti, the novelist and correspondent, has been promoted to a captaincy in the French navy, in which he has held the rank of lieutenant for a number of years. He has also been given command of the cruiser *Vantour*, which is now on the Constantinople station.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Some Convincing Ghost Stories.

When you have read historical novels, animal stories, "flexible biographies" till your brain reels under its weight of unassimilated, gratuitous information, the antidote for your mental indigestion is Mary E. Wilkins's collection of ghost stories, "The Wind in the Rose-Bush." There is nothing instructive, no character study, or psychological problem, in them. They are mere old-fashioned, goose-flesh-inducing, horror-tales of ghouls and speaking spooks that hale from the nether world. And they will appeal to nine people out of every ten, because in about that proportion there is a streak of superstition lurking in our twentieth-century make-up; for who does not, after reading about "the sheeted ghosts that squeak and gibber in the streets of Rome," feel his hair stiffening before he has time to catch himself and declare he does not believe in the supernatural—not he!

The story of "The Wind in the Rose-Bush" is itself of an illusive, wraith-like quality. The anxiety and suspense of Aunt Rebecca from Michigan and the sulterfuges of the stepmother in putting her off keep the reader in suspense quite as effectually, till the gust of wind that hounds into the room as the shadow of Agnes crosses the sill, the echoes of "The Maiden's Prayer" in the stillness of the night, the swaying of the rose-bush when there is not a breath of wind, all lead up to the finding of the little lace-frilled nightgown "laid out" across the bed, the sleeves peacefully crossed upon its breast with the mysterious rose laid between.

The next story, "The Shadow on the Wall," is given in such a simple, plausible manner that the reader finishes the tale with a quick, in-drawn breath. But "The Lost Ghost" is the most "spooky" of all, for this little ghost not only appears to mortal ken on the most inopportune occasions, but speaks with a wraith-like wail. It also insists upon wiping dishes, laying sticks before the fire, pulling the cat's tail, and repeating its mournful plaint "I can't find my mother!" At last a kind lady who can stand these things no longer dies, and taking the child by the hand, is seen leading the way to ghost-land in search of the lost mother. "Luella Miller," "The Southwest Chamber," "The Vacant Lot," complete the collection, and by the time one has finished the book he is likely to be afraid of the dark, and afraid of the light; afraid of the living as well as the dead; afraid to listen inwardly to the voice of presentiment, and afraid to untap his ears lest he may hear a wraith-like wail from ghost-land.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The Peasantry and a Poet.

To "a certain love of the humorous" Canon Rawnsley attributes his interest in hunting up and talking with the elderly peasants of the Lake country who had known the poet, Wordsworth, or "Wudsworth" as they call him, and who were not averse to giving a racy character-sketch off-hand. The interviews are indeed very amusing—and instructive, too—while the chapters by the lovable canon that fill out the book of "Lake Country Sketches" are delightful. The author found several persons who thought "l'il'e Hartley" Coleridge a brainier person than Wordsworth. The landlord "at t' Nab" had this to say: "He [Wordsworth] wasn't a man o' many words, wad walk by you times enef w'out sayin' owt partider when he was studyin'. He was allus studyin', and you med see his lips gaen as he went ahoor t' roads. He did most of his study upo' the roads. I suppose he was a cleverish man, but he wasn't set much on hy nin on us. He lent Hartley a deal o' his beuks, it's sartain, but Hartley helped him a deal, I understand, did a' hest part o' his poems for him, sae t' sayin' is."

Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.75.

"Solar Power."

The direct utilization of the sun's heat for power purposes is a scheme almost as fascinating to a certain type of mind as "perpetual motion"—but not quite so useless. A solar motor at Pasadena, until recently, at least, was generating sufficient power to lift fourteen hundred gallons of water per minute. Other contrivances of a similar sort have worked. Now comes Charles Henry Pope with the first hook (so he says) on the subject in the language. He is a wild enthusiast, but he seems to have collected a lot of facts from many sources which may be useful to more sober experimenters who do not share his opinion that solar heat will "revolution-

ize" civilization. Still, it does not do to be too skeptical. Some day the cranks may harness the ocean waves, the wind, the sun, and radium, and nobody will have anything to do but to sit around and watch things work.

Published by the author, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston.

New Publications.

"Tools and the Machine," a book of elementary instruction, by Charles Barnard, is published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York.

"Spiritual Power at Work: A Study of Spiritual Forces and Their Application," by George Henry Hubbard, is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25 net.

St. Augustine's "The City of God," a reprint of John Healey's translation made in 1610, is published in three volumes in the series of Temple Classics, imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, per volume, 50 cents.

"The Room With the Little Door" is an account by Roland B. Molineux, of his experiences while confined in the Tombs Prison and Sing Sing Prison, New York, on the charge of murder, of which he was acquitted on second trial. Published by the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"In Piccadilly" is a lurid and disagreeable novel by Benjamin Swift. As its title implies, the scene is London. The characters are a kindly old Scotch laird, his son Ninian (a soft-hearted, but well-intentioned, young man), a villainous valet, and several singed moths of Piccadilly. The novel seems to us neither entertaining nor instructive. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

"The Certainty of a Future Life in Mars: Being the Posthumous Papers of Bradford Torrey Dodd" is a rather cleverly constructed account of the scientific experiments of a mythical Mr. Dodd, who succeeded in opening communication with the Martians. They told him how they lived and what they knew, all of which is here duly set down. The story—which is "edited" by L. A. Gratacap—will divert those who fancy H. G. Wells, Jules Verne, and writers of that sort. Published by Brentano's New York; 75 cents.

We infer from the title-page of a volume which reaches us that another edition of Shakespeare is in course of publication—each play in a separate volume, and each the work of a different scholar. At least, the volume edited by H. C. Hart, is entitled "The Works of Shakespeare: The Tragedy of Othello," an arrangement which would seem to have no meaning were that not the case. The book is mechanically an attractive one of two hundred and fifty pages, with an exhaustive introductory essay and voluminous notes, both of which are careful an examination as may be fails to find faulty. Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

With characteristic enterprise, the publishers of "Moody's Manual of Statistics: Stock Exchange Handbook" have begun the publication of a monthly (except in May and June) supplement which "will record the changes which occur in the capital or position of railroad or miscellaneous corporations." A very ingenious cover is furnished, in which each monthly issue may be inserted as it appears. Each supplement, also, is indexed. The financial manuals of the Moody Company are standard works, and the periodical issues necessitated by the great number of business changes that occur monthly will doubtless prove very welcome to those for whom they are intended. Published by the Manual of Statistics Company, New York; \$5.00 yearly.

Carl Snyder's "New Conceptions in Science" are very, very new. In fact, they are so new that we rather think that conservative men of science have not yet heard of some of them. Mr. Snyder has the assurance of half-knowledge, the daring of the persons who spout science in yellow journals at so much per line. We are reminded of a story told of Remsen, the great chemist. Some one asked him what protoplasm was. "I can not say," he replied; "I do not know. But I'll tell you what," he continued, "you just ask a primary-school teacher. She'll tell you all about it." We do not mean to imply, of course, that Mr. Snyder does not give many interesting facts about modern scientific progress, but he constantly ventures on assumptions unwarranted by the facts. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.00.

"Out of Kishineff" is the title of a volume hastily prepared by W. C. Stiles, a Protestant

clergyman of New York, in view of the current interest in Jewish problems. It gives an account of the Kishineff massacre drawn from the newspapers, and chapters on the hunted Jew of history, the Jew in America, etc., also a lot of extracts from press comment. Published by the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York; price, \$1.20 net.

"Round Anvil Rock," by Nancy Huston Banks, is a fluently written novel of Kentucky during the period of the Battle of Tippecanoe. Historical personages galore are introduced, including Andrew Jackson, Peter Cartwright, Aaron Burr, Daniel Boone, and many others. The plot is somewhat stereotyped, and the book, as a whole, is in no way distinctive. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

One of the interesting items in George P. Garrison's "Texas," which is the latest addition to the American Commonwealth Series, is the statement that the original name of the territory was "Nuevas Filipinas," which was, however, "not sufficiently upon the popular tongue," and was at length displaced by "Texas," the name of a tribe of Indians, or, according to one authority, a federation of tribes. "Texas" in time was transmuted into "Texas." The key-note of Mr. Garrison's book is sounded in the sub-title, "A Contest of Civilizations." The work is not a detailed history, but dwells mainly on the salient features of the long struggle between Spanish and English influences. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.10.

"Prudence Pratt" is avowedly the first novel of Mrs. Doré Lyon. In a preface, the author implores the reader, with exclamation points, to "love it or hate it." So much concern on this score betrays her fear that he will do neither, which is the precise fact. "Prudence Pratt" is a good-enough, light novel, revealing no particular insight into character, but presenting some interesting pictures of social life. There are a number of exceptionally good drawings in the manner of Gibson by Malcolm A. Struss. These are all marked "Copyright, 1903, by Anna E. Lyon"—a fact which excites interested speculation. Can it be that "Anna" was not considered "poetical" enough for the cover of a novel. Is the fascinating "Doré" a literary frill? Published by the George V. Blackburne Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Part VIII, completing the *Studio Library* of Representative Art of Our Time, contains specimens of the work of Professor von Herkomer, Sargent, E. J. Gregory, Edward Statt, H. Muhrman, Charles Cottet, and an essay on "The Pencil and the Pen as Instruments of Art." This is an opportune moment to say that, in general, the eight numbers of the Library have adequately fulfilled the promise of the title. About fifty pictures in all have been reproduced in polychrome or monochrome, exhibiting in variety the best methods in modern picture-painting. The average size is about twelve by eight inches, and the fact that all are printed upon removable sheets permits their use in decoration or otherwise, and their return to the portfolio—no small advantage. The prefatory essays have been uniformly instructive. Published by John Lane, New York; price, per part, \$1.00.

The Pacific Coast's Literary Growth.

Herbert Bashford contributes an interesting article to the *Atlantic Monthly* on "The Literary Development of the Pacific Coast." In his concluding paragraph, he writes:

"The West is rich in literary material. There are mountain ranges comparatively unexplored, which aboriginal tradition veils in haunting mystery. The struggles, trials, and heroisms of the early pioneers have scarcely been touched upon, and what dramatic strength and picturesqueness is contained in this old-time life of the border! And there exists to-day throughout the length and breadth of the Pacific Coast a peculiarly fascinating freedom not easily comprehended by those who have known nothing but the restraints of an older and more conventional civilization. This will leave its impress upon the literary production of the region. As the lands of the olive and the vine have ever figured prominently in the history of Old World letters, it is not unreasonable to expect that California, with her tropical sun and gorgeous coloring, will add lustre to the literature of America."

The first edition of ten thousand copies of Jack London's new novel, "The Call of the Wild," was exhausted on the day of publication. The second edition of similar size was put to press immediately by the Macmillan Company; but the book contains a number of illustrations which are reproduced in color by a new process, and the time required to prepare these will delay for a week or two the appearance of the second edition.

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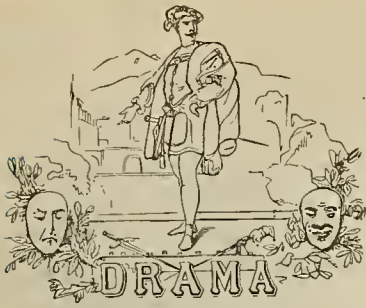
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Now that we have seen "The Devil's Disciple" there is not the slightest doubt that the interest attached to it lies more in the fact that George Bernard Shaw is its author than in the dramatic qualities of the piece itself. Mr. Shaw, who was off in his usual vein, poking fun at the bewildered critics when this piece was first presented in America by Mansfield, some years ago, contemptuously derided the judgments that pronounced it original, and declared that it is "hackneyed clap-trap," made up of the well-worn stage tricks of our own time. He goes on to point out, nevertheless, that the originality of the play lies in its mode of treatment, and that its novelty is that of advanced thought. And that, I take it, is the whole trouble with the piece. The thought that sacrifices sentiment to psychology is too advanced for the spectator, who must needs feel some tugging at his sympathies, some spiritual exhilaration arising from an exultant recognition of high thoughts and noble actions.

Now, Mr. Shaw unquestionably meant us to feel something of the sort when Dick Dudgeon calmly permits the identity of the minister to be thrust upon him and marches sturdily off to his doom; and again, when Parson Andersen, transformed by the lightning of the coming storm from a man of peace to a lion of war, sheds the cleric, and arms himself for his place among "the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

But we feel nothing of the kind. Instead, we are puzzled. To quote Mr. Shaw again: "On the stage, it appears, people do things for reasons. Off the stage, they don't; that is why your penny-in-the-slot heroes, who only work when you drop a motive into them, are so oppressively automatic and uninteresting." Here it is apparent that Mr. Shaw, as usual, plays the iconoclast, and attempts to demolish the natural desire we in front feel to detect some mainspring of emotion in the two heroes to account for their perplexing actions.

With Dick there is none, except, as he says, to Judith, "He must follow the law of his own nature." The minister, when his transformation comes, leaves the spectator equally unenlightened. The first error, however, is the more grave of the two, for, as it turns out, the sensibilities, stimulated to active anticipation, fall back to the relaxation of disappointment, and a dramatic possibility is lost. As to the second, it ought, perhaps, to be redeemed by the appearance of Parson Andersen at the foot of the gibbet, coming as a hero and a savior; but for some reason, difficult to define, there is a curious deadness of response, not only at the moment of dramatic action, but during each climax of emotion in the play. And therein lies the crucial fault in this brilliantly written drama. It fails to move. Curiously enough, it reads, or so it strikes me, more interestingly than it acts. No one can excel Shaw in sustained brilliancy of dialogue, and, with his multitudinous comments and voluminous stage directions, he makes clear to his readers ideas and motives that do not carry on the stage.

Judith, for instance, before an unexpected storm of emotions swept her away from her trig little moorings, is a narrow, intolerant, self-complacent little prig. Some of her lines give us the clew to her nature, but the trait is not made sufficiently carrying to clear up the situation. Besides, it is dismal and depressing to have a prig (or, perhaps, I ought to say a prigress) for a heroine. And, furthermore, when a pretty young woman (and Miss Anglin looked her prettiest), with a low, plaintive voice, and an interesting presence, makes her entrance and is manifestly the heroine, we naturally assume that, in some way, she will appeal to our favor. And when this pretty young woman is the young wife of an elderly husband, we scent romance.

Instead, Judith induces a sense of fatigue. She makes the transition of her affections from the parson to Dick so swiftly, and her distrust of her husband's motives comes with such an unwifely suddenness, that she stands a would-be pathetic figure without sympathy,

and, indeed, almost capable of inspiring repugnance; and besides, sustained plaintiveness in a stage heroine always becomes tedious before the play ends.

Dick Dudgeon and General Burgoyne are the lights of the play. Dick is essentially theatric, which is the reason why "The Devil's Disciple" has escaped the fate of the majority of Mr. Shaw's pieces, and come to be played. Dick, like the generality of Mr. Shaw's heroes, is, in fact, one of the numerous personifications of the versatile author who, sooner or later, is forced, through an insistent and self-confessed egoism, loudly to proclaim himself and his opinions through the mouths of his favorite characters. Dick, then, like Mr. Shaw, needs an audience. Like Mr. Shaw, again, he is intolerant of sham, and delights in running counter to the opinion of his fellows. Mr. Shaw calls him a Diabolonian, and explains his terrible reputation among the Puritans by his irreverence for what they esteem being the instinctive revolt of a nature compounded of kindness and pity against his mother's creed of hatred, intolerance, and cruelty. He can not but think well of the devil so despised by her, and thus becomes "The Devil's Disciple."

It is to explain these influences on Dick's character that we have so large a dose of Mrs. Dudgeon in the first act. Mr. Shaw hates her quite as heartily as does Dick, and, doubtless, as a commentator on the play once suggested, killed her off as a relief to his detestation of all that she, and such as she, suggest. She gets on his nerves, and he relieves himself by banishing her to the Hades of the hypocrite, whose religion is envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness.

Unfortunately, she gets on our nerves, too. Just as Judith is monotonously plaintive, so Mrs. Dudgeon is monotonously hateful. It is a difficult character to play, unless the player has a strident voice and features that can readily set themselves into hard, cold lines. Mrs. Selten has neither. She is a plump, comfortable matron, who is obliged to tax her physical energies heavily to keep up the strain of representing, for thirty or forty minutes at a stretch, an ill tempered, fierce-natured, and detestable woman, shaking her fist at fate. The fact that she succeeds fairly well is a guarantee of gallant endeavor on her part.

Another player—new to us—who falls below the author's standard in physical fitness is Mr. Titheradge, as Parson Andersen. The parson is described in Mr. Shaw's own words as "a strong, healthy man, with a thick, sanguine neck; and his keen, cheerful mouth cut into somewhat fleshy corners." Now the parson is represented by a small, slight man that a puff of wind might blow away. He does not suggest the cheerful, somewhat worldly divine who has still enough of the world the flesh, and the devil about him to catch a young woman's eye. It is quite impossible to imagine a girl of Judith's years having fallen in love with him. This, it is true, might make one more tolerant of the ready transfer of her affections to Dick. But, on the other hand, when the parson prepares for war. Mr. Titheradge is unable to keep himself to the required pitch and become aggressive, militant: the embodiment of sharp curt authority.

Mr. Titheradge, I fancy, is a man who horrors from the individuality of others. In appearance, he is a cross between Sir Henry Irving and Lawrence Barrett, and he undoubtedly imitates Henry Miller. He has a good voice, which was about all he could contribute to express the mood of the militant divine when he arms himself and goes forth to peril and rescue with the gallant eagerness of the born fighter.

The very best scenes in the play are those of Dick's trial and subsequent appearance upon the gibbet, during both of which he and General Burgoyne indulge in a duel of wits. At this point, Mr. Shaw is at his happiest. He permits the halo encircling Dick's head to borrow its brilliancy from stereotyped models, but he compensates himself by allowing his hero to say daring, amusing, irreverent things that ruffle up the conventional and the devout. And, besides, Mr. Shaw's wit is of the genuine stamp, and shines forth with a keen and startling brilliancy.

General Burgoyne is evidently an enthusiasm of the author's, who considers that, as somebody had to be made a scapegoat for the defeat sustained by the British arms, Burgoyne, in spite of his high attainments, was selected. The lines of the part are peculiarly apt in conveying Mr. Shaw's idea of his ability, and of the mingling of satirical humor and generous feeling in the man. The part was most admirably played by Mr. Mor-

ton Selten, who has a command over the subtler methods of expression that enabled him to differentiate with minutest pauses and inflections between sardonic humor, generous admiration, and the fastidious disapproval with which Burgoyne regarded his prisoner and his subordinate officers.

Henry Miller's manner of playing Dick Dudgeon was so similar to his execution of the Sydney Carton rôle that there is practically nothing new to say about him. There is more dash and bravado and less tenderness in the part, although Dick, too, has his moments of tenderness for the orphan Essie. I very much doubt if the play will be popular, but Mr. Miller, at least, always allowing for a constitutional inability to lose himself quite, holds the stage well as the dare-devil Dick, making him the reckless, picturesque, iconoclast that Mr. Shaw would have him. Miss Anglin's part, also, is similar to that she played in "A Tale of Two Cities"—and, indeed, is a sort of long-drawn-out, over-attenuated Mimi rôle. It shows but one side of her talent, her gift for expressing a plaintive despair, and I would be willing to declare on guess that she does not like it.

Miss Kulp and Messrs. Hitchcock (he of the voice like Edward Morgan's), Allen, and Mackay all played their slighter parts with enough care and consistency to give them reality, and the presentation generally was satisfactory.

The play offers opportunities for settings that express the quaintly formal tastes of the period. In particular, the living-room of the parson, with its high-backed settee, its portraits of rigid divines, and its small-paned window, simply draped and set with flowering plants, all presided over by its daintily austere mistress, was a model of the prim comfort that was good enough for a colonial clergyman two hundred years ago.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Edmond Rostand is just now enjoying the rare experience of protesting against himself and of proceeding by way of injunction to his own repression. In 1888 he offered to the Cluny Theatre a piece entitled "The Red Glove," which was accepted on condition that M. Marot should revise it, which he did, and it was then played seventeen times. Since then "The Red Glove" has been shelved, but things have changed somewhat with M. Rostand, and the manager of the Cluny, despite the protest of the dramatist, proclaims his purpose again to produce it, with M. Marot billed as joint author. M. Rostand has protested and asks for an injunction.

Eng Hok Fong, president and general manager of the China Commercial Steamship Company, which recently established a line of steamships between Hong Kong, Mexico, and this port, says that two more vessels are to be added to the fleet of four steamships which are now competing with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's line.

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Beginning Monday, August 24th, matinees Saturday and Sunday.

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Week of August 31st—The Great Ruby.

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Only matinee Saturday. To-night, University of California night. Commencing August 24th, last week of Raymond and Caverly, in
IN HARVARD
Prices—25c, 50c, and 75c.

Sunday, August 30th—The famous Pollard Lili-tupian Opera Company.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.
A farewell performance will be given to-morrow night of
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Monday night—Mrs. Dane's Defense.

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Week commencing Sunday matinee, August 23d. Opulent vaudeville! Edwin Keough and Dorothy Ballard; the Fleury Trio; Sam Edwards and Company; Larkins and Patterson; James Robert and Arnold Billoski; Rosie Rendel; Heeley and Meely John Leclair; and last week of Lew Hawkins.

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CHANGE OF DATES—The dates of the seven remaining Symphony concerts have been changed to the following dates: Tuesday, August 25th (next Tuesday); Tuesday, September 1st; Tuesday, September 8th; Tuesday, September 15th; Tuesday, September 22nd; Tuesday, September 29th; Tuesday, October 6th. All tickets are good for Tuesdays of the same week they are dated.

Seats on sale at Sherman & Clay's music store. Orchestra, \$1.50. Dress circle, \$1.50 first four rows. \$1.25 last four rows. Family circle, \$1.00 first two rows; 50c last four rows. Gallery, 50c.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Richard Harding Davis's Modern Comedy.

The second week of the Miller-Anglin company's engagement at the Columbia Theatre is to be devoted to the first production here of Richard Harding Davis's first play, "The Taming of Helen," which is an expansion of the popular author's short story, "The Lion and the Unicorn." The comedy is in three acts, and deals with the trials of Philip Carroll, a young American playwright, who goes to London to sell a play and win the girl he loves. Helen Cabot, this American girl, has been taught to call him "Uncle Phil." Suddenly she inherits a great fortune, and is sent abroad to finish her education by tour, under the chaperonage of Lady Gower. When next Philip sees Helen she has changed. She is temporarily fascinated by the attentions of the Marquis of Woodcote, and treats Philip coldly. He tells her that he will never breathe another word of love until she comes to him and says that she loves him. In a short time, Helen begins to grow jealous of Marion Cavendish, an actress who has taken an interest in Philip's play, and in the second act, at a hall at Lady Gower's, sees them under conditions which seem to her to imply an engagement. In pique, she tells Phil that she has promised to marry Lord Woodcote. Philip's new play has just been accepted by Sir Charles Wimpole, the great actor-baronet, so he is, of course, plunged suddenly from the heights of joy into the depths of despair. In the last act, when the play is produced and scores a success, Helen meekly confesses her love for Philip. The reconciliation is brought about by Marion who, clad in a court costume of blue satin, leaves the theatre to bring Helen back from the railway station. Marion nearly spoils Philip's play by so doing, but, after an exciting fifteen minutes, returns just in time to pull it out. Miss Anglin will appear as Marion Cavendish, leading lady of the Imperial Theatre, London; Henry Miller as Philip Carroll, the struggling author; George S. Titherage as Sir Charles Wimpole; Walter Allen as the Duke of Deptford; Morton Selten as Captain the Hon. Reginald Herbert; Walter Hitchcock as the Marquis of Woodcote; Martha Waldron as Helen Cabot; Victoria Addison as Mrs. Evian; and Kate Pattison Selten as Lady Gower.

Jones's "Mrs. Dane's Defense."

"Shenandoah" will give way at the California Theatre next week to Henry Arthur Jones's brilliant society play, "Mrs. Dane's Defense," which was produced here by the Empire Theatre Company in the fall of 1891. It is in four acts, and deals with the fortunes of a young woman who, as Mrs. Dane, takes up her residence in a very exclusive community near London, where the adopted son of Sir Daniel Carteret, a famous jurist, falls in love with her. By accident, one day she is recognized as a young woman who, while governess in a family, had become involved in a flirtation with the master of the house, which led to the suicide of the wife. Mrs. Dane denies the charge, and Sir Daniel, on account of his son, takes up the case, bent on removing the stigma from her name. But his well-intended efforts ultimately lead to her destruction, for in searching for proof, he finds evidence which forces her to confess her identity. Lillian Kemble will play the part of Mrs. Dane, first impersonated here by Miss Anglin, and Frank McVicar will succeed Charles Richman as the lawyer.

Last Week of "In Harvard" at the Grand.

"In Harvard" is so popular at the Grand Opera House that it will be continued another week, when the present company's season will terminate. To-night (Saturday) will be university night, and special features suitable to the occasion will be introduced by Raymond and Caverly, Cheridah Simpson, Anna Wilks, Louise Moore, Julie Cotte, Winifred St. L. Gordon, Agnes Williams, Harold Crane, Budd Ross, William Gleason, John World, and Robert Warwick. Too much can not be said in favor of the chorus, who are the life and soul of the performance, and who make an immense hit in the campus scene, where, arrayed in the colors of the different universities, they sing the college songs and give the college yells in a manner that wins much applause. Sunday, August 30th, the Pollard Lilliputian Comic Opera Company will begin an engagement, with a repertoire that will include several of the latest comic-opera successes.

The Alcazar's Successful Comedy.

The charming rural play, "The Dairy Farm," is to be continued for one more week at the Alcazar. It is a wholesome comedy, full of human interest, and bubbling over with quaint humor. Belasco & Mayer have given the play a fine cast and setting, and will doubtless be well repaid when "The Dairy Farm" is sent on its prolonged tour through all territory west of Denver. The demand for seats for all the regular Alcazar performances of "The Dairy Farm" is so great that an extra matinee will be given next Sunday. Florence Roberts will begin her annual engagement on August 31st in the first San Francisco production of Mrs. Burton Harrison's society play, "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," which was presented in New York by Minnie Maddern Fiske.

At Fischer's Theatre.

"Quo Vass Iss" and "The Big Little Princess" are doing well at Fischer's Theatre. Both burlesques are clean, full of fun, and the scenery and costumes have never been excelled at Fischer's. All the principals score heavily

with their catchy new songs, especially Winfield Blake, who continues to make a hit with his "Etiquette"; Maude Amherst with "De Bugaboo Man," Eleanor Jenkins with "There's Nobody Just Like You," and Barney Bernard with "Mrs. Pinchin's Boarding-School." "The Corn-Curers," a travesty on Paul Potter's French adaptation, "The Conquerors," and a hilarious burlesque called "The Glad Hand," will be the next double bill at Fischer's.

"Camille" at the Central.

The Central Theatre is to give an elaborate revival of "Camille" next week, with Eugenie Thais Lawton in the title-role. Herschel Mayall will be the Armand, George P. Webster the elder Duval, and Henry Shumer the Count de Varville. The minor roles will be entrusted to Edwin T. Emery, Millar Bacon, Elmer Booth, Georgie Woodthorpe, Myrtle Vane, Nina Cook, and Genevieve Kane. Some beautiful costumes will be worn, and the five scenes, which have been called "The Supper Scene," "The Pledge of Love," "The Sacrifice," "The Fete," and "The Eleventh Hour," will be beautifully staged and costumed.

Sixth Week of "The Highwayman"

On Monday night, Camille d'Arville enters on her sixth and last week at the Tivoli Opera House in "The Highwayman." Then comes the grand-opera season, which promises to be the most successful in the history of the house. Tina de Spada, Giuseppe Agostini, and Augusto Dado will again return, and among the promising new singers who have been engaged are Lina de Benedetto, a dramatic soprano; Adelina Tromben, who will be heard in the lighter operas; Cloe Marchesini, one of the most popular contraltos of Italy, who is said to be a particularly fine Carmen; Emanuele Ischierdo, the dramatic tenor, who has made his greatest success in "Aida," "Otello," "Gioconda," "André Chénier," "Trovatore," and "I Pagliacci," in all of which he will be heard; Alfredo Tedeschi, one of the youngest tenors in Italy, who made his debut but three years ago; Adamo Gregoretti, a baritone, who is a great La Scala favorite; Giuseppe Zanini, who will alternate with Gregoretti, and sing in the lighter operas; and Baldo Travagliani, the basso, who sang here with the Lombardi Opera Company four years ago. The sale of seats will begin on Monday.

At the Orpheum.

Edwin Keough and Dorothy Ballard will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum next week in a comedieta called "A Vaudeville Surprise," in one scene of which they will give the proposal scene from "Ingomar." Among the other new-comers are the Fleury trio of novelty dancers: Sam Edwards—for many years a prominent member of the Frohman forces—in a skit called "A Pass for Two"; John Larkins and Doris Patterson, "national singers of coon songs"; and James Roherti, an operatic basso, and Arnold Billoski, lyric tenor, who will be heard in solos and duets. Rosie Rendel will continue her series of transformation dances, and others retained from this week's bill are Heeley and Meely, grotesque acrobats; John LeClair, the refined comedy juggler; and Lew Hawkins, "the Chesterfield of minstrelsy."

Greenbaum's New Concert-Hall.

Manager Will Greenbaum has leased the old B'nai Brith Hall, on Eddy Street, adjoining the new Tivoli Opera House, and workmen have been for the past three months transforming it into a handsome concert-hall. The location is an ideal one, being close to Market Street, and near all the popular cafés, and is particularly convenient to car lines from all parts of the city. The main entrance of Lyric Hall is decorated with Spanish antique leather effect, and the ceiling and frieze in raised fresco work. The woodwork is in Flemish oak throughout the lobby and foyer, and the floors are inlaid tiling and hard wood. The foyer is decorated in gold colors, with a beautiful chandelier in the centre, and carpeted in a rich red velvet. Settees, palms, and easy-chairs fill the corners, making it a pleasant waiting or reception hall. To the left of this foyer are the ladies' parlors, handsomely furnished, and with cloak-rooms and lavatory. At the right of the foyer is the smoking-room and café, elaborately fitted in golden oak.

The main hall is separated from the foyer by muffled swinging doors, so that no noises from the street can reach the room. The ceilings and walls are decorated in light green, cream, and gold, the ornamentation being in hand-modeled stucco work. The windows are draped with dark-red silk, while the balcony rail is of gilt open design, behind which is stretched red satin, the whole forming a most charming color scheme. The hall is lighted by nearly three hundred incandescent lights. The opening attraction will be the morality play, "Everyman," under the management of Charles Frohman, and produced with the original London company, under the personal direction of Ben Greet. The first performance will be given on Wednesday evening, September 2d, under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary. The sale of seats will begin on Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Dr. Tyndall's Lectures.

On Sunday night, Dr. McIvor-Tyndall will give another of his interesting lectures on practical psychology at Steinway Hall. His subject will be "What is Thought?" There will also be further demonstrations of the wonders of telepathy, thought-transference, and the various manifestations of the subconscious mind. The lecture last Sunday on "The Mastery of Fate" was particularly interesting. Dr. McIvor-Tyndall brought out the point that because a person is horn with inherited vices or virtues, it does not follow that he must remain so. He can make or mar his "fate," as we call it, by the thoughts he entertains, which inevitably become a part of himself. The following Sunday night, August 30th, his subject will be "How to Read Thought."

An amended complaint has been filed in the suit brought by E. Clemens Horst against the Howard Company and Balfour, Guthrie & Co. Horst avers that he was defrauded out of barley valued at \$4,450 by false weights being used. He asks for judgment for \$6,093.73 in all. Horst names as individual members of the firm of Balfour, Guthrie & Co., Robert Balfour, Alexander Guthrie, Robert B. Forman, Alexander B. Williamson, Robert Bruce, Walter J. Burns, Alexander Baillie, James R. Fortune, Archibald Williamson, Charles J. Williamson, John Lawson, and Thomas Binny. He says that they own fifty-five per cent. of the capital stock of the Howard Company, and that in 1902 he stored at the Howard Company's warehouse 88,136 sacks of barley, out of which the company took 302,306 pounds.

The annual report of the public library trustees, which has just been filed, shows that there was a balance at the beginning of the fiscal year of \$8,127.21, and that the receipts amounted to \$66,095.92, making a total for the year of \$74,223.13. The disbursements amounted to \$66,142.67, leaving a balance of \$8,080.46. The principal expenses were: Books and periodicals, \$11,333.15; binding, \$3,828.58; salaries, \$38,368.65; new elevator, \$2,160; new building for branch No. 6, \$2,783.60. Fines collected amounted to \$2,617.90. There were 792,209 books taken out, and there are 150,884 books in the main library and its branches. For library use, 250,373 books were used. There are 38,630 card-holders.

Maud Amber, the leading lady at Fischer's Theatre, has applied to the superior court for a divorce from Ira Pearl Wilkerson, to whom she was married at Kansas City, Mo., on December 27, 1890.

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VANITY FAIR.

The marriage of Mrs. Anna Agnew Davis, widow of Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota, to Hunter Doll, of Knoxville, Tenn., recalls the bitter struggle which Mrs. Davis made for social recognition in Washington, D. C.—a conflict in which Presidents, ambassadors, senators, and all grades of officials and their wives became involved. In St. Paul, in 1898, when she was a plain seamstress, Anna Agnew was engaged in the Davis household. She had been the child-wife of a printer named Evans, but had secured a divorce. Miss Agnew was a very beautiful woman, who had to work for a living, and was not too proud to do it. About this time, unpleasant bickerings occurred in the Davis house. Governor and Mrs. Davis could not agree. Then came a separation and a divorce. Mrs. Davis went to Kansas to live. She had been gone only a year when Miss Agnew became Mrs. Davis No. 2. This made a great sensation in St. Paul society, and as Mrs. Merriam, the leader in the social world in the North-West, sympathized with the first Mrs. Davis, and blamed Miss Agnew for the estrangement, she was promptly cut by the smart set. Even after Mr. Davis had become senator, St. Paul society refused to unbend, and when the senator brought his beautiful wife to Washington, society at the national capital wore for her its most frigid air. Senator Davis was genuinely fond of his wife, and abhorred society. He almost never went anywhere. Even dinners he could not brook. He gave his wife a beautiful house, gowns for her regal figure, money for entertaining, but he would not go out with her. He loved to sit at home in his library night after night smoking cigars by the dozen, while his handsome wife was courageously fighting her battle for social recognition.

According to Walter Wellman, one of the most drastic incidents of Mrs. Davis's long struggle occurred during the Harrison administration. Mr. Davis had only a short time before taken his seat in the Senate. The wives of other senators, trampling underfoot the rules of social intercourse which have obtained since our republican court was founded, refused to make the first call upon the wife of the new senator from Minnesota. Mrs. Davis had her Thursday afternoon receptions, as did the wives of other senators, and her small circle of devoted friends attended. But the senatorial circle was conspicuous by its persistent absence. At length, Mrs. Davis decided to make one bold step for recognition. Mr. and Mrs. Wanamaker were giving a reception. All Washington society was there, and Mrs. Davis came in her magnificent carriage, alone. When she was announced upon her entry to the principal drawing-room the assembled fashionables looked at one another, and shrugged their shoulders. Instinctively, the women drew their escorts to the farther borders of the apartment, and stood facing the door. When Mrs. Davis—tall, beautifully attired, diamonds in her hair, her statuesque figure appearing to fine advantage, and a smile of hope and confidence upon her face—advanced a few steps into the room she was met by an icy stare from a hundred men and women, ranged in long lines about her. She took another step or two, and still no one advanced to greet her, Mr. and Mrs. Wanamaker chancing at that moment to be in the other drawing-room. There was no welcome save the freezing stare of the throng, over which a silence had spread as they gazed upon the woman in the centre of the room as if she were a wild animal from the jungle. In a few moments the smile left Mrs. Davis's face. As she fully comprehended the crushing nature of the snub which Washington society was administering to her, a deathly pallor overspread her countenance. She looked as if she were about to faint. At this juncture, First-Assistant Postmaster-General Clarkson and his wife happened to enter the drawing-room. They understood the situation in a moment. Advancing to the centre of the room, they greeted Mrs. Davis warmly. Mr. Clarkson gave her his arm, and led her to the other drawing-room, and presented her to the host and hostess. They introduced her to many friends, and if defeat was not instantly converted into triumph, the bitterness of the first few moments was at least assuaged by a fair share of civil attention upon the part of many gentlemen and a few ladies.

After this, Mrs. Davis persisted in her efforts to secure recognition. She bore herself with grace and tact and little by little society unbent. Her husband's rapid rise in the

Senate, and the esteem of the public generally, helped her very much. His place was so high that people could not go on forever ignoring her. When Mr. Davis became chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, her success was assured. She was received everywhere, and the wives of other senators called on her. It can not be said that she was ever cordially welcomed, or that she became an active and integral part of the social circle. But all that form demanded was accorded her. Her greatest triumph came when Mr. Davis was appointed a member of the Paris Peace Commission by President McKinley. The wives of other members of the commission hesitated whether or not they should accompany their husbands to Paris on this mission. They did not want to be compelled to associate so intimately with Mrs. Davis. But the desire to visit the French capital under such favorable auspices overcame their reluctance in every instance. All went, and Mrs. Davis set out to win their approval, if not their affection. She had a royal time in Paris, was voted one of the most strikingly beautiful women America had ever sent to the other side, and even her women companions from the United States had little fault to find with her on their return. Just as Mrs. Davis had virtually won her battle, Mr. Davis fell ill and died. With her famous husband gone, of course Mrs. Davis no longer had high social rank. Her few friends rallied round her, and she never lacked for company. But high society again held aloof. Now she makes a new bid for happiness by marrying a man fifteen years her junior—a fine-looking, athletic young man, who served through the Spanish war as a volunteer in Cuba, who has a fair social position in Knoxville, and apparently plenty of money.

A mortgage of three thousand dollars upon the First Baptist Church, of Mason, Mo., was publicly burned last week at a jubilee service. Nearly all the money was raised by the women of the church, who originated all sorts of clever schemes to secure the necessary money. For example, a volume was published, in which every real or fancied poet or prose writer could have his production handsomely printed, just as written, at ten cents a line. The book was a dazzling financial success, even if some of the contributions could hardly be called verse or prose. Everybody in town took a copy, and some of the amateur authors bought several copies to send to their friends in other towns. Another idea that was developed to a profitable point was the manufacture of rugs or mats from corn husks. This was suggested by Mrs. C. R. Haverly, who remembered how her mother used to make such articles for the log-cabin home in the pioneer days. In the early fall, the women of the church drove out to a farm-house, and asked the owner for the husks they would strip from his corn. It was a stupid farmer who wouldn't jump at a proposition to get his corn shucked free. The husks were brought to town, and under Mrs. Haverly's directions white hands wrought skillful shapes for muddy feet. The mats sold readily at from fifty cents to one dollar apiece.

One of the most striking features which have been disclosed by the Philippine census, which has just been completed, is the longevity of the Filipino people, despite the many epidemics which have prevailed in the Philippines. The examination of a schedule from Laguna province disclosed an old fellow who claimed "six score and ten" as the length of his existence. Considerable interest was also aroused among the census-takers when an old woman laid claim to 140 years. The clerks were then instructed to make note of all who had given their age at over 100 years. There were a surprisingly large number of these, but the record for age had by no means been established. Batauga province came to the front with an old lady who boasted of 150 summers. Laguna province at once returned to the charge with a little brown brother who modestly claimed he first saw the light of day just 170 rainy seasons back. Director of the Philippine Census Sanger and his assistants think it hardly probable that these ages can be correct, and an effort will be made to prove them by an examination of the church records of the municipality in which the persons were born. It is said that one old man claimed to be 120 or 130 years of age. Upon investigation of the records of the census ten years before it was found that he had aged fifteen years in ten years. The several census returns for still earlier years proved that the old gentleman had been adding fifteen and twenty

years to his age for every ten years actually lived.

The official list of those asked to the recent ball given by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House is curious reading, as it shows just whom the prince and princess consider to be in society, and the others of whom they are supposed to have heard nothing. In a way, they have discriminated against the newly arrived Americans whose entertainments have recently been so much exploited in the cable dispatches. Also the rather rapid set in London society was conspicuous by its absence. There were about fifteen hundred invitations, and a temporary ball-room was built, and supper was served at small tables. These two latter features were comparative novelties at royal entertainments. Among the Americans invited were the Duchess of Marlborough, Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, and her sister, Miss Yznaga, but not the present duke and his duchess (*née* Zimmermann); Ambassador Choate, Mrs. Choate, and Miss Choate, Mr. and Mrs. Henry White and Miss Muriel White, Colonel and Mrs. Ralph Vivian, Lady Ancaster, Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck and the Misses Cavendish Bentinck, Lady Naylor-Leyland, Major-General and Mrs. Arthur Paget, Miss Paget, Captain and Mrs. Arthur Pakenham, Miss B. Endicott, Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis West, Mr. and Mrs. George West, and Viscount and Viscountess Deerpur.

As the result of a vigorous protest against the methods pursued by customs-officers at Honolulu, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury has cabled the collector of the Port at Honolulu to suspend examination, except of such goods and persons as are actually put ashore, until further notice, pending investigation by the Department.

Nelson's Ameyose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

Liebold Harness Company.

If you want an up-to-date harness, at a reasonable price, call at 211 Larkin Street. We have everything for the horse and stable.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
August 13th.....	58	50	.00	Cloudy
" 14th.....	62	52	.00	Clear
" 15th.....	64	50	.00	Clear
" 16th.....	76	54	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 17th.....	72	58	.00	Clear
" 18th.....	64	56	.00	Clear
" 19th.....	62	54	.00	Pt. Cloudy

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, August 19, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Market St. Ry. 1st			
Con. 5%.....	13,000 @ 117½-117½	117½	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	14,000 @ 119-119½	119	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	5,000 @ 106¾	106¾	107¼
Sac. Electric Gas & Ry. 5%.....	1,000 @ 103¾		
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	5,000 @ 120		120
S. P. R. of Arizona 6%, 1909.....	2,000 @ 107¾	107¾	108
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910.....	3,000 @ 108¾-109		
S. V. Water 6%.....	2,000 @ 107½-107¾	107¾	108
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	4,000 @ 99½-100		100
Water.....			
S. V. Water.....	299 @ 83½-85	85	86
Street R. R. California St.....	60 @ 200		
Powders.			
Giant Con.....	25 @ 68-68½	67½	68½
Sugars.			
Hawaiian C. & S.....	60 @ 43-43½	43	
Honokaa S. Co.....	305 @ 13-13½	13	
Hutchinson.....	355 @ 13-13½	13	13½
Makaweli S. Co.....	50 @ 21	20	25
Pauahau S. Co.....	225 @ 14-15	15	
Gas and Electric.			
Mutual Electric.....	675 @ 13-13½		13½
Pacific Gas.....	40 @ 51-51½	50	52½
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	110 @ 63-66	63	64
Trustees Certificates.			
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	100 @ 63-63½	63	
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	517 @ 136½-146	146	148
Cal. Wine Assn.....	150 @ 95½-96	96	96½
Oceanic S. Co.....	39 @ 7	7	

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR Walter Baker's BREAKFAST COCOA



The **FINEST COCOA** in the World
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup
Forty Highest Awards in Europe
and America.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited
Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.



Way Ahead

When perfection is reached, that ends it. It is thus that

Hunter Whiskey

on its quality and purity has passed the goal in the race.

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,
213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone Exchange 313.

THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,
622 Market Street (Upstairs),
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel

ESTABLISHED 1888.
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230 CALIFORNIA STREET, S. F.
Newspaper Clippings from Press of State, Coast, Court
try on any Topic—Business, Personal, or Political.
Advance Reports on Contracting Work, Coast Agent
of best Bureaus in America and Europe.
Telephone M. 1042.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The other day a small boy, aged four, was alternately beating a rug with all his might, and looking up at the sky with rapt attention. "What are you doing, Charles?" his mother said. "Oh, I'm just sending up some dust to God, so he can make some new people!" was the reply.

Henry Lahouchère was once asked what he called the Prince of Wales—now King Edward—when he dined at Marlborough House. "Well," said Lahy, "when the soup comes on I address him as 'Your Royal Highness.' The fish often softens the reserve, and I get a little chummier, and often as not I call him 'Wales,' while during the entrées and joints I get quite familiar, and he becomes 'Eddie,' while he slips me on the back, and dubs me 'Lahby'!"

Hetty Green has probably figured in more lawsuits than any other wealthy woman in the United States, and she has learned to despise all lawyers. The other day, she was brought to court on complaint of not having a license for her dog Dewey. "I've got a New York license for the dog," she said; "aint that enough?" "No, you must have a Jersey license." Must? she replied, in disgust, "well, it's mighty extravagant; but a dog's worth more'n a lawyer, anyhow; harks louder for you, and don't cost near so much."

Dr. Gillespie, the present Moderator of the Church of Scotland, tells how he was non-plussed, the other day, by a ragged urchin who declared he was alone in the world, his father and mother having died some years ago. "Have you not a sister, then?" asked Dr. Gillespie. "I never had yin." "But surely you have a brother?" "Yes, but he's at Glasa College." "Well, can not he spare some time from his studies to look after you a bit?" "Na, sir," replied the urchin, mournfully, "for he was horn wi' two heids, and they keep him in a bottle."

Once, when the late President Faure was being escorted through the Paris Salon by an artist of note, on the opening day, he caught sight of a picture that struck him as safe to criticise. To his dismay he found that the author of the "machin" which had excited his amusement was his worthy guide. Turning to the mortified painter, he said: "You know how it is; the huyer always runs down the thing he has set his heart on. The fact is, I want that picture for the Palais de l'Elysée!" And, as good as his word, the president bought the picture next day.

Two Highlanders, being in Glasgow for the first time, were having a walk through the city. Turning a corner, they were much surprised to see a water-cart wetting the street. Not having seen anything of the kind before, Tougol, under a mistaken idea, ran after the cart, and cried to the driver: "Hey, man—hey, man, yer losin' a' yer water!" His friend, annoyed at Tougol's want of knowledge, ran after him, caught him by the arm, and said, rather testily: "Tougol, man, Tougol, dinna be showin' yer ignorance. D'yer no see it's to keep the laddies off the hack o' the cairt?"

When Bret Harte was connected with the *Overland Monthly*, an unusually destructive earthquake visited San Francisco and its immediate vicinity in October, 1868. Five persons were killed by falling cornices and chimneys, and much destruction was wrought in many parts of the city. As soon as the first panic at this disturbance had subsided, and while lesser shocks were still quaking the earth, some of the leading business men of San Francisco organized themselves into a sort of vigilance committee, and visited all the newspaper offices, strictly enjoined that the story of the earthquake be treated with conservatism and understatement—it would injure California if Eastern people were frightened away by exaggerated reports of *el temblor*—and a similar censorship was exercised over the press dispatches sent out from San Francisco at that time. This greatly amused Bret Harte, who had been overlooked in this supervision of local intelligence. In his "Etc." in the November number of the *Overland*, he treated the topic jocularly, saying that, according to the daily papers, the earthquake would have suffered serious damage if the people had only known it was coming. Harte's high some pleasantry excited the wrath of some of the solid men of San Francisco, and when, not long after that, it

was proposed to establish a chair of recent literature in the University of California, and invite Bret Harte to occupy it, one of the board of regents, whose word was a power in the land, temporarily defeated the scheme by swearing roundly that a man who had derided the dispute between the earthquake and the newspapers should never have his support for a professorship. Subsequently, however, this difficulty was overcome, and Harte received his appointment.

A colored preacher recently enlightened his congregation in regard to the conditions existing in the infernal regions in the following manner: "Brethren, I have been asked how hot is hell, an' I will say, after givin' de subject considerable reflection, dat if yo' took all de wood in York State an' all de coal in Pennsylvania, an' all de oil in de worl' an' set all on fire, an' den took a man out oh hell an' put him in dat burnin' mess, he would freeze to def hefo' he harly lit. Dat's how hot is hell."

When Sir Thomas Lipton arrived in New York last month, he received a letter from an Irishman at Tompkinsville wishing him every success with the *Shamrock III*. This Irishman said that when the *Shamrock I* arrived at New York in 1899 his wife presented him with a son. Two years later, when the *Shamrock II* came into port she celebrated the occasion by bringing a daughter into the world, and this year as soon as the *Shamrock III* anchored she gave birth to another son. The Irishman hoped that Sir Thomas would never have to come again after the cup, because, he said, if Lipton did he would be hustled. Sir Thomas sent him a few Shamrock pins for the members of his family, and when he wrote to thank him for them, the Irishman said: "If by any ill-fortune you should not win the cup this year, and have to come after it again, for heaven's sake don't bring a schooner."

A strange story comes from China of a remarkable operation for appendicitis performed by Mrs. William H. Logan, wife of a medical missionary in China. When living in the far interior of that vast country, eight hundred miles from the nearest doctor, her husband was stricken with appendicitis. Dr. Logan saw that his only chance of recovery lay in an operation, which he asked his wife to perform according to instructions which he gave her. A more appalling position for a human being to be placed in could scarcely be imagined; but this heroic woman, who might, perhaps, have screamed if a mouse had run over her feet, placed her husband under an anæsthetic, and with her unskilled hand successfully removed his appendix. Afterward, when he had rallied sufficiently to be moved, she took him eight hundred miles by wagon and rail to a physician, who completed the cure.

A farmer named Ed Armstrong was driving a bunch of cattle along the road, near Salinas, the other day, when a couple of automobile enthusiasts came tearing along at a tremendous speed. Armstrong feared that his cattle would become frightened and stampede, so he held up his hand, and asked the automobilists to wait until he could get his herd in shape. The men only laughed at him, and continued going at full speed, defying Armstrong to catch them. He applied the spurs to his horse, took down his riata from the saddle, and was swinging the loop preparatory to landing it over their heads, when the courage of the occupants of the car waned, and the machine was brought to a sudden stop. The drivers waited patiently while the cattleman drove his herd to one side of the road, and, after thanking them kindly, he allowed them to pass, without even so much as referring to the ugly disposition they had shown until he had forced them to wait.

Notable announcement: We have invented a combination salad dressing and hair tonic which lays over anything that ever came down the pike. It will cure baldness, and it's a delicious dressing for tomatoes, lettuce, and cold meats. Besides that, it is a good shoe-polish, and will remove grease spots from old clothes, and is the best tooth-wash we ever seen. Our fortune air made.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

Tesla Bricquettes are Excellent domestic fuel Since recently improved. Let us send you A ton—and please you. TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Advice.

W'en you full of worry
'Bout yo' wo'k an' sich,
W'en you kind o' bothered
'Case you caint get rich,
An' yo' neibboh p'oshab
Past bis jest desu'ts,
An' de sneer of com'er'ds
Strikes yo' heath an' hu'ts.
Des' don' pet yo' worries,
Lay 'em on de she'f,
Tek a little trouble,
Brothab, wid yo'sef.

Ef a frien' comes mou'nin'
'Bout bis awful case,
You know you don' jine him
Wid a gloomy fate,
But you wrassele wid him,
Try to take him in;
Dough bit cracks yo' feechuhs,
Law! you smile lak sin.
Nin' you good ez he is?
Don' you pine to def;
Tek a little trouble,
Brothab, wid yo'sef.

Ef de chillun pestabs
An' de baby's bad,
Ef yo' wife gits narvous
An' yo's gittin' mad,
Des you grab yo' bootstraps,
Hol' yo' body down,
Stop at-inkin' cusswo'ds,
Chase away de frown.
Knock de baid o' worry
Twell dey ain' none lef—
Tek a little trouble,
Brothab, wid yo'sef.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar in the Outlook.

Two Scenes.

A pretty girl, a summer night,
A moon that's growing mellow,
A little kiss, a solemn vow,
A most impassioned fellow!
Same girl, but on another night,
Another moon, still mellow,
Another kiss, another vow,
And still another fellow!

—La Touche Hancock in New York Sun.

Some Strenuous Lives.

The chauffeur scorches like the deuce.
"I know my brakes," is his excuse.
But one day o'er the dash he goes,
He "knows his brakes" and breaks his nose!
I said I wished that every crank
In town were made to walk the plank.
My wife said: "Oh, you needn't talk!
The copper made you plank the walk!"

He trundles oil cans round the room,
And oils the wheels of every loom.
Oh, what a ceaseless round of toil!
He oils the wheels and wheels the oil!
Captain Wheeler runs a cattle boat,
And owns the cargo that's afloat.
His work will wear him out, he fears;
He steers the ship and ships the steers.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Seven Ages of Graft.

All the world is graft,
And all the men and women merely grafters.
They have their sure things and their bunco games,
And one man in his time works many grafts,
His bluffs being seven ages. At first the infant
Conning his dad until he walks the floor;
And then the winning schoolboy, poring o'er his book,
Jollying his teacher into marking him
A goodly grade. And then the lover,
Making each maiden think that she
Is but the only one. And then the soldier,
Full of strange words and bearded like a pard,
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the magazines. And then the Justice,
Llanning out the bull con to the bench
And jollying the jury till it thinks
He knows it all. The sixth age shifts
To lean and slipped pantaloon.
With spectacles on nose—bis is a graft!
For he is then the Old Inhabitant
And all must hear him talk. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans graft, sans pull, sans cinch, sans every-thing.

—Chicago Tribune.

Wordsworth Up to Date.

Who is the happy Statesman? Who is he
That every Congressman should wish to be?
It is the slippery spirit who, when caught,
Avows that grafting pleased his boyish thought,
And through the beat of conflict keeps the law,
The statute of limitations he forswore;
And who, if be be called upon to face
What he can minimize as but a prima-facie case,
Is happy as a Glover, equal to the need,
And swears be's vindicated of each crooked deed.
Skilled to escape the law, he stops right there,
And makes his moral being his least care,
This is the happy Statesman; this is he
That every Congressman should wish to be.
—New York Evening Post.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.
New York August 26 | St. Louis September 9
Philadelphia September 2 | New York September 16
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Friesland Aug. 29, 2 pm | Belg'n'd Sept 12, 12.30 pm
Westernland Sept. 5, 9 am | Haverford Sept. 19, 9 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Min'apolis Aug. 29, 10 am | Mesaba Sept. 12, 9 am
Minnehaha Sept. 5, 4 pm | Minnetonka Sept. 19, 4 pm
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Commonwealth Aug. 27 | Commonwealth Sept. 24
New England Sept. 3 | New England Oct. 1
Mayflower Sept. 10 | Mayflower Oct. 8

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Kensington August 29 | Southwark September 12
Dominion September 5 | Canada September 26

Boston Mediterranean Direct
AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA
Vancouver Saturday, Aug. 29, Oct. 10, Nov. 21
Cambrian Saturday, Sept. 19, Oct. 31, Dec. 12

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a. m.
Noordam August 26 | Rotterdam September 9
Rotterdam September 2 | Rotterdam September 16

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a. m.
Kronland August 29 | Finland September 12
Zeeland September 5 | Vaderland September 19

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Victorian August 25, 7 am | Teutonic Sept. 2, noon
Oceanic August 26, 8 am | Arabic Sept. 4, 4 pm
Cymric August 28, 9.30 am | Armanian Sept. 8, 7 am
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Gaelic Friday, September 11
Doric Wednesday, October 7
Coptic Saturday, October 31
Gaelic (Calling at Manila) Wednesday, Nov. 25
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

TOYO KISEN KAISHA (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.) IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903
America Maru Wednesday, August 26
Hongkong Maru Saturday, September 19
(Calling at Manila)
Nippon Maru Thursday, October 15
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, corner First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Souma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons
S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, August 27, 1903, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, September 5, 1903, at 12 A. M.
S. S. Matiposa, for Tahiti, September 20, 1903, at 11 A. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 613 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

RUBBER LA ZACALPA Rubber Plantation Company 713 Market St., S.F. AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING

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MILL VALLEY.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES to rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY ST., ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.
LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter St., established 1852—80,000 volumes.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

FRAMES AND FRAMES. From quality to price, quality at the top, prices rock bottom. The new dainty oval in Flemish Oak are among the late effects. Bring your photographs of dear ones to the framing department of Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market St.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Sophia E. Morgan has sent out cards announcing the marriage of her daughter, Miss Ella Florence Morgan, and Alphonse Pellens, of New York, at St. Mark's Church, Hackney, on July 15th.

The wedding of Miss Camilla C. Lund, daughter of Mrs. Marie Lund, and Mr. Bert Lincoln Davis took place on Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's mother, 1329 Fell Street. The ceremony was performed by Dr. E. Neander. Miss Bessie Rowell was the maid of honor, and Miss Mollie Seibel and Miss Evelyn Huff acted as bridesmaids. Dr. J. W. Likens was the best man, and the ushers were Dr. Frank Topping and Mr. M. Lindsay. The wedding ceremony was followed by a supper, and later Mr. and Mrs. Davis departed for the north on their wedding journey.

The wedding of Miss Jessie B. Dodge, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Dodge, and Mr. Ernest David Porter, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Porter, took place in Alameda on Wednesday afternoon, August 12th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. J. Durr, assistant rector of Christ Episcopal Church. Mrs. George Innes, a sister of the bride, was the matron of honor, and the best man was Mr. Robert Colburn. Miss Mildred Dodge and Miss Edith Porter were the bridesmaids, and the ribbon bearers were Mrs. Hall, Miss Mabel Reed, Miss Nell Jamieson, Miss Mary Pond, Miss Willie Finley, Miss Lucille Dennis, Miss Sadie Innes, and Miss Sadie Brock. After a fortnight's wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Porter will leave for Fortuna, Humboldt County, where the groom is engaged in business.

The wedding of Miss Pearl Cartwright, daughter of Mrs. H. Cartwright, and Lieutenant William B. Graham, U. S. A., will take place at the First Congregational Church, at Berkeley, this (Saturday) evening. The ceremony will be performed by Dr. W. F. Bade, of the Pacific Theological Seminary. The bridesmaid will be Miss Blanche Cartwright, sister of the bride, and Lieutenant Edgar A. Fry, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., will be the best man. Lieutenant Benjamin H. Watkins and Lieutenant George E. Stewart, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Claude E. Brigham and Lieutenant Edward M. Shinkle, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., will act as ushers. A wedding supper will follow at the home of the bride's mother, 2214 Canning Way. After an extended wedding journey, Lieutenant Graham and his bride will reside at Fort Sheridan, where the groom's regiment, the Twentieth Infantry, is stationed.

The wedding of Miss Isabella Mitchell and Professor William J. Raymond, son of the late Dr. J. C. Raymond, took place in Oakland on Wednesday evening, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell, on Thirty-Sixth Street. The bride's father, Rev. Andrew Mitchell, performed the wedding ceremony, assisted by Rev. H. J. Vosburgh, pastor of the First Baptist Church. There were no attendants. A wedding supper followed the ceremony. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Professor and Mrs. Raymond will reside in their own home on Sixteenth and Grove Streets. Professor Raymond is a graduate of the University of California, and is now instructor in physics there.

Miss Florence Bailey, who departed for the East on Tuesday, was recently the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. James W. Edwards at Belvedere. Others at table were Mrs. John Rodgers Clark, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, Miss May Colburn, Miss Mabel Watkins, Miss Eleanor Warner, Miss Millie Dutton, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Laura Farnsworth, and Miss Jessie Fillmore.

Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent was hostess at an informal reception last Sunday afternoon at her mother's home, "Fernside," in Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Wood gave a dinner last Sunday evening at their residence, 1020 Clay Street, complimentary to Judge and Mrs. M. M. Estee. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young, Judge and Mrs. Thomas B. McFarland, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering, and Mr. Baldwin Wood.

The Grand Army Encampment.

It is estimated that over fifty thousand strangers have assembled in San Francisco from all parts of the country during the week to attend the Thirty-Seventh National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, which will go down in history as one of the greatest meetings of its kind ever held. The two monster parades on Tuesday and Wednesday, receptions, promenade concerts, excursions to the surrounding hay cities, and visits to Golden Gate Park, the Cliff House, Pre-

sidio, and other beauty spots of San Francisco have pleasantly filled in the time which was not taken up at the regular meetings of the session at the Grand Opera House. The weather has been glorious, the arrangements for handling the crowds excellent, and the brilliant electrical display, extending from the Ferry Building to the City Hall, the finest ever seen here.

The centre of attraction has naturally been the court of honor at Third and Market Streets. Thousands of frosted globes outline the graceful arches, and ferns and potted plants are distributed with artistic effect. Above each arch is a shield of American flags, and beneath the emblems is an epaulet with the letters "G. A. R." emblazoned in light. Between the two arches are suspended strings of colored electric lamps, and in the centre is an immense Grand Army badge outlined in red, white, and blue. The buildings occupied by the three morning papers on each side of the arches also add to the beauty of the scene, being tastefully decorated with lights and flags. The tall flag-poles which have been placed at a distance of twenty feet along Market Street, are also very effective. From each pole floats a large American flag, and a few feet below the emblem is a stand of colors. Electric wires are attached to these poles, and the flags loom up in the brilliant light.

Golf at Del Monte.

The Hotel del Monte will be the Mecca for golf enthusiasts from all parts of the State next week, for an interesting programme has been arranged and many well-known players have entered for the various contests. On Monday, a competition for the Del Monte Cup, open to all amateur golfers, will begin. The qualifying round will be over eighteen holes, the best sixteen players qualifying. The qualifying round will commence at 9:30 o'clock in the morning, and at 2 p. m. the first match round over eighteen holes will be played. On Tuesday morning, the second match round begins, and at 2 p. m. the third round is scheduled. The same afternoon the women players will qualify for the contest for the Del Monte women's cup, which is open to all women golfers. Only eight players are to qualify, and the first match round over eighteen holes for the fair devotees will take place on Wednesday afternoon. The first and second half-finals, each over eighteen holes, in the Del Monte Cup contest for men, will take place on Wednesday. The second round match over eighteen holes, and the finals for the women's cup will take place, respectively, on Thursday and Friday noons. On Thursday morning the team match for J. W. Byrne's cup, North versus South, commences. Eighteen holes will be contested over. At 2 p. m. the same day the second and last eighteen holes will be played between the northern and southern teams. Friday and Saturday, the last two days of the Del Monte week of golf, will be given over to the competition for the Pacific Coast Golf Association's open championship. This event is a contest over seventy-two holes, thirty-six of which will be played on each day. The contestants in this event will be paired by the committee, the winners of the first, second, and third places, respectively, receiving, if they are amateurs, gold, silver, and bronze medals of the association, and if professionals, the first \$100, second \$30, and the third \$20 in cash.

Death of Alfred Wheeler.

Alfred Wheeler, a pioneer attorney of San Francisco, died on Tuesday, at the advanced age of eighty-one years. Mr. Wheeler came around the Horn, and arrived here on November 12, 1849. The next day he voted for the adoption of the constitution of the State of California, and a few weeks later was elected to fill a vacancy in the first California legislature, which met at San José. In 1850, he was engaged to report upon the titles by which lands were held within the limits of the city of San Francisco. His book on "Land Titles in San Francisco" has remained a work of reference among lawyers. In 1851, President Fillmore appointed him United States attorney for the southern district of California. In the 'fifties, Mr. Wheeler owned more than six thousand acres of land within the limits of the City and County of San Francisco. He continued to own city real estate of great value until 1877, and for many years had a beautiful country place in San Mateo, adjoining Burlingame.

From the summit of Mt. Tamalpais it is indeed a wonderful sight to watch the sunset, to observe the gorgeous changes of color, and the shades of night settle over the valleys far below. Nowhere but from Tamalpais can a California sunset be observed in all its glory, with nothing to shut off the fine effects as the sun sinks to sleep in the broad Pacific.

President Wheeler announces that the bequest of Mrs. Amelia V. R. Pixley for the founding of a law scholarship is now available. It amounts to three thousand five hundred and sixty-three dollars and twenty-two cents, and will be known as the Frank M. Pixley scholarship.

The will of Cornelia Willoughby, who left an estate valued at \$75,000, has been filed for probate. The deceased bequeathed all of it to her relatives, with the exception of \$300, given to the King's Daughters' Home for Incurables.

— SWELL DRESSERS HAVE THEIR SHIRT WAISTS made at Kent's, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

— "KNOW" CELEBRATED HATS; FALL STYLES now open. Eugene Korn, Hatter, 746 Market St.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Second Scheel Symphony Concert.

Owing to a clash in dates with other musical attractions, in which many members of the San Francisco Symphony Society's orchestra had previously arranged to appear, all the dates for the concerts to be given under the direction of Fritz Scheel have been changed from Friday afternoons to Tuesdays instead. The next programme will be given next Tuesday, and the concerts following will take place on September 1st, 8th, 15th, 22d, and 29th, and October 6th. The officers of the Symphony Society, by the way, are Mr. James W. Byrne, president; Mr. Willis E. Davis, vice-president; Mr. Phil N. Lilienthal, treasurer; Mr. Robert Tolmie, secretary; Dr. A. Barkan, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mr. John Parrott, and Dr. H. L. Tevis, directors; and Mr. Shafter Howard, business manager.

Mr. Scheel arrived in town only a few days before his first concert, so that he was somewhat handicapped in producing just the effects he desired with his seventy musicians. Now that he has had ample time for careful rehearsal, however, it is certain that his second programme will better demonstrate his right to be called the greatest leader to-day in America. He is a graceful, non-posing, sane conductor, who has imbibed knowledge and tradition in the best of schools. He is to introduce three new compositions next Tuesday—"Der Schwan von Tounela," by Jean Sibelius, a young Finlander, who has created a furor in his own country; "La Fausse," by Felix Mendelssohn, and Concert Valse, op. 51, by Alexander Glazounow, a young Russian composer whose music is little known in this country. The other numbers on the programme will be the overture of Hector Berlioz's "Carneval Romane," Ludwig von Beethoven's symphony "Eroica," and Nicolai's overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

S. H. Friedlander, who is to manage the concerts of Adeline Patti in San Francisco, announces that definite arrangements have been made for the appearance of the diva here on the evening of January 7th, and again on the afternoon of January 11th, in Mechanic's Pavilion. The scale of prices will make it possible for every one to hear the famous songstress, for, by securing the pavilion, the management will be able to grade the prices between reasonable figures. Probably the highest seat will be about four dollars.

Manager Will L. Greenbaum has arranged for the orchestra of seventy of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, to give three concerts in this city the last week in October. Its musical director will be J. H. Duss, the millionaire banker, who forsook commerce to devote himself to music, and who has already spent a fortune in furthering its interests. The soloists will be Lillian Nordica, Katharine Fisk, and Nathan Franko.

Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, the California contralto, who wedded Lieutenant Kip of the regular army a year ago, and supposedly had retired from the stage, will return to the footlights. She will make her first appearance at the Masonic Temple Theatre, Chicago, after that playing a number of engagements in the East. It is said her husband will travel with her.

The rapid extension of trolley-line connection between small towns all over the country has had a peculiar effect on the development of theatrical companies. Many small towns that could not be reached by railroad, and were therefore never visited, have been included in the circuits of smaller or even medium-sized companies since they have become connected with more important centres by means of trolley lines. Small theatres and opera-houses are shooting up like mushrooms in these "trolley towns."

Mrs. Mary Piercy, who died on Wednesday at the age of eighty-four, was the mother of Samuel M. Piercy, an actor of acknowledged ability, who died some years ago. His wife, also long deceased, was a member of the wealthy Dunphy family of San Francisco, and the legal battle that ensued over the custody of their minor child, Viola, between the Dunphys and the Piercys attracted wide attention at the time.

The London *Morning Post* notes that Lady Maxwell, formerly Miss Bonyne and a native of this city, had the honor of being invited by the king and queen to dinner at the vice-regal lodge on July 22d, and also dined with their majesties the following day at the invitation of the Duke of Connaught.

Next winter, Burton Holmes will again give a series of his illustrated travel-lectures in San Francisco. His subjects will be largely American, and will include "The Yellowstone Park," "Yosemite Valley," and "Alaska."

Attention, Grand Army Visitors!

Do you know you'll miss one of the greatest sights of the world if you do not look through the big Lick telescope on Mt. Hamilton; the lens is three feet in diameter, and so powerful that you can see the rocky bluffs of Mt. Copernicus on the moon's surface. It only takes a little over an hour to go to San José. You can rest at the famous Hotel Vendome, and then enjoy a glorious stage ride up the mountain. The visit to Hotel Vendome and surroundings is alone worth the trip.

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THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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OAKLAND TRIBUNE

The TRIBUNE is the home paper of Oakland andameda County, and has no rival in its field. The TRIBUNE publishes, exclusively, the full associated Press dispatches. All society events of the week are mirrored in today's TRIBUNE. Local and State politics receive attention by special writers in the same issue.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. W. G. Irwin sailed for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Alameda* last Saturday. Mrs. Irwin and Miss Helen Irwin are still at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Parrott and Miss Parrott have returned from Mexico, and are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger and family have returned from Del Monte, and are at their country place at Redwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckhee are guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton have taken the Avery McCarthy apartment at 2181 Pacific Avenue for the winter months.

Prince and Princess Poniatowski expect to leave soon for New York, en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., have been spending the past two weeks with Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Black at their residence in Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington and the Misses Huntington, who have been spending the summer months in the BarracloUGH house, at Piedmont, will return to town next month.

Miss Katherine Dillon and Miss Patricia Cosgrave were in Vienna when last heard from. They are expected home next month.

Rev. Dr. Clappett, rector of Trinity Church, and Mrs. Clappett have returned from a three months' trip to Australia.

Mrs. A. H. Voorbies expects to leave for the East about the first of November on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Guy T. Scott, wife of Lieutenant Scott, who is stationed at Fort Banks, near Boston. Before she returns, she will also spend some time with her other daughter, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney I. Smith and Miss Smith have been sojourning at Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. Thomas McCaleb was in New York last week.

Governor and Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley, of Hartford, Conn., are visiting Mrs. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton at the Hotel Vendome, San José. Mrs. Bulkeley is a daughter of Mrs. Houghton.

Mrs. William Herrin and Miss Kate Herrin have returned from their trip to the mountains.

Miss Mahel Toy, who arrived in New York from Europe last week, is expected to reach San Francisco early next week.

Mrs. Bowie-Detrick returned early in the week from her visit to Mrs. William Howard at San Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. John Clark are guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Antoine Borel and his son-in-law, M. Bovet, sailed from New York for Europe last week. They expect to make an extended stay in Switzerland.

Miss Morgan visited Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur V. Callaghan have returned from a three months' visit to Yosemite Valley, and are occupying their residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. John Evelyn Page and her mother, Mrs. Burling, have returned from their trip to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hearst, who are at present in Germany, will be the guests of Mrs. Phebe Hearst next month. Mr. Orrin Peck, who is also abroad, will accompany them West.

Dr. and Mrs. Selfridge are guests at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. George Thorndike Folsom has returned from Paris, and is now in New York.

Mr. F. P. Tatum and Mr. R. Girvin were guests of Mrs. Stanford Gwin at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mrs. David McLaughlin and her daughter Isabelle, of Salt Lake, and Miss Grace Reynolds, daughter of Mrs. Frank B. Reynolds, have arrived in London after a tour of six months in the Eastern States. They will remain abroad a year. Mrs. Reynolds expects to join them later.

Mrs. Carter Pomeroy and Miss Christine Pomeroy have returned to town, after spending the summer at San Rafael.

Mrs. Frank Sullivan, Miss Phelan, and the Misses Sullivan will leave soon for the East to attend the marriage of Miss Georgia Sullivan and Mr. Lewis White, which will take place in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Carey (née Tompkins) will spend the fall and winter in San Francisco.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hotaling were visitors in Santa Cruz last week.

Mr. R. H. Merrill and Miss Ruth Merrill were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Sonntag at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Miss Alice Klein has been visiting relatives and friends in Italy, Germany, and Holland during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters sailed from New York last week for Europe. They will be abroad for several months.

Mrs. William Frank, who has disposed of her country place at Menlo Park, is residing here with her sister.

Miss Kohl, of Burlingame, was the guest of Miss Maye Colburn for a few days during the week.

Miss Pearl Landers and Mrs. Landers have returned from Del Monte.

Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Miss Lita Gallatin, were in Santa Cruz last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk are in Paris.

Mr. Raphael Weill sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Landers are at "The Gables," at San Leandro.

Mr. Louis S. Bruguère, who is spending the summer at Newport, will return here early next month to be present at the marriage of

his brother, Mr. Emil Bruguère, to Miss Vesta Shortridge.

Judge Henry C. Ide, of the Philippine Commission, who returned from the East last week, and was at the Palace Hotel for a short stay, sailed for Manila on Tuesday on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Coptic*.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Butters will close their country house, "Constantia," this week, and return to Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Baker (née Kittredge) have returned from a month's visit to Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld, Miss Leslie Meyerfeld, Mrs. S. B. Schloss, and Mr. Herbert D. Walter were in Paris when last heard from.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Griffin, Miss Cluff, Mr. S. L. Hyman, Mr. Albert Hyman, Mr. Harry W. Evans, Mr. George H. Trask, and Mr. L. C. Hammond.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mrs. C. A. Gilbert, of Fresno, Mrs. Agis and Miss Agis, of Stockton, Mr. W. D. Curtis, of Los Angeles, Professor Douglas C. Fowler, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. James Armstrong, and Miss Helen Wilson.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., retired, former commander of the United States army, was a visitor in town during the week. He was banqueted on Wednesday night at Pythian Castle by the Spanish War Veterans who were in his command during the late war.

Colonel Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., has been ordered to join his regiment at Fort Reno, Oklahoma.

Captain Charles L. Bent, U. S. A., is expected to arrive from the Philippines next month, where he has been stationed for the past two years.

Captain William R. Smedburg, Jr., Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has returned to his late station, Fort Grant, Arizona.

Major Charles W. Hohhs, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., will act as commanding officer at the Presidio until the successor of General George B. Rodney has been appointed.

Colonel Johnson V. D. Middleton, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Middleton were among the arrivals at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Lieutenant-Commander Samuel W. B. Diehl, U. S. N., has arrived at Mare Island, and taken command of the cruiser *Boston*.

The California Polo and Pony Association.

Articles of incorporation of the California Polo and Pony Association have been filed with the county clerk. The members of the association are Charles W. Clark, Francis Carolan, Rudolph Spreckels, Thomas A. Driscoll, R. M. Tohin, C. E. Maud, G. L. Waring, Joseph F. Tohin, J. S. Craven, J. L. Colby, and E. J. Boeske. The association is formed for the promotion of polo games and polo pony races throughout the State. The colors of the club are Yale blue and crimson. There will be no bookmaking allowed on the grounds where the events are held, but permission will be given to one person to sell paris mutuels. The first meeting of the association will be held at Pasadena in January of next year, when polo games will be contested between teams selected from Northern and Southern California. Later, a meeting will be held at Riverside, which will last one week. The association will also meet in February of next year at Burlingame. Thomas A. Driscoll has been selected as secretary of the association, and Neal Power as his assistant.

Henry Miller has accepted a new play by Maud Hosford, who was a member of his company several years ago.

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HOTEL DEL MONTE

ANNOUNCES SPORTS.

Polo and Races—

August 1st to 8th. Under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Polo and Pony Racing Association. R. M. Tobin, Secretary. Entries to and information from 151 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Automobile Run—

August 6th to 11th, from San Francisco, including meet at Del Monte. Under the auspices of the Automobile Club of California. F. A. Hyde, President. Entries to 151 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Golf Tournament—

August 24th to 31st. Under auspices of the Pacific Coast Golf Association. R. Gilman Brown, Secretary. Entries to 310 Pine Street, San Francisco.

OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP—Team Match,

for Byrne Cup, North vs. South.

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Ladies' Tournament.

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This marvelous remedy will be sent to any address upon receipt of price, \$2.00 per single bottle, or three bottles (usually required) \$5.00.

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"The Union Forced Him to Quit the Militia" is the brief but pregnant heading of a newspaper dispatch from Springfield, Ill., dated August 23d. What we know of the action of the labor unions in the past in expelling some national guardsmen from their ranks and coercing others unwillingly to leave the military service of the commonwealth, leads us to believe that the dispatch is true. This is only the latest of a long series of such acts.

In a despotism the law is not the supreme authority.

The despot stands above all law, and is accountable to no one. But in a republic law is supreme. No man is too high and none too low to be equally subject to law's beneficent or maleficent sway. Law without power of enforcement is void. In this republic, power of enforcement resides primarily in the civic officials, and ultimately in the military arm. Any act designed to weaken the arm that executes law, is a blow at the law itself. Since government rests upon law, such an act is a blow at government. Workingmen in American labor unions are to-day engaged in inciting, permitting, or performing coercive acts designed to render the National Guard powerless to perform its proper function of upholding law and preserving order. It is our earnest hope, our sincere belief, that such workingmen know not what they do. If these acts are performed knowingly, then their authors are enemies of the Government of the United States. Such acts are treasonable. Such men are traitors.

President Theodore Roosevelt is a fearless man. More than once he has spoken loudly and boldly in moments of national stress. Such was his declaration at the time of the anthracite coal crisis, such his letter on the rights of the negro to hold office, such his burning words to Governor Durbin on the crime of lynching. Fought with greater portents of evil than the circumstances which moved him to these declarations is the present insidious attack on the Republic. Believing, as we do, that it is undertaken by workingmen in ignorance of its profoundly treasonable character, we hold that a solemn word of warning from one high in authority would bring to them a realization of their false position, and check, if not end, this traitorous movement.

Will not the President of the United States, realizing, as he must, the gravity of the situation, utter the needed words?

When one reflects that Joseph Pulitzer, who has given Columbia University two millions of dollars to found the first real school of journalism in the world, has not only amassed this wealth in the conduct of a newspaper, but for sixteen of the twenty years that he has been proprietor of the New York World, has been unable to read his own journal, having suffered the loss of sight and health, his great gift to education becomes even more impressive. It seems singular, however, that the editor of the yellowest newspaper in the United States (until Hearst invaded New York and out-Pulitzered Pulitzer), should be the man to found a school avowedly designed to "raise and fix the character and standard of the press as a moral teacher." Newspapers, like men, appear to become more virtuous as they grow older—natural enough, though Pope, we believe, has a mordant saying to the effect that old men grown virtuous are only making a sacrifice of the devil's leavings. A still more ancient proverb is "Virtue after money," but the World, in its later and more respectable years, is said to have found virtue highly profitable, and to have far outstripped its more saffron competitor. Certainly its circulation is now wide, and its editorial page, in the hands of Pulitzer, a power in the land.

The career of this Hungarian Jew, who came to this country as a young man, fought in our Civil War, rose from reporter to newspaper proprietor in St. Louis, and achieved, by a devious but ever upward-tending path, such signal success in the metropolis, is a striking one. It is worthy of note that at least three great

American newspapers are owned by men who are, like Pulitzer, of Jewish blood: the World, the Times, and the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Perhaps this fact accounts for the World being eulogized by the Times, whose motto is "All the news that's fit to print," while the World's policy was long diametrically different.

The details of this great educational foundation are interesting. Five hundred thousand dollars will be devoted to a suitable building on Morningside Heights, another five hundred thousand dollars will cover salaries and other expenses of maintenance. If, at the end of three years, the school is in successful operation, Mr. Pulitzer will give another million dollars to the university, the income of half of which will go to the school, the other half to purposes to be later agreed upon. Mr. Pulitzer will nominate an advisory board who will aid in formulating a course of instruction. The members of the board already named are Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, *ex-officio*; Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York Tribune; John Hay, Secretary of State; St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn Eagle; Andrew D. White; Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University; Victor F. Lawson, a Chicago newspaper publisher, and president of the Associated Press; Charles H. Taylor, editor of the Boston Globe.

Since this board and the university authorities will determine what the course of instruction shall be, its precise scope is as yet unknown. President Eliot suggests that the courses be "Newspaper Administration," organization, functions of the publisher, etc.; "Newspaper Manufacture," presses, inks, processes, etc.; "The Law of Journalism," libel, sedition, etc.; "Ethics of Journalism"; "History of Journalism"; "The Literary Form of Newspapers"; "Reinforcement of Existing Departments of Instruction," economics, history, etc. This sounds well, but Mr. Pulitzer, through his paper, explicitly states that, though he is determined not to interfere with the advisory board, "it was not his idea in founding the school that it should give so much attention to the business and financial organization of a newspaper as Dr. Eliot's plans suggest. These are easily learned as other businesses are." He thus defines his views:

The donor's primary object was to found a school to teach the future editors and reporters how best to make a newspaper; to train them in the "best methods of ascertaining the truth"; to give them the knowledge most useful in the successful practice of their profession, and finally to inculcate the methods and principles which will tend to make the newspaper profession a nobler one, to raise its character and standing, and increase its usefulness as a moral force.

Mr. Pulitzer argues that, as law and medicine have their professional schools, so should journalism have them. He likens its present status to that of law when every boy was expected to begin his legal career by sweeping out a lawyer's office. It is the function of a technical school, Mr. Pulitzer holds, to enable its graduates to handle the tools of their profession with correctness and facility. He expects the school of journalism to attract more and more to the profession men of the highest capacity and loftiest ideals.

The press of the country has naturally commented upon Mr. Pulitzer's plans with a confident dogmatism quite unusual. "Editors," as Mr. Dooley says, are not "akelly strong" on all subjects, but they are certainly "strong" on this. A glance through our exchanges shows singular unanimity of opinion. The great majority of editors of daily papers have risen from the ranks of reporters, have graduated from the "University of Hard Knocks," and they stoutly defend their Alma Mater. "What the journalist needs," says one, "is not a knowledge of journalism, but a trained and well-stored mind. The rudiments of the business, whether picked up as he goes along or learned in school,

are of minor importance." "The stern city editor, he'll reeducate them," says another. "The best training for journalism," avers a third, "is in the shops where journals are made." "The only place to learn the newspaper business is in a newspaper office, and you have to be caught tolerably young to learn it all," says Whitelaw Reid. These, as we say, seem to be typical verdicts, and, indeed, it is difficult to see how they could be otherwise. With the exception of the technique of journalism, such as instruction in newspaper manufacture, newspaper organization, etc., which Mr. Pulitzer says he does not care about, all the subjects proposed to be taught—economics, history, geography, grammar, science—are already included in regular collegiate courses at Columbia and every other university. Is not, therefore, separate instruction in these branches for journalists a work of supererogation? If so—and it seems so—the justification for the school of journalism must be found in its elevating tendencies—its improvement of the *morale* of the profession, its use in giving journalism a standing among the learned professions, its influence in strengthening the *esprit de corps*. But can a fountain rise higher than its source? This is a point to which the courteous editorial brethren of Mr. Pulitzer have studiously refrained from referring. But it is a vital one. Will Pulitzer's *World* be the ideal of Pulitzer's school of journalism? Or will it teach that Pulitzer's methods were all wrong?

In the death of Lord Salisbury, England loses the last of the trio of great statesmen who guided the ship of state through shoal and shallow during the fifty years of the Victorian era. When Salisbury and Disraeli together represented Great Britain at the Berlin Congress, Bismarck thought Disraeli the greater of the two. "Der alte Jude—er ist der Mann!" ["The old Jew—he's the man!"] he exclaimed. But Salisbury was more consistent than Disraeli; a man of breadth and solid qualities. His was a more profound intellect than Gladstone's, who was "honored by Greek scholars as a statesman, and believed by statesmen to be a Greek scholar." He lacked, however, Gladstone's power to move the people by personal magnetism and eloquence.

Salisbury entered Parliament just fifty years ago, when he was but twenty-three years old. As the younger son of an ancient house, he made his own way in politics until the death of his father and elder brother made him lord of the family's vast domains. His first great office was secretary of state for India, to which he was appointed by Lord Derby in 1866. In 1874, he was reappointed to the same office by Disraeli. In 1878, he became secretary of state for foreign affairs. In 1885, he became Premier of England, which office he held five times. Lord Salisbury will especially be remembered in the United States for the calm wisdom which led him, in the face of public clamor, to yield to Cleveland's demand for arbitration of the disputes over the Venezuelan boundary, and which without doubt averted a terrible and bloody war.

The resignation of Elihu Root as Secretary of War has been tendered and accepted by the President, with the understanding that Mr. Root shall retain the office at least until January 1st. Mr. Root is a member of the Alaskan Boundary Commission which meets in London next month. Before sailing, the reporters elicited from him the information that a formal resignation had been placed in the hands of the President, and a few days later his letter was given out for publication. Root's desire to return to his law practice is given as the sole reason for the change. It will be generally recognized that as a War Secretary Mr. Root has made a distinguished record. He came to the Department from the law-office without any military training, and with no special knowledge of the details and methods of the executive branch over which he was placed. He followed the Alger administration, which received plenty of criticism for the shortcomings of the Department during the Spanish war. He reorganized the Department, which was becoming demoralized and inefficient, at a time when he was obliged to deal with questions for which there were no guiding precedents. In Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines he became responsible for the restoration of order and civil government, and in each case the problem was varied by varying conditions. As an adviser of the President, his hand appears in the minor details of settling the numberless questions which the departure from a general policy subsequent to the late war had brought before the country. With all this on his hands, he still found time to carry out military reforms in the army, which promise to increase its efficiency. The legislation upon which he founded them consisted of three important measures passed in the last two or three years. They are: The act increasing the size of the army and changing the organization of the line; the act creating a general staff; and the act for the reorganization, equipment, and uniform instruction of the National Guard. Mr. Root has demonstrated his ability as an

executive officer. He deserves a bright political future. Whether it is to be realized depends largely on himself. There is plenty of room for a man of his stamp, and already the gossips are busy with his political future. A plausible story suggests that Mr. Root will be a candidate, first for the governorship of New York, and, subsequently, for the Presidency in 1908. It is pointed out significantly that President Roosevelt's own candidacy for renomination and election would be immensely strengthened by the entrance of Root into New York State politics. The President needs to placate the financial interests of the metropolis, with which Mr. Root stands in high favor. That such service is in demand is conceded. There is disaffection in the moneyed circles which centre in Wall Street, and men who would naturally be called upon to stand the financial brunt in the next campaign may sulk in their tents unless some such influence dissuades them. The Republican party has matters to settle in New York before the next campaign, in which Senator Platt, Governor Odell, and the President are prominent factors. Whether Mr. Root will be drawn into it in the manner suggested, and what the result will be if he is, may form material for another chapter. In the meantime, his successor as Secretary of War is being discussed, and no name appears worthy of consideration except that of Governor Taft, who has lately shown good executive ability and a disposition to work harmoniously in the plans of the administration. It is certain that Governor Taft will accept the post if no unforeseen difficulties arise. He will be succeeded in the governorship of the Philippines by the present vice-governor, General Luke Wright.

The rumors that the President would call Congress together in extra session have narrowed down to the understanding that the call will be made in time for the passage of some measure regarding the Panama Canal, and to agree upon a financial bill. The latter is now the engrossing topic in connection with the extra session. The Finance Committee of the Senate, over which Senator Aldrich presides as chairman, has been conferring sedulously of late with intent to frame, if possible, a bill which will have reasonable assurance of passage. That is where the trouble comes in. There is a decided difference of opinion even in the Republican ranks. There are times, such as the season for moving fall crops, when the banks find themselves in need of a greater volume of currency in the form of small notes, and particularly in the rural banks. This want is largely felt in the Middle West. When the crops have been moved and the crop marketed, the money returns to the banks, and the stress is over. This condition has led to the Western demand for what has been termed an elastic currency, or one which would expand and contract automatically, according to the demands of business. One of the remedies is based on the fact that while the government receipts from internal revenue are deposited in banks, and find their way into the channels of trade, the larger receipts from the customs are deposited in the sub-treasuries and are only paid out upon the appropriations. This, it is contended, withdraws from trade a sum aggregating \$1,000,000 a day. The proposition is made that the national banks be made the depositories for the customs receipts also, with the expectation that the exigencies of crop-moving time and similar seasons of need would be relieved. Those who oppose this scheme are generally favorable to the plan represented by what is known as the Fowler bill, and which has come to be called asset currency. These propose to authorize the issuance of additional currency by the national banks to the amount of fifty per cent. of their capital, and place upon it a tax of three per cent. per annum, it being contemplated that under such an arrangement the banks would only call for the increased circulation in time of real necessity; and, when the stress was over, the tax would induce them to reduce the circulation of their own accord. The increase would only occur when the increased interest on loans would exceed the three per cent. tax. A subsidiary question is the security which the government may accept from the banks for deposits and for the circulation of their notes. Here again the Eastern and Western ideas are in conflict. The former would include in the acceptable securities railroad and possibly industrial bonds, thus increasing the market for the particular securities in which Wall Street deals. The latter would restrict them to government bonds, and those of States and municipalities, the latter of which the government now holds to the amount of some \$20,000,000. With these questions to thresh over, it is quite probable that a month before the regular session of Congress will be none too long to accomplish anything of positive value, or even to reach an agreement. A feature which will at once strike our readers of the Pacific Coast, particularly in this State, is that, while this question is agitating the East and the Middle West, we find it here as foreign to our interests as though we were in a detached or isolated country. Here we are, and have always been, on a specie basis. The issue of bank-notes and gold and silver certificates is a matter with which the Californian has apparently little concern. He scarcely knows the difference between gold-certificates and silver-certificates, bank-notes, and greenbacks. These conditions account for the fact that California is a passive observer of the discussion, and seems to anticipate the result with a tranquil equanimity.

President Roosevelt has decided that there shall be no discrimination between union and non-union men in the government employ. The question came up some weeks ago in the government printing-office. A foreman named Miller had been expelled from the union, and the union demanded his discharge from government employ. He was discharged, and this brought the question to the President's attention. Having ascertained that there was no complaint as to Miller's work, President Roosevelt ordered his reinstatement. He then set an inquiry on foot to ascertain whether discrimination was be-

ing practiced in other departments. The inquiry developed the fact that there was such discrimination in several places. The President had written to Secretary Cortelyou in connection with the Miller case saying that, while there was no objection to employees constituting themselves into unions if they so desire, the rules and regulations of those unions were not to be permitted to override the laws of the United States, which it was his sworn duty to enforce. Letters have now been written to the heads of all departments referring them to this letter, and informing them that these instructions are to be taken for guidance in all departments. Labor leaders have called on Secretary Cortelyou to inform him that if this order is enforced union men will not be permitted, by the constitutions of the unions, to remain in the government employ. To this, he has replied that in that case they had better amend their constitutions, if they do not wish them to be in conflict with the law of the land.

The prison directors have this week "investigated" the Folsom jail-break, and while they have no census for anybody, they have formulated some new rules to prevent such occurrences in future. Hereafter, the danger of killing guards must not prevent officers from firing at escaping convicts. This was the rule under Aull, and it is now again in force. The directors heard the stories of several convicts, among them that of Joseph Casey (who, by the way, is son of James P. Casey, who was hanged by the Vigilantes in 1856) the trusty who bolted the gate. He will be recommended for pardon, as will also Juan Martinez, who closed another gate, and rang the alarm bell, and who, furthermore, is alleged to be innocent of the assault for which he was sentenced. No action was taken in the cases of Dr. Plant and Gatekeeper Chalmers, who are alleged to have cut and run for a place of safety when the break occurred. It was decided to purchase five saddle-horses, and to provide as many mounted guards to chase runaways. The board holds, further, that it has been demonstrated that Folsom needs a wall; that forty officers are a dangerously small number to guard eight hundred convicts; and that many other improvements are necessary that cannot be made without more funds. Chairman Fitzgerald wishes the news published broadcast that the board is seeking an experienced and capable warden to take the place of Wilkinson, who retires on November 30th. The salary is three thousand dollars a year, a residence is furnished, and the kitchen is supplied from the prison commissary. Fitzgerald further says:

"If the people who criticise us for not having trained penologists in charge of our penitentiaries will only trot them out now, we shall be greatly pleased. We have never yet had a so-called 'trained penologist' offer us his services."

Could that possibly be because the board was never before "determined to have an experienced and capable warden?"

The president of the Montreal board of trade has recently made a statement of trade conditions that will certainly prove startling to the merchants of this country. He says that the Atlantic ports of this country are being eclipsed by the St. Lawrence route by way of Montreal. All the ships that have come to that port this season have left with full cargoes. The cause of this change in the trade route is the fact that the Canadian Government has abolished the canal tolls. Wheat and other commodities can be shipped from any of the lake ports by water to Montreal much cheaper than they can be carried by rail to any of the Atlantic ports of this country.

For the first time in the history of the Canadian North-West, practically all the wheat raised there has been shipped to Europe by way of Montreal. On the other hand, the reports from New York are most discouraging. Shipping men say that the over-sea freight situation has never been worse than it is at present. The transatlantic lines are sending out their great vessels with holds one-half or one-quarter filled, and there is no charter for tramp steamers at all. The only thing that prevents a tumble in freight rates is the fact that the port has been abandoned this year by the greater number of the tramp steamers that usually come there. In view of this situation on the Atlantic seaboard, the steady increase in the foreign traffic at this port is particularly satisfying.

The event of the week in local politics is the letter of Mayor Schmitz addressed "To My Friends in the Republican Convention." The gist of the epistle is that the mayor is first and foremost the candidate of the Union Labor party; that he will "go before the people on that ticket"; that he will not, however, refuse the Republican nomination should "your convention see fit to indorse my candidacy, and if your platform shall be such that I can conscientiously support it"; that the Republican party is the one "to whose declared national principles and policies I have ever given my strongest adherence"; but that "I believe the existence of the Union Labor party under prudent and conservative guidance constitutes a safeguard and a protection to capital and labor alike." Substantially, the mayor seems to say: "Gentlemen, I would like your votes, but you must not expect me, on that account, to swerve a hair's breadth from the course I would otherwise pursue." The letter seems calculated to weaken his chances of indorsement. "The Republican party can not afford to play second fiddle," is said to be the slogan of the anti-Schmitz delegates. On the other hand, the mayor's action will undoubtedly make him stronger among the labor unionists. The insinuation that Ruef's delegates are not heart and soul for Schmitz, and that there is a dark-horse somewhere about, has become still more intangible. Ruef is working hard banqueting delegates, etc., and is estimated by some to have one hundred and forty-seven votes. The anti-Schmitz faction still have about twenty-five candidates, which is equal to having none. Henry Ach is now slated for the

ROOT TO LEAVE
THE WAR
DEPARTMENT.

CANADA
SECURING
LAKE TRADE.

THE WEEK'S
GRIST OF
POLITICAL GOSSIP.

THE PRESIDENT
AND THE
LABOR UNIONS.

chairmanship of the Republican convention, and Thomas W. Hickey for the same post among the Democrats. John S. Partridge, a prominent young lawyer, was mentioned for the Republican chairmanship, but it is recalled to his disadvantage that he was chairman of the last judicial convention and, therefore, scarcely deserves so soon another honor of the same sort. There is still some talk among the defeated faction of the Republican party, about running an independent or non-partisan ticket should Schmitz be the nominee of their convention.

The State Board of Equalization is said to be about to begin an investigation of the assessment-roll of this city with a view to effecting the annual raise and, thereby, making the three country members of the board solid with their constituents. "There is extant in some communities," says the *Chronicle*, "a feeling that San Francisco has the money and the country has the votes; therefore, the country should make San Francisco stand and deliver. Of course, it is robbery... but for that particular form of robbery there seems no means of prevention, except the dictates of the consciences of the equalizers." This seems about the size of it, and yet it is hard to submit to the "robbery," as the *Chronicle* aptly calls it, without even a healthy howl in protest. We think San Francisco ought, at least, to give the equalizers a run for their money. For instance, while they are investigating us after the usual fashion, why not investigate them. What's the matter with the mayor's appointing a committee of, say, five to go down to Santa Cruz, the home of Equalizer Mattison, and see how much Mr. Mattison pays in taxes, how much his property is assessed, how much insured for. Let them find out how much some of the Santa Cruz business hocks are assessed for. Then send the committee up to Woodland to investigate the surroundings of Mr. Beamer, and over to Milton to see if that small but hustling town has its rolls in proper shape. On their tour the committee might take in a few of the larger towns, Stockton, Fresno, Santa Rosa. We think one small San Francisco committee with a moderate appropriation could make things wonderfully interesting for quite a number of people. Why not let them do it?

In a paragraph alleged to be literary criticism, but which sounds to us strikingly like notes on an interesting pathological condition, the editor of the *Bookman* says:

Two days after laying aside "Trent's Trust," the last volume from the pen of the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," we find the seven stories which make up the book have mentally drifted away from us, and are lost in the haze. . . . Of the forty odd volumes which bear his [Bret Harte's] name, we retain the memory of the atmosphere, and of a certain set of episodes; but just what these episodes have had to do with any particular story is quite gone from us. . . . "A Ward of Colonel Starbottles" amused us immensely as we read it, but probably by next week we shall have forgotten even the title.

Consult a specialist. By all means see a specialist at once.

Whether it is best for the city to incur a bonded indebtedness of \$18,135,000 for new schools, prison, hospital, library, parks, play-grounds, sewers, and street-improvement was the question discussed by members of the Merchants' Association and others at a meeting on Tuesday night. Seven addresses were delivered. Frank J. Symmes, president of the association, who presided, said the bonds would run for forty years at three and one-half per cent. interest, and that the total amount to be paid by taxpayers would be about \$40,000,000. "The chief objection that has been advanced," he said, "is in the nature of a lack of confidence in public officials who are likely to have the spending of the money raised by the bonds." It is our solemn duty, he continued, to put such men in office as would properly expend the money. There was no doubt but that new schools and a new hospital, as well as other improvements, were necessary.

F. W. Dohrman, the next speaker, favored the bond-issue. He thought it better for the city to borrow money at three and one-half per cent. than to use taxpayers' money worth six or seven per cent. He thought city officials had been maligned. He predicted that the money would be honestly expended. The history of other cities was that those who had made lasting improvements had been blessed by those who came after them.

A letter was read from A. S. Baldwin who opposed the bond-issue. He claimed that if a check were placed on official extravagance, \$500,000 could be saved each year for permanent improvements. By raising saloon licenses, from the present absurd rate of \$86, to \$500, about \$500,000 more could be gained. This would give a total of a million a year for necessary improvements, and a bond-issue might be avoided.

Ex-Mayor James D. Phelan said that a new sewer system was necessary, that the present hospital was a death-trap, and our school-buildings the worst in the United States. He opposed a higher saloon license. If the license were raised to \$500, he said, one-half the saloons would go out of business. The loss of saloons would lower rentals. Lower rentals would lower property values. Lower property values would affect assessment rolls. He favored bond-issues for all purposes but street improvements.

Miss Caroline H. Hittell urged that Twin Peaks and Telegraph Hill be reclaimed and beautified.

Joseph Hyman offered a resolution directing the officers of the Merchants' Association to employ an engineer, an accountant, and an attorney to watch the expenditure of the money to be derived from the bond-issue, and thereby prevent leakage. The resolution was voted down by the members of the association present, 13 to 37.

George Renner, of the Draymen's Association, made a plea for better streets. He said that every drayman paid a license,

and still had to put up with bad streets, which was a shame. He asserted that while San Francisco spends \$190 a mile on paved streets annually, Philadelphia spends \$1,090, Boston \$1,700, Buffalo \$372, New York \$840. When asked if he included salaries in his San Francisco estimate, he answered no.

City-Engineer Grunsky described the "borders" of our present sewer system, and spoke in general terms of the necessity for honing the city.

According to the *Chronicle*, after the meeting had adjourned the anti-bond people "claimed their side had not been given a fair chance," but Chairman Symmes "denied any partisanship, and claimed that only the lateness of the hour had prevented the opposition being heard."

Within a short time the Union Iron Works of this city will pass into the hands of ex-Senator James Smith as receiver. One year ago the plant and all the property of the company, except its interest in government contracts which could not be assigned, were sold to the Shipbuilding Trust. The Union Iron Works took a lease of the property for one year, and that lease has now expired. When the Shipbuilding Trust collapsed, all of its assets were turned over to ex-Senator Smith as receiver. The Union Iron Works tried to prevent his securing possession of the property here. The court finds that the company has no interest in the property to protect. It has nothing but a respectable name, and exists in a condition of genteel poverty. In the sporting vernacular the company is a respectable "has been." For the protection of the government and for the enforcement of its contracts the company may retain possession of the entire property and plant until it shall have completed the vessels provided for by these contracts. Limited by this provision, James Smith, Jr., is appointed receiver of the property, subject to such orders as to the court shall seem best.

The promotion committee has issued an interesting report showing the work done by it during the month of July. During that month 1,807 letters of inquiry were received, 3,172 answers to inquiries were mailed, and 1,390 circular letters sent out. Since the organization of the committee in August of last year, 25,729 inquiries have been received, and 28,024 answers sent out. The number of circular letters mailed during the year was 19,514. The committee has secured the addresses of 54,240 persons in every part of the world who are interested in California. As indicating the character of the literature issued, the titles of the following articles sent out during July are interesting: "Golden Era in Golden State," "Cheese Making," "Dairying," "Raising Small Fruits," "Inyo County," "Nevada County," "Honey Raising," "Chicken Raising," "Tennessee's Partner." Through republications, these articles have had a combined circulation of 2,240,000. The demand for the publications of the committee has been widespread, and the files of all the newspapers of the State have attracted many visitors to the headquarters.

The two-minute trotter is here. This announcement this week must have stirred the blood even of those who know little of horses and less of racing. For thirty years the two-minute trotter has been discussed, prophesied about, and ardently hoped for. Robert Bonner said she'd never appear; other sanguine people thought she would. Now, by the grace of the pneumatic sulky, she is a reality, and her name is Lou Dillon. The mare which has thus won fame is a California product, bred on a Santa Rosa stock-farm, and said to have been offered for sale as a colt for one hundred and fifty dollars. She is five years old, dark chestnut in color, weighs nine hundred and four pounds, is a little over fifteen hands high, and never trotted in a race. She is of good but not distinguished ancestry, and was bought by C. K. Billings, her present owner, at the Santa Rosa sale.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Prisons and Reform.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY, AUGUST 15, 1903.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I want to heartily thank the *Argonaut* for the articles in last Saturday's issue on the prisons in California and the problem of dealing with criminals, and to express the wish that a continuous cannonade with guns of the same calibre might be kept up for a few months.

I've no interest in this matter beyond that of a fairly intelligent and respectable citizen, but even to such a one the need of reformation is apparent enough. Very truly yours, W. E. R.

"The City Beautiful."

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 20, 1903.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: The Outdoor Art League wishes to tender its thanks for your appreciation of its efforts to affect the removal of the forest of poles now disfiguring the city, expressed in a recent number of the *Argonaut*. The league trusts it may merit your continuous approval. Very sincerely yours, MRS. LOVELL WHITE.

The Probation Law.

OAKLAND, AUGUST 20, 1903.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I read with pleasure your article in the *Argonaut* of August 17th on "Crime: Its Prevention and Punishment." Certainly the public needs educating on that subject. I would also like to have your readers know that California now has a law authorizing the appointment of probation officers to have charge of offenders over sixteen years of age, released by the court upon probation. The Oakland Club has undertaken to provide a salary for a probation officer for Alameda County. He was appointed in June of this year.

Already we are beginning to see the good effects of his work. Two cases have been referred to him, who have been first offenders—arc now working off their fine, remaining with their families, retaining their self-respect, and in a fair way to be henceforth honest and honorable members of society.

The indeterminate sentence is bound to become the law of the future, when once it is understood. Judge Fort reports that in New Jersey, out of three hundred criminals, under indeterminate sentence within the last four years, only six have lapsed.

Sincerely yours, S. I. S., M. D.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Marquise de Morés, widow of the strenuous Frenchman who won fame as a cattleman, hunter, and dead shot in the West, and who was murdered in the Sahara while leading an expedition into the Soudan, is visiting her father, Louis von Hoffman, the New York hanker, after an absence of sixteen years.

E. H. Harriman, who is building a villa near Arden, New York, is contemplating an expenditure of one hundred thousand dollars in constructing a railroad to the site selected in order to convey building materials there. The original plans of the house, it is reported, have been changed slightly since Harriman has been studying Old World architecture.

James Willis Sayre, the *Times* globe-trotter, reached Seattle at 4:15 P. M. on August 19th, over the Northern Pacific. At five o'clock that afternoon, Mr. Sayre had been gone from Seattle exactly fifty-four days, eight hours, and fifty-five minutes. The best previous record, made by Charles Cecil Fitzmoris, was sixty days, thirteen hours, and twenty-nine minutes. Thus, Mr. Sayre has broken the record by more than six days.

It is said that Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, who was Mrs. Louis Hammersley, and was once known in London as one of the most lavish of American hostesses, is rarely seen anywhere nowadays. She is in wretched health, and since the death of her husband, Lord William Beresford, has been living quietly at Deepdene and Brighton with her little son. She has recently disposed of her opera-box, and her beautiful London house at 3 Carlton House Terrace.

Pedro Alvarado, the multi-millionaire mining-man, who died recently at Parral, was one of the most spectacular characters in Mexico. Six years ago, he was a hardscored *peon*, working in a mine at thirty cents a day. He discovered a wonderful prospect, now known as the Pal Millo Mine, and in a short time was worth millions. Alvarado recently offered to pay the public debt of Mexico, but this offer was refused by the minister of finance. He was very charitable, disbursing millions among the poor of Parral and the surrounding country.

Drina de Wolfe, whose engagement to Frederick Gehard has been rumored again and again, is said to be too much interested in her stage career to consider any matrimonial offers seriously. After her divorce from Charleris de Wolfe, a younger brother of Elsie de Wolfe, the well-known actress, who had educated him carefully and generously, that young man, who was only twenty-two, went to South Africa, and has not been heard of since by any of his relatives. Drina de Wolfe, whose maiden name was Waters, was educated in Paris, where her grandmother now lives. From her the young actress will some day inherit a fortune. Last year she supported Henry Miller in "The Taming of Helen," and this year she will be in Jessie Millward's company.

The Paris papers announce that Mlle. Gjenu Lunjevics, the youngest sister of the late Queen Draga of Serbia, is about to make a tour of the principal music-halls of Europe, commencing at Zürich in September, in order to earn her livelihood by reciting the story of the machinations which led to the tragic assassination of her sister and her brother-in-law, the late King Alexander. The lectures will consist of the disclosure of many new incidents in connection with the crime, and, above all, the part alleged to have been played in the tragedy by the present king. A Serbian land-owner, a friend of the family, has advanced the preliminary funds. In the course of her tour, Mlle. Lunjevics, who is twenty-five years of age and speaks excellent French, will visit Vienna, Budapest, Frankfurt-on-Main, Berlin, and Brussels.

Prince Khilkoff, the Czar's minister of railroads, is without doubt the greatest railway builder in the world, for during the eight years he has held his present position, almost thirteen thousand miles have been constructed—more than one-third of the railway mileage of the Russian Empire. To him is due the Siberian Railway construction, and the fact that Russia is far more formidable in the Far East than ever before. After he graduated from college, Prince Khilkoff came to the United States, where he entered the employ of an American contractor, a Quaker, who was building railways in South America. The young man started out by carrying a surveyor's chain, and worked his way upward through the grades until he was superintendent. This association with Americans in the daily routine of hard work has left a deep impression upon the prince, who prides himself upon his American habits.

Barrett Browning, the only child of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who is now a gentleman of fifty years or more, is an artist of considerable reputation. The beautiful old palace, built in 1680, which he owns in Venice, is decorated with his works, including several portraits of his father and mother in oil, marble, bronze, pen and ink, and a lot of fine antique furniture that would make a collector's head swim. He does not spend much of his time in Venice, however, but has a villa near Florence, which he prefers. He entertains his friends there in a princely manner. His wife was Miss Coddington, of New York, but she has not lived with her husband for several years on account of his evident preference for one of his models. The model married and left Venice, but Mrs. Browning did not return to her husband's palace. She lives in apartments on the Grand Canal with her windows overlooking her old home. The patrimony of the artist's mother amounted to nearly \$500,000, which, being well invested, increased considerably in value during her lifetime. Mr. Browning had an income of \$15,000 or \$20,000, so that their son has not had to suffer the privations that usually pertain to his profession.

Dr. Lapponi, who has just been re-appointed Papal physician by Pius the Tenth, was almost a stranger in Rome when he entered on his duties at the Vatican. When the medical attendant of Pope Leo died, there was some difficulty in finding some one to take his place, for, owing to the policy adopted by the Holy See since the invasion of Rome by the Italian Government, none of the professors at the University of Rome was eligible, since they were considered to be allied with the hostile government party which controlled the university. Accordingly, it was resolved to choose the Papal physician from outside of Rome. In most of the Italian cities the same difficulty was at hand, since the universities were all under the Italian Government. A cardinal who was very close to Leo the Thirteenth in all his councils suggested Dr. Lapponi, whom he had met in a little town not far from Ancona, on the eastern shore of Italy. He had been impressed by his medical skill, but much more by his practical common sense. Having been treated in a severe illness by Dr. Lapponi, he thought him eminently fitted for the care of the old Pope. Accordingly one day there came, without any warning, to the village physician a formal document asking him to go to Rome to accept the position of physician to the Pope. Lapponi could not believe his eyes. For a moment he thought of the possibility of a practical joke, but the invitation came through official channels. He at once made his way to Rome. From the very beginning he won the confidence and respect of Pope Leo and his household. As the result of his formal connection with the Papal household, many of the old nobility of Rome who were faithful to the Pope became his patients, and in a few years he assumed an important place in medical circles in the Italian capital.

THE TREASURE OF LAGUNA CAVE.

The Story of Jennie Ratcher's Luck.

Where a cañon opens out half-bowl-like to the sea is Laguna, a tiny place far from a railroad. There the beach is terminated on either hand by rocks, and on them the wild Pacific rends its breast; or here lies purring on warm sand like a cat upon a hearth.

From El Toro the stage came rattling through the cañon at dusk, and deposited Harrison Ratcher and wife at the largest of those wooden houses that face the beach. On the porch was a sign, "Rooms for Rent."

They, an eager young couple, entered a large living apartment; and Mrs. Miggs sat there knitting. In a corner, bent over a table, whereupon were cards, which told the hours of high and low tide, sat a very old man.

"Here we are again!" cried Jennie Ratcher. "Just as last year, and ready for another vacation. How is the crop of abalones?"

She gave Mrs. Miggs an enthusiastic kiss.

"You see," said Ratcher, "we're so glad to get out of Los Angeles and the curio store, that we want to jump right into the sea. We'll gather abalones. The demand for shells is big at the store."

Plump, placid Mrs. Miggs pointed a thumb to her pile of abalone shells under a window. She had shark's eggs in a bowl, starfish on the wall, and barnacles and things all over the house.

"See," she said, "how many old Mr. Jones has got for me."

Old Jones was mumbling in his beard: "9:43 A. M., December the third. Lowest in sixty-two years. Two more days."

Some of the shells had been ground, and glowed with the light and coloring that have made California shells famous.

"If they are so plentiful," cried Jennie, "we can make our vacation expenses out of abalones. Oh, Mrs. Miggs, how we have slaved! And poor Harrison half sick! We are building up a trade; and in a few years, maybe, we shall be out of debt!"

Old Jones here arose and faced Jennie, who was a picture of optimism and health. There was a wide smile on his countenance, which was haggard and startling.

"Come here!" said Jones, and toddled to a window. The Ratchers stared out where he pointed. His voice was like the rustling of damp papers. "Down that way there aint none." He swept his hand to the south. His eye on them dilated. Don't go that way. Go up this way!" He swept his bony hand to the north.

"Oh, thanks!" said Jennie, inclined to edge away from him. And Ratcher laughed big bass gratitude at the information.

"How old are you?" shouted Ratcher.

"Oh, don't yell," said Jones. "Ninety-five. I'll go to bed."

He mumbled, and went up the stairs. His old legs wobbled. He was saying to himself: "9:43. December the third. Lowest in sixty-two."

Up he climbed; now his head disappeared; now his withered trunk; now his rickety legs. They heard his footfalls, soft and strange, along an upper hall. Old Jones had left a chill behind.

"Who is that peculiar person?" Jennie whispered to Mrs. Miggs.

"Some old sailor," was the Miggs's reply. "He came two years ago, and was always studying the tides, just as now; and seemed to be watching for something that didn't occur; and then of a sudden he dropped out of sight. A week ago here he was again, toddling in."

Next day the winter sun was warm. Mrs. Ratcher was an inspiring thing in her bathing-suit, running down over the sand like an antelope, more health in her than in three ordinary men. And into the sea she plunged shouting, her jolly, big hollow-chested husband after. When they emerged, yonder was old Jones gazing at them through a window.

"He makes me cold," shuddered Jennie, stopping in a laugh.

Then Jones's peculiar head was thrust far out over the roof of Mrs. Miggs's porch, and while the haggard face smiled widely bland, the head wagged three times to the north. Jones shut one eye as he wagged.

"Horrors, what does the creature mean?" said she.

But Ratcher roared with merriment.

"He means to hunt to the north. He said that there are no abalones to the south."

"Mercy, let's do it, and get out of his sight," she said; and went skinning the sand and leaping the rocks, he after, in the search for abalones.

After an hour, when she had been felled by a billow, she poked her glowing head up through its crest and—behold! the eye of old Jones. Old Jones was seated on a crag seventy feet high.

"Horrors!" she said; "look at him."

Ratcher paused with a mammoth yellow abalone in his hand, and stood in four feet of water, gazing up as though Jones had been a comet. Old Jones's horrible head was thrust out further over the uneven edge of his precipice, and wagged three times, majestic, yet ghastly, to the north. He shut one eye as he wagged.

"What a lugubrious mortal!" said she.

That night old Jones seemed feebler as he sat in Mrs. Miggs's house, mumbling over his tide-cards. Now and then his old eye gazed at Jennie, suspicious and uneasy. She was so alarmingly healthy, no wonder she got upon the nerves of anybody so near his grave as old Jones. Mrs. Miggs was stringing limpet shells from

the hanging-lamp. Mrs. Miggs had big, red crawfish in a pan. Old Jones went up to bed in ramshackle way; his head disappeared; his trunk; his legs. They heard his rustling footfalls grow faint in the hall above.

The walls of that house were very thin. In the night, Jennie Ratcher awoke from her vigorous sleep with a sense of querceness. But all she heard was old Jones in a distant room mumble and ramble in wakefulness, and say: "Two more days. Oh, me."

Had Mrs. Ratcher not been one of the most extraordinarily healthy women that ever drew breath, she would have slept no more. But she did sleep—shades! how Mrs. Harrison Ratcher could sleep!

The following afternoon, again in bathing-suit and gamboling beyond all reason, she went over the rocks with her husband, who grinned, half-stupified at her vim. To the rear she saw old Jones creeping out of the house with his eye fastened on her.

"Harrison," she whispered, where Mr. Ratcher stood poised on a crag, and hugged him in the sight of gossiping seagulls, "that old thing yonder—he's fooling us. I see right through him. Ugh! See his bad eye! I know that there must be oodles of abalones under those southern rocks, and what that old specimen says is intended to deceive. I'm going to slip down and go to that very place."

And she rubbed her nose on Mr. Ratcher's cheek, as though she were whetting it, then charged down jagged places to the sea. When she was hid down there she crept southward to the spot where the rocks end and the beach begins. Away across the sand she flew.

Yonder across the gap the southern rocks rose, and Ratcher saw her disappear among them; then perceived old Jones, fifty yards behind him, stare, wag his head, and grow agitated. Of a sudden, down over the rocks and out across the sand to the south, queer Jones, with rickety haste, eyes ablaze, went toddling. And Ratcher sat down on the rocks and shook with laughter, but later followed Jones.

Jennie, making flying leaps over incredible gulfs between rocks, was finding quantities of abalones.

"That shameless old codger!" cried she, and stood gazing round at the wild spot wherein she found herself, or sticking her toe into the sea-anemones to see them shut up round it and squirt. Then she felt a chill, and turned quickly to look up. Over a rock that hung above her, projected the ragged head of Jones, twelve feet distant, against the unfathomable California sky.

"Mercy! Get away," said Mrs. Ratcher.

"Say, come out," rustled old Jones. His countenance had a dreadful look. "Come north, along of me, to where your husband is. I'll tell you about Dana."

"About what?"

"I sailed with Dana," cried the old man, hoarsely, over the rock. "With Richard Henry Dana in the *Pilgrim* away back in the 'thirties. You read 'Two Years Before the Mast'?"

"Oh, surely!" cried Mrs. Ratcher, making such a jump to the shore that Jones rubbed his eyes.

"Come away; I'll show you where we threw the hides down," he said.

"Hurrah!" cried Mrs. Ratcher; and sprinted on the sands to meet Ratcher. "What do you think! This old exhibit was with Dana."

The exhibit came toddling along. "Here," he mumbled, excited, pulling them by the clothes. "You can't see the place unless you come away to the north."

Old Jones could make pretty fair time himself when he had a mind to.

Ratcher was laughing, to Jennie's disgust, and she hit him on the back. But it was all tragic to Jones. The sweat stood out on his brow.

When they came to the summit of the northern rocks, he stood wind-shaken and dilapidated under the circling gulls, and pointed to a distant cliff.

"Yonder," he said, "we threw them down. The ship was gathering hides from the Mexicans to sell in Boston. To every old mission up and down the coast we went. Oh, me. Queer days. The captain was a tough one. At San Juan Capistrano, behind that mountain, they collected many, and brought 'em yonder. We climbed up there, and threw them to the beach. Oh, how they would skim and fly like birds! Oh, me. And right in the middle of that cliff they let Dana down by a rope for one that stuck. Seems yesterday. Dana was a brave striplin', but he had a mean streak."

"What?" cried Jennie, rebelling.

"Yes," said Jones, "he done me dirt."

The old man would say no more. Watchful, feeble, he clung to Ratcher and wife all day like a leech. They agreed to go south no more till they could do it secretly. They felt sorry for the wobbling old codger.

At night, Mrs. Ratcher ate dozens of slices of bacon, not to mention eggs.

"Oh, Mrs. Miggs!" she whispered, "I know we can pay for our vacation with abalones. The sea is so good for Harrison! In three years we will be out of debt, and maybe build a house of our own."

And Mrs. Miggs rattled a new kind of clams that she had in her pocket, and laughed her easy laugh.

Jennie slept like a top, an extraordinary, a miraculous, slumber, till 2 A. M. And then up she woke of a sudden as though she meant business for certain. She heard a rustling outside her door. Ah—to be sure. But two things in the world rustled like that: old Jones's feet. She was going to see, was Mrs. Ratcher, and creeping to the door, opened it a crack. At the end of a corridor was a gable window over the sea, and through it moonshine fell. She came close, and found Jones with his

head sticking out in the moonshine, staring at the Pacific. He seemed to be crazy and in pain. He wept piteously.

"I will not live to find it," he said. "I am dead. Oh, the tides! You white lunatic moon, you make them. I see the *Pilgrim* now. Captain, we'll get them down. Oh, captain, don't flog me no more, I'm old. I never done no harm to you. Don't beat me no more. I can't see where the place is in the rocks; it was in that direction; the tide has never been low enough. These modern houses bother me. But it will be low enough. Why couldn't it have been to-night?"

He put his head down, and sobbed. Jennie Ratcher picked him right up, and bundled him to bed; just hustled him right along. Then she slept like a top till ten minutes of eight, and Mrs. Miggs's ham rose through the whole house on the breezy wings of the morning.

This day Jones was too feeble to get up, a fact which crazed him the more; when they went out to hunt for abalones they left him raving. Mrs. Miggs, scared, was sending off for the doctor.

"I'm going right where he said not to go," said Jennie. "There's some mystery about that. Anyhow, there are oodles of abalones."

They went, free of old Jones and his eye at last. Everybody in Laguna had remarked on the tide to-day, lowest in sixty-two years, when Mrs. Ratcher plunged into the sea under the southern rocks. It enabled one to hunt abalones to the best advantage, and the sea was as smooth as a new Los Angeles cement sidewalk.

"Mercy me!" cried she. "What's this?"

Ratcher floundered there, and saw a hole in the rock which the falling tide had partially disclosed.

"A cave!" carolled Mrs. Ratcher, and waded in water nearly to her neck, only to return in glee and send Ratcher for a candle. Ratcher was back in a minute with that article.

"Old Jones is in a horrible way," said Ratcher. "Yelling at the top of his voice that he will die. Just screeching it!"

"I don't believe him," said Jennie. "Here goes."

And they floundered in. This cave was short, and led up out of water to the centre of those rocks, and there stopped. It was an ugly place, with scarcely a thing worth seeing.

"Shoot," said Jennie; "who cares for a stupid old cave?"

"What's this?" cried Ratcher, holding the candle to a rock. She came and found a little lead box, and tried to open it. It would not open. She lifted it, and bit the clasp with her teeth; literally chewed the clasp off. Oh, Jennie was somewhat of a wonder.

A gap in the narrative, like a nick in an old blue soup-plate. The Ratchers have prohibited the disclosure of the nature of that treasure. But it was splendid!

They stared at those things; and at each other.

"Golly," said Jennie; "we'll just take these, thank you."

"But here's a paper," he said.

"Let's get out, the tide will get us!" cried Mrs. Ratcher. They looked the old hole pretty well over first, and then waded out in the water up to her glowing neck. Outside, they sat and read the paper, she stowing those splendid things somewhere in the neighborhood of her bosom. Here are the contents:

Keep out. Git away. These things is charmed. The devil will feller him who takes I stole these here things me and Bill when we went to get hides from a Mexican named Juan Carrillado. We were getting them hid in the ship when Dana found it out. Dana made a row he says if we didn't take them back he'd do it. We thought he was going to give us away, and when the tide was low we come and hid them in this here cave what Bill found when he went huntin' abalones with the cook. . . . We told Dana we took them back to Carrillado. The ship sail to-night but she'll be back here in a month and me and the devils will git you. Hands off! This is to warn anybody that finds these here things that they are charmed and the devil will eternal feller him who takes.

They sat and pondered for some time.

"That knocks the bottom out of it," said Jennie. "We'll have to hunt Juan and turn them over."

"Doubtless he's dead," said Ratcher.

"Why, there'll be some children or something. Why, Harrison, you wouldn't steal?"

"I never have yet," snorted Ratcher.

They hurried back to Mrs. Miggs's.

"How's Jones?" they asked.

"Dead," she said, cool.

"Oh," they replied; and, of course, everybody was solemn till after the funeral. Poor old Jones, who cared? Oh, ninety-five years! Oh, progress of the human race while old Jones wandered! What matter his coffin, his unloved remains, his grave upon a hill?

On a gray day, Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher visited an old cemetery at San Juan Capistrano, accompanied by a priest.

"I am told," said the priest, scratching in the dust upon a stone, "that the last of the Carrillados lies here."

They looked; they could just make out:

FALLECIO

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And Jennie, having an uncontrollable vision of a possible house of her own, said, slowly, with scandalous levity repressed: "R.—I.—P.!"

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1903.

SUSPICIOUS ABDUL HAMID.

Amusing Conspiracies Which the Sultan's Advisers Have Recently Discovered—The Downfall of Fuad Pasha—The Heir to the Turkish Throne—Some Royal Princes.

In his timely volume, "The Turk and His Lost Provinces," which is based on the interesting letters he contributed to the *Chicago Record-Herald* about a year ago, William E. Curtis relates some remarkable stories illustrating the numerous conspiracies which are constantly being hatched by Abdul Hamid's immediate attendants. There are no political parties in Turkey; there are no political issues. Mr. Curtis says it is all a question of obtaining the Sultan's favor, and the entire Mohammedan population is divided into two classes—the ruling favorites and those who have been discarded. The officials and army officers who have been disgraced and removed from their positions naturally desire to recover them, and hate the Sultan because he likes other people better than themselves. The same jealousies prevail among the men of the court as among the women of the harem. The outside population, however, take no interest; they are glad to be let alone.

One of the most recent of the curious conspiracies which are constantly being discovered, and which for a time created a profound sensation at the Yildiz Kiosk and caused the Sultan the loss of considerable sleep, was inspired by a young Turk of high family named Rechad Bey:

His father occupies a post of distinction, and many of his relatives are employed about the court in offices of responsibility. As a rare favor to the family, the Sultan permitted them to send the young man to England, where he attended school for several years, and imbibed a great many ideas which do not conform to the present state of affairs in Turkey. In 1901, upon his return, he organized a football club among the young men of his acquaintance, and practiced in a vacant lot behind a high wall in the neighborhood of his father's palace. The detectives, who are always around, discovered that something unusual was going on, and upon making a thorough investigation decided that Rechad Bey had organized a desperate conspiracy against the life and government of the Sultan. He was arrested in the middle of the night. The keys to the garden and the club-house were seized, and the most astounding discoveries followed. In the club-house were found several footballs, a lot of jerseys, and the colors of the club, with shin-guards, nose-protectors, elbow-pads, and other paraphernalia familiar to football players. To complete the damning evidence, one of the detectives cunningly ascertained that the name of the large elastic bomb which these young men were in the habit of kicking around at each other was the same term as that used by the Turks for a cannon-ball. Hence, it must be a new kind of bomb or shell, and the police authorities were convinced that they had unearthed an important conspiracy to assassinate the Sultan and blow up the palace. The footballs were submerged in water to prevent their explosion, and the sweaters and the rest of the outfit were carried cautiously in the palace in order that the Sultan might see for himself.

Mr. Curtis explains that football has been played for years in Constantinople by the young men of the English embassy and the European colony, and also by the students of Robert College, but the police authorities and the Sultan never happened to hear of it. Hence, they knew nothing of the game:

When the friends of Rechad Bey learned how serious a predicament he was in they appealed to the British embassy for assistance. One of the secretaries was sent to the minister of police to explain the nature of the game and the uses of the terrible articles that had been discovered at the club-house. He unlaced a football without the slightest trepidation, and showed the officials how it was made. He put on the nose guards, the shin protectors, and the other armor, and attempted to convince them of its innocent purpose. But they were still very suspicious. Perhaps their pride had something to do with it, for they insisted upon having Rechad Bey severely punished, and he was huddled off in great haste to Teheran, Persia, where he can not do anything to aid in the disintegration of the Ottoman Empire.

The Sultan's advisers tell him that his life is in danger, and are continually discovering conspiracies which never exist. A recent fictitious conspiracy against him was attributed to one of his best and most loyal friends, Fuad Pasha, "the Hero of Elena," one of the foremost generals in the war against Russia in 1877, and the war against Greece in 1897:

Fuad Pasha is an enlightened and honest man, and has had the confidence of the foreigners to a degree greater than almost any other of the Sultan's favorites. Until recently, he was so much of a favorite that the Sultan allowed him to hold his handkerchief for the people to kiss, which was a mark of the greatest honor and confidence. He kept Fuad Pasha about his person constantly, giving him the command of his bodyguard; but Fuad in some way offended the detective department, which reported to the Sultan that his favorite was involved with the reformers known as the "Young Turkey" party, and spies were set to watch his house. Fuad noticed strange men about the premises. He probably suspected who they were, and what they were there for, but pretended to believe that they were burglars, and purchased a supply of rifles and revolvers, which he placed in the hands of his servants, with instructions to fire upon the intruders if they became offensive. This fact was reported to the Sultan promptly, and the vigilance of the spies was increased. A few days later, a collision occurred between them and Fuad's servants, in which several were killed and wounded. Fuad was immediately arrested, taken to the palace, and after an interview with the Sultan, was sent aboard the latter's private yacht, which sailed at once for Beirut without allowing the prisoner to communicate with his family or friends. He is supposed to have been sentenced to exile at Damascus instead of being executed, which is a mark of great forbearance upon the Sultan's part.

In 1901, when the Sultan went to Seraglio Point to worship at the mosque that holds the sacred mantle of the prophet, another funny thing occurred:

He was landed at the regular dock, where a carriage was waiting to convey him to the old palace, but he had not proceeded far when he noticed that telegraph wires had been stretched across the driveway along the line of the railroad, and positively declined to pass under them. Nobody knows what was in his mind, or what he thought would happen, but

the entire procession was stopped right there, and remained motionless until aids-de-camp had galloped away to summon somebody from the railway headquarters who could climb the poles and cut down the wires. Nor have they been replaced. The Sultan positively forbade it, but the railway officials are supposed to have dug a trench and hidden them underground. If the Sultan learns that fact, he may refuse to drive over them.

He is very superstitious about electricity, but is as inconsistent concerning it as he is with everything else:

He will not permit electric lights, or telephones, or electric street-cars anywhere in Turkey, although the government has a telegraph line to every important portion of the empire, and the Sultan has an instrument and an operator in his private office to receive messages in his own private cipher from detectives and other officials in different parts of the country in whom he has special confidence, or to whom he may have entrusted important business. He maintains a regular system of communication with officials of the empire entirely distinct from and without the knowledge of their immediate superiors. The general of the army and the minister of war do not know what communications are passing between commanders of posts and districts and their sovereign, and the minister of the interior can never be sure what private reports are being made by his subordinates. Thus, the mutual distrust that exists between the Sultan and his ministers is not only recognized, but promoted.

The heir to the Turkish throne, we learn, is not the son of the Sultan, but his eldest living male relative—brother, son, or cousin, whoever it happens to be. This is the law of Islam, and has been a fruitful source of conspiracy and tragedy ever since the Turks have been in possession of the Ottoman Empire. The present Sultan has five brothers who will precede his children on the throne. His heir is Reshad Effendi:

He has been kept a practical prisoner for twenty years, so that very few people know him; he is said to be a man of refinement, education, and integrity, much superior to his imperial brother in intellect and appearance. He occupies a portion of the Dolma-Baghtcheh Palace in Constantinople during the winter months, and during the summer goes to Machla, a suburban town, where he has a farm and a pretty villa. He has never been allowed to leave the immediate vicinity of Constantinople, and his communications with the outside world have been closely restricted by the orders of his brother. He is said to read French readily, and to receive the principal newspapers and reviews of Europe that are printed in that language. He is also believed to have been in sympathy and in communication with his brother-in-law, the late Damad-Mahmoud Pasha, who fled to escape a sentence of death for his liberal opinions. This is, however, purely conjecture, because if the Sultan, with all his spies, can not discover such a circumstance, it would seem impossible for the gossips to learn anything about it.

Prince Selim, the Sultan's eldest son, is more respected than any other member of the family. Mr. Curtis says that the fact that there are several lives between him and the throne gives him greater freedom than he would otherwise enjoy, and adds:

He was born in January, 1870, and is, therefore, thirty-three years old. He has only one wife, and keeps no harem, which is a surprising exception in the imperial family. He holds the rank of colonel in the army, and commands one of the regiments of the palace guards. His duties are light, however, and leave him plenty of leisure, which he spends in study with French and German tutors, although I understand that his French tutors were recently dismissed by command of the Sultan, because they were suspected of giving the young man dangerous information. Prince Selim is not intellectual, however; his mind is said to be rather dull, but he is patient and studious, and has a retentive memory, which is perhaps better for a man of his position than more brilliant attainments.

Some years ago, Prince Selim incurred the enmity of his father because of the use of disrespectful language, and was immediately banished to Bagdad for several months:

Later, he was allowed to return to Constantinople under the surveillance of Kiazim Pasha, his maternal uncle, who has the confidence of the Sultan. The relations between the prince and his father have never been fully restored, and there is no confidence between them. But the prince receives a liberal allowance, and is allowed to do practically as he pleases, although he is surrounded by spies, and is not permitted to leave the city. He seems to be very fond of his wife, who is the daughter of one of the pashas about the court, and of his only child, a little girl now twelve years old.

Ahmed, the third son, who is twenty-four years old, is his father's favorite, and is studying military tactics under the direction of one of the most successful of Turkish generals:

He is destined to be commander of the army. Burham Edin, who is seventeen years old, is also a favorite, and has considerable musical talent. The Sultan frequently introduces him to foreign visitors, and has him perform for them upon the piano. When Emperor William of Germany was visiting Constantinople, the young prince was detailed as one of his attendants and the members of the Kaiser's suite took a great fancy to him. He was then only about fourteen years old, but was quite mature, and conducted himself with great dignity. All the princes are educated by French and German tutors.

Mr. Curtis says the Sultan is very liberal toward his family:

He is absolute master of the finances of the empire. He is not required to prepare a budget or report his expenditures. The public money belongs to him, and he directs its disbursement. He gives each one of his brothers and sisters a palace, fully furnished and equipped, and all their household expenses are paid from the imperial treasury. In addition to this, each one of them has an allowance of \$5,000 a month for pin money. But Abdul Hamid is much more economical than Abdul Aziz, his predecessor, who squandered more than \$100,000,000 during his reign without a thing to show for it, and piled up a debt so big that it can never be paid. The public bonds now outstanding amount to over \$750,000,000, and the revenues of the government can scarcely pay the interest. The finances of Turkey, like those of other bankrupts, are controlled by a committee representing the foreign bondholders, who receive from the treasury a certain amount of money every month, and distribute it among the creditors of the nation.

The volume is handsomely bound, copiously illustrated, and supplemented with an index and a colored map of the Balkan states. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago; \$2.00 net.

KING EDWARD AT COWES.

How England's Sovereign Rested During Regatta Week After His State Visit to Ireland—His Coterie of Favorite Companions—A Royal Croquet Game.

There is no one spot in the whole of his dominions where it pleases King Edward to be so much as Cowes. It is the only place in England where he can throw off state and ceremony and the restraint which they enforce. During Regatta Week he has been living quietly and comfortably aboard the big steam-yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, in which he has just returned from his state visit to Ireland. Near by is moored his racing cutter, *Britannia*, which has not entered any of the races this year. His pleasure often of an afternoon is to take a party of his own particular pals, and go for a sail in her, between tea and dinner. But mornings he generally loafs about the awninged decks of the big steam-yacht, and passes his time behind a big "Reina Victoria" cigar, and a pair of marine glasses, watching the preliminary maneuvering and final starting of the yachts in the various races, the chief of which take place about ten or eleven. He is always attired in the regulation blue serge Cowes reefer, white duck trousers, and white-topped yachting cap.

Sometimes, as soon as a big race has started, and the competing yachts are but white dots of swan-like canvas upon the distant blue of the Solent, where it becomes Spithead, and fades in turn into the waves of the channel at the "Nab," he comes ashore in his steam-pinnace, and goes to the club-house of the Royal Yacht Squadron. There he meets and talks to old friends and cronies, some of them the greatest yachting men in the kingdom; or wanders about on the green lawn that stretches down to the water's edge. During his present visit, he is surrounded by his usual coterie of favorite companions, chief of whom is the Portuguese minister, M. de Soveral. Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, the present young duke's mother, is one of the king's greatest friends at Cowes, as is also Mrs. George Keppel.

It may interest those of your readers who play the game to hear that yesterday afternoon, when the racing for the day was over, and the German emperor's *Meteor* had again crossed the line when the winning gun fired, King Edward indulged in a quiet foursome of croquet on the yacht squadron's lawn. It was screened off from view of the world outside of the club's enclosure. Being one of the lucky ones on the inside, I had a five minutes' view of the game. No one was allowed to stand and look on, but you could walk up and down for a time, and get glimpses as you passed.

The king's partner was Mrs. Keppel; their adversaries, the Marquis of Ormonde and Queen Alexandra, dressed in a simple suit of plain brown holland. At one stage of the game, it happened that the king was for the lower peg, having got through the previous hoop by the aid of his partner's ball, which was for the hoop following the peg. Their adversaries were together between the fourth and fifth hoops. The king stood cogitating what to do. In coming through his last loop he had unfortunately "wired" his partner's ball. The peg (for him, with his little practice) was a by no means sure shot. If he hit it, he would still be wired from his partner. It was too far to have a try at his adversaries. No one dared say anything till he spoke. He stood and surveyed the position. The great monarch might have been deciding the question of the "open door" in China from the breathlessness with which his cogitations were watched.

At last he spoke. I can hear him now. "I'm rather stumped over this, Mrs. Keppel," he said, in his thick little German voice.

"Yes, sir; it is rather awkward," replied the other brown holland figure, for no one dared outdress fair Alexandra under her very nose.

"Have a try at us," called his august consort.

"And a nice fool I should look if I missed you, eh?" he laughed; "yet I ought to separate you two."

"Why not come to me, sir?" said Mrs. Keppel.

I thought I saw the queen glance quickly over her shoulder at the speaker. Whether the king saw it, too, I can't say. I only know that he instantly raised his mallet and took a shot at the ball of his wife, without seeming to take any aim. Of course, he missed.

I went walking up and down again with the friend I was with.

"The queen's just as fond of him as ever, isn't she?" said I.

"Or he of her?" asked she, in turn.

The Prince of Wales is staying on board the yacht with his father, and goes about with him a good deal, also attended by no state. The princess is "doing" Switzerland like an ordinary common or garden tourist. She is accompanied by the Countess of Airlie as her lady in waiting. Lady Airlie is one of the most beautiful women in England—as perfect a type of genuine Irish beauty as you will be able to find anywhere. She is a daughter of the Earl of Arran, and the widow of the Earl of Airlie, who, as colonel of the Twelfth Lancers, was killed in a charge at the head of his regiment in the South African war. Her sister, Viscountess Cranborne, who is married to Lord Salisbury's eldest son, is almost as beautiful.

COCKAIGNE.

COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT, August 17, 1893.

BEAUTIFUL BUZZARDS BAY.

"Van Fletch" Analyzes the Popularity of Joseph Jefferson—How the Venerable Actor Won a Wager in New Orleans—General Leonard Wood's Birthplace.

Buzzards Bay is certainly a beautiful place, in spite of Venice. The place includes a landscape that is principally waterscape, with some picturesque islands dotted about. It is a lovely, irregularly shaped basin of salty water that is perfectly adapted to reflecting sunsets, attracting south-west breezes, and summer residents. To Bostonians of wealth and quiet tastes, the bay is a strong rival of the north shore for popularity. There is a considerable fleet of both steam and sail yachts to add to the picturesqueness, and yesterday one of the local yacht-races took place, the white wings of the boats quite resembling a flight of mackerel gulls skimming the water.

The present wide-spread fame of Buzzards Bay, which takes away considerable of the ill-odor of the name, is due to ex-President Grover Cleveland, who spends his summers at Gray Gables, and Joseph Jefferson, the venerable actor. It was an interesting thing to meet and become intimate with "Rip." It was the philosophical side of him that attracted me, and I found, upon analysis, that it was philosophy thrown into his acting that gave him the charm that has made him the head of his profession. Let me tell you a story to illustrate.

One day, in New Orleans, I was out walking with Mr. Jefferson. We were on St. Charles Street, at its busiest part, near the corner of Canal Street. It was hotter than the hinges of Texas, but we didn't mind it a bit. We were philosophizing. I being the younger man, *père* Joseph was leaning on my arm, and dropping pearls into my ear by the bucketful. It was the pearls that kept me cool, just as they keep *décolleté* society ladies warm in winter when strung about the naked neck. Mental pearls are even more meteorologically harmonizing than the costly diseases of the pearl oyster.

Mr. Jefferson was giving me the secret of his popularity which I had requested of him. He first protested that he was not altogether popular. "Some people hate me worse than old-fashioned pizen," said he, "but as long as it is they who are doing the hating and taking the poison, I am not letting it worry me. If people do really love me, as I hope they do, I think it is because I love something in everybody. Some one gave me a pointer when I was a little fellow, running about the stage under the heels of my father and mother and the rest of the company they were with at the time. I was the boy of the 'star,' and as saucy as a baby star had a right to be by reason of my inheritance. There was a little nigger on the stage placed for some minor part among the soupage. The little darkey offended me in some way, and I began calling him names. Just then, one of the old men in the company picked me up in his arms and told me a story. He told me that 'in everything that lived there is some secret of knowledge or talent that we do not have, and that in that regard even a little nigger might be better off in some one thing than anybody else in the world. Now, Joey, if you spend your time finding out what stunts the little nigger can do that you can't do, and will do the same with everybody you meet in the world when you have a chance, and never call anybody names, you will be the richest man and the smartest man in the world, and the biggest star on the stage.'

"The story of the old man impressed me and set me to hunting human thought secrets, and hunting hardest in the most unlikely places. Whenever I have a chance to stop and do some secret fishing or hunting, I approach the person expectant of finding in him something superior. Well, he doesn't always give up his secret, and possibly he does not know his own secret, and hence I can not get at it; but, at all events, his sympathy is tapped by my good opinion and intentions, and we are friends for life. I'm his *friend*, anyhow, and he reciprocates."

At that moment we arrived at a corner where sat a repulsive-looking negro boot-black on a cushion beside his chair. Both legs were amputated, and altogether he was about as unfortunate-looking a person as one could well imagine. Uncle Joseph stopped me short in the street, and, unconscious of the crowd, called my attention to the black boot-black. "Here is a fellow, Van, who looks about as hard up for lucky points as any one could wish to have for begging purposes, but his deformity makes him prosperous at his trade, no doubt. But I'll bet you a new hat that he has something about him that you and I might well envy." I took the bet to get the demonstration. Thereupon crafty Joseph slipped a quarter into the hand of the astonished negro, who, on looking up, recognized Mr. Jefferson. The smile the money and the recognition caused was as wide as a watermelon, and the teeth disclosed were like a newly established grave-yard. It was needless for Uncle Joseph to point to the teeth and intimate that either of us would give a million of Mr. Carnegie's money for that same set of teeth reset in us. The bet was on Van, but the laugh turned immediately on joking Joseph. "Bress mah heart, if Old Rip aint waked up, again!"

Just over the other side of the Wings-Point neck-of-the-woods from the Royal Garden pavilion, where I am writing, stands Pocasset. From the deck of the steam-yacht *Roque* the sky-line of Pocasset is outlined

against the horizon, and just tinted with the blue of the distance. Near a windmill there is a house which cuts a big square chunk out of the sky above the other houses. At this distance it looks as if it were unpainted, and perhaps it is, for paint and sea air are not friends. It is the house where Major-General Leonard Wood was raised, and where his good mother still lives. What a pity that Wood should have to step on the corns of a whole row of men in going up to a place of merited preferment! No one, except the very few who never speak well of anybody, deny General Wood the merit which has been rewarded, and no one couples undue personal friendship with the motive power behind the Presidential appreciation. All say, in Washington, that Wood's honesty and merit and tirelessness in pursuit of duty can not be questioned, and that the personal friendship of the President is well placed, but all pity, also, the turn of the wheel of fortune which puts a whole row of sequential army expectants back an expectant peg, while a big winner goes up to get the flag and more stars on his epaulets.

BUZZARDS BAY, August 16, 1903. VAN FLETCH.

Bitter Opposition to Mascagni in Italy.

Mascagni's troubles in Italy seem to be even more pressing than those he had in America. He has been moving heaven and earth to be reinstated as director of the conservatory at Pesaro, but it looks as if he would be disappointed. After the city authorities of Pesaro had removed him from his position, he appealed to the minister of public instruction, who upheld the city authorities. Then he appealed again to the Privy Council, which has also decided against him. He had three lawyers to represent his interests. The reply of the government authorities was overwhelming in its severity. Mascagni was charged with incredible violations of the regulations, making impossible a proper management of the institution, and to these he added rough abuse of all the public officials of Pesaro. Mascagni's pupils could learn nothing, because he had no regular plan of studies, no progressive order, no individual instruction. For whole terms at a time he would go off on concert tours; for months the pupils remained without instruction, and many went home. When these things came to light, Mascagni wrote them brilliant certificates, in which he extravagantly praised them for the very things in which they were deficient. This unscrupulousness is characterized by the government speaker as nothing short of a crime, for such granting of certificates contrary to the truth was little better than forging public documents. It is said that Mascagni will try one more appeal, to the king himself, before he gives up.

The Kishineff Barbarities.

The British vice-consul at Odessa, V. Bosanquet, who was sent specially to Kishineff to obtain the facts regarding the recent anti-Jewish riots there, places the Jewish victims at 41 killed and 303 wounded, while among the Christians, one was killed and 68 wounded. Official inquiries, he says, show that three women were violated, but this may represent a small fraction of the actual number, since the Jewish women naturally remain silent for their own sakes, as under the Mosaic law divorce must follow violation. Mr. Bosanquet says that the new governor is doing all he can to gain the confidence of the Jewish population, and adds: "Upon his arrival, matters began to improve, and the commercial life of the town was resumed. A new-comer, visiting the Jewish quarter, can see no signs of a stoppage of business. About 880 rioters were arrested, and 308 were punished on minor charges, while 216 were acquitted. Three hundred and sixty rioters will be tried at Tiraspol in October, of which number 100 are charged with murder, in addition to other crimes. If they are found guilty, they will be sentenced to penal servitude on the Island of Sakhalin."

The surprising announcement is made from East St. Louis, according to the *Railway Age*, that a sleeping-car porters' union has been organized at that point for the purpose of abolishing the "tipping" system. A full list of officers was elected, and application will be made for a charter affiliating the new union with the American Federation of Labor. The union is to be based on the principle that porters should be paid sufficient wages so they may not be compelled to ask for and receive tips.

An innovation in banking has been started in New York by the reorganized Trust Company of the Republic, now known as the Waldorf-Astoria Trust Company. The institution will keep open for business on all week days up to ten o'clock at night, to accommodate those having quarters in the hotel district of the metropolis after usual banking hours, when their day really begins.

The newspapers are constantly talking about \$5,000 and \$10,000 Italian violins. At a recent auction sale of the collection of a well-known fancier in London, the highest price was paid for a Stradivarius, which was knocked down at \$2,200. A genuine Guarnerius fetched only \$330, while a Vuillaume went for \$150.

The cultivation of olives and the manufacture of olive-oil in France are the subjects most fully treated in the consular reports for June, in response to a request for information from California olive-growers.

"PARSIFAL" IN NEW YORK.

Heinrich Conried to Give Wagner's Great Masterpiece for the First Time in America—Cosima Wagner's Indignation—How She Has Tried to Prevent the Production.

The announcement that Heinrich Conried, who has succeeded Maurice Grau as manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, will produce Wagner's "Parsifal" in New York next season, has set Berlin and Bayreuth by the ears. At any rate, the cable, always industrious when matters connected with the theatre are under discussion, depicts Frau Cosima Wagner as raging in the secret places of Wahnfried, while her estimable son, Siegfried, wears a portentous frown, and threatens dire consequences to the irreverent German manager. The whole excitement is caused by the fact that Wagner's last work is the only one which has never been performed outside of Bayreuth, which the Wagner family has always held as the exclusive property of their theatre. In order to hear a performance of this unique drama, one must go to Bayreuth, and it is generally conceded that the effect of the solemn musical play in the presence of an audience of professed devotees of the composer is wonderfully impressive.

Nevertheless, there has always been a feeling that it ought to be given elsewhere. Very few persons are able to go to Bayreuth, and to deprive the great mass of music-lovers all over the world of the right to hear this sacred tragedy certainly seems a hardship. However, to permit "Parsifal" to be performed in other theatres in Germany or other countries would sound the death knell of the Wagner festivals at Bayreuth. Owing to the alterations made in the manner of performance there by Mme. Wagner, to the frequent and extraordinary subversions of Wagner's purposes by his widow, and to the decided inferiority of recent casts, the drawing power of Bayreuth is not what it used to be. To take "Parsifal" away would practically be to ruin the attendance.

As soon as Mr. Conried announced that Aloys Burgstaller would appear in the title-rôle, Mme. Ternina as Kundry, Anton Van Rooy as Amfortas, and Robert Blass as Gurnemanz, Frau Cosima endeavored to head him off by making personal appeals to the singers, asking them to refuse to accept parts in any American production. Here is a portion of a letter in which she relates her experiences in attempting to persuade the singers to remain loyal to Bayreuth:

As soon as I heard that Anton Van Rooy had consented to sing in "Parsifal" in New York I asked him if it were true. He answered that he was under contract to Mr. Conried to learn two new works, but hoped that "Parsifal" would not be one of them. He said that he could not, however, be found guilty of breach of contract, and was coming to Bayreuth to see me and get my advice. On receiving that answer from him, I replied that he could not and should not be guilty of any breach of his contract with Mr. Conried, but that he, like Felix Mottl, could unconditionally refuse to take part in "Parsifal." I was delighted to have the opportunity to speak with him, and to see if there was really such a thing as honor among artists, and that one did not do everything in the world for money. Yesterday he apologized for not coming on account of a slight heart trouble. I wrote him thereupon what an excitement his consent to Mr. Conried had caused in the entire civilized world, and what a stain would forever remain on his name. From Fräulein Ternina and Herr Burgstaller I have heard nothing. I had Professor Kniess write to Burgstaller to ask if he were really under contract for "Parsifal." I have had no answer to my letter. To these two men singers we were entitled to put the question whether or not they intended to sing in "Parsifal" in New York, since they were developed here at Bayreuth, and began their careers here. Fräulein Ternina was a recognized artist when she came here, and, although of course we taught her thoroughly the rôle of Kundry, she in a measure solved this problem for herself, although in a way different from that she would have had to follow if alone. I was not, therefore, empowered to ask her any questions. Frankly, I would never have thought that an artist who enjoys her reputation would so far have forgotten herself as to take part for money in the desecration of a sacred work.

Mme. Wagner is probably aware by this time of the means that Mr. Conried adopted to secure the consent of Burgstaller and Van Rooy to take part in "Parsifal." He put into their contracts a provision that they must each sing two new rôles next season, without mentioning what they were to be. Refusal to do this was to cost a ten-thousand-dollar forfeit. Both were told, after the contracts were signed, that they were expected to sing in "Parsifal."

In replying to his German critics, who accuse him of producing the opera solely for gain, Mr. Conried remarks:

It may be surprising, and perhaps interesting, to them to learn that shortly before the death of the distinguished Anton Seidl I had arranged with that Wagnerian of Wagnerians for an American production of "Parsifal." Eight years ago I had offered Dr. Gross, the leading representative of Richard Wagner's heirs, a considerable sum for the authorization to produce "Parsifal" in this country, although, as I informed him at the time, I was well aware that it was not protected here. So much for the supposed suddenness of my plans. As to my motives, I fail to see why they have been impugned. It is my wish, as I am certain it is my right, to give thousands of Americans who are denied the privilege of making pilgrimages to Bayreuth, the opportunity to enjoy in stage form what in the opinion of many is the crowning and most wonderful work of Richard Wagner. The arrangements which I am making will assure a production of "Parsifal" in every way worthy of that masterpiece.

Mr. Conried adds that "Parsifal" will be given in New York only, and there not more than ten times. The pay of the artists will amount to eight thousand dollars a night. If all the seats are sold they will bring in nine thousand seven hundred dollars. There is, therefore, Mr. Conried contends, little chance for money-grabbing.

SOME NEW BOOKS OF VERSE.

Reviewed by Lionel Josaphare.

For review, thirty-five volumes of poetry, the floral offerings of thirty-five poets, thirty-five lambent souls, thirty-five uncovered brows awaiting the immortal wreath, brows that, for the most part, will never feel the touch of a stray laurel leaf; and, perhaps among them, thirty, thirty-two, or thirty-three, or thirty-four broken hearts. They are growed in bindings beautiful as publisher and master-printer, with suggestion, doubtless, from the poet, could make them. In some of them the richest of book papers have been used; in their covers, fancy boards, queer cloths, and buckrams stamped with gold. Plainness, floridity, freakishness—ingenious colors have been fashioned to catch the eyes of buyer and reviewer.

The comprehension of most of these writers seems to be that the mere expression of a thought in rhyme is itself an art, without further development. They have published in these attractive bindings the poor first lessons of their art, lessons that are to poetry what "the cat saw the rat" is to prose. Their leading and misleading fault is that they abandon life, and enter abstractly into nature, which they praise with the pompousness of a discoverer. Even there, were they able to appreciate with elemental vision what they see, their song would achieve more than it has done in fleeing to nature as an asylum from the vexation of worldliness. This is the dominant note. Besides, their emotions are too easily aroused, a trait not superhuman but animal.

Given, then, a mind roused to angry effort over a trifle, a few phrases that are common as a cruet at a restaurant, some questionable yearnings arranged in doubtful metre and disobedient rhyme, and that constitutes the minor verse of to-day. A show of meaning and purposeful power, even at the risk of bad taste, would be welcome.

Of these thirty-five volumes, here are the mentionable ones:

"Tangled in Stars," a small book of poems by Ethelwyn Wetherald, celebrates the daintier sentiments that blow in from beautiful landscapes. There is more art in this volume than is usually put upon songs concerning the weather, jessamine, and sparrow's nests. Many of them are good, and not intentionally imitative; most are simple, yet, in their simplicity (a rare occurrence generally), above the commonplace.

The motive of the book is offered in a title poem, where, upon a city worker's return to his dismal livelihood, he remembers the fields, and

"His letter-littered desk goes up in flowers."

Here is a stanza from the poem entitled "Earth's Silence," significant of the author's inclination:

"How dear to hearts by burlf noises scarred
The stillness of the many-leaved trees,
The quiet of green hills, the million-starred
Tranquillity of night, the endless seas
Of silence in deep wilds, where Nature broods
In large, serene, uninterrupted moods."

In "A Reed by the River," Virginia Woodward Cloud has bound a number of short poems, of which, on account of the unselfish love contained therein, one hesitates to speak harshly. Yet this is the kind of verse that should be implacably oppressed, verse that is a paraphrasing of themes that have been done thousands of times, perhaps more than that, no better, no worse. It is pitiful, because these songs come from the modern poetical temperament, a suffering kind, one to whom the commonplace is repugnant, the sublime unattainable.

From "A Bird of Song" in this book we quote:

"The soul of strife bath burst its bars,
And, on exultant wings,
Amid the immortal field of stars,
Behold, it sings."

To a layman this will not sound bad. But finding a similar sentiment with the same rhyme-words in a score of volumes makes one think of the innocent process of absorption such fancies as these undergo among the lower classes of songsters.

H. Arthur Powell has offered some good verse in "Young Ivy on Old Walls." As the title indicates, the poems are whimsical. They show a skill at reverie, and an outsider's admiration for the business of the world. The author is, either in years or experience, a young man just emerging from the contemplated horrors of death and calamity. Fear of imaginary or real dangers has made him shrink. Perhaps, when he has bled under the edge of disaster, his courage will find nobler sides of the theme and not, expressly

or impliedly, always be saying, as in his "Where Knowledge Halts":

"I take thee, death, as some pale hideous mask,
Into my bands."

The potential existence of this poet's ability is foreshadowed in these lines of his "Regeneration":

"How true he might be if he had a cause to be true to;
How strong, if he had loved but some weak thing; how quick to defend!"

It is the limitations not the capacities of life that confront most of our rhapsodists. They pause before some babble of art or nature and symbolize the world. Still, sometimes it is suspicious that these minor poets will solve, in a figurative way, the meaning of the universe.

"The Gates of Silence" is by Robert Loveman, author of "Poems" and "A Book of Verses," the latter two not distinctive titles. "The Gates of Silence" is a small volume of sixty-five pages, mostly two quatrains to the page, untitled. The stanzas are meditations on the mystery of death and spiritual survival. They are sometimes profound, sometimes faltering, bewildering, defiant, but mostly speculative, in the trend of Omar Khayyám, but not so picturesque or individual.

Here is one quatrain of the author's infinite yearning:

"Why one poor heaven? There may be
A thousand after this.
The soul, from fleshly fetters free,
May climb from bliss to bliss."

His previous work has been praised.

Olive Custance (Lady Alfred Douglas) presents "Rainbows." The poems are passionate; some of the lines compel sympathy, and, even at the cost of bad taste, are delightful mentally if not morally, as

"My heart is like a bound that follows you."

However, Discretion is not one of a jury of peers when Poetry is on trial. These are rich lines, from "A Song to Beauty":

"Sweet! I have seen the argent moon astray
In crimson meadows of the morning sky."

And from "After the Dance":

"O friend, we might be lovers
If one brave word were said."

"The Ministry of Love," poems by Irene Abbott, are sweet and good-natured in conception, frank and prosy, without poetic power.

"The Dancers, and Other Legends and Lyrics," by Edith M. Thomas, contains poems, of which some are light and some melancholy, many in narrative form, with a felicitous sweetness here and there, but wrought too diffusely to be interesting.

"Poems and Verses," by Carol Norton—here we have spiritual themes by an incapable writer.

Miss H. Talbot Kummer has presented "Semanoud," a collection of poems which are somewhat interesting on account of the deep interest the author took in them.

It is easily understood why William D. Washburn, Jr.'s volume bears the title, "Rejected Verse." In these days, when the various forms of corruption and ignorance deal with one another as courteously as the Five Great Powers of the World, a man as decisive and earthy as Mr. Washburn is a literary outlaw. All the matter in this beautifully printed book is not good poetry; but there is in it that which most modern poetry lacks, and that is dominant thought, the thought that knows the way.

The poem, "The Prairie," is something more than the poetic landscapery that other poets would have made it.

Following is one of the long lines from "Wherefore," a more dignified attitude before the infinite than many poets are capable of:

"Yet know I now, as I do know, the child-birth cry,
The choke of death, the hundred things
That mark the passage of man through this
The excremental world."

"The Duchesse" is good, acrimonious satire.

Here are a few lines from "To Beatrice"; though not the high tide of genius, they show how manliness of mind differs in expression from the prattled sorrows of minor poetry; there is a manliness of style as well as of thought:

"A host of sordid earthly
Things have choked and guttered in my heart.
Thine be, my daughter sweet, the necromancer's
Hand that often, in fairy tale, doth touch
With wand the hideous work of dwarfs and elves."

Sixty-three sonnets from the contents of "The Triumph of Love," by Edmond Holmes. They will be interesting to those to whom they are novel.

In "Cape Cod Ballads," by Joe Lincoln, the author has given a pleasing collection of themes, sentimental and humorous, written

in colloquial verse, upon the provincial characters of New England country towns.

In "Echoes From Erin," William Westcott Fink has written as good verse as is made in dialect. The poems are all good, and filled with wit and humor.

"Flowers of Song From Many Lands" contains, as told by the sub-title, short poems and detached verses gathered from various languages and rendered into English by Frederic Rowland Marvin. The book is well printed, and contains many interesting verse-lets.

"David and Bathshua," by Charles Whitworth Wynne; "Jonathan, A Tragedy," by Thomas Ewing, Jr.; "Raleigh in Guiana, etc.," by Barrett Wendell, are three dramas in blank verse upon matters denoted by their titles. The poetry in them is unfertile, the character juvenile, the action not entertaining. The persons of the drama are bookish and vain, selfishly sentimental, angry monologists, who do their recitatives without regard to time or matter.

"Pontius Pilate" and two other mystery plays are written in rhyme by Henry Copley Greene. The first one celebrates in a mild manner the beautiful by-scenes of the Christian episode, a story that should be touched only by master minds.

Maurice Baring's blank-verse drama, "The Black Prince," is above the average. The book also contains other poems. The first of these, "Sigurd," however, is one of those that borrow more sublimity from the heroic past and its epic scenery than the solvency of its own poetic power can repay.

The Black Prince, Edward, Duke of Aquitaine, has more substance than falls to the lot of many blank-verse heroes; but his maladies and melancholies are better suited to short story than the drama.

I have endeavored to reserve space for "The Princess of Hanover," by Margaret L. Woods. It is the sleeping beauty of this collection, and is likely to out-beauty any stack of poems on a reviewer's desk for some time to come.

Consisting of love and intrigue at the court of Hanover when England's George the First was electoral prince of that busy spot of diplomacy, "The Princess of Hanover" is a play of drastic human nature, action that is native of the earth, and poetry that is self-made. As one reads on in the scenes, he is inclined to turn back and look again at the title-page, with doubts of having read the author's first name as feminine. Surely a great many people will have to revise their conception of the limit of woman's intelligence when they have read this work.

The drama is replete with those frankly illicit relations which occur frequently everywhere save in drama—drama that generally deals with these subjects so innocently that we fancy the authors were given all their knowledge of men and women by discreet parents. Margaret L. Woods, having cast her plot in a licentious court, was not frightened away by the draught it made upon her profane vocabulary; and she has not written in the main with a phantom critic leering over her left shoulder.

There are in the personages a morganatic wife; also a mistress *en titre* of the elector, she having in addition matrimonial duties upon her and her husband's conscience; also a mistress of the electoral prince. The drama begins with these illicit foreknowledge; others develop. Among these unconscientious mortals, this lady author has not seemed as unapt as a soubrette in a gymnasium; one feels that in the proper spirit she could trade "damns" with the devil.

Sophie Dorothea, Electoral Princess of Hanover, a good young mother and fond of her children, becomes so overwrought with the vile conditions around her that she hearkens to the passion of one Königsmarck, an old sweetheart of hers. Her own husband, a blowsy carouser, taunts her with his extraneous affections, and Sophie, friendless at the court, even among her family, yields and abets the persuasions of her former lover. There are throughout the play a fanciful turn of thought, repartee, and extraordinary poetry; the blank verse is substantial and by one who has ideas of her own on the subject. The author's leading fault is in the shorter dialogues, where colloquialisms have obtained place. But this, we assume, was intentional in her desire to avoid a grandiloquent style in such passages. She should, however, not yield herself in this, but dare to make these short sentences as decisive and noble as she is able.

Here is a passage in which Mme. Platen, the elector's mistress, meditates upon the suggestion that Königsmarck, whom she un-

requitedly loves, has come to Hanover for the sole purpose of seeing her; the lines show the handling of the blank verse:

"Dear flattery!

I did imagine it once. I did suppose him
Love's merchantman, dallying with interchange
Of immaterial goods, till the opportune hour
Come to reveal the whole unpriced treasure
That queens may traffic in."

And this apostrophe to him (she being a woman of mature life):

"I come to thee

Clothed in the purple of my regnant years,
Crowned with the diadem of man's vain desires."

The Princess Sophie speaks of her unhappy domestic life thus:

"... Happiness—

Hush! What a sinister word. If any utter it
At festivals, it falls as hollowly
As when a stone drops echoing down a well,
Hinting of deep, deep darkness and drowned things
Far underneath and phantoms that may rise
When midnight bolts the house shrouded and pale
And deadly cold, to haunt with long, smooth sighs
And endless iteration of old grief
The hushed rooms of the heart."

When Königsmarck has returned from the war to claim the love of the princess, who has sent for him, but now hesitates, he says:

"I am be thou didst demand,

Compel from the vague bound and portal of death
Back to the unquiet world. . . .
Utter what is in thy heart, or, being silent,
Never again, either in flesh or spirit,
Living or dead, in the false antic day
Or true obscure night, call thou on Königsmarck."

Mme. Platen, upbraiding Königsmarck for not returning her love as formerly, says:

"O this husbed beat,

The brooding thunder! It moves along the nerves.
You have surprised me with far other faults
Than those men blame in you."

The titles of the thirty-five volumes examined for this review, with names of author and publisher, are as follows:

"Heather and Fern," by John Liddell Kelly; published by John Liddell Kelly, Wellington, New Zealand.

"A Reed by the River," by Virginia Woodward Cloud; published by Richard G. Badger, Boston. "The Gates of Silence with Interludes of Song," by Robert Loveman; published by the Knickerbocker Press, New York; 75 cents.

"Young Ivy on Old Walls," by H. Arthur Powell; published by Richard G. Badger, Boston. "Rainbows," by Olive Custance; published by John Lane, New York; \$1.25.

"A Field of Folk," by Isabella Howe Fiske; published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; \$1.00.

"Between the Lights," by Alice Herbert; published by John Lane, New York; \$1.00.

"Sonnets and Lyrics," by Katrina Trask; published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; \$1.25.

"Tangled in Stars," by Ethelwyn Wetherald; published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; \$1.00.

"The Ministry of Love," by Irene Abbott; published by Crane & Co., Toledo; \$1.00.

"Pompeii of the West and Other Poems," by John Hall Ingham; published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.25.

"Primrose Diplomacy," published by the Abbey Press, New York; \$1.25.

"Cape Cod Ballads and Other Verse," by Joe Lincoln; published by Albert Brandt, Trenton.

"The Mothers," by Edward F. Hayward; published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; 75 cents.

"In Scipio's Gardens and Other Poems," by Samuel Valentine Cole; published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Raleigh in Guiana," by Barrett Wendell; published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

"Message and Melody," by Richard Burton; published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; \$1.00.

"The House Building and Other Poems," by Marshall Bruce Williams; published by R. Brinley Johnson, London; three shillings, six pence.

"Pontius Pilate," by Henry Copley Greene; published by the Scott-Thaw Company, New York.

"The Black Prince and Other Poems," by Maurice Baring; published by John Lane, New York.

"Days We Remember," by Marian Douglas; published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; \$1.25.

"Some Rejected Verse," by William D. Washburn, Jr.; published by the Knickerbocker Press, New York; \$1.00.

"Echoes from Erin," by William Westcott Fink; published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

"Summer Songs in Idleness," by Katherine H. McDonald Jackson; published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; \$1.25.

"Semanoud," by H. Talbot Kummer; published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; \$1.00.

"Indian Summer," by James Courtney Calliss; published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; \$1.50.

"The Dancers," by Edith M. Thomas; published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; \$1.50.

"Jonathan," by Thomas Ewing, Jr.; published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; \$1.00.

"David and Bathshua," by Charles Whitworth Wynne; published by the Knickerbocker Press, New York; \$1.00.

"The Old Schoolhouse," by T. S. Denison; published by T. S. Denison, Chicago; \$1.00.

"The Triumph of Love," by Edmond Holmes; published by John Lane, New York; \$1.25.

"Poems and Verses," by Carol Norton; published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; \$1.00.

"Sisters of Repartee," by Lucia Gray Swett; published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; 80 cents.

"Flowers of Song from Many Lands," by Frederic Rowland Marvin; published by the Merrymount Press, Boston; \$3.00.

"The Princess of Hanover," by Margaret L. Woods; published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Charming Story.

The recent death of A. C. Wheeler, more widely known by his pseudonym of "Nym Crinkle," has disclosed the hitherto concealed fact of this once popular journalist's identity with that of J. P. Mowbray, the author of a number of essays and novels that are characterized by freshness of feeling and a wholehearted love of nature. Mr. Wheeler's publishers have now issued a posthumous work by him, entitled "The Conquering of Kate," which has the same wholesome, fragrant atmosphere that has given his previous works their abiding charm. This last novel from Mr. Wheeler's pen is a story of the South, although the action is in reality located in an obscure corner of Pennsylvania, bordering on Maryland. But the characters, the dialect, the atmosphere, are all distinctively Southern, and Kate, the heroine, is so unpractical and charming a Southerner as to require the aid of a wide-awake, manly, practical Northerner to bring her into the world of realities, as well as of maiden surrender.

Mr. Wheeler's style, in its leisurely, old-fashioned grace, has a quality that is rare in present-day fiction. The author unites to sweet, sincere, unforced sentiment a pleasing, playful, wholesome humor that might emanate from youth itself. And yet the book, with its action brought down almost to the present, has a flavor of the past. Mr. Wheeler's muse turns with aversion from the rush, the vulgarity, and the strenuousness of modern life, and his story might almost be one of those piquant, romantic love-stories of post-bellum days, that drew their inspiration from the enforced association of handsome Northern soldiers with lovely Southern belles.

The unworldliness of the Bussey girls and their aunt, the old-fashioned honor, loyalty, and chivalry of Judge Heckshent, and the rude, half-animal fidelity of the "moon-shiner's gal" are traits that flourished more greenly a quarter of a century ago. But their revival in a modern work of fiction is peculiarly grateful to the imagination, as well as the remote and picturesque setting that the author gives to his tale.

The rose-wreathed grange, that "wore the aspect of a guarded casket," is surrounded by its thousand acres going to "rack and ruin with those women. God bless 'em, standing guard over the devastation and hoodooing everybody who tries to help 'em pay their honest debts"; these words of Judge Heckshent, guardian and lawyer to the fair, impracticable mistress of the grange, together with the appearance of a sternly practical young overseer on the scene, give the reader the key to the situation.

It is developed with skill, and the dialogue is crisp, gay, and spirited. Kate, before she is finally conquered, continues to get her affairs into such a frightful snarl that the author is obliged to invoke melodrama. But while the merit of the story suffers, its charm holds, and the hitherto unacquainted reader closes with a firm resolution to become familiar with Mr. Wheeler's earlier works.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Strange Adventures of James Shervinton," Louise Becke, whose province as storyteller-in-chief over the whole extent of the South Sea Island region has heretofore been undisputed, has contributed another volume, of a character similar to his others, consisting of one long and rather ambitious story, and a number of shorter ones. "The Strange Adventure of James Shervinton," which takes up rather more than half of a fat volume, is a Polynesian romance, full of peril and adventure, with a strain of the supernatural in it, yet always maintaining the tone of sober reality which is a characteristic of Mr. Becke's style. James Shervinton's adventure extraordinary consists of his two-thousand-mile voyage in a half-decked whale-boat, from one of the Gilbert Islands to Guam—a crowning achievement in the Polynesian seas, and a feat rendered by a man's ability to stand out himself against overwhelming odds, whether from perilous seas or bloodthirsty savages. Mr. Becke has opened out a new field in fiction in these stories, the majority of which are doubtless true happenings, embellished with some extra aids of the story-teller's fancy, but, on the whole, reading like the truth that is stranger than fiction.

The author knows his ground well, and is fully acquainted with the character of the gentle natives, whose integrity, kindness, and trustworthiness are so often thrown in relief against the brutality and rapacity of white

men, deteriorating through prolonged lack of association with their own kind. A number of Mr. Becke's stories are the relation of incidents arising from the temporary ascendancy gained by white heath-combers, stray ruffians, or criminal refugees over the native inhabitants of some isolated isle, where they practice a tolerated despotism until their own crimes, or the superior cunning of some white-skinned rival, betrays them to a violent death.

The book appeals particularly to those who are susceptible to the fascinations of a roving life, remote from civilized centres.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Charles Marriott, whose "Column," partly through judicious advertising, and partly because of its real merit, attracted general attention a year ago, has a new hook ready entitled "The House on the Sands." It treats of political life with its tides and shifts. The author deals with the question now troubling British politicians: protection versus free trade, in the light of the imperial movement for closer ties between the mother country and the colonies.

The Century Company is to bring out in the early autumn a volume of recollections by Hermann Klein, the well-known musical critic. It will be entitled "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London." The hook is made up largely of anecdotes of such persons as Adelina Patti, the De Reszkés, Wagner, Beethoven, Harris, Tamagno, La Salle, and all the other celebrities of their time.

"Letters Home" is the unique title of William Dean Howells's latest story. It is based on the letters written to their homes by a certain group of people whose various chances have brought to New York.

Mary Hallock Foote's new volume, "A Touch of Sun, and Other Stories," will contain four short stories of Western life.

"The Forest Hearth" is the title of Charles Major's new novel of Indiana life. The Macmillan Company will publish it early in the fall.

"The Maids of Paradise," which is to be published soon, is said to be the most vivid and exciting love-story Mr. Chambers has ever written. It deals with the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, with the scenes laid in and around Paradise, an idyllic French village, and in the midst of battle.

Will Payne has written another novel of business life in Chicago, which he calls "Mr. Salt."

Two new volumes of Sir George Trevelyan's hook, "The American Revolution," will be published this fall.

The late Grant Allen's "Belgium: Its Cities," is announced for publication this month as a companion for the "Florence" and "Venice" already issued.

H. B. Marriott Watson has written a new romance entitled "Captain Fortune," dealing with the adventures of a young lady who becomes involved in the Cornish rising during the civil war in 1643.

"The Life of Sidney Lanier" in the American Men of Letters Series is to be prepared by Professor Edward Mims, of Trinity College, N. C.

"The Story of the Revolution," by Henry Cabot Lodge, is soon to be issued for the first time in one-volume form by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is described as working now, in his seventy-third year, with undiminished energy and happiness. His new book will be brought out soon by the Century Company under the title of "Little Stories."

James L. Ford will soon publish a satire called "The Brazen Calf." Under the title "Our American Snobs" many of the chapters have appeared in serial-form in an Eastern weekly.

Illustrated by the author's own drawings, a collection of ten sketches by Frederic Villiers is to be issued soon with the title "More Stories of the Warpath." The war-correspondent drew on his varied career for a hook of personal reminiscences before, and the reception accorded the earlier hook has induced his publishers to persuade him to continue in the same vein.

A series of letters from the late Lord Acton to Miss Mary Gladstone—now Mrs. Drew—is to be ready in a few months at Ruskin House, and will be brought out simultaneously in England and America. This correspond-

ence, which began in the 'seventies, is said to be full of brilliant literary, political, and historical criticism. It will be remembered that Ruskin's letters to Mrs. Drew were published in this country a few weeks ago.

Since 1880, when his first long story, "Toby Tyler," was published, James Otis Kaler ("James Otis") has written ninety-three stories for young people. His latest story, "The Treasure Hunters," which is almost completed, will be brought out soon.

The title of Mrs. Margaret Deland's new volume of Old Chester stories has been changed from "Old Chester Folk" to "Dr. Lavender's People." Dr. Lavender, it will be remembered by readers of Mrs. Deland's previous volume of "Old Chester Tales," is the broad-minded and kind-hearted old country clergyman who forms the connecting link between all this author's Chester stories.

The forthcoming presentation in this country of the dramatization of Rudyard Kipling's "The Light That Failed," is to be celebrated by the publication of a new illustrated edition of that work containing scenes from the play. As in London, Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott are to assume the characters of Dick Helder and Maisie.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Fancy.

How sweet this life—this life, if we
(My love and I) might dwell together
Here beyond the summer sea,
In the heart of summer weather!

With pomegranates on the bough,
And with lilies in the hower;
And a sight of distant snow,
Rosy in the sunset hour.

And a little house—no more
In state than suits two quiet lovers;
And a woodbine round the door,
Where the swallow builds and hovers;

With a silver sickle-moon,
O'er hot gardens, red with roses;
And a window wide, in June,
For serenades when evening closes:

In a chamber cool and simple,
Trellised light from roof to basement;
And a summer wind to dimple
The white curtain at the casement;

Where, if we at midnight wake,
A green acacia-tree shall quiver.
In the moonlight, o'er some lake
Where nightingales sing songs forever.

With a pine wood dark in sight;
And a bean-field climbing to us.
To make odors faint at night,
Where we roam with none to view us.

And a convent on the hill,
Through its light-green olives peeping
In clear sunlight, and so still,
All the nuns, you'd say, were sleeping.

Seas at distances, seen beneath
Grated garden wildernesses—
Not so far but what their breath
At eve may fan my darling's tresses.

A piano, soft in sound,
To make music when speech wanders,
Poets reverently bound,
O'er whose pages rapture ponders.

Canvas, brushes, hues, to catch
Fleeting forms in vale or mountain,
And an evening star to watch
When all is still, save one sweet fountain,

Ah! I idle time away
With impossible fond fancies,
For a lover lives all day
In a land of lone romances.

But the hot light o'er the city
Drops—and see! on fire departs,
And the night comes down in pity
To the longing of our hearts.

Bind thy golden hair from falling,
O my love, my one, my own!
'Tis for thee the cuckoo's calling
With a note of tenderer tone.

Up the hill-side, near and nearer,
Through the vine, the corn, the flowers,
Till the very air grows dearer,
Neighboring our pleasant howers.

Now I pass the last Poderé;
There, the city lies behind me.
See her fluttering like a fairy
O'er the happy grass to find me!

—Owen Meredith.

Since the assertion made by the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* that the last three stanzas of the well-known poem "High Tide at Gettysburg" were added by an unknown hand after the first publication of the poem, a great number of letters of inquiry have been sent to the author, Will H. Thompson. To these, the Portland *Oregonian* announces, Mr. Thompson has replied that the Southern journal was in error, and that he wrote the whole poem.

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—OF—

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Lives of Five Famous Men.

Ethelred L. Taunton, a Roman Catholic priest, is the author of a book on England's great statesman and churchman, entitled "Thomas Wolsey, Legate and Reformer" (John Lane, New York; \$6.00). The author frankly admits his intense admiration for Wolsey, but, on the other hand, has concealed nothing that might be discreditable. "If the Evangelist did not conceal the sin and the fall of Judas," he says, "neither ought we to conceal the sins of bishops and other personages." Accordingly, he coolly discusses the question of the cardinal's children, and arrives at the curious conclusion that the reader should be thankful "even if Wolsey was the father of more than one child, that, in an age when Alexander the Seventh was scandalizing the church by open profligacy in the highest ecclesiastical places, things were not much worse." The book is a scholarly and interesting one, and is illustrated by a really fine series of drawings.

Thomas Henry Huxley (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; \$1.00) is the subject of a brief biography by Edward Clodd, a scientist of note, who views the great evolutionist in a more critical and analytic spirit than Leonard Huxley, whose "Life and Letters" of his father he noticed last year. An excellent idea of the style and scope of treatment may be gained from the chapter-headings, which are: "The Man," "The Discoverer," "The Interpreter," "The Controversialist," "The Constructor."

The new and revised edition of William Ellery Channing's "Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist" (Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston) has been prepared by the one man who could bring order out of the chaotic disorderliness of the edition of 1873. F. B. Sanborn's special knowledge of the history of the work has enabled him successfully to rearrange, index, add to, and subtract from, the book. It is now a veritable mine of valuable material about Thoreau, and one of the most interesting books about him published. In the strictest sense of the word, it is not a biography, but at the same time it reflects truly the character of the man—perhaps as no other book does or could.

Some more or less heretical opinions are expressed by J. C. Tarver in "Tiberius the Tyrant" (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$5.00), an historical biography. They are, substantially, that Tiberius was a malicious partisan and slandered Tiberius; that Tiberius was in reality an upright ruler; that Christian writers have painted Rome in dark colors in order to heighten the contrast between social conditions under the empire and the pure teachings of Christianity; that Rome was, in fact, the scene of much less violence and vice than generally supposed. Mr. Tarver's book is scholarly and to quite a degree convincing.

"The Life of John Ruskin" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), by W. G. Collingwood, for ten years Ruskin's secretary, is not, he says, "merely a reprint" of the previous work in two volumes published in 1893, but is "written on somewhat different lines." Much new biographical detail has been added, some expositions of Ruskin's teachings excluded, and the whole compressed into one volume.

Notable Books on Serious Themes.

Sir Walter Scott, Coleridge, Bowles, Keats, Leigh Hunt, and the pre-Raphaelites are dominant figures in Henry A. Beers's "History of English Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century" (Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.75). But despite his title this Yale professor and author manages to include a couple of chapters on "The Romantic School in Germany" and "The Romantic Movement in France." The book as a whole is a very interesting one, singularly unpedantic in tone; indeed, it is almost familiar. It would be easy to quarrel with the author's definitions of romanticism, but, as he says, every writer has a right to say "what his book shall be about," and every reader, we may add, should be properly grateful for such entertaining literary criticism as this, under whatever name it ventures forth.

Another and still bulkier book—this time criticism of criticism—is Professor George Saintsbury's "A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe from the Earliest Texts to the Present Day"—truly an impressive undertaking. Volume II of the three that will complete the work covers the period from the Renaissance to the decline of eighteenth-century orthodoxy. The chapter-headings are: "Erasmus," "Early Italian Critics," "Scaliger, Castelvetro, and the Later Italian Critics of the Sixteenth Century," "The Criticism of the Pleiade," "Elizabethan Criticism," "From Walther de Boileau," "The Italian Decadence and the Spaniards," "German and Dutch Criticism," "Dryden and His Contemporaries," "From Addison to Johnson," "The Contemporaries of Voltaire," "Classicism in the Other Nations." This monumental work is the distinguished English critic and Oxford professor's crowning achievement. He is said to have been engaged upon it for more than thirty years.

From Oxford to the University of Texas is a long step, yet from the latter place emanates a thoroughly scholarly work by Professor Mark H. Liddell, entitled "An Introduction to the Scientific Study of Poetry" (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.25). Science and poetry! Verily, here lion and lamb lie down together. But the wonder lessens upon examination of the book. It is, in fact, a study of the mechanics of verse, and a notable demonstration what laws govern English prosody. The long enslavement of English writers upon verse-forms to ideas essentially classical required that such a work as this be written. It effectively shatters many long-held fallacies.

A solid work by a teacher of note is the "Philosophy of Conduct" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York) of George Trumbull Ladd, of Yale. This work, like all of Gaul, is divided into three parts. In the first part "the nature of the Moral Self, or of man as equipped for the life of conduct, has been described as this nature appears in the light of psychological science, both individual and ethnic." Part second treats of the "Virtuous Life." In part third is discussed the "Nature of Right." The whole work extends to nearly seven hundred closely printed pages.

The Hon. James Bryce's "Studies in History and Jurisprudence" (Henry Frowde, London) is a profound treatise on the legal aspects of history, and manifestly a book not to be reviewed in a

paragraph. The titles of the articles will, however, give some idea of the scope of the work, which bulks to nearly a thousand pages. They are "Methods of Law-Making in Rome and in England," "The History of Legal Development at Rome and in England," "Marriage and Divorce in Roman and in English Law," "The Roman Empire and the British Empire in India," "The Extension of Roman and English Law Throughout the World," "Primitive Iceland," "The Constitution of the United States as Seen in the Past," "Two South African Constitutions," "The Constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia," "Flexible and Rigid Constitutions," "The Action of Centripetal and Centrifugal Forces on Political Constitutions," "Obedience," "The Nature of Sovereignty," "The Law of Nature," "The Methods of Legal Science," and "The Relations of Law and Religion."

Claudius Clear, who, as everybody knows, is no other than Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, editor of the English *Bookman*, has collected a number of interesting essays in a volume called "Letters on Life" (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; \$1.75). "The Art of Conversation," "The Sin of Overwork," "Handwriting," "Good Manners," "Growing Old" are some of the subjects upon which he turns the ray of his mature and astute mind.

A subject, as she admits, "prickly with controversy," is dealt with by Anne Macdonell in "Sons of Francis" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$3.50) a handsomely printed and illustrated volume significantly bound in white, gold, and gray. The work practically amounts to an anecdotal biography of sixteen or seventeen early Italian members of the great Catholic order who, in the opinion of the author, had in them the vital spirit of the founder of the brotherhood. The author brings to her work great enthusiasm, and writes without a churchly bias. A romantic rather than a theologic spirit pervades it.

Some Macmillan Company Publications.

Because many of the illustrations in Douglas Houghton Cambell's "University Text-Book of Botany" (\$4.00) figure California plants, the book should prove especially attractive to Pacific Coast botanists. The frontispiece, for example, is a *Sequoia gigantea*. Plate XV is a cypress occurring only near Monterey; Plate V shows conifers near the base of Mt. Shasta. In addition to the plates, there are an enormous number of drawings, many of which are by the author, and all of which are notably explicit. "The book is not intended as a laboratory manual, but is designed primarily as a work of reference... for the use of students in American colleges and universities." Dr. Campbell is professor of botany at Stanford.

In his "The Mind of Man," a solid-looking book of six hundred pages, Gustav Spiller says: "I maintain not only that the elementary principles of psychology have still to be established; but I believe that, from the scientific point of view, no serious attempt has yet been made in that direction." Here's news. The professors, American, French, German, English, all wrong? So says Spiller confidently, though he admits that he "shrinks"; indeed, that "he never ceases to shrink [strange!] from the unwelcome duty of sounding a retreat." However, he thinks that though his book may "at first give rise to bitter disappointment" among psychological professors, it will ultimately have "beneficial effects." We warmly commend the hook to the professorial attention.

Mary Whiton Calkins, who writes "An Introduction to Psychology" (\$4.00) of five hundred pages, seems never to have heard of Spiller, the revolutionizer. His name appears neither in text nor bibliography. But then, her book is intended, as she says, only "for the convenience of students to whom the author lectures." It has the "practical advantage of including, within the covers of one book, all that is absolutely essential to the first-year student." The author is professor of philosophy and psychology in Wellesley College.

The theme of Benjamin Kidd's brilliant work on "The Principles of Western Civilization" (\$2.00) is perhaps as definitely stated as anywhere in the sentence where he says: "The great process of life which has developed toward our Western democracy is instinct with principles involving the subordination of the individual and all his interests, and even those of whole movements and epochs of time, to the ends of a process of life moving forward through the slow cosmic stress of the centuries." But on the other hand, in Eastern civilization and pre-Christian civilization, according to Kidd, the individual is subordinated, not to the future, but to existing society. This is the thesis which Mr. Kidd engages to demonstrate. However the body of his readers may agree or differ with him, the book is at least a very notable contribution to philosophic literature.

All the above are published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

Miscellaneous Books.

"Dream Days" (John Lane, New York), by Kenneth Grahame, is a veritable children's classic. Maxfield Parrish, who made the drawings for the same author's "Golden Age," a few years ago, has even excelled his earlier successes at this time. His ten paintings are reproduced in photogravure and these, together with handsome binding, good type, and fine paper, make up a beautiful book. Another charming children's book is Thomas Nelson Page's "A Captured Santa Claus" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; 75 cents).

Two garden books are the uncertainly bypenated Mary Pamela Milne-Home's "Stray Leaves from a Border Garden," and the anonymous "In a Tuscan Garden" (John Lane, New York). The former is a notebook of interesting outdoor gossip about flowers and birds, and also contains some verses and a "flower glossary" giving the names of common plants in many languages. The latter is a more discursive volume, treating, indeed, such topics as Tuscan servants, the treatment of animals in Italy, the British tourist in Italy, and practical hints on the cost of eggs and the kind of meat to buy when hungry in Tuscany.

To the too short list of books on Alaska, Charles M. Taylor adds a spiritedly written and profusely illustrated one entitled "Touring Alaska and the Yellowstone." Mr. Taylor is a close observer of the things that interest an unscientific traveler,

and his unpretentious work will add greatly to most readers' stock of information. William Cunningham Gray, formerly editor of the *Interior*, who visited Alaska on the *Bear*, also has several interesting chapters on that modern land of mystery in his "Musings by Campfire and Wayside" (F. H. Revell Company, New York), a book which Newell Dwight Hillis justly speaks of as "harvesting the best things of a life long and wide and full of inspiration." Still another outdoor book is "Birds of the Rockies" (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), by Leander S. Keyser, with plates in colors by Louis Agassiz Fierste, smaller drawings by Bruce Horsfall, and other photographic reproductions. The book is rather popular than scientific, and belongs to nature-study rather than to the science of ornithology. It derives not a small part of its interest from its really admirable binding, paper, print, and illustrations.

The story of a curious friendship is told in part in "Letters to an Enthusiast" (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago). In 1850, when Mary Cowden Clarke finished her Shakespeare concordance, a certain Robert Balmanno, of New York, was so pleased with it that he wrote to Douglas Jerrold, begging him to get from Mrs. Clarke one of the slips she used in preparing it, promising two ounces of California gold in return. Mrs. Clarke sent the slips, Balmanno gold in the form of pens, and a correspondence followed, lasting ten years, though the epistlers never saw each other. The chief pleasure to be derived from these letters of Mrs. Clarke's (none of Balmanno's is given) is that of acquaintance with a charming woman of the old school. There are ten illustrations.

The various Shakespeare controversies are coolly discussed by "His Honour Judge Webb" in a volume entitled "The Mystery of William Shakespeare: A Summary of Evidence" (Longmans, Green & Co., New York).

Some Minor Novels.

Richard Bagot is prolific of books on the Roman Catholic Church, of which institution he writes without much mining matters. "The Just and the Unjust," "A Roman Mystery," "The Casting of Nets," have made Mr. Bagot's name familiar to many readers who will welcome "Donna Diana," in which novel the weak but loving Cardinal Savelli figures prominently. A story of quite a different character is "Life the Interpreter" by Phyllis Bottome. Here the heroine is a young woman who goes to live in the slums, but does not discourage thereby several suitors, worthy and otherwise. Finally, she marries the right one. Another very minor novel of English low life is "The Romany Stone," by J. H. Yoxall, M. P. All three are published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Somewhat depressing is Una L. Silherad's "The Success of Mark Wyngate," which depicts forcefully the self-sacrificing love of a woman for a young man who is eaten up with scientific ambition, and who never even guesses that he is so beloved. The end is tragic—inevitably so.

"Cap'n Titus" (\$1.00), by Clay Emery, is a collection of stories of an old New England salt which are mildly amusing, while "The Wooing of Judith," by Sarah Beaumont Kennedy, is a light love-story of Colonial Virginia. These three novels are published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Sydney C. Grier's "A Crowned Queen," which is published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, in quantity, at least, must satisfy the most exacting reader—there are five hundred and ninety pages. It is a story of the "Prisoner of Zenda" type, and is suggestively subtitled "The Romance of a Minister of State." Harper & Brothers, New York, have published "Hardwick," by Henry Edward Rood; "Her Serene Highness, Woman," by David Graham Phillips; and "Winslow Plain," by Sarah P. McL. Greene. The first of these deals humorously with life in a little New York village, the second is in the manner of Anthony Hope, has an extravagant plot, and strives after brilliancy in dialogue, the third is a story of New England, and is full of humor, which is its virtue, and of sentimentality, which is its vice.

R. H. Russell, New York, has published "Old Plantation Days," by Martha S. Gielow, a book of humorous and pathetic prose stories and verses in the real negro dialect as real Southerners know it. "The Red Chancellor," by Sir William Magyay; "Annie Deane: A Wayside Weed," by A. F. Slade; "The Lover's Progress," told by himself; and "José," an authorized and capable translation from the original of the noted Spanish author, A. Palacio Valdes, by Minna Caroline Smith, have been published by Brentano's, New York. The Century Company, New York, have republished two of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's promising novels, "The Dull Miss Ardinard" and "The Conquering of Camellia." Both books are better as studies than as stories. "Myra of the Pines," a quietly but genuinely humorous story, by Herman Knickerbocker Vielé, is published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. All of the books herein noticed are published uniformly at \$1.50.

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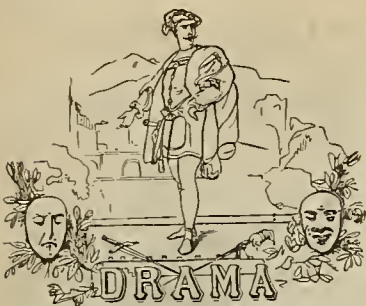


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Nearly every one who plies a pen nowadays seems to feel an inner impulsion urging him or her to write a play. As a consequence, fearful and wonderful productions must of necessity lurk in the secret corners of writing-desks, for even a twentieth-century playwright may be capable of doubts and misgivings when it comes to re-reading his own productions. But when Mr. Davis, the only Davis, Richard Harding Davis, takes up the pen dramatic, then must the theatrical manager put his criticisms in his pocket and, for the resultant dollars evoked by the power of the Davis name, give his play a production in a first-class theatre.

To think of Mr. Davis's play in the hands of other than first-class players is to think of dire dullness, tedium unrelieved by a ray of light. As it is, Margaret Anglin and, well, perhaps Henry Miller, are the sole spars to which we cling.

"The Taming of Helen" is an extremely trivial affair, even in this era of stage trivialities. Helen is a young woman who is so tame already that the thought of her further subjugation induces a smile. Her young man has written a play and, prior to its acceptance and the subsequent stupefaction of London over its transcendent merit, is starving genteelly in nice roomy apartments, keeping a man the while. In the meantime, Helen, who in the presence is a meek-spirited young woman, remarkably amenable to the discipline of lectures on her misconduct, in the absence is flitting around London with marquises and other bric-à-brac from the peerage, and neglecting her young man.

Philip Carroll, the young man in question, is one of these patient creatures that we run across in fiction occasionally, whose love is indestructible, even under the chill of neglect. He is great chums with Marion Cavendish, a London actress, who believes in his play, and who thinks a little jealousy will be improving to Helen's health. The thing happens by chance, and, behold! some very mild fat on a very low fire.

But why go on? One can see from the foregoing—which about covers the ground of the first act—that the play is one of these faint, sketchy, bodiless, bloodless productions which have not an atom of real drama in their veins. It is called a comedy, to be sure, but although the situation at the ball, during interludes, approaches the farcical, the story is one of sentiment; or, rather, sentimentality.

Now when two young people love each other and are ripe for matrimony, and there is absolutely nothing to defer a happy consummation save a misunderstanding that should, with a word of explanation, be only momentary, it is up to the author to invent something. Mr. Davis, however, has apparently been satisfied with representing smart people of unexceptionable tone doing trivial things—drinking tea, jesting, walking in and out of a ball-room, and making a large number of pointless and witless observations. There is little action or incident, absolutely no characterization, an absence of logical development; in fact, a general shapelessness in the construction of the play which shows the 'prentice hand.

The dialogue is not of a quality to make up for the lack of dramatic incident, many of the jokes being ancient staggers *redivivus*. Indeed, there is more than a suggestion of the callow wit which appeals to the undergraduate. Thinking men and women will have none of "The Taming of Helen," which is manifestly written for the omnivorous, unrepresentative American youth of both sexes, who can quip down D'Annunzio and giggle over Richard Harding Davis with equal ease, and remain just as far as ever from establishing a standard.

A play of such intrinsic weakness naturally gives players but little opportunity. Margaret Anglin had the most, although it was apparent at times that she found it expedient to cke out with interpolated touches the inherent shalowness of the part.

Mr. Miller, in spite of a well-preserved

smile which rejuvenates his face wonderfully, filled a rôle which should be undertaken by an elastic, spirited youngster in his twenties. He did it well, but his high spirits were not precisely contagious.

Miss Waldron, who was Miss Trevelyan in the Eastern production, has been promoted to the part of Helen. Miss Waldron has ability, but a purely sentimental rôle suits her style even less than the play of emotion is becoming to her features. She did extremely well last year as the didactic young woman in "The Importance of Being Earnest," which would perhaps indicate that her talent lies more especially in the line of character work.

Morton Selten, so well placed as General Burgoyne in "The Devil's Disciple"—was cast as a remarkably fatuous individual who had little to do beyond yelping loudly when he was thumped on the back by the heavy-handed Philip. Whether it was Mr. Davis's, or his own, conception that induced Mr. Selten to cultivate a general expression of uninspired imbecility, it is hard to say; his excuse, however, if one is needed, lies in the fact that the character of Captain Herbert is entirely devoid of individuality.

George S. Titherage, as the London actor-manager, gained considerably in presence over his Parson Andersen of last week. His fine voice, and, curiously enough, a certain effect of insincerity in his acting, made him particularly adaptable to the part of Sir Charles Wimpole, the London manager of the play, who suggests Irving, but may have been inspired by Charles Wyndham.

There is no doubt that there is a falling off in merit in Henry Miller's support; due, perhaps, to the fact that other Eastern lights have had their eyes on San Francisco, which will naturally diminish individual profits. So far, however, there has been comparatively little opportunity, from the character of the two plays produced, to test the dramatic stuff in them.

Let the timid or disheartened amateur playwright take heart of grace, for "The Dairy Farm" is a success, and draws its hundreds and tens of hundreds to the Alcazar. "The Dairy Farm" is merely a slight variation on all the familiar units in the long procession of rural dramas with which we have become familiar. It is written with a plentiful lack of wit, although the author remarks confidently in a note on the programme: "I believe every man will go away benefited by the laugh of pure good nature with which he has punctuated the various scenes." Her delightful confidence is not misplaced, for the rural play is apparently one of those species of drama with which you can fool some of the people all the time.

"The Dairy Farm" has a few new features. For one thing, it is located in the 'fifties, which gives opportunity to put the women in crinoline and ankle-length pantalettes, in the display of which they show a high degree of conscientiousness. For another, there is a glimpse given of the workings of the underground railway to assist runaway slaves. But all else is but the dear old landmarks that we know by heart. There is the girl of obscure parentage, whom the heir to the farm—a young man with immaculate boots and a low-necked shirt, revealing a plump pink bosom—with the usual perversity will persist in loving. There is an obdurate sister-in—"The Dairy Farm" an uncle—who makes himself generally obstinate and unpleasant all round because the young man defies the avuncular decree and marries the wrong girl. There is the homely mistress, who always has her hands either in butter, flour, or potato parings, and who stands for honest bluntness and sterling worth. There is a villain, who has a box of mortgages up his sleeve, and his eye on the farm; a pair of rustic lovers, who make goo-goo eyes at each other on the horse-hair sofa in the "best room"; and various others who make up the tribe of neighbors, gossips, and young folks, who always assemble in the farm kitchen before the play is over and have a good, old-fashioned country revel. Once upon a time, country life stood for a dead level of dullness. But in the rural drama of the present, "the yard" is always a sort of rustic rialto whereon is heard the marching tread of the entire village host before the play is over.

It is rather difficult to heed the discourse of the long-winded concourse in "The Dairy Farm" who are wont to indulge in explanatory monologues of a dull nature. Indeed, the pink-hosomed young man, with the broken-hearted voice, makes a spread-eagle speech on the village streets, thereby prolonging the performance to an unforgetable length. But one can evade the monologues by looking at the live poultry let loose in the

yard, which forage for food with the serene air of fowls who have been stuffed like Strasbourg geese before the performance has begun.

The author, by the by, apropos of "that dry humor" which she naïvely praises in her play as being "characteristic of the true American," neglected a noble opportunity in not causing the darkey with the megaphone voice to kidnap one of the hens. For do not darkeys and fowls gravitate toward each other at night-time as inevitably as positive and negative poles? It was another opportunity reprehensibly lost for "punctuating" one more scene with a "laugh of pure good nature."

Somebody's judgment, by the way, was out in the twilight scene. When darkness fell, some belated birds chirped, and the frogs began their nocturnal anthem. It was not a bad effect, especially with the lovers as sole auditors of the twilight chorus. But what about the fowls who always go briskly to bed at sundown, and who stood their ground in the falling darkness with a politely negative, Casabianca-like air of resignation, and not a hen-roost in sight? However, these are but spots upon the glittering tin-ware of "The Dairy Farm," for the piece was well put on, and the company, reinforced by several players who have become identified with its successful Eastern production, acted with an animation and relish that imparted considerable reality to some of the more successful characters.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Dr. Martin Kellogg, for many years one of the leading members of the faculty of the University of California, and for five years its president, died on Wednesday, at the age of seventy-five. In 1899, worn out with long years of service at the university, Professor Kellogg asked and received a year's leave of absence, which was granted him, and, in September, one month before the inauguration of his successor, President Wheeler, he sailed with his wife for a trip around the world. He returned in 1900, and has lived quietly at his residence in Berkeley on Bushnell Place.

Denis O'Sullivan will be heard only once before his return to London. He will give a song recital on Friday evening, September 11th, at Steinway Hall, when his programme will include some fourteen songs not previously heard in San Francisco. Strauss, Hugo Wolf, Weingartner, and others will be represented, and two groups of English and Irish airs will be included for the more familiar part of the recital.

The Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of amateurs, under the direction of Giulio Minetti, will give three evening concerts during the season of 1903-4, respectively, in November, February, and May. Rehearsals take place Monday evenings at Curtaz & Co.'s Hall, from whom further particulars may be obtained, and in whose care applications for membership should be sent to the society.

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Fritz Scheel is to conduct two popular concerts at Mechanics' Pavilion on Monday afternoon, September 7th (Labor Day), and Wednesday, September 9th (Admission Day).

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Return of Florence Roberts.

Florence Roberts will make her reappearance at the Alcazar Theatre on Monday night in Mrs. Burton Harrison's play, "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," which was produced in New York by Minnie Maddern Fiske. The play revolves about Mrs. Hatch, of San Francisco, who has been wrongfully divorced by her husband. She hears that her daughter in New York is to be married, and her strong mother-love leads her to hasten thither. On her way she meets Jack Adrian, a nice young man, and a mutual friendship springs up, but she finally tells him that she is a divorced woman, and he leaves her depressed and disappointed. On her arrival in New York, Mrs. Hatch seeks an interview with her former husband, and implores him to permit her to see her daughter. He agrees, upon the condition that the daughter shall not be told of her identity. After this interview, in which all the conditions are duly carried out, Mrs. Hatch, disguised as a dressmaker's assistant, gains entrance to her former husband's home in order to catch one more glimpse of her daughter before she is married. There she overhears Mr. Hatch plotting to get possession of the property of his son-in-law-to-be and when she is discovered by him, threatens to expose him. She also learns that Jack Adrian is her daughter's fiancé. The last scene reveals Mrs. Hatch in humble lodgings making lamp-shades for a living, but old friends have discovered her, and her daughter and son-in-law learn through them of her innocence and self-sacrifice, and a reconciliation follows. The play will be beautifully mounted, especially the scene representing a May-Day party in Central Park, when the stage is crowded with merry-making little ones. On September 10th, Miss Roberts will give a special matinee performance of D'Annunzio's "La Gioconda."

Margaret Anglin as "Camille."

The third week of the Miller-Anglin engagement will be devoted to Margaret Anglin's translation from the French of Dumas's great classic, "Camille," in the title-role of which she made such a strong impression here last year. Mr. Miller will repeat his fine performance of Armand; George S. Titherage will impersonate Dumas père; Walter Hitchcock, the Comte de Varville; Morton Selten, St. Gaudens; Mrs. Kate Pattison Selten, Prudence; Victoria Addison, Olympe; and Martha Waldron, Nanine. A new version of George Ohnet's "Le Maître de Forée," under the title "The Ironmaster," will follow "Camille." Some ten years ago this drama was in the repertoire of nearly every actress of note, for the rôle of the high-spirited, willful, fiery Calire de Beaupré, who, in a moment of smarting pain and wounded pride, gives her hand to the despised and unknown Ironmaster, offers many opportunities for strong emotional acting. Mrs. Kendal, it will be remembered, produced Pinero's version of "Le Maître de Forée," when she last visited San Francisco in 1894.

Grand Opera at the Tivoli.

The long-awaited grand-opera season will begin at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday evening, when the usual Tivoli's opening masquerade opera, "Aida," will be presented, with the new dramatic soprano, Lina de Benedetto, in the title-role. This opera will be repeated on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings. On Tuesday evening, Adelina Touben, the new lyric soprano, will make her debut here as Lucy Ashton, in "Lucia di Lammermoor," which will be sung again on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday evenings, and at the Saturday matinee. Among the other members of the grand-opera company this season will be the three Tivoli favorites, Tina de Spada, Giuseppe Agostino, and Augusto Dado, and several other new singers, among them Cleo Marchesini, mezzo soprano; Emanuele Ischerio, dramatic tenor; Alfredo Tedeschi, lyric tenor; Adamo Gregoretto, dramatic baritone; Giuseppe Zanini, lyric baritone; and Baldo Travagliani, basso. Some of the lesser rôles will be entrusted to Frances Graham, Marie Welsh, Quinto Zani, and Guilo Cortesi.

"Everyman" at the Lyric.

The greatest novelty at the theatres next week will be the old morality play, "Everyman," which will be given here for the first time at Lyric Hall, 119 Eddy Street, on Wednesday, under the personal direction of Ben Greet, of the Elizabethan Stage Society of London. Dating in authorship some time in the fifteenth century, the old play will be presented just as it was given in medieval times. There is no curtain, no light effects, no orchestra, and the performance is continuous. Mr. Greet, however, intends this year to give the play more medieval atmosphere than it has yet had, and will introduce professionals after the manner of early Passion Plays. The audience is requested not to applaud any portion of the performance. Briefly, the plot of the play is as follows: After a rologue spoken by the Messenger, the action opens with Adonai looking upon the sinful earth. He perceives how Everyman lives after his own pleasure. Death is summoned, and meeting Everyman, commands him to take a pilgrimage. Everyman tries in vain to escape, but there is no hargaining with Death. Left alone to his terror, Everyman appeals to the character called Fellowship to accompany him on the journey, but he declines. Then appeal is made to two associates, Kynede and Cosin, but these, too, refuse to accompany him on his journey. Then he turns to Riches, and while Riches admits his power in this world, he declines to try it on a journey to the next. Good Deeds is appealed to, but

answers that she is so bound in Everyman's sins that she can scarcely rise. But she responds to his entreaty, and brings with her Knowledge, her sister, who declares her willingness to stand by Everyman at the judgment seat. As he at last begins his journey, a mortal weakness comes over him. One after another of his companions, Beauty, Strength, Discretion, and the Five Wits take their leave. Good Deeds and Knowledge alone remain, and as an angel descends to carry the ransomed soul heavenward, a personage called Doctor epitomizes the lesson which the action of the play has illustrated. None of the names of the twenty actors and actresses who figure in the cast of "Everyman" will be announced. The first performance on Wednesday night will be given under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary.

"The Great Ruby" at the Central.

Messrs. Raleigh and Hamilton's spectacular English melodrama, "The Great Ruby," which was first imported to this country by the late Augustin Daly, is to be produced at the Central Theatre next week on an elaborate scale. The play hinges on the theft of a great ruby from a Bond Street jeweler's wife by a gang of diamond thieves, and the subsequent hunt for it by men from Scotland Yard. There are thirty-five people in the cast, and fourteen changes of scene, depicting fashionable English life, are shown. The opening scene represents a Bond Street jewelry shop, with real plate-glass windows and glittering show-cases. Then the scene changes successively to a picturesque inn at Lord's during a cricket match between Oxford and Cambridge; the Countess Charkoff's flat; the magnificent "lounge" of the Oatland Hotel; and finally a military tournament. The climax, however, is reached in the scene where the jewel thief jumps into a balloon, and as the great toy rocks unsteadily and scenery and even clouds descend, giving a vivid illusion of the balloon's ascent, pursuer and pursued struggle for the mastery, until at last the hero secures the jewel and flings the thief out from the car to the depths below. In theatrical parlance, this scene is "simply great," and is sure to prove a big hit at the Central.

At the Orpheum.

Some especially clever new specialties are announced for the Orpheum next week. Lew Bloom, the tramp comedian, and Jane Cooper, will reappear after a long absence, in an amusing sketch entitled "A Picture from Life." The other new-comers are T. Nelson Downs, the well-known "King of Cards," who is said to be without an equal in his feats of palming; Oliver LaVine, May LaVine, and Tudor Cameron, who will appear here for the first time in their acrobatic act "My Demented Friend"; and Marguerite and Hanley, hand balancers. Those retained from this week's bill are Edwin Keough and Dorothy Ballard in their original conceit, "A Vaudeville Surprise"; the Fleurs trio, who will vary their unique and beautiful dances; Sam Edwards and his company of comedians in "A Pass for Two"; and Larkins and Patterson, the "national singers of coon songs."

Lillian Kemble in "Mrs. Dane's Defense."

Owing to the great success of "Shenandoah," "Mrs. Dane's Defense" was given only at the matinees this week. It will be the regular bill, however, all next week, and promises to do a record business. It is undoubtedly the strongest of Henry Arthur Jones's plays, and gives Lillian Kemble another chance to show her versatility. The big scene of the play comes in the third act, when Sir Daniel Carteret—impersonated by Frank McVicar—whose adopted son, Lionel, loves Mrs. Dane, decides that she must give him an account of her past life, in order that he may free her from the scandalous charges made by Mrs. Bulsom-Porter. She does this, and her story (which is really an account of the life of her cousin, Lucy) is logical in the extreme until the famous lawyer begins, as a mere matter of form at first, a cross-examination. The first few questions are easily answered. Then comes a slip—a slight one. But the lawyer's professional instincts are aroused. It is a matter of pride with him to pursue the questionings further, although he fully believes the woman to be innocent. Another slip. Sir Daniel's manner changes. His family honor is at stake now. It is not a

question of Mrs. Dane's innocence—rather it is her guilt. His questions come more rapidly and more and more sternly. He is the woman's champion no longer. He is her judge. The toils tighten about her. For awhile she persists in her silly and futile lies, and then, when it at last breaks in on her that she is lost—when the judge cries out to her "You are the woman!" she falls in an agony of despair and grovels at his feet. The last act is a sort of anti-climax, and tells how Lionel is persuaded to give up Mrs. Dane and she to leave the village, while Mrs. Bulsom-Porter is forced to sign a retraction of her charges, which every one knows to be true. The play ends, too, with an unworthy and purely theatrical touch of pathos, when Janet Colquhoun, a former sweetheart of Lionel, covers him with a shawl as he lies sleeping on a sofa. At the Thursday and Saturday matinees, "East Lynne" will be the bill. For its farewell week, the Neill-Morocco company will present "Notre Dame," which has never been given here.

The Pollard Company at the Grand.

At the Grand Opera House, on Sunday night, a crowded house of grown folks, as well as children, will welcome back the Pollard Lilliputian Opera Company, which has just returned from an extensive tour of Australia and the Orient. Their opening offering will be "The Belle of New York," and during their four weeks' engagement they will present a number of popular musical comedies. Daphne Pollard, the juvenile soubrette, still heads the company, and the prima donnas are little Alice Pollard and Eva Moore. Teddy McNamara, a clever comedian, has recently joined the company. An essential feature of the performances of the Pollard organization is the well-trained and evenly balanced juvenile chorus. "The Belle of New York" will be presented on an elaborate scale, new scenery and costumes having been prepared for the season at the Grand. Popular prices will prevail during the Pollard company's engagement, and as the matinee prices will be only 15, 25, and 50 cents, every little child in town will be enabled to see this organization of precocious youngsters.

The Fischer Burlesques.

Only one more week is to be devoted to "Quo Vass Iss" and "The Big Little Princess" at Fischer's Theatre. On Monday, September 7th, there will be offered another great double bill of burlesques, including a very funny travesty on Paul M. Potter's French adaptation, "The Conquerors," which is nicknamed "The Con-Querers," and a burlesque entitled "The Glad Hand," filled with novelties and original specialties.

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VANITY FAIR.

Few persons have an idea what lifting the America's Cup means in money (remarks the New York Sun). Each of Sir Thomas Lipton's efforts have cost him more than half a million dollars. This time his expenses are more than they have been in former years, because he has kept two racing boats in commission. *Shamrock III* probably cost to build about \$200,000. She has five suits of sails, and these cost \$20,000 each, so that with her sails her cost is \$300,000. Extra spars have been needed, more rigging has been used than was first put on the yacht, and many other minor expenses have probably brought the cost of the boat up to \$450,000. *Shamrock I* had new sails, and she used some that were made for *Shamrock II* two years ago. These had to be recut to fit the older boat. With new rigging, and cleaning and painting, it is probable that the trial boat has cost \$50,000. There are forty-five men on each of these racing boats. The captain's salaries are \$4,500 each, the officers, \$3,000, and forty men on each boat draw about \$30 a month apiece. They have been engaged for six months, so their total wages will amount to \$14,400. In addition to their wages, Sir Thomas pays each man a bonus of \$75 for giving up the yachting season on the other side and coming across the ocean. This is in lieu of prize money. If the *Shamrock* wins, it will be much more. This bonus will amount to \$6,000. On the *Erin* the crew costs about \$17,500, and on the *Cruiser* and the smaller boat about \$5,000. This makes the total cost of men for the six months \$50,400. It costs quite a nice sum to feed 205 men each day. It is fair to estimate this item at 50 cents a day for each man, so that the total food bill will be about \$18,000. The yachts will occupy the dry-dock altogether twenty-two days. This costs \$300 a day, making the total \$6,600. There are many other charges in connection with the dry-dock. Men have been hired to paint the yachts, others have been employed to make changes and repairs. Sails and spars have been stored, and lighters and derricks have been used to step and unstep the masts. It is said that \$15,000 will about cover the expenses at the dry-dock. When it was decided to bring the *Shamrock I* across it was found necessary to have an extra convoy. The *Erin* could not do the work of the two racers. Sir Thomas bought the tug *Cruiser* for about \$75,000. Here he has chartered a large and a house-boat, and engaged an excursion steamer to take his guests down to see the races. All this will add \$20,000 to his expenses. This makes the total cost of trying to lift the cup \$638,000, and not a cent has been charged up to entertainment. During the races the *Erin* will be crowded every day. Ever since the yachts arrived here there have been parties of friends aboard, and many guests have been brought from the other side to live on the *Erin*. It is fair to say that Sir Thomas's bills will total \$700,000.

Challenging for the America's Cup seems to have a fascination for those who can afford the expensive diversion, for the majority of those who have challenged once have come to try again. This is Sir Thomas Lipton's third attempt to capture the trophy. James Ashbury tried twice, as also did Alexander Cuthbert, of Canada, and Lord Dunraven. The cup was won by the *America* in the summer of 1851, when John C. Stevens, the first commodore of the New York Yacht Club, went over with the vessel to try her out against some of the British fliers. He posted various challenges about, but the Britons had had glimpses of the new yacht's speed, and they were reticent about making a race with him. Commodore Stevens was nearly discouraged, and hardly thought it worth while to enter the regatta arranged to be sailed at Cowes on August 22d, open to yachts of all nations, and for a five-hundred-dollar cup. For the sake, however, of getting one race he started. The course was around the Isle of Wight, and the *America* sailed against fourteen yachts, of which six were schooners and eight cutters. Queen Victoria was at the finishing point off Cowes Castle in the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, and the answer she got, in response to her inquiry as to the winner, best summarizes the story of the race. "Which is first?" she inquired of an official. "The *America*," replied the officer. "And which is second?" "Ah, your majesty, there is no second." So *America* took the since famous five-hundred-dollar cup home with her. It remained in the hands of Commodore Stevens and his associates until 1857, when they placed it in the hands of the New York Yacht

Club as a perpetual challenge cup. New conditions have necessitated deeds of gift, and many specifications as to how the cup shall be held, but the spirit of the original memorandum by which the cup was transferred remains the same.

It was not until 1870 that the first challenge came. James Ashbury, whose schooner *Cambria* had defeated the American schooner *Sappho* in a race around the Isle of Wight in 1868 was the challenger. After much hickering, conditions were arranged, and *Cambria* started across the ocean, racing with James Gordon Bennett's schooner *Danmless*, and beating her by several miles to Sandy Hook Lightship. The cup race came off on August 8th, and twenty-four yachts, including the old *America*, were entered against the *Cambria*. *Magic* won, defeating *Cambria*, which was the tenth boat to finish, by more than thirty-nine minutes. It was the only race in which the challenger has been compelled to sail against a fleet. The course was from Stapleton out around the Sandy Hook Lightship and return. Not discouraged, Mr. Ashbury challenged again the next year, this time with the new schooner *Livonia*. The first race of the series was sailed on October 16th over the same course as in the previous race. The regatta committee had selected four yachts, from which they would select a competitor for *Livonia*, according to the weather. The first day the schooner *Columbia* was chosen, and defeated *Livonia* by twenty-five minutes. *Columbia* sailed again in the next race, and won by four minutes and thirty-five seconds. *Columbia* was picked again for the third race, but her steering-gear broke down, and *Livonia* won by nineteen minutes, the only occasion in the history of the cup races on which the American boat has lost a race. The schooner *Sappho*, which had been defeated by Mr. Ashbury's *Cambria* in England, sailed against *Livonia* in the remaining two races, and won by nearly half an hour in both races.

The third challenge was made in 1878 by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. The challenger was the schooner *Countess of Dufferin*, of which the designer was Alexander Cuthbert. The yacht was 107 feet long, 24 feet beam, and drew 6½ feet of water. For the first time the New York Yacht Club named one yacht to sail the entire series, and they chose to defend the cup the schooner *Madeline*, owned by John S. Dickerson, then commodore of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, and a member of the New York Yacht Club. *Madeline* was easily victorious in the two races, winning the first by nine minutes fifty-eight seconds, and the second by twenty-six minutes thirteen seconds. The first race was sailed over the New York Yacht Club inside course, and the second was from Sandy Hook, twenty miles to windward and return. In 1881, the Canadians challenged again. The challenger came from the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, and they named as their boat the sloop *Atalanta*. This was the first sloop to challenge for the America's Cup, and her designer was the same Mr. Cuthbert who had designed the *Countess of Dufferin*. In that year, for the first time in the history of the races, a yacht, the *Pachahontas*, was built to defend the cup, but she did not prove fast, and after some spirited trials the sloop *Mischief* was chosen. The first race was sailed on November 8th, over the inside course, and *Mischief* beat *Atalanta* twenty-eight minutes, twenty seconds. The second race was sailed on November 10th, over a course sixteen miles to leeward and return, and *Mischief* again won easily, this time by thirty-eight minutes and fifty-four seconds. The attempts of the owners of *Genesta*, the *Galatee*, the *Thistle*, and the two *Volkries*, who preceded Sir Thomas Lipton in his attempts to "lift" the cup, are remembered by many present-day yachtsmen.

Madeleine Lemaire, the artist, gave a unique Grecian banquet in her Paris studio the other day. She sent out invitations which read: "A soirée in Athens in the time of Pericles. Madeleine Lemaire begs you to honor with your presence the Greek fête which she will give in her humble abode on Tuesday. Banquet, dances, games, and cavalcade. Ancient Greek costumes de rigueur." Every one invited responded "Yes," and from the Duchess d'Uzes, in a superb robe of cloth of gold and long veil, surmounted by a circlet of diamonds, to the well-known beauty, Mme. Barrachin, in white draperies, with a crown of pink laurel, the costumes were very beautiful. One graceful woman went as Tanagra. The men were some of them splendid in the

garb of old Greek warriors, wearing cuirass and helmet of gold. At dessert a bevy of pretty girls in classic costume distributed flowers and fruits to the guests, while female Greek choruses, sung by female choristers, alternated with verses admirably recited by Mmes. Bartel and Reichenberg. After the banquet, Emma Calvé and Mme. Litoinne sang passages from "Philemon et Baucis," and then there were Greek dances executed by the leading dancers of the opera. After an elaborate supper, the evening came to a close by an animated farandole, danced by all present.

The National Bank of Commerce of Kansas City has introduced an innovation in the banking world—a "stocking" room, into which women may go to take the money they wish to deposit in the bank from their stockings. Now, it is a jest and a by-word among men that woman carries her fortune in her hose, but not many of them believe that this is true. Experience taught the bank officials of Kansas City that it was the case, for many and oft was the query made: "Where can we go to take out our money?" Hence, when the bank was enlarged recently, a room was provided just for this purpose. It is extremely private, and is equipped with chairs and with little foot-rests about the wall at convenient height, so that a woman may put her foot on a rest and secure the funds where-with to make her deposit.

Nelson's Amucose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

—A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF CREATIONS BY such famous Paris and Vienna modistes as Mme. Sara Mayer, Maurice Mayer, Braunstein, Beer, Blanche Lehouvier, Drecoll, Perdaux, and Gerson Blum, will be shown at the Emporium Opening Fall Exhibit, which begins Monday, August 31st.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdee, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
August 20th.....	58	50	.00	Clear
" 21st.....	64	52	.00	Clear
" 22d.....	68	54	.00	Clear
" 23d.....	70	54	.00	Clear
" 24th.....	62	54	.00	Pl. Cloudy
" 25th.....	66	52	.00	Clear
" 26th.....	74	52	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, August 26, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Los An. Ry 5%.....	1,000	@ 114½		
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	5,000	@ 119½	119	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	6,000	@ 108	108	108½
Sierra Ry. of Cal. 6%.....	10,000	@ 112	111½	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%.....	15,000	@ 107½	107½	
S. V. Water 6%.....	6,000	@ 108½	108½	
S. V. Water 4%.....	16,000	@ 99½	99½	100
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	25,000	@ 100	99½	
Water.....		Shares.	Bid.	Asked
Spring Valley.....	570	@ 85½	85½	86
Street R. R.....				
California St.....	40	@ 200		
Powders.....				
Giant Con.....	75	@ 67½	68	68
Sugars.....				
Hawaiian C. & S.....	70	@ 43½	43	44
Honokaa S. Co.....	220	@ 13	13	14
Hutchinson.....	75	@ 13½	13½	14
Makaweli S. Co.....	5	@ 23	21¾	

Gas and Electric.
Mutual Electric..... 1,145 @ 13½-14½ 13½ 14½
Pacific Gas Impt..... 115 @ 51½-52½ 52½ 53½
S. F. Gas & Electric..... 20 @ 66-66½ 66 67

Trustees Certificates.
S. F. Gas & Electric..... 20 @ 65-65½ 66 66
Miscellaneous.
Alaska Packers..... 30 @ 147½-148 145½ 149
Cal. Fruit Cannerns..... 15 @ 90
Cal. Wine Assn..... 120 @ 98-98½ 97¾
Oceanic S. Co..... 100 @ 7¼

The gas and electric have been in good demand, and on small transactions have made gains of from one to three and one half points. There has been a good demand for Mutual Electric, and on sales of about 1,200 shares the stock advanced one point to 14, closing at 14 bid, and sales on street.

Giant Powder on sales of 75 shares declined one point to 67, closing at 67½ asked.

The sugars have been quiet but firm, and on small transactions made fractional gains.

Alaska Packers has been firm and closed at 148 sales, the highest point reached during the week.

Spring Valley Water has been in good demand, and on sales of 570 shares advanced one half point to 85½.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

GROVER CLEVELAND

GOES AFISHING.
PHOTOGRAPHS THAT TALK

America's Cup—Its Heroes

New York in the

Good Old Summer Time

Automobiling in Ireland

Pirates of New York Harbor

IN SEPTEMBER

OUTING

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

That greatest of all disfigurements of a woman's face, permanently removed, in the only successful way—with the **ELECTRIC NEEDLE**, as operated by Mrs. Harrison.

Warts, Freckles, Moles, Pimples, and Wrinkles quickly removed under my personal treatment at my Dermatological Parlors.

MRS. NETTIE HARRISON

DERMATOLOGIST,

140 Geary Street, San Francisco.

Why it is Best



Hunter Baltimore Rye

has challenged the markets of the world to show a better whiskey than itself in maturity, purity, quality, flavor. As none better is shown it remains the best.

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,
213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone Exchange 313.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Every thing in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

MILL VALLEY.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES TO rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—35,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 27 Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRAMES AND FRAMES.

From quality to price, quality at the top, price rock bottom. The new dainty ovals in Flemish Oak are among the late effects. Bring your photographs of dear ones to the framing department of Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A newly arrived Westerner was confronted in a street of New York late at night by a ruffian with leveled revolver, who made the stereotyped demand: "Give me your money or I'll blow your brains out." "Blow away," said the Westerner; "you can live in New York without brains, but you can't without money."

A South Sea Islander, at the close of a religious meeting, offered the following prayer: "O God, we are about to go to our respective homes. Let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes we wear—soon to be taken off and folded up in a box till another Sabbath comes around. Rather, let Thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies—ineffaceable till death."

The late W. E. Henley once met Robert Louis Stevenson, and found his friend distressed because he was not a Voltaire or a Dumas, though he had an equipment which ought to have made him their peer. Stevenson put his "failure" down to the weakness of his lungs. "Perhaps you are right, Lewis," said Henley; "I've always felt that, if I had not been a blessed cripple, I could have taken the earth in my hand and buried it into the sun."

A young San Franciscan, the owner of a large and valuable collection of autographs, once wrote to the late James McNeill Whistler politely requesting his signature. The letter was sent in care of the London Royal Academy, with which the famous American painter was at outs. After four months, the letter was returned to the San Francisco address from the dead-letter office in Washington. Covering the envelope, was the word, repeated numberless times: "Unknown," "Unknown."

It is related that one evening last winter, at a dinner given in honor of Mrs. Pat Campbell, in New York, the English actress remarked, loftily: "They wanted me to play Tess of the D'Urvilles in England, but I thought it a vulgar character, and I can't be gross, you know." This from the woman whose whole fame rested on her impersonations of women with malodorous pasts or notorious presents was astounding to all present, each one of whom had said something in extenuation of the sins of poor Tess and in admiration of Hardy's masterpiece as a dramatic character-drawing. For a moment there was an embarrassed silence, and then Miss Warren, who is to star in the play this season, spoke up innocently: "It is dreadful to be so sensitive. I expect, Mrs. Campbell, you find it hard even to accept your share of the gross receipts."

The recent death of Martha Canary—better known as "Calamity Jane"—has revived many tales of her remarkable adventures in the West during the early troubles. Once, it is related, she was riding in a stage-coach driven by Jack McCaul, a notorious character of Deadwood, S. D., when a band of Indians swooped down. McCaul was wounded, and fell back on his seat. The six passengers in the coach were helpless with fright. "Calamity Jane" scrambled to the seat, lashed the horses into a run, and escaped. It was this same McCaul who afterward was made the most memorable example of "Calamity Jane's" vengeance. McCaul shot "Wild Bill" Hickok from behind a tree, for a reason never known, after "Wild Bill" had staked him. When "Calamity Jane" heard of it, she started at once to find McCaul. "Wild Bill" was her friend, and the fact that she had once saved McCaul's life did not deter her from taking it. "I gave it to him once," she declared, "I'll take it back now." She came across him unexpectedly in a meat-shop, seized a cleaver, and, threatening to brain him if he moved, waited till her friends found him. She was one of those who tugged hardest to pull him over a cottonwood limb, and with grim satisfaction she watched him kick his life away.

When he was a young man, ex-Premier Salisbury, who died in London on Saturday last at the age of seventy-three, was extremely delicate. As Lord Robert Cecil he was overgrown, languid, and anemic, and his lungs bowed some signs of weakness. As soon as he had taken his degree and been elected to a fellowship at All Souls, his friend and rother-fellow, Dr. Acland, recommended him to take a long voyage, and to stay abroad, if possible, for two years. On this, old Lord

Salisbury came down in hot haste to Oxford, and protested vehemently against Acland's advice. "I wish my son to enter Parliament immediately, so you must be good enough to recall your advice, and tell him that he can face a political life with perfect safety." Dr. Acland, however, refused, saying: "My dear lord, there are six thousand practicing physicians in England, and you will find no difficulty in procuring one who will give Lord Robert the advice which you desire. But, unfortunately, I am the one man who can not give it, inasmuch as I have already advised in the diametrically opposite sense." Of course Acland was obeyed. Lord Robert went to Australia, returned to England with sound lungs, and as Lord Cranborne and Lord Salisbury performed a life's work of colossal labor with no untoward results to his health.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

How She Got Ready.

She'd dressed up to go out with him,
'Twas on the topmost floor,
Before the mirror she had posed
A weary hour or more.
At last she started down the stairs,
And he was glad, but then
She tarried on the second floor
To see herself again.

Before another mirror there
She turned and turned and turned,
And took her time and seemed as though
She only was concerned.
She patted bows and touched up tucks,
And felt her fluffy hair,
And re-arranged her new "flat" hat
With undiminished care.

And then she gathered up her skirts
And fixed them in her hand,
Coquettishly looked back once more
Into the mirror, and—
Went down another flight of stairs
To the reception room.
Where he was huddled like a chunk
Of rainbow colored gloom.

He smiled as any husband should,
But managed not to speak,
And it was well: for he was sure
He'd waited there a week.
He rose to go, but she advanced
Upon the large pier glass,
And hark and forth in front of it
Began to pass and pass.

She started with her hat and hair,
And carefully looked down,
Inspecting things until she reached
The bottom of her gown.
She caught her skirts again and looked
To see how she'd appear,
And, evidently satisfied,
She said, "I'm ready, dear."

He heaved a sigh, but made it soft,
And headed for the street.
But hearing not the footfalls of
Her Louis XIV feet
He turned—he staggered and he fell
Against the nearest wall—
She was gazing in the mirror in
The hat-rack in the hall. —Tit-Bits.

Praying for Rain in China.

An Argonaut reader in Pekin sends the following account of the part played by the governor of Pekin in the ceremonies inaugurated by the Emperor of China to bring about rainfall in his parched empire:

We have had no rain for fully eight months, so, consequently, the court officials from emperor down to gatekeeper (who is a most important personage) are most active in trying to persuade the god of water to smile again on this country, and give us the much-needed rains. Therefore, the governor of Pekin, who is a first-class mandarin, entitled to wear a red coral button when in official dress, and who takes precedence over a provincial viceroy, was duly dispatched to go to a certain temple about seven days overland south of Pekin, and fetch from there an iron tablet which was hanging in a sacred well. He left on his errand, much flattered that the choice of his imperial master had fallen on him to be the instrument of pacifying the wrath of the god to whose temple he was now bound for. He returned in due time with the much-coveted relic (which, by the way, is a dirty piece of rusted old iron you would not give half a cent for) which was carried into town with full honors, consisting of a procession with the customary banners, noise, etc., and was safely deposited in what might be called a branch-office of the same temple. Everything having been conducted in proper style, as it is written down in the "Book of Rites," and as it has been done by their ancestors since the last twenty centuries, the people were convinced that rain was bound to come, and they waited hopefully, looking up to the ever-blue sky day after day, but without result. Then, suddenly, an unusually bright censor (this is a class of very high officials who are to keep a careful watch on everything going on in the state, and enjoy the right of addressing the "Son of Heaven" direct), this censor, I say, struck the reason, he thought, why rain persisted in staying away, so he memorialized the throne, and pointed out a thing which, strange to say, had been overlooked so far, that the governor of Pekin who was sent for the tablet (and who evidently is in advance of his time)

had actually returned to Pekin by train, finding, probably, this method of locomotion more convenient than coming seven days on foot. And he said, apart from the train being a foreign-devil's invention, its motive power is fire, and how can fire go together with water, so that was the reason why the tablet had not given the desired results. I have not heard what punishment this poor governor received, but from the above it will be clear to you that he has got himself into a bad mess.

The Vernacular.

This was the conversation between the girl with the gum in her mouth and the other girl with the gum in her mouth:

"Aincha hungry?"
"Yeh."
"So my. Less go neet."
"Where?"
"Sleeve go one place nuther."
"So dy. Ika neet mo stennyware. Canchoo?"
"Yeh. Gotcher money?"
"Yeh."
"So vy. Gotcher aptite?"
"Yeh. Gotcheboos?"
"Yeh. Howbout place crossstreet?"
"Nuthin' teet there. Lessgurround corner."
"Thattledoo zwell zennyware. Mighta thoughta that 'tfirst. Getcher hat."
"Ima gettinit. Gotcher money?"
"Yeh. Didnd'cheer me say I had it? All-ready?"
"Yeh."
"K'mon."—Chicago Tribune.

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.



TOYO KISEN KAISHA
(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)
IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 p. m. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Hongkong Maru...Saturday, September 19 (Calling at Manila)
Nippon Maru...Thursday, October 15
America Maru...Tuesday, November 10
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, corner First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.
Philadelphia...Sept. 2, 10 am | New York...Sept. 16, 10 am
St. Louis...Sept. 9, 11 am | Philadelphia...Sept. 23, 10 am
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Westernland...Sept. 5 | Haverford...Sept. 19, 9 am
Belgian...Sept. 12, 12:30 pm | Noordland...Sept. 26, 1 pm

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Minnehaha...Sept. 5, 4 pm | Minnetonka...Sept. 19, 4 pm
Mesaba...Sept. 12, 9 am | Minneapolis...Sept. 26, 9 am
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
New England...Sept. 3 | New England...Oct. 1
Mayflower...Sept. 10 | Mayflower...Oct. 8
Commonwealth...Sept. 24 | Columbus (new)...Oct. 15
Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Dominion...September 5 | Canada...September 26
Southwark...September 12 | Kensington...October 3

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.
Camhroman...Saturday, Sept. 19, Oct. 1, Nov. 12
Vancouver...Saturday, Oct. 10, Nov. 21

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a. m.
Rotterdam...September 2 | Statendam...September 16
Potsdam...September 9 | Ryndam...September 23

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a. m.
Zeeland...September 5 | Vaderland...September 19
Finland...September 12 | Kroonland...September 26

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Teutonic...Sept. 2, noon | Germanic...Sept. 9, noon
Arabic...Sept. 4, 4 pm | Cedric...Sept. 11, 8 am
Armenian...Sept. 8, 7 am | Majestic...Sept. 16, noon
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Gaelic...Friday, September 11
Doric...Wednesday, October 7
Coptic...Saturday, October 31
Gaelic (Calling at Manila)...Wednesday, Nov. 25
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Sept. 5, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, Sept. 17, 1903, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Sept. 20, 1903, at 11 A. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

Continental Building and Loan Association

OF CALIFORNIA

Showing Assets and Liabilities, June 30, 1903

ASSETS.		
Loans on Mortgages	\$2,043,905.43	
" " Stocks	65,663.73	
Real Estate	359,377.81	
Homes Sold Under Contract	215,654.78	
Members Accounts in Arrears	27,254.29	
Furniture and Fixtures	1,500.00	
Sundry Advances Secured by Mortgages	44,071.51	
Sundry Debtors	10,565.55	
Cash in Office	4,848.45	
		\$2,772,841.46
LIABILITIES.		
Dues on Shares	\$1,377,526.37	
Class "A," "E," and "G"	\$138,233.85	
" " " " " "	782,294.53	
" " " " " "	129,406.02	
" " " " " "	27,601.97	
Dues on Paid Up and Prepaid Stock	\$ 621,326.48	
Class "B"	\$ 47,531.00	
" " " " " "	370,100.00	
" " " " " "	202,225.48	
" " " " " "	1,450.00	
Apportioned Profits	\$ 314,585.83	
Insurance Reserve	23,088.92	
Saved from Life Insurance	16,453.60	
Death Loss Accumulations	2,134.84	
Advanced Payments on Shares	47,000.00	
Loans Due and Incomplete	229,342.86	
All Other Liabilities:		
Reserve Fund	3,500.00	
Bills Payable	69,000.00	
Treasurer's Account	16,938.37	
Repayment A/C Mortgages	17,608.26	
" " Real Estate Contracts	16,323.33	
Dividends on Prepaid Stock	13,883.78	
Sundry Creditors	4,118.82	
		\$2,772,841.46

Rate per centum per annum paid Depositors (Ordinary) 5 per cent.

" " " " " " (Term) 6 " "

" " " " " " Stockholders 8 " "

HOME OFFICE, 301 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WM. CORBIN,
Secretary and General Manager

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE,
President

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Caro Cobb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Cobb, of Stockton, and Mr. Frank Long, son of Mr. and Mrs. John N. Long.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Morgan, of Los Angeles, and Mr. George Barbour, of Los Angeles.

The wedding of Miss Kathryn Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Preston Robinson, and Mr. George Beardsley, of New York, will take place at the Swedenborgian Church on Tuesday evening. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. Beardsley and his bride will occupy apartments on Sutter Street, near Fillmore.

Invitations have been sent out for the wedding of Miss Anne Apperson and Dr. Joseph Marshall Flint, which will take place on September 15th at Mrs. Hearst's hacienda at Pleasanton. Rev. Dr. Galloway, of Menlo Park, will officiate.

The wedding of Miss Anita Lohse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul F. Lohse, and Mr. David McClure Gregory will take place on September 8th at half after four o'clock at the Lohse residence in Oakland, 1385 Webster Street.

The wedding of Miss Irene Ward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Ward, and Mr. Charles M. Dufficy, son of Judge and Mrs. Dufficy, of San Rafael, took place at St. Dominic's Church on Tuesday morning. The ceremony was performed at ten o'clock by Rev. Father Welch. Miss Mildred Ward, sister of the bride, was the maid of honor, and Mr. Rafael Dufficy acted as his brother's best man. Miss Alicia Dufficy and Miss Elizabeth Dufficy were the bridesmaids, and Mr. H. F. Anderson, Mr. George B. Keane, Mr. J. H. Fuller, and Mr. Harry Ruthrauff served as ushers. The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, 2412 Clay Street, and on Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Dufficy sailed for Japan on their wedding journey.

The wedding of Miss Adelia Osmont, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Osmont, and Mr. James Clarence Sperry, son of the late James Sperry, took place on last Saturday afternoon at St. Luke's Church. Mr. and Mrs. Sperry left later in the day for Ventura, where the groom is engaged in business, and where they will reside.

The wedding of Miss Ann Augusta Elizabeth Nixon, daughter of Mrs. Evelyn Nixon, and Mr. Clement Winstanley took place on Monday evening in St. Paul's Episcopal Church. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by the Rev. W. M. Reilley. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Violet Nixon, and Mr. A. R. Holzheil acted as best man.

The wedding of Miss Francis Kautz, daughter of General Kautz, who was stationed at Angel Island for several years, and Captain Alvin Chambliss Reed, U. S. A., took place in Cincinnati, O., last week.

Miss Elizabeth Bender entertained at her residence, 1020 Green Street, on Wednesday in honor of her cousin, Miss Evelyn Laughton, whose engagement to Mr. Morris Baretto, of New York, was recently announced. Among others present were Mrs. Bender, Miss Margaret Bender, Mrs. Settle, Mrs. George G. Carr, Mrs. Wardlaw, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Georgie Lacy, Miss Partello, and Miss Eva Madden.

Mrs. George G. Carr gave a tea last Sunday afternoon complimentary to the officers of the French man-of-war *Prolet*. She was assisted in receiving by her niece, Mrs. George W. Whittaker.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fritch gave a luncheon at the Hotel Rafael on Tuesday, at which they entertained Mrs. George D. Toy, Mrs. H. P. Sonntag, Mrs. M. C. Porter, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. John Hunt, Mrs. J. M. Litchfield, Mrs. John A. Buck, Mrs. Lillie Sullivan, and Mrs. Porteous.

The Friday Night Club, under the management of Mr. Edward M. Greenway, has sent out invitations for three dances, to be held at Native Sons' Hall, the dates being December 4th, 18th, and February 12, 1904. The hour appointed is nine o'clock, supper being served at midnight.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the most important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

The will of Mrs. Alice Skae, who died in New York on July 6, 1903, has been filed in the superior court, the will having been admitted to probate in New York. The only heir-at-law of the deceased is her daughter,

Alice Warren Skae, who is living at 6 East Thirty-Ninth Street, New York. The Mercantile Trust Company of this city is to act as executor and trustee, and is to hold all the estate in trust for the decedent's daughter, paying her the net income during her life. When she dies, fifty thousand dollars is to be paid out of the trust fund to her husband, if she marries and her husband survives, and the remainder is to be divided among her children.

A petition by Mrs. Anna G. B. Webster for letters of administration on the estate of her husband, Frederick R. Webster, who died on Saturday last, has been filed in Judge Troutt's court. The estate is large, but its value is not given in the petition. Mrs. Webster says that her husband left no will, so far as she knows, and that the only heir beside herself is Mrs. Martha H. Webster, the decedent's mother, who lives in Chicago.

The holographic will of Mrs. Louisa J. Goodman, written on April 11, 1903, has been filed for probate. She gave in trust to her son-in-law, J. C. Noyes, of Napa, the executor, \$20,000, he to pay the net income produced by this sum to the decedent's son, Edward H. Mudgett, who is fifty years old, and who is living in Yokohama, Japan. She said that she considered this a sufficient bequest to her son Edward, as she had taken care of him during the last fifteen years. To her daughter, Mrs. Julia R. Noyes, of Napa, she bequeathed \$10,000, all of her wearing apparel, and her jewelry. To her second son, James G. Mudgett, of San Francisco, she bequeathed \$10,000 and a solitaire diamond ring. Other bequests are as follows: To Frank G. Noyes and James G. Noyes, of Napa, \$2,500 each; Ella Cochran, of St. Louis, Maria C. Hale, of Iowa, and Gertrude Armstrong, of Canada, \$500 each; and the residue of the estate to her daughter and James G. Mudgett, her son.

The holographic will of Henry Cowell, the millionaire lime merchant, has been filed for probate by his daughter, Helen E. Cowell, who is named in it as executrix. Mr. Cowell was a widower. The heirs, his children, are Ernest V. Cowell, of Santa Cruz, Samuel H. Cowell, of Sacramento, and Isabella M. Cowell, and Helen E. Cowell, of San Francisco. If the will, which is apparently uncompleted, is not admitted to probate, the estate will be divided among them. The petition for the probate of the will states that the estate consists of real and personal property in San Francisco and elsewhere in California, and realty in Massachusetts and the State of Washington. Its value is not given definitely, but it is supposed to be over a million dollars.

The Scheel Symphony Concerts.

The second symphony concert drew a good-sized audience to the Grand Opera House on last Tuesday afternoon, and, as the result of further and more complete rehearsals, Fritz Scheel was enabled to give overwhelming evidence of his remarkable powers as an orchestral conductor. He is an undemonstrative leader, but his influence is strongly exerted at all times, and his absolute control over the large body of musicians under him is noticeable to the least-trained observer.

A well-arranged programme of six numbers, beginning with Beethoven's third symphony, known generally as the "Eroica," gave the necessary variety, although the severer of the classicists disapproved of the lightness of the closing numbers. A "Valse de Concert, op. 47," composed by Alexandre Glazounov, and played here for the first time, failed to find favor, the music being of a stereotyped and uninteresting character. The light and delicate "Fileuse" of Felix Mendelssohn, also a novelty to a San Francisco audience, won instant appreciation, not only through the fairy-like charm of the music, which suggested the rotation and musical hum of spinning wheels, enlivened by an accompanying clatter of tongues, but from the exquisite delicacy of its execution.

The third novelty on the programme was Jean Sibelius's "Swan of Tuonela," an unusually impressive composition, full of silvery hushes and broad, majestic effects, and which, following the heroic strains of Beethoven's noble symphony, came like the benison after prayer. Next to the "Eroica," it was the most notable feature of the programme, and a revelation of beauty that so surprised and delighted the audience that it is more than probable that a repetition will be requested at some future concert.

Another interesting programme has been arranged for the third concert, which will take place on Tuesday afternoon.

A large and enthusiastic audience attended the musicale given by the pupils of Miss Bertha Altenberg last Wednesday night, at Byron Maury Hall.

Situation in the Balkans.

What the Coast Range is to California, the Balkan Mountains are to Turkey. Famous health resorts are located all along the range, but just at present, with Turks and Russians threatening one another, these resorts are famous for 'most anything except health. California's Coast Range is decidedly more peaceful. A popular trip for San Franciscans is a visit to San José, stopping at palatial Hotel Vendome, driving or going by automobile around and through the Santa Clara Valley, and upon and among the picturesque foothills that surround that fruitful valley.

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Golf at Del Monte.

At the fourth annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Golf Association, held at Del Monte on Monday evening, Captain J. S. Oyster, of the San Francisco Golf Club, was unanimously chosen president, C. E. Orr vice-president, and R. Gilman Brown, of the San Rafael Golf Club, secretary and treasurer. The following were chosen as members of the executive committee: C. E. Maud, J. E. Cook, W. Frederickson, and E. B. Tufts, of the Los Angeles Country Club; H. M. Hoyt, of the San Francisco Golf Club; A. G. Harvey, of the San Rafael Golf Club; R. M. Fitzgerald, of the Oakland Golf Club; and Perry Eyre, of the Burlingame Country Club.

Twenty-two players entered the qualifying round over eighteen holes in the competition for the Del Monte Cup on Monday morning. The fourteen who qualified and their scores were: Dr. J. R. Clark, 76; Dr. C. H. Walter and W. Frederickson, 78; H. M. Hoyt and A. G. Harvey, 82; Captain T. B. S. Menzies, 84; C. E. Orr, 86; Captain J. S. Oyster, 87; J. E. Cook and A. H. Braly, 88; J. A. Jevne, 90; J. J. Crooks, W. W. Butler, and A. S. Lilley, 92; J. W. Byrne, 93; and J. E. Hoy, 93.

In the afternoon, the first match round was played, when A. G. Harvey defeated W. W. Butler, 4 up, 3 to play; C. E. Orr defeated J. W. Byrne, 3 up, 2 to play; J. A. Jevne defeated W. Frederickson, 5 up, 4 to play; Dr. C. H. Walter defeated J. E. Cook, 2 up, 1 to play; Captain T. B. S. Menzies defeated A. S. Lilley, 6 up, 5 to play; Captain J. S. Oyster defeated J. E. Hoy, 6 up, 5 to play; and H. M. Hoyt defeated J. J. Crooks, 4 up, 3 to play.

The second match round over eighteen holes took place on Tuesday morning, when A. H. Braly defeated A. G. Harvey, 3 up, 2 to play; C. E. Orr defeated J. A. Jevne, 1 up; Dr. C. H. Walter defeated Captain T. B. S. Menzies, 3 up, 2 to play; and Captain J. S. Oyster defeated H. M. Hoyt, 4 up, 3 to play.

In the afternoon the semi-final round was played, C. E. Orr defeating A. H. Braly, 4 up, 3 to play, and Dr. C. H. Walter defeating Captain J. S. Oyster, 5 up, 4 to play.

The final round, over thirty-six holes, eighteen in the morning and eighteen in the afternoon, was played on Wednesday, when C. E. Orr, of the Pasadena Country Club, won the cup by defeating Dr. C. H. Walter, of the Linda Vista Golf Club of San José, by the close score of 1 up.

On Tuesday afternoon the qualifying round over eighteen holes of the competition for the Del Monte Cup for women was played, the scores being: Miss Edith Chesebrough, 83; Miss Whittell, 85; Mrs. J. R. Clark, 88; Miss Bertha Dolbeer, 91; Mrs. E. T. Perkins, 99; Miss Margaret Hatley, 99; Mrs. La Montagne, 105; Mrs. W. G. Miller, 106.

In the opening match play on Wednesday afternoon, Miss Margaret Hatley defeated Miss Whittell, 4 up, 2 to play. Mrs. J. R. Clark defeated Mrs. La Montagne, 2 up, 1 to play. Miss Bertha Dolbeer defeated Mrs. W. G. Miller, 3 up, 2 to play.

Grover Cleveland's infant son has been christened Francis Grover Cleveland.

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(“White Seal” and “Brut Imperial”)		
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Pommery & Greno	14,776	16,970
Ruinart, Père & Fils	9,485	12,554
Vve Clicquot	6,915	8,684
Louis Roederer	7,124	5,158
Pol Roger	2,339	3,780
Piper Heidsieck	5,795	3,522

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The Argonaut.

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The marvelous enterprise of American newspapers, of which we have all heard so much, seems of late to have been chiefly directed toward getting prize-fight news on bulletin-boards in a minimum number of seconds. What the Colombian senate has done, is doing, and will do about the Panama Canal treaty is a matter of interest to some millions of the people of the United States, but about which our enterprising newspapers have printed only a farrago of unreliable and contradictory

dispatches. The senate may reconsider and ratify the treaty to-morrow, or it may never do so. It may merely be waiting for more boodle, or may be inspired by the loftiest patriotism. Panama and Cauca may revolt, or they may not. Outside the State Department, nobody appears to have any trustworthy information.

The situation, however, is full of interesting possibilities. Assuming, for the moment, that the Bogota statesmen, in rejecting the treaty, have expressed their irrevocable conviction, what is the duty of the President in the premises? Is the President required now to negotiate with Costa Rica and Nicaragua? The language of the Spooner act seems explicit. If the President shall not be able to obtain satisfactory concessions from Colombia "within a reasonable time and upon reasonable terms," then, "having first obtained for the United States perpetual control by treaty of the necessary territory from Costa Rica and Nicaragua, upon terms which he may consider reasonable, . . . the President shall, through the Canal Commission, cause to be excavated and constructed a ship canal," etc.

This seems plain enough, but at the same time it leaves much to the discretion of the President. He alone is the sole judge of what constitutes a "reasonable" time during which to continue negotiations with Bogota. Senator Spooner himself says that the President may properly take six months or six years if he so please. He is also sole judge of what are "reasonable" terms in any negotiation with Nicaragua and Costa Rica. He decides what is "necessary" territory. There is manifestly no assurance that the authorities of Nicaragua and Costa Rica would be any more amenable to reason than those of Colombia. In place of one recalcitrant senate there would be two—and of the same crafty Latin-American breed. There is manifestly still less assurance that a treaty with those States would be ratified by the United States Senate. Those of our senators who hold that the Panama route is the only practicable one might compass the rejection of the treaty, leaving the country no nearer a canal than it was forty years ago. If press comment is a criterion of public opinion, the Nicaragua route is steadily losing favor. The volcanoes thereabout, the recent severe earthquakes and land upheavals, the expressed opinions of some of the later investigating engineers that a canal there is an engineering impossibility, the absence now of any patriotic considerations, and the fear that some other nation might buy up the French company's claim, and build another canal at Panama, are all reasons why Nicaragua has fewer advocates than ever before.

The President—if those correspondents who profess to know his views are to be believed—has carefully weighed all the objections to Nicaragua. He is convinced that the Nicaragua route is utterly impracticable. He is determined that the canal at Panama shall be constructed. It is his conviction that no little band of boodlers at Bogota should be permitted to block so vast an enterprise. The argument by which he proposes to enforce this conviction, according to those best informed, is contained in the phrase, "Civilization's right of eminent domain." It is argued that, just as the state reserves to itself such power over lands and properties as may be necessary to prevent irremediable conflict of private interests with the public welfare, so civilization has the right to remove barriers and suppress practices which hinder its progress or affront its moral sense. The Panama Canal will be of vast benefit to the whole world. Colombia, through poverty, weakness, and incapacity, can not herself perform the work of construction. Therefore, she should step aside and let one do it who can. If, be-

cause of the greed or blindness—or both combined—of her authorities, she refuses to step aside, then, it is argued, the United States should seize the Isthmus and construct the canal, leaving to The Hague court the task of determining what is a just and fair compensation to Colombia. If, in a nation, an individual may not block the construction of a railroad, why, in world affairs, should one small country be permitted to block a vaster enterprise, and one more necessary to civilization's welfare?

For such an exercise of power as is proposed there is plenty of precedent. A newspaper, the St. Paul Pioneer Press, cites, for example, the union of European nations to establish order in Egypt and preserve the Suez Canal; the interference of Europe in the Turko-Græco affair; the establishment of the Congo Free State by the European concert in a territory as distant from Europe as the Isthmus from the United States; and, lastly, the intervention of the United States in Cuba. "The non-use or misuse of natural or chartered rights, the exercise of which is essential to civilization, has been from time immemorial held to be just cause for their forfeiture, made compulsory at the hands of more capable peoples," says the Press; "on this principle rests the whole history of civilization's conquests over barbarism and savagery. It is at the foundation of the present possession of the territory of the United States by the white race."

But before the time shall come when there will be no alternative but to seize the Isthmus or give up hope of a Panama Canal, several things may happen. From the tone of the dispatches, unreliable though they are, it seems clear that the State of Panama is on the point of revolt. In anticipation of the building of the canal, property in Panama increased greatly in value, prominent people bought lands and secured options. Unless, now, they do something, it spells ruin for them. The breaking out of a full-fledged revolution would very likely be the signal for a hasty ratification of the treaty by the Colombian senate before it is everlastingly too late. But if the senate should stick by its guns, in the opinion of Walter Wellman, the United States would lose no time in recognizing the new nation of Panama and concluding a canal treaty. The sole legal objection to such action yet advanced is the provision in the American-Colombian treaty of 1846 which recites that the United States alone "guarantees the perfect neutrality of the aforementioned Isthmus, and . . . the rights of property and sovereignty which Colombia has over the said territory."

When Colonel Henry Watterson consents to unburden himself of a few political opinions he never lacks an audience. He has been talking to the reporters while on his summer visit to New York. The Democratic nomination for the Presidency was the absorbing subject. Colonel Watterson professes to believe that "the nomination will lie between Gorman, Parker, and Gray, and that the nominee will be elected." He has no use for either Cleveland or Bryan. "They are the upper and nether millstones seeking to grind the Democratic party to their own uses, or to crush the life out of it." As for Cleveland, "talk of a fourth nomination and a third election is too wild to be considered by sensible people, and will not be considered by any nominating convention." "Bryan is killing himself as a public force," and is tending to become "the merest agitator and claimant, at once impotent and vindictive." If Colonel Watterson does not see the star in the east there are other wise men who do, or claim they do. Charles F. Murphy, the present leader of Tammany, and ex-Senator Smith, of New Jersey, have con-

together, and agreed that Mr. Cleveland is the only available man to nominate. As for his strength in convention, they claim for him the support of Tammany, the delegations of New York, New Jersey, and all the New England States, and a "strong feeling in his favor all through the West and North-West." If they are not deceived, there is momentum enough to predicate a nomination upon. The only remaining questions are: Will the gentleman accept? Can Bryan, Hill, Gorman, Watterson & Co. beat him? And both questions are as yet unanswered. That the Cleveland boom is to be reckoned with is indicated by the attentions which Mr. Bryan has been paying to the ex-President in his vitriolic speeches of late. But if one eye is on Cleveland, Bryan seems to have other optics to watch other Democrats who may want to steal the Presidency from under his nose. Of Gorman, he says that "his sympathies are with organized wealth; that his nomination is not to be thought of; that he would poll one million less votes than a ticket with no name on it at all." Neither does Judge Parker escape Mr. Bryan's observation. More than once he has intimated that "if the judge has any views no one knows what they are, but that if they were revealed they would probably be found to suit the Wall Street influences that are behind Cleveland."

Bryan's animosity toward the reorganizers of the party have not brought him strength and multiplied his adherents. That he is losing ground in the political game may be deduced from the fact that not a single Democratic convention this year has mentioned him as a possible candidate, and only one, Nebraska, has without quibble reaffirmed the Kansas City platform. He did gain a little left-handed prestige in the recent Democratic convention in Ohio, where the Tom L. Johnson-Bryan contingent dominated the party completely, and routed the reorganizers' foot, horse, and dragoons. But even there no personal mention of Bryan appears, and the reference to national issues is somewhat evasive. Johnson, of Cleveland, seems to be gaining, while Bryan is waning. The former is the king-pin of the Ohio Democracy to-day. There is no other name in the State to conjure with. In the recent convention, he had himself nominated for governor, and besides that he named the rest of the ticket. The Bryanism in his programme is likely to render the opposing wing somewhat lukewarm, but should he be elected this fall, he would surely be a strong factor in the race for the Democratic nomination for President next year. Johnson is almost as full of economic theories as Bryan himself, but when it comes down to going out for an office, he is a practical politician of the old school, and a hard man to beat. Defeat under his leadership last year has not retired him, and the attempt to wrest the control of the party in the State from him this year has not succeeded. The hope of the Republicans is that the split in the party which allowed Johnson's ticket to go down to defeat a year ago by ninety thousand votes will do it again.

In the pulling and hauling among Democrats, David B. Hill does not propose to be entirely overlooked. He made a speech, the other day, the keynote of which was that the present era of prosperity is a delusion and a snare, and that the country could never be really happy except under a simon-pure Democratic administration. He forgot to mention that for over forty years the two periods of Democratic domination in both the White House and Congress were gloomy and depressing enough to suit the most morbid of Democrats, and that the public could hardly wait until the succeeding elections to turn them out of office. "The good old-fashioned Jacksonian Democracy" is still doing business at the old stand, and shift Mr. Hill, having out-Bryaned Bryanism with his proposed socialistic legislation at the time of the coal strike, is one of its apostles. The Gorman campaign is proceeding on the line of sacrificing every issue that might antagonize the party factions. The problem is not to harmonize the leaders, but to hold the followers of all together. Free trade is too radical for Mr. Gorman, so he stands for tariff reform. A currency bill promises to be measurably popular; therefore, Mr. Gorman is not leading any factional opposition against it. Funds must be forthcoming, and the money interests antagonistic to Roosevelt must be conciliated; consequently, Mr. Gorman does not regard the trusts as an issue. He does recommend, however, that the issues of 1896 and 1900 be withdrawn. On the Republican side, the main interest concerns the probable attitude of Senator Platt toward the candidacy of President Roosevelt. The contest between Platt and Odell for supremacy in

New York is said to be ended, leaving the victory with the former. Much depends in the next convention on the delegation from the Empire State. Senator Platt will probably be the guiding spirit of that delegation. Is he really friendly to the President, or has he got something up his sleeve?

While Judge Alton B. Parker, who is still a Presidential possibility, refrains from discussing the various questions on which party positions turn, he is not neglecting the practical requirements of the game. In an interview, recently published in the *Newark News*, he suggested that the present plan of extending a national campaign over several months ought to be abolished. It appears to be a sensible proposition. Formerly, when transportation depended upon the stage-coach it undoubtedly required long periods to prepare the whole country for the great issues of a national election. That has all been changed. In these days, the railroad trains traverse the whole country in the course of a week. Campaign orators can make rear-end platform speeches to a dozen communities in a day. The telegraph sends the news and the speeches everywhere in an hour or two. The rural-delivery system distributes campaign literature at every farm-house door daily. By these improvements a campaign of education can be conducted in a fraction of the time required in the days of our grandfathers. A short and sharp campaign would serve every purpose, and prepare every voter to go to the polls intelligently as well as a long-drawn-out contest, of which every one wearies before it is finished, and which keeps the country needlessly stirred up as long as it lasts. It is pointed out that the last congressional elections were allowed to become a sort of drifting-match for this very reason, that there was too much time to cover before election. Neither party gave the campaign serious attention until the last few weeks, and yet it is assumed that the voters were as amply prepared to register their conclusions as they could have been under the methods usually prevailing. The long campaign, according to Judge Parker, is a waste of money and of energy. The suggestion is not new with him. It has been made before without meeting with general favor. There has, perhaps, been shown a growing disposition to crowd the hard work into the last few weeks before election, and as a rule, nowadays, nothing much is done until about the first of September. Notwithstanding the arguments in favor of a short campaign, there is an apparent hesitation about any change in methods.

The action of New York labor unions in the case of Sam Parks can not but grieve every well-wisher of workmen, and cause all their enemies to rejoice. Sam Parks was, and is, the walking-delegate of the Housemiths' and Bridgemen's Union. He used his official power to extort money from employers under threats of injury. For this he was arrested, tried and convicted by a jury of his peers, and sentenced to two years and a half imprisonment in Sing Sing Prison. During the trial, the Central Federated Union of the New York building trades condemned the district attorney for prosecuting Parks and for not prosecuting the employers of labor who had been uncourageous enough to be hied. This was had enough, but the worse was yet to come. A late dispatch says that the union Parks represented has resolved that its confidence in him remains unshaken, has voted to continue his salary of forty-eight dollars a week during his prison term, has elected him marshal of the Labor-Day parade, and has "declared its purpose to overthrow the existing government of New York City to avenge his conviction. That any union should take such an attitude seems incredible. Organized labor throughout the country, by its condemnation or commendation of this union's action, will measurably demonstrate whether it is for unions right or wrong, or for unions and unionists only when they obey the law.

The *Call* and *Chronicle* slightly enlivened the local political situation at the end of last week by simultaneously coming out with anti-Schmitz editorials that were tinged with sarcasm and flavored with bitterness. The *Chronicle*, which only a few weeks ago thought it merely "improbable" that it could support Schmitz, now speaks of his "monumental egotism," his "utter incapacity," and "disingenuousness." It also says that, "outside of some idle gossip, there was not the slightest foundation for his gratuitous assumption that he would be seriously considered by the Republican Municipal Convention." The *Call* likewise declares that if the Republican party indorses the mayor it will "abandon its independent function as a political party." These two utterances give some plausibility to the current rumor that, at a meeting, last week, attended by M. H. de Young, John D. Spreckels, A. Ruef, Henry Ach, and John C. Lynch, the two editors delivered an ultimatum to the effect that, if Schmitz were indorsed, the *Call* and *Chronicle* would holt the entire Republican ticket, and fight every nominee high and low. Entire credence is given to this rumor by the *Bulletin*, which editorially scolds Spreckels and De Young for "threatening to holt." It says they are not "acting according to right reason," and that their attitude is "mildly tyrannical. They are attempting to coerce the convention, and are holding their newspapers as whips over the heads of the party leaders." In the meantime, Mr. Schmitz has received from the Union Labor party convention the formal renomination for mayor, and even his opponents are constrained to admit that the meeting was marked by perfect harmony and genuine enthusiasm. Harders and Berger, the leaders of the faction which opposed Schmitz at the primaries, called the meeting to order, and received a vote of thanks therefor. "This means," says the hostile *Call*, "that the batchet has been hurried, and Schmitz will receive the support of both factions of the labor party." After nominat-

ing Schmitz for mayor the convention adjourned, and will not meet again until after the conventions of the other two parties have been held. At that time, either their nominees will be indorsed, or independent candidates put up. The Republican party's convention, by the way, will meet on September 15th, and, after organizing, adjourn for several days. It is the present intention of the Democrats to meet on September 14th, and likewise to adjourn for a few days. Hot discussion of Schmitz's chances in the Republican convention continues, even though Herrin is said to have declared his opposition. According to Ruef's friends, of course, Schmitz has a sure thing. The other side concede to him not more than one hundred votes out of three hundred and nineteen. It is certain, however, that Ruef's large body of delegates will be a big factor, and it is conceivable that, if he were unable to secure the indorsement of Schmitz, he might succeed in effecting the nomination of a weak candidate, and thereby greatly help the mayor's chances. In fact, it is argued in some quarters that the mayor would be more likely to win out alone than with indorsement. Some think it would be easier for him to get the 21,000 votes necessary in a three-cornered fight than the 28,000 or 29,000 necessary if there were only two candidates in the field. The mayor's declaration, in his speech of acceptance, that he is "first, last, and all the time a representative of union labor and always shall be so," and his unqualified indorsement of the radical platform adopted, seem to indicate that he does not want the Republican indorsement badly enough to make any concessions for it—if, indeed, he wants it at all. Henry Ach, who was "slated" for the chairmanship of the Republican convention, is reported to be likely to have some opposition. Ruef is said to have remarked that no member of the United Republican League committee should seek the place—and this includes Ach. Hence it is believed that, if Ruef thinks a tactical advantage can be gained, he will try for the place himself. Should a compromise be necessary, John S. Partridge seems likely to be the recipient of the honor. The most prominent names now, among the many that have been mentioned for the Republican mayoralty nomination, are General George Stone, Frank J. Symmes, John E. McDougald, S. Laumeister, John Lackman, Henry J. Crocker, and William Cluff. On the Democratic side, the minority faction, known as the "Horses and Carts," are expected to make up for small numbers by great activity. The McNah faction favors Thomas W. Hickey for chairman, and the Rainey folks, Joseph E. O'Donnell. A particularly sharp fight is expected over Byington for district attorney. Mahoney is still in the race for mayor.

The *Argonaut* recently remarked that criticism of the Philippine government by the Manila papers was subdued in tone. The two former editors of the Manila *Freedom* are each under sentence to six months' imprisonment in Bilibid, and to pay a fine of one thousand dollars for libeling a Spanish official in a newspaper heading. Other papers have been in trouble with the Philippine Commission, and they now "strive to please," so far as possible. The Manila *American*, commenting on the *Argonaut's* editorial, says:

The climate of Manila is the finest in the world—three months in the year—but even the most enthusiastic Filipino has never yet claimed that the Presidio de Bilibid is an ideal summer resort. Also, we beg to remind our 'Frisco friend, Captain Jason, that trial without a jury of one's peers is as full of dangers, difficulties, and perplexities as was his quest of the Golden Fleece. That the *American's* "criticism is subdued in tone" also can be proved by another distinguished son of the Golden West, "Tehama Jim."

"Tehama Jim," we regret to state, is the *American's* indecently familiar way of referring to the Hon. James Francis Smith, late brigadier-general and present commissioner. And thereby hangs a tale. Commissioner Smith was the author of the original opium bill, providing for the farming out of the opium monopoly in the Philippines. This bill the Manila papers vehemently opposed. Commissioner Smith, so the papers say, at this lost his temper, and insinuated, in his remarks before the commission, that the Manila papers had been subsidized by Chinese opium-dealers. "Mr. Smith Villifies the American Press" is the way the courageous *American* headed its report of the hearing, and a wordy battle raged for several days. Relations are still strained, but so far no editors have gone to Bilibid. This prison, by the way, now has a convict population of 2,500 souls, of which 160 are Americans. Outside the army, there are about 6,000 Americans in the islands, so that about three per cent. are in prison.

Three new railway companies are actively pushing on lines that, when completed, will aid in the development of California and the Pacific Coast. The Pacific Coast Railroad Activity. Denver, Northwestern, and Pacific will join Denver and Salt Lake with California. Traffic rights of way have been secured over the Santa Fé, between Daggett and San Bernardino, contracts for road-bed grading have been awarded for nearly one hundred and forty miles north of Daggett, and it is given out that contracts for the remainder of the line to Salt Lake will be let within a few months. The Western Pacific is to connect San Francisco and Salt Lake. At a recent meeting, the stockholders voted an issue of fifty millions of dollars in bonds at five per cent. to run thirty years. At present, there are no less than fourteen different surveying-parties out along the projected line in California, Nevada, and Utah; terminal facilities have been secured on both sides of the bay, and rights of way are being secured to Salt Lake, and branch lines are being absorbed. The Sacramento and Oakland Railway, with two proposed lines between Sacramento and Oakland, and the San Francisco Terminal Railway and Ferry Company, with a proposed ferry system between this city and Oakland, have already been secured. In connection with the Oakland and Sacramento line, there is a branch from Haywards to San Jose, and it is proposed to enter this city over this branch, and a new line

peninsula from San José. The third line is the San Pedro and Salt Lake line, in which Senator Clark is interested. What influences are back of these lines is unknown, but indications point to G. George Gould, who has announced that within two years his system will reach from Baltimore on the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The last communication of General Miles to the war office is a plea for the use of the bicycle, the motor cycle, and the automobile as implements of war. He believes that the cavalry arm is becoming obsolete, and that the automobile will take the place of the horse in the next conflict. For that reason, he advises reducing the cavalry branch to the minimum, and the building of military roads of strategic importance throughout the country in time of peace. What has rendered the cavalry arm obsolete is the "marvelous development of rifles, machine-guns, and quick-firing field-artillery, while the wonderful strides in the use of motor power and electric appliances have rendered the horse far less important than formerly." "These facts," says the general, "are doubly significant, and should be recognized by the military authorities and the government." The motor vehicles have become an important means of communication and transportation, and as such are being recognized by foreign governments, and should be by ours. The suggestion is made to discontinue five regiments of cavalry, and in their place organize a corps of five regiments of men thoroughly trained and constantly employed in the use of these modern appliances. The corps should also be supplied with the most modern inventions and improvements in road-building machines.

The hearing of the arbitration between the United Railways and the carmen's union, after having dragged on for several weeks, is nearing a conclusion. Any comment on the merits of the case may therefore be left until the commissioners have rendered their decision. The concluding testimony in behalf of the carmen's union, however, is interesting as throwing new light upon the condition of the labor market in this city. Several witnesses were produced who testified that during the past few months the demand for both skilled and unskilled labor has greatly increased, and it is now almost impossible to secure labor here. The most prominent among these witnesses was Mr. Michael Casey, president of the board of public works, and a recognized leader among organized labor. He testified that "workmen, strictly classed as unskilled laborers, are not as a rule willing to accept employment in San Francisco for less than \$2.50 a day, the day consisting of eight hours. . . . Should the United Railways dismiss its present platform men and seek to replace them at an average of \$2.50 a day for a ten-hour day, that corporation would be unable to obtain men to fill the vacant places." This testimony is particularly interesting, because a short time ago the Promotion Committee circulated the same information throughout the East, where the labor unions protested.

Fifteen years ago, a number of citizens interested in the better class of horses contributed thirty-two thousand five hundred dollars for the construction of a speedway in Golden Gate Park. This city at that time had no place where owners of fast roadsters could speed their horses, and the plan was warmly supported by this class, to which a number of prominent citizens belong. The speedway was laid out and surfaced with clay for a distance of a mile and a quarter. Along the middle of the roadway a hedge was planted to remove the danger of collisions, and the edges were planted with turf. When it was completed it was considered to be one of the most perfect speedways for public use in the United States. This speedway, constructed entirely by private subscription, was turned over to the park commissioners on the condition that they should keep it in order. Complaint is now made that the commissioners have not carried out their part of the agreement. John C. Kirkpatrick, manager of the Palace Hotel, and another one of the original subscribers, both declare that the speedway is now absolutely unsafe to drive over. The clay surface has been washed and blown away in many places, leaving ruts and holes that would bring disaster to any vehicle driven over it at a rapid pace. The border of turf has been neglected until it is sere and yellow, while the shrubbery is covered by a thick coating of red dust. A recent attempt to oil the surface has done more harm than good. On account of these conditions, owners of roadsters have reluctantly been compelled to abandon the sport.

Roughly, one-third of the population of California was born in other States, and came here to make their homes. Of this number, New York contributed the largest share, being represented by 54,588 of the population. Illinois stands second, with 42,304. Eleven other States are represented by numbers exceeding 10,000; nine more have more than 5,000, and nine exceed 2,000. The individual States, however, do not form so important divisions in estimating the class of population as the geographical sub-divisions. Divided on this basis, the Eastern States have furnished 134,112, the States of the Central Valley 214,794, and the Southern States 44,750. It is significant that the agricultural States of the Mississippi Valley and the commercial States of the East furnish the larger numbers, while the South furnishes only a small percentage of what may be called the semi-foreign population. While 444,855 natives of other States have made their homes here, only 70,068 natives of California have made their homes in other States of the Union. Three States—Oregon, Washington, and Arizona—have received from California larger numbers than they have contributed to the population of this State. This is easily explained by the fact that California was developed earlier than the other sections of the Pacific Coast, and natives of this State have naturally gone there to assist in their development.

ODD CORNERS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Geraldine Bonner Writes of Some of the Moss-Grown and Picturesque Houses of the City—Folsom Street—South Park—Telegraph Hill.

Any one who has made a study of San Francisco, as a city with a character and an individuality of its own, must have been struck by the aspect of age which marks certain districts, streets, and houses.

There are sections of the city that look as if they might have been built hundreds of years ago. There are houses with dim, hang-dog faces, that have the air of having been staring at the sea and standing the buffets of the wind for centuries. There are bits of streets, with secretive reaches of wall, mossed and weather-stained, giving on them, that seem like relics of a picturesque past, souvenirs of the day of the Mexican and the guitar, the mantilla and the red rose.

In no other American city, unless perhaps in the old South, are there so large a number of localities that have an air of individuality, of houses that suggest histories. Some house-fronts are like faces—the moment your eye rests on them you find yourself speculating as to what has gone on behind that concealing veil. The face shows the blighting passage of what soul-destroying tragedy, of deadly struggle with what overmastering temptation? The mystery baffles and allures you. What has the past been to leave such an ineffaceable impress on the present? Some people call these faces "interesting." For the most part, they are tragic masks which are never lifted.

The houses that suggest pasts are old as we reckon things in California, crusted over with the rime of time, sometimes half-ruinous. The histories must all have been of dark, underhand things. Sordid tragedies took place in some of them. Others suggest the inception and perpetration of quiet villainies. Crimes may have been committed in one or two. Mean and malodorous domestic dramas have been enacted in many. All are mysterious of aspect, non-committal, with furtive shutters—a chink and closed doors. Yet, like the face of sin, they can not hide their true character. They are full of suggestions and whisperings of horror, haunted houses in every sense of the word.

On Folsom Street there is a block of old houses that are like ghosts of the splendid past. If you pass them at night, some of their glories are restored in the glimpses of the moon, and they loom dark, stately shapes, with a feeble hall light trembling terrified in a shadowy portico. A bunch of spectral vines hangs in a swaying shadow from a balcony. Through the rusty iron gates the gleam of the hall lamp falls on a flagged walk, broken and uneven. The wind stirs the tall dracenas, and mournful rustlings fill those empty garden spaces, all dim shrubs and the cowering forms of shriveled trees.

Even in the glaring daylight there is dignity about them; a sort of tattered romance hangs about their eaves. In the middle of the roar of traffic and the clang of car-bells, they stand sadly and solemnly waiting their doom. Daylight reveals that many of the iron gates are hanging by one hinge, or one hinge supplemented by a bit of rope. The gardens are dry as hemp. The grass, scant as the hair on an old head, is thin, and a pale, silvery yellow in hue. The flower-beds have long since died and been forgotten. Here and there, in a broken-lipped urn that looks as if it might have been standing for a century, a spare geranium lifts a stalk where a brave leaf or two flourishes. There are a few aloes scattered through the grass, bluish, fibrous, full of juice and vigor. Against a windowed wall a dracena lifts its tuft of spear-like leaves with tropical effect. In one ruinous front garden a little group of live-oaks have collected on the top of a mound and there stand shuddering in the winds, crowding affrighted against one another, their foliage a mere grizzled crown, their trunks withering as though in a paroxysm of struggling alarm.

South Park has none of the air of mystery which distinguishes other forgotten parts of the city. It has the appearance of having fought against its downfall. It is stubbornly genteel. The plastered house-fronts, flanked on either side of the door with chunky, plastered pillars, are carefully clean and well-tended. The wide-eyed windows look out cheerfully on the green oval of the park. This, too, has preserved its tone of having once been the resort of elegance and fashion. It is a prim, lady-like sort of park. The entire circle and its enclosed ellipse of greenery suggest something sedately respectable, as of an old maid, once a gay, young beauty, who now has grown fussy and prudish.

The houses which look as if they had histories are more often to be found across town. Taken in its entirety, Telegraph Hill is the most purely and comprehensively picturesque part of the city. I find that nine out of ten people know nothing about it. A lady asked me the other day if it was a respectable place to go to. There are parts of it that do look as if bandits might be lurking behind dark doorways, or round weather-beaten corners. But that is one of the charms of it. No one would ever suspect a bandit of lurking on Pacific Avenue.

All round the hill strange-looking houses cling. Rising scarred and rent from the water-front, its varied stories are here connected by sagging wooden stairways, and there by tortuous paths. Houses hang all about it like swallows' nests round a balcony. Little ones stick to ledges with the town roaring below them. Here and there you pause as you ascend, and look into airy cañons where the back verandas are rising in toppling tiers,

connected by lines of wash. It is all overlaid with sun and washed with the clean, everlasting breeze, and has a lazy, serene air which suggests Italy. You don't see people hurrying on Telegraph Hill. The women hang over the balconies and lazily pass the time of day. The children sport placidly in the gutters. The cats sleep in perilous places, whence a good earthquake shock would send them rattling down on to the masts of ships and the tops of trolley cars.

There is a house on the inside face of the hill which has always interested me. It is at the top of that part, and is steadily declining in dignity. When I first made its acquaintance it had a fountain-basin in the front garden, and clean curtains in the windows. I passed there recently, and its glory had so departed it was hard to imagine that it could sink lower.

Originally it probably stood more or less alone on its skyeey eyrie, overlooking the town under its veil of back-blown smoke. It was ramparted against landslide with a massive wall of masonry, a veritable buttress that stands sound and unbroken to-day. At the sides, where this runs up encasing the lot, it was originally topped with an ornamental fence of wood. A few pieces of this remain, broken balustrades mended with wire and propped up with stone. The house was built in a style once popular in the East, with a pointed, shingled roof, gables, and two bay-windows flanking the porch. Here, too, were a pair of pepper-trees which have now grown to such a luxuriant size that they cover the paintless and weather-scarred front with a veil of delicate green. The garden has long since disappeared; even the grass has gone, and the hard, dusty ground extends from the wall to the front steps.

It is near this, going down the hill toward Broadway, that one comes to what has always seemed to me one of the most sinister houses in San Francisco. In truth, I believe a murder was committed there some few years ago, and by its looks many others might have preceded and followed it. The house is a large square building on a corner; wooden, the paint long worn away, and a sort of incrustation of dirt having embrowned it to a mellow richness of tint like a well-colored meerschaum.

In its day, it was evidently encircled by three balconies, now disappeared. One comes to this conclusion from the fact that in the middle of the line of windows, which gives light to each story, there is a door—a blank, unnecessary door, which adds to the darksome character of the place by the suggestion that if any one ever tried to go out by any of them, they would fall to the street and be killed. These doors, lifeless and useless in the centre of straight walls, are cut in half, and on warm days the upper halves are open, and one catches glimpses into darkling passage-ways where clothes are drying. There are some shops on the ground floor, and over the main entrance a lantern-sign with something about rooms written on it, and behind it some rusty flowers in a moldering flower-box. Many of the windows are broken, and from the blackness of the broken panes, swarthy faces look out—faces that seem as loweringly forbidding as the house, and that probably, if one met them in the sun of the open street, would be quite bright and harmless.

On the seaward face of the hill there were at one time several houses full of interest and drama. Some stand still; others have gone. The Bandmann house was one of these. It had an air of aristocratic simplicity, a sort of solid stateliness no modern San Francisco house can boast. It was a large, square structure of plastered brick, with long windows, the cornices of which were decorated with some floriated design—the one attempt at ornamentation in the whole façade. A flight of steps led up to the front door, and at the top step two pillars held aloft lamps. There were two giant cypress-trees near these pillars, and there was a dark, overshadowed garden on either side, a somewhat funereal, joyless garden, damp and feebly growing under the solemn shade of the cypresses.

Most of these landmarks are disappearing. Modern flats are going up where they once spread in an uncrowded, sprawling fashion over their roomy lots. Where they do remain, they catch the eye and hold it gratefully by their mellow picturesqueness. Many of the plastered houses, the long windows of the upper story shut in by a balcony of iron arabesques, are to be found about the lower slopes of Telegraph Hill. In some, the windows are two feet back in the thickness of the wall. In others, the lower floor has been turned into a shop, and the door-posts painted a clear, pale blue or a coral red. The glossy green of a Madeira vine, caught up on a sustaining string, shines vivid against the painted lower story, and window boxes drop a spattering of carnation blooms from the sills of upper windows.

The houses with the glass-enclosed balconies are also to be found in this section of town. They are mostly wood, of the plainest architecture, and with a flanking piazza entirely shut in by glass. It was a style of building eminently suited to San Francisco, where the winds make sitting outdoors impossible, and the views are so magnificent. Why does not some modern architect revive the fashion?

GERALDINE BONNER.

The French writer, M. Huret, in a letter to the *Figaro*, describing his impressions at Harvard, discusses the students' clubs. "In their third or fourth year," he says, "if they are strongly supported, they will perhaps make the 'Hasty Pudding' (*Poudin précipité*), named for a kind of cake which students who were late used to eat in a great hurry, standing up. It was founded in 1795."

LIFE-STORY OF JOSEPH LE CONTE.

Extracts from the Autobiography of the Beloved Scientist—His Courtship and Early Marriage—Studying With Agassiz—Experiences During the Civil War.

"The Autobiography of Joseph Le Conte" is an interesting and instructive story of the life and work of the eminent Georgia scientist, who subsequently migrated to California and became one of the foremost authorities on the geology of the Yosemite and of the Pacific slope. His narrative is written in a style which is without any literary pretension whatever, but is attractive by virtue of its frank simplicity. In his preface, the editor of the volume, Professor William D. Armes, of the University of California, gives this account of the circumstances under which the autobiography was written:

During the illness of his daughter in California, in 1900, Professor Le Conte had many long talks with her about his early experiences, and was by her urged to write out an account of them for his family. He was then too busy preparing for a trip abroad to undertake the work; but later in the year, in his old home in Columbia, S. C., whither he had gone from New York to recuperate from a severe illness that interfered with his plan of visiting Europe, his thoughts reverted to her request, and in this period of enforced leisure he began to write his reminiscences. In the midst of the scenes in which the events that he was narrating occurred, and surrounded by his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, for whom the manuscript was intended and to whom from time to time portions of it were read, he wrote *con amore*, and what was originally intended as a sketch became a detailed autobiography. On his return to California early in 1901, he continued the work, but with flagging interest, the latter years of his life being treated in a comparatively summary manner. Fortunately, however, the account was brought down to a few months before his death, and concluded with a statement of what he himself considered of most value in his life work.

Dr. Le Conte was a descendant of Huguenot stock, and was born on a Georgia estate, where he and his brothers were brought up with the fine culture that sprang so often from the Southern slave-holding aristocracy in its more benign aspects. Of his mother, who died when he was but three years of age, he says:

A mother's love I never consciously knew—yet who can tell how much I owe to my mother? How much of character may be formed before three years of age, before the utmost limit of memory? My mother was passionately fond of art, and especially of music. Who can say how much her cradle songs may have impressed my innermost spiritual nature? My father's tastes, on the other hand, were mainly scientific. To this double inheritance I suppose I owe my equal fondness for science and art. Again, of all the influences determining my character and tastes, the personality of my father was by far the most potent. Next in importance to this, undoubtedly, was the freedom of my babyhood life in a country abounding in game of all sorts. This developed a passionate fondness for nature in all departments. As I grew older this love of nature took on higher forms. First in the study of ornithology, and later in camping trips, undertaken partly in the spirit of adventure and partly for the geological study of the mountains.

On January 9, 1838, the very day set for the departure of young Le Conte and his brother for college, their father died, after a short illness, from blood-poisoning. Dr. Le Conte says:

The death of my father simply stunned me—I was dazed. I could not realize it. It had seemed to me that I might possibly be able to bear that of brother or sister, but my father's possible death filled me with terror. I simply shut it out of my mind as a thing I could not, I must not, think about. And now the thing that I most dreaded had come to pass. All the next day I wandered in the beautiful, beloved garden in a state of mental paralysis.

Intensely interesting are his chapters on his college life at Athens and wanderings, especially his remarkable trip through the North-West at a time when Minneapolis was still a camping-ground for Indians. At twenty-two, Joseph Le Conte was graduated as doctor of medicine, and in that year he met his future wife, Miss Bessie Nisbet, who was being entertained by his sister. During a trip to the Georgia mountains, the following incident occurred:

I had borrowed for Miss Bessie, Lewis Jones's pony, Tiger, a perfectly gentle but high-spirited and sensitive animal. Ah! what a fairylike picture it was, the beautiful maiden on the beautiful pony! But she was timid, inexperienced, and unsteady in the saddle; I watched them uneasily. We were riding alone to meet a lady and gentleman at a trysting-place a couple of miles away. The pony was ambitious; the rider did not know how to check him; he began to go faster and faster. I had to do the same to keep alongside; this again stimulated Tiger to get ahead; soon we were in full gallop, and Bessie, becoming alarmed, dropped the bridle and took hold of the pommel. I saw at once that we should have a runaway and a catastrophe unless I could quiet Tiger. I could have taken hold of the bit and checked him by force, but I knew that, with his spirit, this would have required a hard struggle. I could, perhaps, have lifted her from her saddle to my own, but I was not sufficiently sure of either my strength or my horsemanship. I knew that the pony was perfectly gentle, for I had ridden him a hundred times. I therefore dropped back a little, only a little, and called to him, "Whoa, Tiger, whoa!" and to the rider, "Pull the rein gently." She did so, Tiger came down to a trot, then in a few minutes to a walk, and all danger was over.

Dr. Le Conte is charmingly frank in his account of his courtship and wedding. For some time he loved Miss Nesbit secretly, but finally he decided to bring matters to a crisis and learn his fate, for he was not altogether certain that his love was reciprocated:

The fateful day came at last. It was Sunday, the twentieth of September. A cousin whom I asked to help me was astounded, having never dreamt of such a thing, but arranged that I could walk to church with Bessie that evening, and he gave her a hint of what was coming after the service. I was by no means certain of the result, and need not say how anxious I was, or how I blundered, saying the things I ought not to have said, and leaving unsaid the things I ought to have said. I shall not attempt any account of what took place. Suffice it to say that her acceptance was conditioned on her father's will. This was all I could expect; it assured me of her consent—what could I desire more? We became engaged and agreed to marry in January, and after a month in Mt. Way, I went down to the old homestead to remain until that time. Heretofore, in all my visits to Liberty, I had de-

voted much time and energy to hunting, but this time I could think of nothing but the coming January. Early in the month I went to Macon, and there impatiently awaited the appointed time, writing to Bessie every day. We were married at eight o'clock in the evening of January 14, 1846, by the Rev. John Baker. As is usual on such occasions, the groom was uneasy, awkward, nervous, with a painful sense of being unnecessary; the bride, calm, quiet, and dignified, as if conscious of her importance.

In 1850, with his cousin, Louis Jones, he decided to go to Harvard to prepare for the teaching of geology and zoology under Agassiz, who had just been made professor of these subjects. Under the genial influence of Agassiz, Le Conte developed an enthusiasm that lasted through life, and made of him a scientist only less eminent than Agassiz himself. For fifteen months he was associated with the great teacher from eight to ten hours daily, exploring with him the fossiliferous fields of New York, and pursuing zoological studies along the shores of Massachusetts and the reefs of Florida. He says that Agassiz's glee was almost childlike when anything new was brought to him. "I never saw any one work like Agassiz," he adds; "for fourteen hours a day he would work under high pressure, smoking furiously all the time. The harder he worked the faster he consumed cigars."

While becalmed off a little island, some ten miles from Dry Tortugas, one day, Le Conte and Dr. Jones passed the time searching for specimens:

The water was about twenty feet deep, and so clear that the waving of sea-fans and switch corals (Gorgonias), and the gorgeously colored fish swimming among their branches, were almost as distinct as if there had been no water at all. What a beautiful place for a dive! No sooner said than done. I stripped, plunged head foremost from the deck, and easily reached the bottom, from which I tore Gorgonias and sponges that, on rising, I handed to the sailors. While I was thus amusing myself, an old-style naturalist who had joined our party for this excursion, much to the disgust of Agassiz, as I thought, came paddling around the ship in a little boat. He was a poky old fellow, and was slowly paddling and peering over the gunwale in an aimless way. I gave a wink to the sailors, who were looking on, took hold of the keel of the boat behind, lay on my back with my legs under the boat and my head hidden by the stern, and began to swim backward. The boat began mysteriously to move the wrong way. The "professor," as he called himself, paddled more strongly, but the boat continued to move backward. He became alarmed—some devilish was running away with him! He peered over the gunwale and over the bows, but saw nothing. He now paddled frantically, his strength increased by terror; but still the boat moved backward! At last the laughter of the sailors, no longer restrainable, revealed the situation to him. He looked over the stern, and I, fearing a retributive blow of the paddle on my head, let go and swam away, convulsed with laughter. After the first flush of anger, he took the joke in good part, and joined in the fun.

Of his life in Cambridge, where he met a galaxy of stars—Guyot, Wyman, Gray, Peirce, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and Felton—he says:

I was in almost daily contact on the most intimate terms with all of them. Emerson I saw sometimes, but not often. Richard Dana I met thrice every day at the table of the house at which I boarded after returning from Florida. The effect of this intellectual atmosphere was in the highest degree stimulating, giving incredible influence to thought. Mrs. Le Conte, too, associated intimately with the families of the professors, especially with those of Agassiz, Felton, and Peirce. Boston, moreover, was near by, and we took advantage of opportunities of hearing there the greatest musicians, as Jenny Lind and Parody; and I attended the meetings of the scientific societies—the American Academy and the Society of Natural History. The result of my long, intimate association with Agassiz was, on my part, a great and ever-increasing love, admiration, and reverence for him, both as a scientist and as a man, and on his part, I am sure, a very strong and affectionate regard.

Agassiz took a great fancy to Le Conte's little daughter Sallie, who had been born in Cambridge, and was then just three years old. Says Dr. Le Conte:

She was very bright and very quick to learn, and spoke with remarkable distinctness. Agassiz taught her the names of all his dearest specimens; and partly because she pronounced the difficult word so distinctly, with true French accent, partly because she was a little quick-tempered, he called her "the little Echinoderm." A little child in the home! It seemed to bring back the joy of his early married life. He was continually playing with the child, even taking her on his back, and getting down on his hands and knees and "playing horse" all around the dining-table. This fondness for little children, this child-likeness of nature, was one of the most beautiful traits of Agassiz's character; and yet it is not brought out in any of his biographies, not even in that written by his wife. Women, I think, are so jealous of the dignity of their husbands, that they do not like such exhibitions of primal nature in the presence of others. Agassiz in all of his subsequent letters to me never failed to ask after "the little Echinoderm."

For thirteen years Dr. Le Conte was a professor at the South Carolina College and University. During this time the Civil War took place, and in one of his most interesting chapters he describes his sufferings, adventures, and losses when Sherman's army marched through Georgia. His repeated and narrow escapes from capture, as he lurked in the woods day after day, read more like romance than sober fact. Concerning the reconstruction period in the South, Dr. Le Conte writes:

After the war came what was worse than the war itself, the occupation by Federal troops and the humiliations necessarily attendant thereon. This, of course, we expected. But far worse was the arrival of "treasury agents," those vultures hovering over the rear of the army of occupation, sniffing for carrion, hunting for property to confiscate, taking accusations of any and all kinds, especially those by irresponsible blacks. Then followed the utter demoralization of all labor, and the intolerable insolence of the negroes suddenly set free with all their passions not only uncontrolled but often even encouraged. As I can not speak of these matters with any calmness, I forbear to speak of them at all.

As a result of the war, Dr. Le Conte lost everything he had in the world, for, except the eight thousand dollars in bonds lost during the war, all his property was in lands and negroes. He adds:

But this total loss did not in the least dishearten me; I did not lose a wink of sleep. This was partly because everybody else had suffered in the same way, partly because I felt sure that I could make my living somehow, partly—and

perhaps chiefly—because I had always been oppressed by the ownership of slaves. Not because I felt any conscientious scruples about it, but because I felt distressingly the responsibility of their care; because I felt that those who own slaves ought personally to manage them, as my father did. This I could not do without sacrificing all my ambition in life and the health of my family. The income from my land, on account of its situation, had always been far smaller than its market value warranted, and I could at any time during the twenty years previous to the war have sold it, and changed the form of investment with great advantage to myself. This I refused to do purely out of kindness to the negroes, and because of a sense of responsibility for their welfare. By their emancipation, therefore, I felt that an intolerable burden had been lifted from my shoulders.

In 1868, he could bear his surroundings no longer, and, accompanied by his brother John, accepted a professorship in the University of California. It was here that he achieved his life work as a scientific investigator and author. At the close of his volume, Dr. Le Conte thus sums up the scientific movement of which he was a part, as follows:

I would say that the rôle of Lamarck was to introduce evolution as a scientific theory; that of Darwin to present the theory in such wise as to make it acceptable to and accepted by the scientific mind; that of Spencer to generalize it into a universal law of nature, thereby making it a philosophy as well as a scientific theory. Finally, it was left to American thinkers to show that a materialistic implication is wholly unwarranted, that evolution is entirely consistent with a rational theism and with other fundamental religious beliefs. My own work has been chiefly in this direction. I was the pioneer in this reaction against the materialistic and irrational implication of the doctrine of evolution. I look with greater pleasure on this than on anything else that I have done.

The volume is illustrated with eight well-chosen half-tone photographs, including an excellent frontispiece portrait of Dr. Le Conte, and pictures of his wife and brother, John Le Conte.

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THE PRAIRIE.

My soul is out on the prairie, where the eye may sweep afar
From gold of the burnished heavens to the silver evening star.

I am not fenced by human eyes
That shut me in from nature's guise,
To shroud me in convention, make my spirit one with those
That pace some narrow close.
The grass in its tangled sweetness,
The sky in its wide completeness,
The breath of the wind that strays and tarries,
The misty line where the earth hue marries,
The blue of heaven; these suffice
To give to my raptured spirit the thrilling of surprise,
And laughter to my eyes.

However long the prairie swells may wait for heaven's tears
To fall with loving tenderness for blight and death of years,
The gentian springs when first she smiles,
The wind-flower wakens, yellow isles
Of goldenrod start up between
The billowy reaches of sun-kissed green;
The soul of the prairie knows no longer
The ache of waiting; a passion stronger
Than life or loving or hero-burning,
Or warm caressing of mother-yearning,
Grows subtly sweet in the wind and weather,
In wooing touch of the swan's dropped feather;

And over the sea of the prairie lightly the heart looks far away
For sails to show in the offing through the sunset gates of day.
The twilight fades on the prairie, the night comes wide and far;
The hush of the soft wind deepens in the light of one pale star.

And faintly, sweetly, slowly, through infinitudes of space,
New-glowing out of darkness like the love of some rapt face,
Flames out the sudden brightness of the gloom-discovered suns
And awe and rapture quicken to a hope that hope outruns.
The vastness that is time and space and love broods warm and near;

The silence is a glory and the dark is crystal clear.
My soul is akin to the prairie with its wild and steadfast mood;
The brown hills hide their tenderness like a maiden not yet wooed.

And blossom and life and color are but waiting for the rain,
To thrill to the kiss of summer after cold and drouth and pain;
To sway as the wind blows over,
Half won by the light-heart rover;
To lift in the sun and the rain and dew
Unwavering eyes to the star-deep blue;
To make sweet food for the wild deer straying,
And grassy paths for the rabbits playing;
To hear the ring-dove's wailing flight,
The wolf's long howl through the silent night,
And low and clear,
And sweet and near,

The plash of the river winding slow
By the sedge bank where the willows grow,
And, soft as the murmur of swarming bees,
The sigh of wind-bowed trees.

The sun and the rain of God's great love shall touch my life
Some day,
And cold and drouth of the burdened years shall blossom into May.
The wind-swept perfumes over me shall beat from the land of balm;
Wide-arching heavens shall flood my soul with deep on deep of calm.

The passion of the prairie out of self shall take me far,
As I look along the reaches to the dim horizon bar,
Where earth and heaven are met and mixed in amethystine light,
The flush of morning purpled with the glory of the night.
—Lewis Worthington Smith in the Critic.

The Commercial Pacific Cable Company, whose entire system from San Francisco to Manila is now open for public traffic, announces that the rates from San Francisco to Honolulu will be reduced from 50 cents a word to 35 cents. The following rates are given: From San Francisco to Midway Islands, 60 cents a word; Guam, 85 cents a word; Luzon, \$1.05 a word; all other Philippine islands, \$1.15 a word; Hong Kong, \$1.10 a word; China, \$1.10 a word; Macao, \$1.15 a word; Japan, \$1.41 a word; Chemulpo, Fusan, and Seoul, in Corea, \$1.41 a word; other places in Corea, \$1.49 a word; Formosa, \$1.21 a word.

THE MALINGERER.

An Incident of the Fight Outside El Paco.

The long anticipated had come to pass. The opening gun had been fired—it might be said—almost accidentally, and all through the night of February 4, 1890, the land side of Manila was a semicircle of crashing Springfields and sputtering Krag-Jorgensons. Outside that semicircle the Filipinos were rapidly losing self-confidence and gaining respect for the Americans. Within it the United States troops of the reserve checked an attempt at an uprising, and waited impatiently for orders to the front. But that semicircle remained unbroken through the night.

In the cool of the morning the "flying battalion" of the First California Regiment hurried along the road to El Paco to join the First Brigade. At intervals, a brown face would peep through the door of one of the *nipa* huts as the troops passed, only to be withdrawn quickly. There was a continuous conglomeration of sound very similar to the disturbance created in any large city on Independence Day. It increased in volume as the soldiers moved. The men should have been in a sober frame of mind, but they seemed to be thrilled with unholy joy, for they whistled to the effect that there would be a hot time presently, and profane witticisms were shouted from one end of the line to the other. There was an impatient acceleration of step, but the rhythmic swing of the blue sleeves and the legged limbs would have passed muster at dress parade.

They found the brigadier and his staff on a little hillock outside of El Paco. The order their colonel received was whispered through the ranks. "Two companies to the block-house on the double. Report to Colonel Whalley!" The commanding officer swung his horse about and met the pleading eyes of four captains. All of them wanted the chance; but there was no time to weigh their claims.

"F and M," he said, quickly. A sharp command, emphasized by an oath, and, with a stifled cheer, two companies rushed around a bend in the road into the zone of stray bullets, just as two crashing reports that seemed to minimize the incessant rattle of the rifles announced that an American field-battery had begun to clear the way for an advance. The *scu* of the Mauser bullets overhead was the signal for some instinctive ducking, and a repetition of the jesting, forced and otherwise. First-Sergeant Joyce, of F, was one of the humorists. "If we were forty feet high a hell of a lot of us would be hit in the head," he remarked.

The two companies trotted up a slight incline in the road to a noisy little block-house that almost hid itself in the smoke of thirty Springfields. In the shelter of the block-house a surgeon and two hospital stewards were working over some of the "casualties." There were white faces and bloody linen bandages, and farther on some motionless forms with campaign hats covering their glazed eyes and set features, but even where the knife glittered there was no sound of complaint.

To the right of the block-house was an irregular line of gray smoke-puffs where a battalion of Washington volunteers were sprawled behind a dyke in the rice-fields. One of them, a few yards from the road, rose suddenly, and fell forward on his face. Two of his fellows lifted him quickly and, crouching close to the ground, half carried, half dragged, him to the dressing station.

The captain of F Company threw aside his cigar, and turned to Joyce, who lay close beside him. His narrow eyes seemed a bit bigger, and he gnawed his gray mustache reflectively for an instant.

"Joyce," he said, sharply, "if I get it, you be good to my little girl—damned good."

"Yes, sir," said Joyce, quietly, "and if it's my turn—tell her—you know."

The field officer in command in the block-house hurried out. His round face was lit with a triumphant smile. "Get ready! The artillery's got 'em going."

"Ready to move," cried the captain, and there was a tightening of straps. Haversacks were thrown wide open. The men wanted to rid themselves of their extra cartridges first.

"We'll advance by platoons. You have command of the second—a good chance for you," said the captain to Joyce. "What in hell is the matter?" he cried, abruptly, for Joyce's face was distorted and of a greenish hue, and he lay with his knees pressed up toward his face.

"Cramps," moaned the first sergeant, in agonized tones.

"Rush right out at command," shouted the field officer. "Get ready."

"Get up!" cried the captain, fiercely, to the sergeant. "Pull yourself together!"

"I can't," wailed the prostrate man, twisting his body, apparently in the throes of the sharpest pain.

"You dirty cur—you malingering hound!"

There was an almost imperceptible lull in the noise of the bullets.

"Forward! And give them hell!" shouted the field officer.

The captain kicked the shaking man on the ground with savage force, and echoing the command, melted into a swirling mass of blue and khaki that floundered into the rice-field ahead of the Washington men, and separated swiftly into a skirmish line.

One of the men stopped for a fraction of a moment

and clutched Joyce by the arm. "For God's sake, Billy, come!" he said, and dragged him a few feet toward the road. Then he desisted and, with a parting "Stay and be damned to you," rushed after his company. That was Joyce's bunkie fulfilling the office of a bunkie.

Joyce dragged himself toward the surgeon, who knelt over a prostrate soldier bandaging a wound in the thigh. The man's trouser's leg had been cut off at the hip, leaving one sinewy limb bare. If the wound caused him pain he did not give evidence of it, for his face wore an exceedingly cheerful grin, and he remarked, every now and then: "I wouldn't care a — but the — spoiled my only pair of pants."

The surgeon glanced at Joyce. "Where are you hurt?" he asked, quickly.

"It's not a bullet. It's cramps," gasped Joyce, doubling up and writhing on the ground.

"It's a damned funny time to have cramps. You've got cold feet," snapped the surgeon.

Two men of the hospital corps stumbled across the road bearing a recumbent figure on a litter. The wounded man was spattered with mud from head to feet, and there were splashes on his white face. It was Joyce's bunkie.

The doctor tore open the blue shirt, revealing a circular wound on the left breast. He shook his head, and the litter-bearers quickly deposited their burden beside the motionless figures.

"For God's sake, doctor, give me something—give me—," moaned Joyce. "I'm not faking. I tell you. I can't straighten out. For God's sake give me a chance!"

"Here," said the doctor, contemptuously, throwing him a little cardboard box, "and shut up or I'll kick the life out of you."

There were two pills of camphor and opium in the package, and Joyce swallowed them at a gulp. For a time that agonizing pain continued to gnaw. He lay moaning and twisting about like a wounded animal. Meanwhile, the field-guns were throwing shrapnel into the Filipino rifle-pits, and the American line was drawing nearer and nearer Santa Ana.

Suddenly, far to the right, across the rice-field, a long line of skirmishers rose to their feet and doubled to flank the town. The men in the centre rushed forward with a cheer, and a battalion of Idaho men, with their regimental colors at their head, clattered up to the block-house from El Paco, and hurried by it toward the town. Santa Ana was taken.

Joyce felt the pain gradually disappear. He straightened himself up with some difficulty, and was about to stagger after the Idaho men.

"Oho," said one of the hospital stewards. "Your cramps all right now, Mr. First Sergeant. Don't be afraid, soldier man, the fighting's all over."

Joyce looked first at the outskirts of the town, then at the wounded, most of whom were grinning at him scornfully. He drew his bayonet and, inserting the point beneath the seam of one of his first-sergeant's chevrons, wrenched it from the sleeve. The one on the other arm followed its mate.

"That won't save you from hearing what the boys think of you—and it won't save you from Bilibid, either," said a boy with a bandaged head from his own company. The youngster was bursting with pride, for he had been "wounded in action."

Joyce looked at the group of faces that mocked and jibed and jeered, and then toward the Filipino town where the colors of the Idaho regiment disappeared into the bamboo hedge that girdled it. Across the rice-fields came the sound of exultant cheering. A realization of the mesh of circumstances that had wound round him smote him so that he staggered. He clenched his hands till the nails tore through the skin in a fierce effort to check a burst of despair. The heat of the sun blinded him, and Joyce saw a girl's face. The eyes blazed scornful like her father's.

"Catch his arm—quick!" shouted the surgeon.

But a pistol cracked, and Joyce dropped in a shapeless heap, still clutching the smoking weapon. The surgeon quickly picked up a campaign hat and covered the face.

"Guess he wasn't faking after all," he remarked, "but it was a damned bad time to have cramps."

BERNARD BARRY.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1903.

In his volume, "The Untilled Field," George Moore says: "In the country districts Irish life is one of stagnant melancholy, the only aspiration that comes into their lives is a religious one. . . . The Irish are too poor to pay for pleasure, but they are not too poor to spend fifteen millions a year upon religion. . . . The church is very rich in Ireland. If Ireland is the poorest country in the world, the Irish church is richer than any other. All the money in Ireland goes into religion. There is only one other trade that can compete with it. Heaven may be for the laity, but this world is certainly for the clergy. . . . Nothing thrives in Ireland but the celibate, the priest, the nun, and the ox. . . . A girl marries at once or becomes a nun—a free girl is in danger. There is no courtship. . . . Passion . . . is reduced to the mere act of begetting children."

In so far as alcohol allows a temporary relief from the burden of life, the London *Lancet* thinks that "to such a degree as that burden is lightened or removed in other ways, so will diminish the demand for intoxicants."

ALPINE ACCIDENTS.

This Summer's Long List of Disasters and Fatalities.

The Geneva correspondent of the London *Daily Express* says that never in the history of the Alps have death and disaster been so common on the mountains as during the present season. Over 300 accidents have occurred, resulting in the loss of no fewer than 150 lives. No district has this year escaped disaster. From the Jura Mountains, the Dauphiné, and Maritime Alps, the great Swiss ranges, and the Austrian peaks, the story is the same—an almost daily tale of perilous adventure, accident, and death. The general cause of disaster has been the exceptionally unfavorable weather, combined with imprudence and false economy. Enormous quantities of snow fell on the mountains in May, June, and even July, rendering high climbing almost impossible.

Over half of this season's accidents have happened to Germans and Austrians, who, partly from bravado and partly from pecuniary reasons, have climbed without guides. This was the cause of the death of Herr Liewora, of Vienna, who was killed near Innsbruck early in May, falling sheer over a 1,000-foot precipice; of a party of Heidelberg students, who met a terrible death near Feilbach; of two twin-brothers from Munich, who were dashed to death during a furious storm on the Untersberg; and of dozens of other German climbers who have been killed within the past few weeks in the Tyrol, the Engadine, the Bernese Oberland, and the Austrian Alps.

When the first ascent of Mont Blanc for this season was made on June 26th by M. Cachat, an experienced Chamonix mountaineer, with two guides, new snow lay thick. The climbing was most difficult and risky, and beyond the power of any ordinary Alpinist; yet three weeks earlier, on June 5th, a young Geneva climber, Charles Schmidt, persuaded a companion named Maurice Kurtz to ascend Mont Blanc without even a guide or porter. Kurtz refused at first, saying that it was too dangerous and too early in the season, but finally Schmidt, who promised to pay all expenses, persuaded him. Amid the tears and entreaties of wives and children, the two young men started on their fatal trip. Soon after commencing the ascent they encountered thick fresh snow, and Kurtz wished to turn back. His companion refused, however, to relinquish the struggle until late in the afternoon, when both men were utterly exhausted, and owing to the state of the snow, found that it was quite impossible to continue. To avoid the danger of avalanches and falling stones, they determined to descend separately, and unroped. Hardly had they started when Schmidt lost his balance, and dashed, half-rolling, half-falling, from one sharp rocky spur to another, until his mangled body reached the ridge thousands of feet below. Kurtz was miraculously saved from death.

Another sad accident—also due to the lack of guides—was that which befell Professor Hofmann, a Swiss clergyman, who was killed while making a scientific exploration of Mont Preingard, near the Lac Noir. On the same day, M. Egon de Steiger, a popular member of the Berne Alpine Club, while ascending the Balmhorn with a servant, but without a guide, had a fatal fall of 1,200 feet.

Seven German students, most of them mere boys, had a thrilling experience and a marvelous escape from death while madly attempting to scale Mont Blanc without guides or proper equipment in stormy weather at the end of June. Five of the party were struck by lightning while endeavoring to seek shelter from an awful storm, and when finally rescued, after six days' privation and exposure on the mountain, they were light-headed, partially paralyzed, terribly frostbitten, and in the last stages of starvation. Their bodies and limbs were burned and twisted by lightning, and their escape from death was little short of miraculous.

These typical cases show the madness of attempting serious Alpine ascents without guides. What can be said when school-masters recklessly lead their trusting pupils into danger on the mountains? This was the cause of the awful avalanche disaster near Airolo in June, when two professors from a Zürich college took sixteen of their pupils to make the ascent of the Piz-Blas. The weather was bad, and soon after noon the party was suddenly overwhelmed by an immense avalanche, which swept away one of the professors and two of the pupils; the other professor and three of the boys had their skulls terribly fractured, and most of the others were gravely injured.

Since the commencement of July accidents have become so terribly numerous that it is impossible to detail them. One day no fewer than nine accidents happened, seven proving fatal. The greater number have occurred in the Tyrol and Austrian Alps, but the Jura, the Mont Blanc peaks, and the central and the eastern Pennines have been responsible for many sad fatalities. The foolish and increasing practice of women climbing mountains in long skirts, lace petticoats, and patent-leather shoes has caused several deaths. Climbing Mont Pilatus in a smart spring toilet caused the fatal fall of Miss Julia Dillman in May, and at Chermex the same reason all but ended the life of Mlle. de Sarnikoff, a young Russian lady, who was climbing one of the highest peaks in the neighborhood utterly unequipped for mountaineering. In July, a Polish lady, Mme. Rouben-Petradoff, while climbing a French peak, Mont Reposoir, was killed by a terrible fall which was directly due to her smart clothes and thin Paris shoes.

PASSING OF PHIL MAY.

Incidents in the Checkered Career of the Famous Black-and-White Humourist—Early Struggles in London—With the Sydney "Bulletin"—His Work on "Punch."

"Poor Phil," I've heard a dozen people say since the untimely death, last Wednesday, of Phil May, undoubtedly the most brilliant black-and-white artist of his day. He was a great London favorite, and as his work is almost as well known in America and France as in England, his death will be sincerely mourned by the countless admirers who delighted in his humorous drawings. He was generous to a fault, high-spirited, full of good-natured mischief, and over-fond of late hours. When he got up in the morning and when he did his work was always a mystery. It was this gay bohemian existence which shattered his health, brought on consumption, and resulted in his being cut off, at thirty-nine, at the very height of his popularity. Indeed, Phil was his own worst enemy, and it is sad to think that a man who was able to make as much, sometimes, as five hundred dollars a day, should have left hardly a penny behind him for his widow.

Phil May was one of those men of genius who have triumphed alike over humble birth and lack of training. He was born at Leeds on April 22, 1864, and at the early age of twelve years, having been left an orphan, was compelled to earn his own living. Phil himself confessed that at his first occupation—that of time-keeper in a large iron foundry—he was a conspicuous failure, his employers being suddenly amazed at the punctuality observed by their entire staff, for he hadn't the heart to mark any one tardy, and in many cases failed even to note the absence of some of the men. He next followed the bent of his maternal stock—his mother was the daughter of a fairly well-known actor—and went on the stage, making his first appearance, at the age of fifteen, at the Spa Theatre, Scarborough. He not only acted, but assisted the scene-painter, designed costumes, and drew sketches for the play-bills, receiving as payment for the many parts which he played twelve shillings a week. For two years this remuneration and the attraction of seeing his drawings in the streets contented him. Then, absolutely friendless, he saved a few shillings and started for London.

It was winter when he arrived in the metropolis. His money lasted only a day or two, and work there was none. He walked the streets, and slept in the parks and under the carts in Covent Garden, begged for work and begged for bread, and literally starved. Beyond the occasional sale of a drawing, he had nothing but hope to keep him alive. At length, by an introduction from one of the actors at the Comedy Theatre, May became known to Lionel Brough, who sent him on to a little paper called *Society*, for which he did a few drawings, notably a large sheet of caricatures of celebrities of the day. This work secured him an offer from the *St. Stephen's Review*, which was about to issue an illustrated Christmas number. May did all but three of the illustrations for this special number, "The Great White Spot." From this time, which was marked by a happy marriage, he enjoyed a more prosperous career.

In 1884, an agent came from Australia to secure an artist for the Sydney *Bulletin*, and May, who was in poor health and wanted a change, got the place. In the Antipodes he attracted much attention, the peculiar characteristic of his work being the elimination of every line which could possibly be regarded as superfluous. He reduced the art of line drawing to the mathematical problem of using the fewest strokes. With a dozen touches of his pencil he could convey the whole character of any figure he might see. It is related that in Sydney, on one occasion, twelve men had been condemned one December to death. They were to be hanged on Christmas Eve. There was a revulsion of feeling in Australia in favor of reprieving them; and many petitions had at last an effect upon the governor. The governor resolved to pardon six of them—a truly extraordinary decision. May obtained permission to go round the prison with the chaplain when the news of their pardon was to be made known to the reprieved men. He expected an outburst of joy. Instead of that, he said: "They didn't seem to care about it either one way or the other. They most of them turned over to sleep again." But the other six men were hanged together, and May saw the execution. He hurried home and made a drawing, so composed that the gallows looked like a great cross. This drawing came out in the *Bulletin* on Christmas Day, and underneath it was written "Peace and Good Will." This was certainly a curious inspiration for an artist who called himself a humorist.

The fine air and climate of Australia was the making of May physically. On his return to London, via Paris, in 1890, he began for the *St. Stephen's Review* that inimitable series of weekly sketches "The Parson and the Painter," in many respects the finest work of his life. His drawings were really the one amusing feature of *St. Stephen's Review*, which, eventually, owing to the dullness of the rest of the periodical, suspended publication in the 'nineties. This seeming misfortune to its light-hearted contributor was in reality the turning point in his fortunes. Some fellow-artists induced May to submit several of his drawings to the late W. L. Thomas, of the *Graphic*. One of them was called "The Smile," in which a number of people, sitting in a ring round a salesman of quack medicines, are beginning to grin at one of the shrewd salesman's

remarks. As soon as Mr. Thomas saw it, he declared May was the best humorist he had met since the late Randolph Caldecott, and he forthwith employed him. About this time May visited the United States, and contributed many excellent drawings of American life to the *Graphic*.

It was inevitable that the genial Phil should gravitate to *Punch*. He joined the staff at the "Round Table" in 1894, on the death of Du Maurier, and since then his work has been seen almost exclusively in the pages of *Punch*, in "Phil May's Annual"—begun just eleven years ago—and in certain occasional publications, such as "Gutter Snipes" and "Phil May's A. B. C." His contributions to *Punch*, of course, were very different from those of Du Maurier. The latter was never so happy as when representing types of the aristocratic and fashionable world; he simply could not make a life-like picture of a vulgar man or woman. May, on the contrary, concentrated all his powers of observation on people on the lowest rungs of the social ladder. The children of the streets especially attracted his attention and sympathy, because he knew what it was to be poor, and some of his caricatures and drawings taught lessons which could not have been enforced with columns of literary effort. His 'Arrys and 'Enerys, his little 'Arriets, with their wisps of hair, his costers, cabmen, bootblacks, and "mud-larks" are among the best and most truthful portraits of slum types yet produced.

May was very proud of his connection with *Punch*, and, in recent years, one of the few engagements he kept with punctuality was the weekly Wednesday evening dinner of the staff of that paper. He resided in St. John's Road, and spent much of his "leisure" hours in strolling about the streets on the lookout for types. But he did not always find it necessary to go to the East End for his coster girls and gutter snipes. In his later and more affluent days he employed a man for the special purpose of luring models to his studio.

May's personal appearance is, doubtless, familiar to thousands of American readers, for he more than once pictured himself in sportive riding costume or smoking a fat cigar, with his straight hair combed over his forehead in a bang. In life, as in art, he was a jester and a wit. A few years ago, at the Savoy Hotel, a supper-party was being given in honor of the birthday of Mme. Amy Sherwin, on whose menu-card May made an exquisite little drawing. This was seen by a wealthy woman present, who sent the waiter with a ten-pound note to the artist asking him to do a similar drawing for her. May, disgusted at the woman's impertinence, took a good look at her, and then made an appallingly truthful caricature of her features on the back of the bank-note, which he returned. It was rather a severe rebuke, but well-deserved, for he looked upon the ten-pound note as a direct insult. Had the unfortunate lady treated him as one of the guests, she might have fared better, but May had little use for would-be social lights or snobs, and never lost an opportunity to topple them off their shaky pedestals.

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, August 10, 1903.

Charges of the Southern Press Against Roosevelt.

Several Southern papers, among them the *Atlanta Constitution* and the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, lay the blame for the present revival of race animosity on the shoulders of President Roosevelt. The *Constitution* declares that it has "sought honestly to find the genesis of this renaissance of racial antagonisms, and can find no other cause for it than the agitations that have grown out of the Crum case at Charleston, S. C. . . . From that Crum appointment the arrogances and encroachments of the negroes upon the whites have grown with visible zeal, until the feeling between the races to-day is less friendly and less good for the country's welfare than at any time since the bayonet-bolstered governments of the South were dispersed." To this, the *Springfield Republican* makes reply by citing a number of flagrant cases of Northern lynchings which occurred in 1900 and 1901, before President Roosevelt assumed office. It continues: "The real cause must be found back of the present administration and apart from negro appointments to public office—for no one pretends to ascribe the earlier crimes against the negro to the McKinley appointments. If the *Constitution* is as honest in its search as it claims to be, it must now, we submit, extend the hunt back of this administration. It will then be found that, while Mr. Roosevelt is not without grave responsibility in the matter, he is not by any means alone responsible, but that the whole nation is responsible with him."

In a Western State, an armless man recently undertook to swim across a river. It is not so remarkable when one considers that the animals most famous for their swimming, such as fishes and ducks, have no arms either, but an enormous crowd gathered to see the feat. Most of the people gathered on a weak old bridge to see the sight, and before the hour for the exhibition the bridge collapsed, and the swimming of the day was done by people in possession of all their members.

Since the entire destruction of vegetation on the Island of Krakatoa by the great volcanic outbreak of 1883, a dozen kinds of ferns and more than sixty kinds of other plants have been introduced, the seeds having been conveyed by birds and strong winds, or left on the beach by the ocean waves.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

As predicted in a recent letter of our New York correspondent, "Flaneur," Frank A. Munsey has purchased Colonel Brown's one hundred and forty shares in the New York *Daily News*, and is now the sole owner of that paper.

Blanche Marsy, the Comédie-Française actress, who was to have married the late Max Lebaudy, the millionaire spendthrift, after whose death she left the stage and became very religious, has just been wedded, in Paris, to the Comte Louis de Vassart, a well-known owner of horses.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt is now a citizen of the town of Portsmouth, R. I., and hereafter will be entitled to vote in that town. For some time the farmers on the island have been trying to persuade Mr. Vanderbilt to take up his legal residence in Portsmouth, where he is the heaviest taxpayer, and he has complied with their wishes.

Two Englishwomen have received from Heidelberg the first honorary degree of doctor of theology granted by a German university to a woman. They are the twin sisters—Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis and Mrs. Margaret Dunlop Gibson—who discovered the Sinitic palimpsest, and have done important work in Bible research.

It is rather remarkable, points out the *Washington Post*, that in the long line of men who have been and who will be at the head of the army, until the retirement of Wood in 1924, none since Schofield has been or will be West Point men. Generals Miles, Young, Corbin, Chaffee, MacArthur, and Wood are not graduates of the famous military academy.

Stephen Carlton Clark celebrated his coming of age at Cooperstown, N. Y., on Saturday last, at a brilliant ball given by his mother, Mrs. Henry C. Potter. By the will of his grandfather, Edward S. Clark, and the bequest made by his father, Alfred Corning Clark, he now comes into possession of about ten millions of dollars. Young Clark was graduated from Yale in June, and immediately went abroad. He is to enter the Harvard Law School this month.

Menotti Garibaldi, the eldest son of the Italian patriot, who died in Rome on August 22d, was the living picture of his father, having the same leonine head and the same herculean proportions, allied to a remarkably sweet and almost feminine expression in his eyes. After fighting in all the wars for independence, he was made a general on the battle-field, but, like his father, he turned his mind to the economic regeneration of Italy, beginning with a plan to redeem the Campagna Romano. Menotti died poor, leaving his family almost without means, and it is supposed that the government will make arrangements to have the pension he enjoyed as the son of Garibaldi pass to his family.

Edwin A. Abbey is hard at work on his big painting of the coronation of Edward the Seventh, for which the king and queen have given him sittings, with others to be held in the future. A number of the titled folk in the pageant have been going to Abbey's London studio in order to be portrayed in the exact costume they wore on the occasion. The order for this large canvas was not given by the government, as at first announced, but by a firm of art dealers, the Messrs. Agnew. When finished it will be forwarded to the United States for exhibition, and will be shown in many of the large cities. The general impression is that the Agnews intend to "star" the picture, relying on the curiosity of all good republicans to see what royalty does.

The democratic marriage of Camille Pelletan, the French minister of marine, to the sister of the sheriff's officer who formerly worried him with so many writs as to establish an acquaintanceship, afterward deepening into warm friendship, has made the bridegroom suddenly popular in Paris. The groom is fifty-six years of age, and his bride, Mlle. Adèle Josephine Denise, thirty-three. The Parisians are wondering whether M. Pelletan, now that he is married, will change his habits, and whether his wife will allow him to walk about the streets of Paris dressed in the familiar *négligé* manner. Should she manage to induce him to pay more attention to his personal appearance, there is no one who will deplore the fact more than the French caricaturists, for M. Pelletan has been one of their favorite subjects for many years past.

Maitre Fernand Labori, who recently defended the notorious Humberts in Paris, made his reputation as a remarkably clever criminal lawyer in the case of the Anarchist Duval, and in the defense of the Niort brothers, accused of parricide. Among the other well-known cases with which Labori has been connected may be cited the Numa-Gilly affair, the action of *La Pume* against the Sieur Páladan, the Maizeroy cases, the case of M. Prieu against the minister of foreign affairs, the queer case of the comic actor Chirac, several lawsuits against the *Gil Blas*, the case of the Plista Virgile, the Vaillant anarchist trial in 1894, and a great number of cases involving questions of literary property and copyright. His pleadings in the Zola and Dreyfus trials have also greatly enhanced his professional reputation, not only for forensic eloquence, but for the adroit and skillful handling of his case. He is a past-master of the intricacies of French procedure.

LONDON'S LATEST DRAMATIC SENSATION.

Arthur Bouchier's Revolting Dramatic Version of Edgar Allan Poe's Story, "The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether."

It is doubtful if any recent play has been so thoroughly roasted by the English press as the one-act horror, "The Soothing System," which Arthur Bouchier is presenting to large audiences at the Garrick Theatre, London. The play is based on one of Edgar Allan Poe's sombre tales, and was first produced in Paris, at the Grand Guignol, several months ago, under the title "Le Système du Docteur Goudron et du Professeur Plume," and proved a far more nerve-racking play even than "Heard Through the Telephone," dramatized from Charles Foley's well-known short story.

The idea of the play (Says London Truth) is fearful in its simplicity. In the opening scene you observe two young journalists who have found their way into the study of a mad doctor at the asylum. They peer around, wondering why no one has come in answer to their repeated ringing of the bell. Suddenly their conversation is interrupted by a groan and a dull thud without, and a moment after the mad doctor stands before them. Fury gleams in his eye as he surveys his unexpected guests. It is in vain at first that they explain their object in calling, but at last adroit flattery makes the angry specialist more amenable, and he begs them to be seated while he explains the excellence of his system. "Gentleness produces gentleness," says the eminent specialist, as his eye roams from one to the other guest.

Suddenly a terrible low groan is heard, and the doctor springs excitedly to his feet. "There he is again," says he; "I thought I had quieted him. That patient behind the door is the only one with whom my method has been a complete failure. Pray excuse me a moment, gentlemen." The doctor slips out, and the same terrible groans are again heard, followed by the same low thud. The doctor returns, and says that this time he believes he has quieted the recalcitrant patient. The journalists listen politely, but exchange glances of scepticism as to the gentleness of the doctor's treatment, at any rate of this case.

Meanwhile, through another door files into the study the oddest collection of people. Old men and young women, with one or two more youthful-looking men among them. They utter strange greetings, and at the stern order of the mad doctor, eventually seat themselves in a semi-circle, facing toward the two journalists. Before very many moments have elapsed each gives unequivocal signs of his or her madness—by cock-crowing, making faces, and the like.

The two journalists are getting uneasy, and rise to go toward the door of exit. Suddenly the mad doctor screams out "His eye, his accursed eye, is upon me!" and at the same time hurls himself upon one of the two visitors. Several of the lunatics (of whom it is now evident that he is the leader) aid him in seizing the young journalist, and the spectator is left to suppose that they are engaged in gouging out the objectionable eyes upon the table. This terrible scene is concealed from the audience by the group around the table, while the other young man is set upon by the women.

While all are struggling together another door is suddenly thrown open, and a very different set of individuals make their appearance. These are the real officials of the asylum, and in a very few moments they have cleared the room of the lunatics, and carried away the bleeding body of one of the journalists. A voice asks: "Where is the doctor?" Then the journalist, who is able to speak, tells of the groans he heard behind the door. They rush to it and force it open. A moment after they appear with a terrible burden—the body of the real mad doctor mangled and bruised and cut and torn by the hatred and fury of the false Dr. Goudron. The explanation of this lurid little drama is now clear enough. The lunatics had obtained possession of the keys, locked out their warders, and proceeded to take vengeance on their hated master, Dr. Goudron.

In the English version, which has been so unanimously condemned, every effort is made to render the play nerve-racking. There is abundance of direful music, of jangling of chains, and of screams off the stage; rolling cannon-balls suggest thunder, lightning-flashes are exhibited, and there are hideous revels of the mad people. The whole thing is very revolting, and Mr. Bouchier's own acting as the chief lunatic is said to be horribly ingenious and painfully clever.

Mr. Bouchier pretends to be unable to un-

derstand the feeling which has been aroused over his performance. In an interview, he defends his production by saying:

"Why do many critics clamor for the licensing of Ibsen's 'Ghosts'? Surely that is a play which can be really termed revolting in every sense. I insist that 'The Soothing System' is not greswome, for the reason that it ends happily. No one is killed. When I saw the play as it was performed in Paris I pronounced it revolting, because, among other things, the eye of one of the visitors to the asylum was gouged out on the stage, and the real asylum doctor was taken out of a cupboard dead, with his face covered with blood. As I have adapted the play, it is merely a 'thriller,' and the character of Dr. Goudron is a great study. Whether I do it properly or not I can not say; but it is a great study. If there is a moral to the play, it is 'Don't visit lunatic asylums.' An official at Broadmoor told me once that lunatics dislike visitors intensely. If no ailments are permissible on the stage, we could not bring Caliban on the stage, or a hunchback, or a lame man. Blindness is a painful thing, but there was nothing sad about 'The Light That Failed.'"

It is understood that Richard Harding Davis has bought the American rights of "The Soothing System," and will prepare a version of his own for early production in New York.

LITERARY NOTES.

Kipling's Woman Rival in the Indian Field.

Announcement of the publication of a new book by Flora Annie Steel has aroused the usual interest among the many admirers of Mrs. Steel's literary gifts, who may, however, feel proportionately disappointed on discovering that it is a volume of short stories.

Mrs. Steel's strongly characteristic style, with its frequent obscurities, its graphic descriptiveness, and its underlying minor strain, has become familiar to thousands, some of whom place her above Kipling. She does indeed excel him in delicacy of perception and fine spiritual insight into the native character, as well as in understanding the secret springs of motive governing the frequent mysteries of their conduct. If she could borrow some of Kipling's directness, and he some of her refinement and sympathy, each would be the gainer.

Mrs. Steel ranks considerably higher than the merely superficial woman novelist, not only from the literary art which she employs in dealing with novel material, but from the masculine grasp she displays on many phases of Indian life, both of natives and Europeans.

In the seventeen stories collected under the one title, "In the Guardianship of God," one, "In a Fog," shows a knowledge of military tactics. "Little Henry and His Bearer" is a curious tale of religious fanaticism which shows a knowledge of the secret sects of strangers who propitiate Kali by human sacrifice; "The Keeper of the Pass" could only be written by one who has made a study of primitive conditions and family traditions that prevail in ancient India; each story, in fact, reveals a knowledge beyond the ordinary, which would preclude the merely superficial observer from trying issues with Mrs. Steel in the field that she has made her own.

Her leading fault as a writer is an inability to comprehend that what she sees and understands clearly can not be perceived with equal clearness of vision by another. Hence, the reader occasionally falls into a slough of mystification, from which he is rescued only by the persuasive grace with which Mrs. Steel conducts him to a view-point from which he may witness the fogs rolling away.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The Latest from Lillian Bell.

Whether it be through inflated patriotism, extreme intolerance, or a commercially inspired pose, Lillian Bell, in the majority of her novels, exalts the mental and physical attributes of her countrywomen above those of their transatlantic sisters to the height of absurdity. This writer is so extreme in her views that they can not be received with respect, or even be taken seriously; but a much graver defect in her writings is her tendency to compel even her more favored characters far to overstep the limits of good taste and good feeling.

In her latest book, entitled "The Dowager Countess and the American Girl," a sequel, by the way, to "Sir John and the American Girl," she has painted the character of English ladies of family and high standing so black that even Thackeray's formidable dowagers are models of right feeling and amiability in comparison.

Lillian Bell is a ready and fluent writer, turning out numerous books with apparently little effort, but, as a result, she writes carelessly, and is guilty of violent inconsistencies and occasional lapses of memory. She states, in the first part of the book under review, that

"Sir John . . . would have been incapable of the cruelty of the earl's will. His nature was larger, grander, more generous, and more forgiving." Toward the end of the book, however, the grand, generous, and forgiving gentleman referred to spitefully flourishes in his wife's face a will which cuts her off from all but her legal inheritance of his wealth, making the while numerous remarks of an unpleasant and taunting nature. That his wife richly deserved them does not do away with the author's inconsistency in thus lowering a character which she had affirmed in a previous chapter was the "embodiment of old English chivalry."

Edith, the American girl, is endowed with all the proverbial charm of our fair countrywomen, easily outshining the most beautiful and spirited members of British female aristocracy in style, beauty, breeding, grace, and wit. Her attractions, however, are scarcely enhanced in the reader's eyes by her spirited defense of the acts of her Southern countrymen in burning alive negroes at the stake; a defense which included a discussion of crimes whose nature usually taboos them as subjects of dinner-table conversation.

The author permits herself to say slurring things about her own sex that they have learned to endure meekly enough from men, but that have a treasonable sound coming from one of their number. "Most women," so she declares, "are cats at heart." In another paragraph, Sir John, the chivalric, retails for the diversion of his American protégée the respective *liaisons*, past and present, of all the men and women assembled at a house-party to which she is bidden.

The hostility and violent prejudice exhibited toward the French aristocracy in "The Expatriates" by this author is shown, although in a less virulent form, toward the women of the English upper-classes in "The Dowager Countess and the American Girl." The writer's varied experiences, however, enable her to turn off a readable story, and, however much one may cavil at its manner, one is tolerably sure to read it to the close.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

Outing for September.

Sir Thomas Lipton's third attempt to lift the America's Cup is the leading subject in September Outing. "Sailing a Cup Defender," by William E. Simmons; "The Evolution of the Racing Yacht Model," by G. A. Cormack, secretary of the New York Yacht Club; "The Men Who Have Defended America's Cup," by W. J. Henderson; and "A Critical Comparison of Shamrock and Reliance," by John R. Spears, being some of the articles touching that subject. People who fish and others will enjoy "Grover Cleveland Goes a-Fishing," "Random Fish Talk," by W. C. Harris, and Leonidas Hubbard, Jr.'s, "Off-Days On Superior's North Shore," and those who shoot, Edwyn Sandys' good story, "Four of a Kind," and his observations about "The Game Field in September," as well as W. A. Baillie-Grohman's adventure stories, which explain something about the sense of hearing of mountain game. Among the other interesting things in Outing are a human-interest sketch of "New York in the Good Old Summer Time," by Charles Belmont Davis; Leon Vandervort's profusely illustrated article about the "New Appalachian Forest Reserve"; "Field Dogs in Action," by Howard C. Rathbone; "Modern Pirates," with striking pictures, by J. W. Muller; "On No-Names Key," more of Ralph D. Paine's Cuban filibustering experience of 1896; Franklin Matthews' description of "How a Great Ship is Launched," and "International Automobile Racing," with photographs of the course in Ireland.

The Russian press censor is evidently not interested in British horse-racing. The London Referee recently stated that "so far as the Czarowitz is concerned this animal occupies an absurd position. He had no chance, and the sooner he is added to the list of 'dead uns' the better." This part was blacked out by the Russian censor. The editor expostulated, but was told that to refer to the Czarowitz as "this animal" was insolent, and to suggest that he should be murdered was infamous. In September, 1889, the Argonaut printed a story of Russian nihilists, a translation from the French of Edmond Lepelletier, entitled "The Wage of Treason." It was a stirring tale, but pure fiction. A few weeks later, a St. Petersburg subscriber returned a copy of the issue to us to show how completely the censor had blacked out what he considered objectionable matter.

"London in the Time of the Stuarts," by the late Walter Besant, is among the autumn announcements of the Macmillan Company.

HUMOROUS VERSE.

Col. D. Streamer, whose shocking verses about "Little Willy, dressed in sashes," and Aunt Maria and the well, have amused thousands, is out with a new book of humorous rhymes, entitled "Perverved Proverbs: A Manual of Immorals for the Many." Our quotation is of sufficient length to perform the function both of expositor and critic:

"VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD."

Virtue its own reward? Alas!
And what a poor one as a rule!
Be Virtuous and Life will pass
Like one long term of Sunday-school.
(No prospect, truly, could one find
More unalluring to the mind.)

You may imagine that it pays
To practice Goodness. Not a bit!
You cease receiving any praise
When people have got used to it;
'Tis generally understood
You find it easy to be good.

The Model Child has got to keep
His fingers and his garments white,
In church he may not go to sleep,
Nor ask to stop up late at night.
In fact he must not ever do
A single thing he wishes to.

He may not paddle in his hoots,
Like naughty children, at the Sea;
The sweetness of Forbidden Fruits
Is not, alas! for such as he.
He watches, with pathetic eyes,
His weaker brethren make mud-pies.

He must not answer back, oh no!
However rude grown-ups may be,
But keep politely silent tho'
He grim with scathing repartee;
For nothing is considered worse
Than scoring off Mamma or Nurse.

He must not eat too much at meals,
Nor scatter crumbs upon the floor;
However vacuous he feels,
He may not pass his plate for more;
—Not tho' his ev'ry organ ache
For further slabs of Christmas cake.

He is commanded not to waste
The fleeting hours of childhood's days
By giving way to any taste
For circuses or matinees;
For him the entertainments planned
Are "Lectures on the Holy Land."

He never reads a story book
By Rider H. or Winston C.,
In vain upon his desk you'd look
For tales by Richard Harding D.;
Nor could you find upon his shelf
The works of Rudyard—or myself! . . .

The Naughty Boy gets much delight
From doing what he should not do;
But, as such conduct isn't Right,
He sometimes suffers for it, too.
Yet, what's a spanking to the fun
Of leaving vital things Undone?
If he's notoriously bad,
But for a day should change his ways,
His parents will be all so glad,
They'll shower him with gifts and praise!
(It pays a connoisseur in crimes
To be a perfect saint at times.)

Of course there always lies the chance
That he is charged with being ill,
And all his innocent romance
Is ruined by a rubarb pill.
(Alas! 'Tis not alone the Good
That are so much misunderstood.)

But, as a rule, when he behaves
(Evince no malarial signs),
His friends are all his faithful slaves,
Until he once again declines
With easy conscience, more or less,
To undiluted wickedness.

The Wicked flourish like the bay,
At Cards or Love they always win,
Good Fortune dogs their steps all day,
They fatten while the Good grow thin.
The Righteous Man has much to bear;
The Bad becomes a Bullionaire! . . .

But having had your boom in oil,
And made your millions out of it,
Would you propose to cease from toil?
Great Vanderfeller! Not a bit!
You've got to labor, day and night,
Until you die—and serve you right! . . .

I am not saint enough to feel
My shoulder ripen to a wing,
Nor have I wits enough to steal
His title from the Copper King;
And there's a vasty gulf between
The Man I Am and Might Have Been:

But tho' at dinner I may take
Too much of Heidick (extra dry),
And underneath the table make
My simple couch just where I lie,
My mode of roosting on the floor
Is just a trick and nothing more.

And when, not Wisely but too Well,
My thirst I have contrived to quench,
The stories I am apt to tell
May be, perhaps, a trifle French;
(For 'tis in anecdote, no doubt,
That what's Bred in the Beaune comes out.) . . .

And this I'm sure of, more or less,
And trust that you will all agree,
The Elements of Happiness
Consist in being—just like Me;
No sinner, nor a saint perhaps,
But—well, the very best of chaps.
Share the Experience I have had,
Consider all I've known and seen,
And Don't be Good, and Don't be Bad
But cultivate a Golden Mean.

What makes Existence really nice
Is Virtue—with a dash of Vice.

Published by R. H. Russell, New York; \$1.00.

LITERARY NOTES.

Two Women and a Socialist.

The two themes discussed and illustrated by the Rev. Thomas Dixon in his new novel "The One Woman," are most profound. They are Socialism versus Individualism, strict monogamy versus a view of marriage which regards the divorce court without apprehension. Since Socialism's late large gains both at home and abroad, it has become a vital problem. On both sides of the question are ranged men of intellectual weight. We would go far to hear a debate on Socialism between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Herr Auguste Bebel. We think, however, treatment of the theme in a highly sensational manner by a loose-thinking North Carolina Baptist preacher-novelist is calculated to confuse the average reader and render even more desperate the present condition of intellectual chaos on this vexed question.

The Reverend Dixon's work, in style and manner of treatment, resembles closely editorials in the New York Journal and the San Francisco Examiner. We have about as much confidence in his judgment as in theirs. There is no evidence that he knows much about modern socialism. In fact, there is considerable evidence that he does not.

His knowledge of human character is equally slight. The men and women of the book are mere puppets in the hands of the author. A woman who, at the book's beginning, is a sweet Sunday-school teacher, toward its end calmly perjures a man's life away. A staid and practical middle-aged banker consents to fighting a duel in the dark with paper-knives. Other unfortunate persons do equally preposterous things when the exigencies of the plot require.

But despite all this, we presume the Reverend Dixon's book will be widely read. It is oratorical, grandiloquent, sentimental, illogical, demagogic, rhetorical; all qualities held in high repute in certain quarters. Mr. Dixon bids fair to be the Hall Caine of America, the Corelli of North Carolina.

The plot of this remarkable novel, briefly stated, is as follows: The Rev. Frank Gordon, a popular preacher and social dreamer of New York, determines to build a socialistic temple. He appeals to his congregation for a million dollars, and gets twenty thousand dollars, but the difference is made up by a beautiful woman who has aided him in his work of "uplifting the masses." Gordon, though married and having two children, is overwhelmed by her generosity—and incidentally by her voluptuous beauty—and decides to desert his wife, and marry the woman by the "ceremony of announcement," according to what he thinks is the socialistic idea. Two years pass. Gordon's beautiful wife tires of him, tells him she now loves his friend, and, applying the principles he had so eloquently enunciated at the time of their marriage, leaves him. Gordon, throwing so-called socialistic philosophy to the winds, tells her that she leaves him at her peril, and when she persists, kills her lover. Gordon's first wife had all along been true as steel, and now she begins a campaign to save him from the electric chair finally winning a pardon from the governor of New York (and her lover) at the last moment.

B. West Clinedinst is the author of eight very bad illustrations.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York

"My Friend Annabel Lee."

One puts down Mary MacLane's second book with mingled feelings. Let us say at once that the Philistine will have none of it. It contains nothing that is sensational, nothing, in fact, that is not quite ladylike. The interest and charm which, for a few readers, it will undoubtedly possess will lie in the whimsical humor the quaint philosophy, and the real skill with which the author handles words—a skill in the art of compelling common words to express vague feeling and almost indefinable emotion that is reminiscent of a Stevenson or a Keats. For instance

Away from the high hill of the cherry-blossoms there lay a stretch of red, barren waste with towering rocks—and beyond that a quiet sea that was only blue.

True, Miss MacLane's love for words and phrases and rhythmical repetitions betrays her sometimes into affectations, but in general she has a rare faculty of expression.

As for the ideas in the twenty-five chapters that comprise the book, "My Friend Annabel Lee," they are veritable and genuine, but, we may say, spread out extremely thin. They are the musings of a very young woman, of indefinite spirit, of no great intellectual ambition. But with keen sympathy for, and unerring insight into, such characters as her limited experience has brought within her purview.

She has also a turn for introspection, a Whitmanesque love for common things, a delight in the sea, hill, and sky, and finds a singular satisfaction in "delicate incongruities." She conceives, for example, that in summer time Mrs. Fiske (whom she had seen as Mary of Magdala) might wade in a brooklet or swing in a barrel-stave hammock, and in the picture of the actress thus engaged she finds something enchantingly humorous. The philosopher who died laughing at seeing a donkey eat figs out of a silver dish was a temperamental kinsman of Mary MacLane.

The two best articles in the book, however, are "The Young-Books of Trowbridge" and "Little Willy Kaatenstein." The first of these is a fine bit of appreciation. She finds Trowbridge a restful and altogether satisfying writer. "When I go to a theatre," she remarks, in illustration, "I enjoy it thoroughly. A theatre is a good thing, and the actor a stunning person—but how eagerly and gladly I come back into my own room, where there is a faithful little tan deer standing waiting, all so pathetic and sweet, upon the desk." "Little Willy Kaatenstein" is one of the best stories of children we have read—and we say it advisedly, with due deference to Miss Daskam (that was), Mrs. Wiggin, and the rest of them.

Altogether, "My Friend Annabel Lee," while not a book of any great weight, is remarkably creditable to a girl of twenty-one, and may prove an early milestone upon a long, straight road.

At least, Mary MacLane, among the great crowd of authors, male and female, seems to us—a delicate incongruity.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Winston Churchill has sent a portion of the manuscript of his new novel to the Macmillan Company, and is rapidly bringing the work to completion. In point of time this novel—which is provisionally labeled "The Conquest," although that is not to be its final title—is the second in Mr. Churchill's historical series. The theme is the conquest of the Louisiana territory by gradual occupation and settlement.

The Century Company has on its fall list "Under the Jack-Staff," by Chester Bailey Fernald, author of "The Cat and the Cherub." The new volume contains eleven stories of an Irish man-o-war's man.

Henry James's novel, "The Ambassadors," now appearing serially in the North American Review, will be published in book-form this autumn. The novel is not, as the title might indicate, a story of diplomatic life, but deals with an American gentleman who went upon a very delicate mission as a private ambassador from an American lady to her son living in Paris.

Dr. Scott Keltie, of the Royal Geographical Society, has undertaken to edit a series of popular works to be called "The Story of Exploration." The first volume, "The Nile Quest," is by Sir Harry Johnston. Later, "The Siege of the North Pole," by Nansen, will appear, and the explorations of Cartier, La Salle, Cook, Stanley, and others will follow.

Maurice Maeterlinck's much-discussed play, "Monna Vanna," which gave both critics and censors much to think about when the attempt was first made to produce it in France, somewhat more than a year ago, is now to be issued in an English version.

It was the intention of the late Dr. Samuel G. Howe to write a detailed account of the education of Laura Bridgman, but he never found leisure to accomplish the work. Two of his daughters, however—Maude Howe and Florence Howe Hall—have utilized his records, and his pupil's journal, as well as the journals of different teachers, to prepare a volume which will shortly be published under the title "Laura Bridgman, Dr. Howe's Famous Pupil, and What He Taught Her."

John Hay's "Castilian Days" is being brought out in a holiday edition by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., with illustrations done by Joseph Pennell. The book will be ready in October.

"To-Morrow's Tangle," Geraldine Bonner's second novel, which is to be published in October, is entirely Californian, full of local color and incident. It opens in the foothills in the early 'fifties. Here the threads of four lives come together in the knot, or tangle, which gives the book its name. The singular incident which creates the tangle is not fiction, but fact, one of the remarkable and picturesque occurrences which made the early days of California so full of drama. The story proper opens twenty-five years later,

when the unraveling of the tangle takes place. The characters are essentially Californian in type, and the situation in which they find themselves one that could hardly develop in any other community. This main portion of the novel shows San Francisco at the end of the Bonanza days, when the diminishing glow of the Comstock excitement was still in the air, and millions had suddenly enriched men and women who began life in the cabins of the foothill camps.

E. W. Hornung has a new story, "Dennis Dent," running serially, which is soon to be brought out in book-form.

Dr. Oberholtzer's biography of "Robert Morris: Patriot and Financier," to be published at once, is written largely from new materials, including sixteen manuscript volumes by Morris himself.

RECENT VERSE.

A Sea Lyric.

There is no music that man has heard
Like the voice of the minstrel Sea,
Whose major and minor chords are fraught
With infinite mystery—
For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
The song of a vast unrest.

There is no passion that man has sung,
Like the love of the deep-souled Sea,
Whose tide responds to the Moon's soft light
With marvelous melody—
For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
The song of a vast unrest.

There is no sorrow that man has known,
Like the grief of the worldless Main,
Whose Titan bosom forever throbs
With an untranslatable pain—
For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
The song of a vast unrest.
—William Hamilton Hayne in Atlantic Monthly.

Summer Clouds.

They are ships without rudder or topmast or sail;
They are ships without captain or sailor or cook.
Their decks are not guarded by canvas or rail,
And there's no place to stand whence the watchman can look.

They are ships without chart, without compass or spar;
They are ships without capstan or anchor or chain;

And they sail without aid of a planet or star;
Nor reckon they aught of or loss or of gain.

They follow no well-beaten paths through the sky,
O'er which they are seemingly sailing in sport;
And the prow from the stern is not easy to spy,
While the starboard is not to be told from the port.

They are built not of iron, or oak, or of pine;
Their sides are not sheathed with coatings of steel;

They've no log to mark with its unerring line
The knots as they fly from the nautical reel.

They are wanting in armament suited for war;
They are destitute quite of cannon and shell;
But when they do battle, they're heard from afar,
And their lightnings seem born in the bosom of hell.

They come from no country familiar to men;
Over mountain and ocean like spirits they rise;
And the port they are seeking—their's no mortal ken,
To tell where it is, or even surmise.

Their changeable color confuses the eye,
They have caught the chameleon's mystical art.
One moment with hues of the rainbow they vie
And while we are gazing their glories depart.

Oh, tenuous ships of the measureless air!
Sail on o'er the depths of the fathomless blue;
In beauty ye hail from the land of the fair,
And vanish from sight like the sweet morning dew.

—Thomas Pardon Wilson in the Independent.

The Sea at Noon.

Who rocks the little billows of the deep,
That, curved as grace itself, they kiss the air,
Then sink in curves, and with the noon-day share
The stillness that can neither laugh nor weep?
What languid revels do the sea-nymphs keep
That, in the summer, when the days are fair,
They slowly to the sky cast garlands rare
Of foam-flowers, though the blue seems fixed in sleep?

Always the joy of life lies in the sea
Who knows it, loves it, and his fancies play
With all its moods for joy—whether it wakes
Gentle as dawn upon the bright To lie
Of rosy youth; or, dashing high its spray,
The world with ecstasy of tumult shakes.
—Maurice Francis Egan in September Lippincott's.

Julius Verne, the celebrated author, has become almost blind, and an operation for cataract has been recommended. He refuses to undergo it, saying that at his age, which is seventy-five, a surgical operation is dangerous.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Biography.

There are already several biographies of James Madison, but they none of them equal in scope or approach in merit "The Life of James Madison," by Gaillard Hunt, just published. Mr. Hunt has previously edited the writings of "the father of the Constitution" and third President, and his work is not only just, but sympathetic, both scholarly and marked by humor and a feeling for the picturesque. His book will long remain a standard authority. We quote a brief description of Madison when he took his seat in the Virginia convention: "He was five feet six and one-quarter inches tall, and his body was thin and delicate. His pale face was lighted up by a pair of hazel eyes, which were ready to reflect a quiet humor, but his features were irregular and not handsome and his countenance bespoke the suffering of bad health. His hair was light, combed back and gathered in a small queue behind, tied with a plain ribbon. He was clothed so soberly that he looked more like a dissenting divine than the heir of a planter of large estate, and before his election his neighbors declared he was more of a minister than a statesman." The work is embellished with a portrait. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$2.50.

A field of inquiry hitherto quite untitled has been invaded by George M. Gould, M. D., in his "Biographic Clinics." He has investigated the personal history of De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, and Browning, collecting every scrap of information available about them. He has then endeavored to determine by study of this material from what causes arose the chronic ill-health of each of these five great men. One fruit of his investigation is the conviction that simple eyestrain was an enormous factor in the ill-health of his "patients." He speaks of eyestrain's "subtle and astonishing influence upon character, upon literature, and even upon history." "What could these men not have done," he says, "if this morbidizing horror had not clutched their hearts with its palsy and despoiling hand?" Published by P. Blakiston's Sons & Co., Philadelphia.

John Albee, who owns to an "aversion to long, laborious, and usually frigid biographies," and to an admiration for "artless yet affectionate memories," has endeavored to approach his ideal in a little volume called "Remembrances of Emerson"—a book of appreciation for Emerson's books and one also containing an account of an interesting visit to the philosopher. Published by Robert Grier Cooke, New York.

February 4, 1901, was the centennial anniversary of John Marshall's inauguration as Chief Justice of the United States. This date, by prior arrangement, was dedicated and devoted by the different Bar associations of the country as a fitting time to commemorate and perpetuate the memory of the great chief justice. The event was national in its character, being celebrated in thirty-seven States and Territories, while more than fifty principal addresses were delivered by leaders of the Bar, members of high Federal and State courts, eminent statesmen and scholars, and by members of Congress. An important work has now been published, entitled "John Marshall: Life, Character, and Judicial Services," a record of the centenary and memorial addresses and proceedings. It contains, in addition, orations of Binney, Story, Phelps, Waite, and Rawle, and is edited with an introduction by Judge John F. Dillon. The work is handsomely printed, and is illustrated with portraits and facsimiles. It includes, necessarily, much that is superficial, but several of the memorial addresses are real masterpieces. Published by Callaghan & Co., Chicago; (three vols.) \$9.00 net. It is impossible to believe Charles Baranoff's "The Real Benedict Arnold," the "true, unbiased biography of Benedict Arnold," which he proclaims is "A book which shall 'palliate' Arnold's treason needs to give chapter and verse of the authorities upon which such a revolutionary judgment may be based. Mr. Todd does nothing of the sort. His work contains few citations and no index. Mr. Todd's mere say-so is scarcely convincing. Such a book has scarcely more authority than an historical novel. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York; \$1.00 net.

Miscellaneous Books.

Everything that comes from the pen of Jacob A. Riis is interesting, but his latest book, "The Peril and the Preservation of 1903," appears to cover less completely the same ground as "The Battle with the Slur." Nearly all the illustrations are also from that or other of his books. Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

"The Smyrna Fig at Home and Abroad," by George C. Roeding, is described as "a treatise on practical Smyrna fig culture, together with an account of the introduction of the wild, or Capri, fig and the establishment of the fig wasp (*Blastophaga grossorum*) in America." It is, in fact, a brief history of one of the most striking achievements in the horticultural field of the past twenty-five years. The once-unsuspected service of the fig wasp in producing perfect fruit seems to belong rather to the romance of nature than to the domains of fact, but, thanks to Mr. Roeding, the matter is now beyond dispute. This little book of Mr. Roeding's is unpretentious, but very interesting. Published by the author, Fresno, Cal.

Mexico, with its fifty-five presidents, two emperors, and one regent, and its innumerable revolutions, between 1821 and 1884, offers a fertile field for tillage to the writers of boys' books of adventure. W. O. Stoddard, in "Ahead of the Army," dealing with the period of our war with Mexico, has made good use of his stirring material. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; \$1.00 net.

"How and Where to Sell Manuscripts," is a little book for amateur authors, the information contained in which, if followed, make the path of editors a rosier one, and greatly increase the chances for acceptance of manuscripts. Published by the United Press Syndicate, Indianapolis, Ind.

Professor Robert de Courcy Ward, of Harvard, has translated an exhaustive treatise by Dr. Julius Hann, of the University of Vienna, under the title "Handbook of Climatology." Perhaps a few selected chapter-headings will best give an idea of the book's scope: "Temperature"; "The Moisture of the Atmosphere: Humidity, Precipitation, and Cloudiness"; "Winds, Pressure, and Evapora-

tion"; "Solar Climate"; "Influence of Land and Water Upon the Distribution of Temperature"; "Influence of Ocean Currents Upon Climate"; "Mountain and Valley Winds"; "The Föhn, Sirocco, Bora, and Mistral"; "Periodic Variations of Climate." Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

The well-known French-English and English-French dictionary of James and Molé has been brought up to date, revised, and enlarged by over three hundred pages, by Louis Tolhausen and Georg Payn. The new work is compact, typographically attractive, and appears to be authoritative. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

"The Poultry Book," a standard English work, by Harrison Weir, F. R. H. S., is appearing serially in this country, with considerable revision by Willis Grant Johnson and George O. Brown, the editors, assisted by other experts. It will be complete in eighteen parts. Part II is just to hand, and contains notably good half-tone pictures and drawings, and some colored plates. Such captions as "Eggs from a General Point of View" strike us as funny. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; 60 cents.

Literature and Criticism.

Along with Rolfe and Hudson and Lee and the rest of the famous Shakespearean scholars must be ranked the Furnesses, father and son. The former's Variorum Shakespeare, in which the volume containing "Macbeth" appeared in 1873, has long been standard authority. The latter's hand now takes up the life work of revision. The "Revised Edition" of "Macbeth" is before us, and "Richard the Third" is promised in the near future. The first-mentioned is an octavo of close on six hundred pages, with voluminous notes—pages sometimes being devoted to a single passage. It is for the student of Shakespeare an invaluable aid. In the preface of this volume Horace Howard Furness formally relinquishes his life-long labor of love. "Surely," he says, with very pardonable pride, "the instances are not many where a literary task begun by a father is taken up and carried forward by a son; still fewer are they where the father can retire within the shadow, with such conviction, as is now mine, that the younger hands are the better hands." Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$4.00 net.

In the second and last volume of his "Anthology of Russian Literature"—the pioneer work in that field—Leo Wiener gives interesting extracts from some fifty Russian authors from the time of Karamzin to that of Merezhkovski. Each extract is prefaced by a brief biographical note, and "A Sketch of Russian Literature in the Nineteenth Century" serves as an introduction to the volume. Professor Wiener occupies the chair of Slavic languages in Harvard. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; per volume, \$3.00.

To the many American literatures which professors in our colleges seem to have been irresistibly impelled to write may be added "A History of American Literature," by William P. Trent, M. A., LL.D., professor of English literature in Columbia University. The work covers the period 1607-1865, and appears to be scholarly and accurate enough, though somewhat uninspired. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.40.

Novels of the Moment.

"The Sociable Ghost, being the adventures of a reporter who was invited by the sociable ghost to a grand banquet, ball, and convention under the ground of the old Trinity church-yard: a true tale of the things he saw and did not see while he was not there." That is the title-page description of a book recently committed by Olive Harper and Another. The official puff says the story is "grimly grotesque, yet screamingly funny." Also that it is "richly illustrated," and "one of the most grimly humorous books ever published." Doubtless Olive really thinks so. Let us not disturb so rosy a dream. Published by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York; \$1.50.

"Kent Fort Manor," by William Henry Babcock, is a Civil War romance with some curious psychological complications. The Claibornes, members of which family figure prominently in the book, have the eerie power of recalling, under certain circumstances, what happened to their ancestors—a sort of inherited memory. Plainly here is a fictional field with wide possibilities of exploitation. And Mr. Babcock has, in fact, made a fairly good story out of his odd theories. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia; \$1.50.

"Jack Hardin's Arabian Nights" is a translation from the scholarly English of Lane into the slang of to-day of some of the tales in the great classic. The author is J. W. Scott, a newspaper man. The book will amuse some readers. Published by Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston; \$1.00.

Several good stories of the sea by George S. Wasson, which have appeared in the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, *Century*, and *Harper's Weekly* during the past year or so, have now been published in book-form. The author has a thorough knowledge of that whereof he writes, a healthy sense of humor, and a mastery of the dialect of deep-sea fishermen. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

"Nine Points of the Law," by Wilfrid Scarborough Jackson, and "The Gap in the Garden," by Vanda Watben-Bartlett, are novels published by John Lane, New York; each, \$1.50.

"The Mahoney Million," a novel by Charles Townsend, is published by the New Amsterdam Book Company, New York; \$1.25.

"The Lighted Taper," a novel by M. Oakman Pitton, is published by the Bantam Book Company, Boston.

Among recent novels are "A Coin of Edward VII," a detective story, by Fergus Hume; "Because of Power," a "drama of the heart," by Ella Stryker Mapes; and "The Gilded Lady: Being the True Story of a Crime Against the United States Government As Recorded by Henry V. Chardon, late of the Secret Service," by Will M. Clemens. Published by the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York; each, \$1.50.

"Muscovy," writes Henry Illiowizi, in the preface to the novel, "The Archierey of Samara," "is in many respects the China of the civilized world; exclusive, intolerant, inhospitable, cunning, suspicious, despotic, holy, and ludicrously conceited as to her theocratic destiny among the nations." Exactly. But it need hardly be expected that the heated marshaler of so many epithets will be especially concerned about the reality of his characters, or fine points in story-telling, and this is

the case. The story is merely a medium through which this author—himself the son of parents who suffered cruel wrongs in Russia—is able to vent his hatred and contempt for the land of the Czar. He himself, "in the midst of the scenes he describes," has "loved and suffered." The volume has not a little interest at the present time. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., New York; \$1.50. "Sinful Peck" is described on the cover as a "funny story," but it certainly needs a broad and liberal sense of humor to stomach the series of practical jokes therein described. A practical joke, by the way, is the abhorrence of many real humorists. Mark Twain, for example. No person, therefore, need mourn an inability to laugh over this story, by Morgan Robertson, of a stag dinner-party all the guests at which are maliciously made drunk and shanghaied on a sailing ship bound for Singapore, where they suffer a succession of barbarities invented for them by the author with a really diabolical ingenuity. It is a thoroughly unpleasant book, entirely unworthy of Mr. Robertson. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

"The Tu-Tze's Tower," by Louise Betts Edwards, is hereby guaranteed to give even the most hardened novel-reader a new thrill. Tu-Tze is a monarch who lives on the edge of Tibet. Tu-Tze ventures Winifred Blaize, wife of an explorer who had lost his life there; Emma Alvin Guthrie, sometime librarian in the town of Essex, Mass., but present lady's maid; and Candace Roberts, daughter of an American missionary who had gone to the bad, and a Chinese woman. Candace had been sold as a slave so that her parents could buy opium, and is rescued by Winifred Blaize. The book is highly interesting and amusing, and has a family resemblance to works of the late lamented Stockton—"The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Alshine," for example. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia; \$1.50.

"The Victim's Triumph" is a novel of New York "high life," and concerns a Russian count, his pseudo-sister, an English lord, and various members of the Four Hundred. The book is said to be founded on fact, but is neither well written nor generally interesting. Published by the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York; \$1.50.

Three Books on Musical Themes.

The tragic possibility of an infant Beethoven's being apprenticed in a boiler-factory, or a budding Jenny Lind to a milliner, will be minimized in those families where Albert Lavignac's "Musical Education" penetrates. He answers lucidly all those questions which dotting parents of suspected young geniuses ask, and gives valuable information upon many other musical topics besides. For instance, the proper age at which to begin the study of music, the importance of hearing good music, the influence of method, difficulties connected with various instruments, the hygiene of the voice, how to rectify an ill-directed education, the comparative merits of individual and class instruction, are among the subjects discussed. Professor Lavignac is a well-known authority, and occupies a chair in music at the Paris Conservatoire. This work, as well as his several previous ones, is competently translated by Esther Singleton. It not only conveys sound advice and much useful knowledge, but is vivaciously written. It is among the best books on music to appear this year. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$2.00.

"The Organ and Its Masters," being "a short account of the most celebrated organists of former days, as well as some of the more prominent organ virtuosi of the present time, together with a brief sketch of the development of organ construction, organ music, and organ playing," by Henry C. Lahee, is published, with many illustrations, by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.60.

"Orchestral Instruments and their Use," an illustrated work by Arthur Elson, "giving a description of each instrument now employed by civilized nations, a brief account of its history, an idea of the technical and acoustical principles illustrated by its performance, and an explanation of its value and functions in the modern orchestra," is published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.60.

New Editions.

The amusing vicissitudes of a book are related with evident appreciation by the Right Hon. William Edward Hartpole Lecky in the preface to a new and enlarged edition of his "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland." The first edition appeared in 1861, when the author was twenty-three, and fell, he says, "absolutely dead." Thirty copies were sold, and it got one review from a Cork paper. Ten years later, the Irish question being then uppermost in the public mind, Lecky revised and published another edition, "toning down a rhetoric which saved too much of a debating society." This book also "made no considerable impression" until Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule, when it leaped into sudden popularity. It was quoted "everywhere." "Even the first still-born edition had a strange resurrection." "I remember on one occasion," writes Mr. Lecky, "that Mr. Justin McCarthy, in describing the growth of the Home Rule idea, gave a conspicuous place to the influence of my book when it first appeared [those thirty copies!], and Mr. Gladstone, while praising greatly the existing edition [of 1871] urged those who could procure it to specially study the earlier and more authoritative one. [!!!] Some of the worst specimens of his boyish rhetoric were, indeed, frequently quoted—usually without the smallest intimation that they had been suppressed by the author in a later edition." This, surely, is a curious instance of the public's vagaries. The present edition is, of course, indispensable to all students of Irish history. Much new matter from official papers has been utilized. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; (two vols.) \$4.00 net.

Of the new edition of Sir Arthur Helps's "The Spanish Conquest in America," two volumes are before us, the second and third. They are well printed on moderately thin, light paper, and the bindings are also light. As the work appeared in 1851, the publishers have thought it well to introduce a few notes correcting obvious misstatements and elaborating other passages by citations from later authors. This work has been done by M. Oppenheim, who also writes an introduction. Published by John Lane, New York.

The "History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe," by Professor George Saintsbury, which was noticed in last week's *Argonaut*, is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, a fact which we neglected to state.

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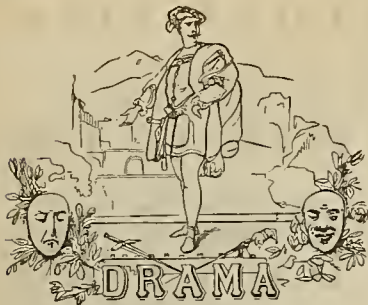
FOR ALL THE NEWS

THE HERALD is absolutely the Home Paper of Greater Oakland and of Alameda County.

THE HERALD publishes each day complete foreign, cable, and domestic telegraphic news.

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THE HERALD is without question the leading reading medium in the County of Alameda.



The universal desire to experience a new sensation has been the means of bringing success to those who first originated the idea of making the public acquainted with a typical representation of an old morality play. The artistic success of any undertaking of the kind must be measured by the strength of the impression, and the effect left upon the mind by "Everyman" is totally alien to the superficial impression which we carry away from theatrical representations in the playgoer's routine.

One carries away, not only vivid mental pictures of the figures and groupings, but this simple allegory, written five centuries ago for audiences that have long since crumbled to dust, still has the power to brush aside a modicum, at least, of our twentieth-century frivolity, flippancy, and self-conscious sophistication, and induce a certain simplicity of response.

It is impossible to attain to the mental attitude of the literal and devout listeners to whom the play was first addressed, but imagination, that nimble scaler of obstructions, assists us to some approximation of their receptive state.

"Everyman" was designed by its author, a priest who lived during the fifteenth century, to inspire in the heedless a reverence for the teachings of religion. Everyman, a thoughtless youth, who is "Lyvyng without drede in worldly prosperite," and who stands in his single person for all human creatures, is regarded with disapproval from the "heavenly spere." God summons his mighty messenger, Deth, to call the sinner to his account, and prepare for the journey to the grave. Everyman, fearing the dread solitude of the long journey, prays piteously that he may have "company for this vale terrystryall," and with the permission of Deth calls upon those toward whom he has borne love and companionship to go with him upon his pilgrimage. But, one by one, Fellowship, Kynrede, Cousin, and Goodes, abandon him, and the dying sinner is forced to turn to Good-dedes, who by his sins is "so sore bound," that she can not aid him. Knolege, her sister, who represents religion, now comes to his relief, and leads him to that "holy man, Confessyon," who delivers over to him the "scourge of penance." Everyman thus brought under the influence of the church, and cleansed of his sins by confession, relieves Good-dedes of her sore strait. And then, clad in the white robe of contrition, he is led by Knolege and Good-dedes to the door of his tomb. There, abandoned by Beauty, Strength, Discretion, and Five Wyttes, and supported alone by Good-dedes and Knolege, who administer the ghostly counsels of the church, he sinks into the open grave; two black-hooded figures cover it from sight and Everyman appears no more.

It is obvious that only the curiosity inspired by a fitting revival of the dead drama of dead ages could reconcile the lively modern to this lugubrious hit of symbolism. But the allegory is presented in such a manner that its medieval origin, its religious symbolism, and its human interest, are fully developed. The scenery and costumes are copied from ancient models, giving a general effect of artistic beauty and impressiveness, and many of the exits and entrances are from the front, as in ancient times. The orchestra and the singers are invisible, but two figures in the dress of monks remain seated, during the performance, at either side of the stage, fixed and immovable. The solemn chanting of invisible voices is heard from the curtained space above the stage, an organ sounds a subdued and somber diapason, and a low tone is heard in prayer, as Everyman fades away from earthly vision.

At one stage of the performance, a processional headed by Everyman in the white robes of redemption, bearing a cross upon which he fixes the rapt gaze of the redeemed sinner, and followed by Good-dedes, Knolege, and the four personifications of his abstract qualities, passes through the houses while incense is wafted upon the air from an invisible quarter.

The entire effect is somber, religious, mystical, yet human. That long dead, yet not forgotten priest, who wrote the little poem-play for the glory of the church, evidently had a blending of poet and psychologist in his nature, since his play, after the lapse of centuries, can thus hold a modern audience.

Not that one is continually at a tension of interest. An adherence to tradition has imposed a somber, measured style of delivery upon the players, which, with the quaint phraseology in which the lengthy lines are couched, makes occasional waverings of attention from the text pardonable. Adonai, who represents God, and who remains invisible (a variation, by the way, from the Eastern presentation), speaks, like Hamlet's father, in a measured monotone. Knolege, who personifies the church, half chants her lines, at moment intervals. Everyman, and the companions of his gayer hours, employ the style of delivery generally used in poetic drama. A curiously successful effect of the characters being mere abstractions is obtained, the personality of the players being entirely held in reserve, except in the case of Everyman, which character is assumed by a woman. She is a slight, delicate-featured girl, and, at first, in spite of the depth and strength of her contralto voice and the painted tan of her skin, can not do away with the pronounced femininity of her appearance. This effect lessens, however, as the play proceeds, and Everyman begins to assume the guise of the soul of humanity in the abstract.

Deth, in habiliments painted to resemble a skeleton's outline, and with a face made up like that of its fleshless skull, is singularly impressive, in spite of his curious headgear, which, like the rest of his make-up, was correctly copied from medieval prints. He speaks in an abrupt, harsh, imperious monotone, thus giving the impression of literal and unquestioning obedience to the decrees of "the cheif lord of paradise." All of the players, save the four who personify Everyman's abstract qualities, and Knolege, whose voice and appearance lacked the impressiveness and physical fitness noticeable in the others, were well within the picture.

In spite of the admirable dignity and expressive elocution with which Everyman was rendered, there is little doubt that the absence from the cast of Miss Wynne Matthieson, the English actress, who made such a favorable impression in New York, has subtracted from the character something of intellectual comprehension and simple and moving humanity. But the dignity, beauty, and naive and appealing simplicity of the entire presentation is quite beyond our ordinary experiences. Everybody, to be sure, will not care for Everyman. People who are penetrated with a lively intellectual curiosity, seekers after novelty, religious people, aesthetic people, literary people, scholarly people, and even a certain proportion of frivolous people, will recognize its claim.

I cast an eye around the audience occasionally during the performance to see how they took it, and concluded that the women, some of whom no doubt had dragged their husbands there in matrimonial chains, were the most responsive to its peculiar influence. On the whole, in spite of an occasional fugitive yawn (generally masculine), the audience was deeply attentive.

The entomologists tell us of a certain species of ant that begins life with wings, which subsequently unhook themselves, leaving the denuded insect to crawl tamely for the rest of its days. Alas, that one's imagination can show a similar capacity for settling down from soaring to crawling. I can remember halcyon days when my fancy as well as my ear was thrilled by the delights of opera—when, if the tenor was not too stodgy and stout, and the soprano had a rag of youth and charm left, it was not impossible to thrill with romantic delight over the illusion of this species of vocalized drama. I remember once experiencing a certain shock upon hearing a music-teacher, whose tastes inclined to the severely classic school, express indifference, even distaste, for opera. She even uttered the dreadful heresy that the actors disturbed her enjoyment of the music. Such sentiments, I then felt, were as much open to suspicion as an assertion that stealing is a moral and edifying occupation.

These retrospective reflections have been inspired by "Lucia," which is alternating with the ever-faithful "Aida" this week at the Tivoli.

"Lucia" has all the faults and all the charms of the old Italian school of opera. It is, after one has listened to, say, one's

sixtieth opera, just about impossible to take the acting seriously in operas of this type. The music's the thing. One looks on apathetically while the distraught Lucia writhes upon the floor, and, after the inevitable wrestling contest, is knocked down in the second round by Edgardo, whose fighting blood is up. Perhaps one indulges in the irreverence of an inward smile upon seeing this sort of thing the sixty-first time. But the music, if it has not been heard too often, holds its own. It has so many deliciously melodious spots; and how exquisite is the harp interlude that precedes the appearance of Lucia. It is a sort of sweet, inarticulate heralding of the coming of youth and maidenhood, love and sorrow, reminding one, by its suggested pathos, of the plaintive prelude to the death act in "Traviata."

Adeline Tromphen made her first appearance before a Tivoli audience on Tuesday evening, and won general favor as Lucia. She is evidently very young. Indeed, her voice has not as yet entirely lost its juvenile tone, and is scarcely able to express the note of pathos. There are the unevennesses of immaturity in her vocalization, and the emission of tone is faulty. She compresses her voice between the teeth, thus lessening its volume, and injuring its tone. But her voice has the true soprano quality, being high and true, not uniformly sweet, but possessing many fugitive notes of attractive quality. She is not altogether stereotyped in her acting, being intelligent enough to aim at expressing more than the mere pantomime of emotion, but has been trained in the good old Italian way of making her exit at an agitated canter. Giuseppe Zanini, the Henry of the cast, is young and tall, with a good head of hair, an artless frown, and a big, fine, round, musical baritone voice. Our old friend Agostini, as Edgardo, was, as usual, too generous with his beautiful tenor, which once or twice showed a thread of hoarseness.

Dado is putting his excellent bass to exacting service, and sings every night this week, since he appears in both operas in the usual priestly rôles which it is the lot of the basso to assume. A large house gave a hearty greeting to the new singers, and a cordial welcome to the old ones, showing the usual indiscreet tendency to let its feelings get the better of it by joining in the last notes of its favorite numbers with a shower of bravos.

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To-morrow (Sunday) night, the musical-comedy success of two hemispheres,

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Matinees Labor Day and Admission Day.

Prices—Nights, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Matinees, 15c, 25c, and 50c.

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Commencing to-morrow night, farewell week of the NEILL-MOROSCO COMPANY, presenting for the first time outside of New York, Victor Hugo's great and powerful story,

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Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c; Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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Next Monday, September 7th,

THE CON-QUEERERS AND **THE GLAD HAND** Extremely funny burlesques. New songs, dances and specialties. Our "all star" cast. Kolb and Dill, Barney Bernard, Blake, Hermen, Maude Amber, etc.

Reserved seats—Nights, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Saturday and Sunday matinees, 25c and 50c. Children at matinees, 10c and 25c.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Aftermath" at the Columbia.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights and at the Saturday matinee next week, Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller are to revive Bernard Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple," and on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights, and at the Saturday matinee, Richard Harding Davis's "The Taming of Helen" is to be the bill. For their fifth and last week, beginning Monday, September 14th, they will offer a new version of George Ohnet's "Le Maître de Forge," under the title "The Aftermath." This strong love-story has not been given here by a first-class company for ten years, and so will be practically new to the younger generation of theatre-goers. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal produced the play in November, 1894, but neither of the stars were especially suited to the leading characters. Mrs. Kendal, although a fine actress in certain rôles, had not the winsome capriciousness, the wayward charm of youth, to play Claire de Beaufort. This rôle, however, should especially suit the temperament and personality of Miss Anglin, for she is better able than any of our younger actresses of prominence to portray the many little outflowings of sentiment and delicately gracious touches of feeling with which the French drama abounds. Mr. Miller will appear as Philippe Derblay, and others in the long cast will be Walter Hitchcock, Morton Selten, George S. Titherage, Robert Mackay, Walter Allen, Kate Pattison Selten, Martha Waldron, Victoria Addison, and Claire Kulp. The play is in four acts and five scenes, and will be beautifully staged. The first act takes place in the garden of the Château de Beaulieu; the second and third in a room of the Derblay mansion. The last act is in two scenes, one representing Philippe's study, and another, a glade in Derblay's forest, where the Duc and Philippe fight a duel with pistols, and Claire and her husband are really united for the first time in their lives.

"Notre Dame" at the California.

On Sunday night the Neill-Morocco company will present Paul M. Potter's dramatization of Victor Hugo's "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," in which Hilda Spong appeared in the East last year. The story deals with the love of a beautiful gypsy girl for a king's archer, and the unflinching devotion of a hunchback, who saves her from the fury of an angry mob, which has accused the girl of being a witch and sorceress. She finally dies at the burning stake just as her lover arrives with a pardon from the king. The play is in five acts and eight scenes, and will be superbly mounted. "Notre Dame" will be given until Thursday night, when the company departs for Portland, Or., for an extended engagement. The regular combination season of new companies will begin with a new farce, "A Friend of the Family," in which George Barnum and Alice Johnson will be seen.

"Whose Baby Are You?"

The Central Theatre's attraction next week will be a laughable farce-comedy entitled, "Whose Baby Are You?" of which the management says: "To give the plot would spoil the fun of the surprises in store for those who intend to see the play. The whole action takes place between breakfast and bedtime. The mix-up of sweet babies jeopardizes reputations, stirs fighting blood, breeds gossip and scandal, threatens the sanity of blameless individuals, causes tears, agony, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, and then suddenly the excitement gives place to mirth over the discovery of the error. Laughter takes the place of tears, the duellists lay down their guns and take up the ale-mugs, the gossips are disappointed, and everything ends happily." Not only will all the favorites of the Central be in the cast, but there will be three genuine babies on the stage.

At the Orpheum.

Frederick Bond, the well-known legitimate actor, will make his first vaudeville appearance in this city at the Orpheum next week, presenting a clever new sketch entitled "My Awful Dad." Among the other new-comers are the Rio brothers, who do an original act on the flying rings; Almont and Dumont, the "instrumental bussars," who play on saxophones, cornets, trumpets, coaching-horns, and all kinds of wind instruments; and Fischer and Wacker, comic Tyrolean duettists. Those retained from this week's bill are T. Nelson Downs, correctly denominated "King of Coins," who will continue his sleight-of-hand work; the Lavine-Cameron trio, eccentric acrobats; George Schindler, the unique harmonic player; Lew Bloom and Jane Cooper, in their original playlet, "A Picture from Life"; and Marguerite and Henley, the sensational gymnasts.

The New Fischer Burlesques.

The new double bill at Fischer's Theatre on Monday night will be made up of a travesty on "The Conquerors," called "The Conquerors," and a new burlesque in much the same line as "Twirly-Whirly," called "The Glad Hand." The acting of "The Conquerors" takes place at Ingleside and on Telegraph Hill, and contains splendid rôles for all the principals. Winfield Blake will have a new coon song, "My Cocoonut Lou," that will rival "Dinah," with which he made so big a hit. Flossie Hope and Bessie Emerson will sing "Honey, Send Home for More Money," for the first time here, with a striking new dance; Eleanor Jenkins will render "Who's Your Lady Friend"; the male quartet's song will be "Honey, Will You Miss Me When I'm Gone." "It Was the Dutch" will give Kolb, Dill, and Bernard a chance; and last, but not

least, is Maude Amher's song, "My Pauline." One of the features of the new bill will be a number of trick scenes, expressly arranged for "The Conquerors."

Grand Opera at the Tivoli.

Gounod's ever-popular "Faust" and Verdi's "Rigoletto" will be the operas to be sung at the Tivoli Opera House next week. In the former opera, which will be given on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, Tina de Spada will make her first appearance this season, as Marguerite, and her many friends and admirers will doubtless give her a warm welcome. Agostini, who is to sing Faust, is also sure of an enthusiastic reception, for he is a great San Francisco favorite. Dado's Mephisto will be remembered as one of the best things he does. The part of Valentine will fall to the lot of Zanini; Cortesi to appear as Wagner; Eugenio Barker, an American girl, who has recently returned from a long engagement with the Carl Rosa Company in England, has been engaged for the part of Selbel; and Miss Deglow will sing Martha. As the Duke of Mantua, Alfredo Tedeschi will be heard in San Francisco for the first time. He is the youngest tenor on the Italian stage, but he has already won his way to the front of his profession. Adamo Gregorini, the haritone, who made such a hit in "Aida," will have the title-rôle in "Rigoletto," which is to be presented on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday evenings and Saturday matinee. Adelina Tromben, who sung Lucy Ashton in "Lucia" this week, will be the Gilda; Cleo Marchesini is cast for Magdalena, and Travigliani, for Sparafucile.

Florence Roberts's Great Hit.

That Florence Roberts has a very large following in San Francisco, has again been demonstrated this week, for she was given a veritable ovation on her reappearance on Monday night, and the Alcazar Theatre has been crowded every night. On Thursday morning, it was impossible to purchase a single seat for any of the remaining performances this week, as the house had been completely sold out. Of course, Mrs. Burton Harrison is entitled to much of the credit of Miss Roberts's great success in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," for she has provided the popular actress with some strong emotional scenes, and every curtain ends with an effective climax, which is repeatedly encored. Indeed, it is a long time since Miss Roberts has played a part which has proved more convincing, more appealing, more pathetic, than Mrs. Hatch, the frivolous, impulsive little divorced woman, who is heart-hungry for a mere glimpse of her child. On next Thursday afternoon, Miss Roberts will begin her series of Thursday matinee performances with an English adaptation of D'Annunzio's much-discussed poetic drama, "La Gioconda," hitherto associated with the name of Eleanora Duse.

Precocious Juveniles in "A Gaiety Girl."

The Pollard Juvenile Opera Company will change their offering at the Grand Opera House next week to the London musical success, "A Gaiety Girl," which made such a hit at the Baldwin Theatre some years ago, when it set the town to whistling "Tommy Atkins," and introduced us to a bevy of English beauties. Little Daphne Pollard, Teddy McNamara, and Jack Pollard will have the leading rôles, and all the other clever little youngsters will have a chance. The opera calls for some picturesque stage settings, and as Life Guards, ladies of fashion, and Gaiety dancers, the children will wear some fetching costumes. A grand Pierrot ballet is to be one of the features.

One of the early attractions for the Columbia Theatre is Robert Edson in "Soldiers of Fortune." The play is by Richard Harding Davis and Augustus Thomas, and is based on Davis's well-known novel.

As Monday and Wednesday are legal holidays, the sale of seats for "Everyman" will be transferred from Sherman & Clay's store to the box-office at Lyric Hall.

"Little Mary" is the title which J. M. Barrie has selected for his new comedy.

Dr. Tyndall's Popular Lectures.

At Steinway Hall on Sunday night, Dr. McIvor-Tyndall will again entertain his audience with experiments in the power of thought, while the lecture preceding the demonstrations will, by invitation of Dr. Tyndall, be given by Dr. Albert J. Atkins, the young San Francisco physician, whose recent discovery that it is not oxygen that gives life to the blood, has caused a sensation in medical and scientific circles. Dr. Atkins will tell of his discovery, in a lecture on "Human Electricity." On Sunday night, September 13th, Dr. Tyndall will lecture on "Divorce: Its Relation to Psychology."

Joseph Haworth, who was last seen here at the Grand Opera House in a repertoire of well-known plays, died of heart disease in Willoughby, O., on August 28th. He was forty-eight years of age, and has been prominent in the theatrical world for twenty-five years. Haworth played last season with Richard Mansfield in "Julius Caesar," appearing as Cassius. Later he was the leading man to Blanche Walsh in Tolstoy's "Resurrection."

George E. Lask, for many years connected with the stage management of the Tivoli Opera House and Fischer's Theatre, is to leave for New York next month, to join David Belasco, with a special assignment to the production of "The Darling of the Gods," in which Blanche Bates is to star for another season.

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Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Knaffman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO.
CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS..... 4,386,086.72
July 1, 1903.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
FRANK B. ANDERSON.....Vice-President
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Cashier
SAM H. DANIELS.....Assistant-Cashier
W. B. FENTZ.....Assistant-Cashier
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JAMES M. ALLEN.....Attorney-at-Law
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WILLIAM BABCOCK.....Vice-President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Capitalist
ANTOINETTE BOREL.....Ant. Borel & Co., Bankers
WARREN D. CLARK.....Williams, Dimond & Co. Geo. E. GOODMAN.....Banker
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WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.
Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$12,000,000.00
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Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.
Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Cash Assets..... 4,734,791
Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,202,635

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Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific
411 California Street. Department.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,
301 CALIFORNIA STREET.
Subscribed Capital.....\$13,000,000.00
Paid in..... 2,250,000.00
Profit and Reserve Fund..... 300,000.00
Monthly Income Over..... 100,000.00
WILLIAM CORBIN,
Secretary and General Manager.

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VANITY FAIR.

According to the New York papers, the hotels of the metropolis were crowded during the first "yacht race week" as they have not been crowded for many a day. From noon on the morning of the initial race, hotels all over the city were turning away patrons, and putting up cots to take care of those whom they endeavored to accommodate. At the Waldorf-Astoria the unprecedented number of 593 persons registered during twenty-four hours, and the house turned away guests at night, despite its 1,400 rooms. At the Alhambra, which has only 100 rooms, there were 84 persons registered during the day, and none were taken after six o'clock at night. The Hoffman House and the Fifth Avenue Hotel turned away all applicants after six o'clock, and at that time had in service every cot. At the other houses all along Broadway the conditions were the same, and the hotel managers say that the demand for accommodations during the first week was greater than during any of the preceding sailing of international yacht races. Apartment-houses and all sorts of outside accommodations were called into service by the various big hotels.

New York harbor presented a brilliant scene during the races, for every craft that could float was out on the bay. There were Sound and Hudson Bay boats black with people, and disreputable looking old hookers and dingy tugs which were pressed into service, went down the harbor with their lower decks flush with the water, and their paddle-wheels on the side furthest from the racers fanning the air. Saturday, August 22d, was a half-holiday, and on that day everybody, from the "hoss" in his private yacht to the clerk and typewriter and office boy on the "dollar-per" boats, was out. And in addition to these were the visitors from Wayback, Red Dog, Kalamazoo, or Oshkosh, who were yachting togs for the first time, and were proud of them. Fakirs were abundant on the boats, and there was a medley of hoarse-voiced calls. "Show your color! Shamrock or Reliance. Only twenty-five cents." "Souvenirs of the race. Here you are." "Full and official guide an' programme of the races." "Smelling salts, smelling salts! Just what you want for that funny feeling. Get your smelling salts and you'll be happy."

Society, too, made a brave showing. Among the most notable private yachts and their owners who entertained large parties were: The North Star, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt; the Nourmahal, Colonel and Mrs. John Jacob Astor; the Surf, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Iselin; the Narada, Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones; the Elceira, ex-Commodore and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry; the Varuna, Eugene Higgins; the Seminole, John M. Robbins; the Wanderer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. C. Taylor; the Emerald, Mr. and Mrs. George Gould; the Corsair, J. Pierpont Morgan; the Aloha, Commodore and Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James; the Sogamore, Commodore and Mrs. Frederick Thompson Adams; the Sea Fox, Mr. and Mrs. George Post, Jr.; the Delaware, Commodore and Mrs. Frederick B. Bourne; the Rambler, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Cass Ledyard; the Helenita, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gould; the Noma, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Leeds; the Konawha, Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Rogers; the Privateer, R. A. C. Smith; the Aquilo, William P. Eno; the Waconita, James J. Hill, Jr.; the Free Lance, Frederick Augustus Schermerhorn; the Marguerite, Isaac A. Emerson; the Colonia, Clarence Mackay; the Elsa, Miss Eloise Breese; the Josephine, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Widener; the May, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer; the Mayflower, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt; Miss Alice Roosevelt; Miss Nora Iselin, and party. Last but not least was Sir Thomas Lipton's the Erin, on which he entertained the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, and a large number of distinguished foreigners, who came to America to see him "lift the cup."

Points of contrast between our Four Hundred and the Faubourg St. Germain have recently been discussed by Lazare Weiller, a member of the Legion of Honor and special emissary of the French Government to study the economic and social conditions in the United States. "What astonishes the foreigner upon entering into American society," he says, "is to find it, like that of the Old World, divided into carefully sifted clans. In Paris we have the Faubourg St. Germain, or, as we usually call it, 'le Faubourg.' It is a coterie formed mostly of titled families, who keep to themselves, and allow no 'bourgeois' intrusion. Yet it is possible to enter the Faubourg without belonging to it. A foreigner, a politician, a prominent man of any kind, may be received

if he champions the Faubourg's views and ideals. As these adoptions, which have always been rare, are becoming still more so, one may say the world at large does not count for the Faubourg. If, through some peculiar circumstances, a few atoms of the outside world are admitted into the noble institution, they are accepted as curiosities, as phenomena, or distractions."

"However," adds Mr. Weiller, "the Faubourg is not wholly what it used to be. It has sustained the damages resulting from new times and new habits. It has partly left 'la rive gauche' of the Seine, where it used to dwell, and has scattered itself in the new quarters—Champs Elysées, Place Monceau. Aristocratic families do not all live in private houses any longer; they sometimes know the promiscuity of a neighboring 'bourgeois' flat. Under the threat of misery those of the Faubourg have had to take into consideration the new economic conditions surrounding them. In all times the sons of the noble have married a plebeian dot; if we denied that fact we would have to do away with a large part of our history and of our literature. But these bargains, which one condemns and at the same time envies, have never been as frequent as in the last and present generations. It seems as though an irresistible current were established between money and position. It is useless to try to find out if money seeks position or position money. They both go toward each other with equal eagerness, because they complete each other so well. 'The craving for luxuries,' said M. de Tocqueville, 'is a desire which increases through being gratified.' So the Faubourg St. Germain has been invaded, not only by manufacturers' daughters marrying young noblemen, but even by manufacturers, who have been clever enough to win aristocratic young girls. Most of these last ones have appealed to the Pope, begging permission to add a title to their plebeian name, and their request being granted, they have distinguished themselves by being more exclusive than the oldest families. The 'bourgeois' forgive them and smile. Their servants won't in uttering the title; the Faubourg alone objects and delays receiving them.

"In New York the Faubourg is represented by a group of American families, constituting the aristocracy and called the Four Hundred. The Four Hundred are very exclusive. One belongs to the Four Hundred as one belongs to the Eleven Hundred of the Stock Exchange, except that one neither needs to buy his entrance nor wait for some one to step out in order to take his place. They have not yet the vices of the old and worn aristocracies, and if they succeed in avoiding them, there is no reason why they should not succeed in creating a corps d'élite. It is the privilege of those who are sincerely attached to American people to warn them against the regrettable tendencies which draw them toward the older races; although we well know that their fondness for ancient tradition will never predominate over their practical sense. I will never be the one to reproach them for marrying into our nobility, especially now when experience is teaching them to be more circumspect. But they sometimes go too far in their enthusiasm over a famous name."

Miss Marie Satterlee, of Titusville, Pa., by the way, seems to be one of those unfortunate American heiresses who have rushed blindly into a foreign marriage only to repent at leisure, for a clique of Berlin usurers and marriage-brokers have recently been making things unpleasant for her husband, Count Franz Joseph Maria von Larisch-Monnich since his marriage, at Buffalo, N. Y., in June, 1901. They have been demanding something like \$50,000 from him, and the count has refused to pay the sum. The public prosecutor has now brought proceedings against the usurers for attempted swindling. Some time before Count Larisch-Monnich visited America, the accused persons assert, they supplied him with funds to go to Nuremberg and court the daughter of Faher, the pencil manufacturer, and that the count signed a note for \$50,000, payable on condition that he married Miss Faher. He went to Nuremberg, it is asserted, properly supplied with cash, and paid his addresses to Miss Faher, but was not accepted. Later, the count went to America, presumably at his own expense, and eventually married Miss Satterlee. The group which avers that it financed the Faher affair demanded \$50,000, not on the conditional note, but on another, which it is insisted Count Larisch-Monnich signed, and which he refused to pay. Count Larisch-Monnich belongs to the Austrian nobility. His father

has an estate near Astrosnitz, Prussia, and has become a naturalized German.

August Ohlburger, a Chicago mere man, says he knows the solution of the domestic problem. He succeeded in keeping a working housekeeper, Anna Holtmann, for thirty-one years by observing the following rules: "Don't expect from a servant more work than you could do yourself. Remember that your servant is a human being, not a beast of burden. Follow the golden rule." Miss Holtmann also has her rules for servants: "Do faithfully all the work you are expected to do and a little more. Try to anticipate the wants of your employer. Don't grumble."

Paper clothes are the latest novelty, according to the *World's Paper Trade Review*. This journal tells us that a Berlin tailoring-house is now offering complete paper suits for \$2.50. The prospectus gives full instructions for measuring one's self, and the firm also advertises in foreign journals, evidently expecting to do an export business. The material is woven and pressed, of a dull cream color, and apparently not very light.

Nelson's Ameyose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
August 27th.....	68	56	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 28th.....	60	52	.00	Cloudy
" 29th.....	64	54	.00	Clear
" 30th.....	62	50	.00	Clear
" 31st.....	76	54	.00	Clear
September 1st.....	76	54	.00	Clear
" 2d.....	80	52	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, September 2, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	10,000	@ 106 3/4	106 1/2	
Cal. Central G. E. 5%.....	4,000	@ 103	103	
Contra Costa W 5%.....	2,000	@ 100		
Los An. Ry 5%.....	5,000	@ 114 1/2		
Market St. Ry. 1st Con. 5%.....	11,000	@ 115 1/2-118	115 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	4,000	@ 110		
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	3,000	@ 108		
N. Shore Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 100	99	101
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	24,000	@ 106 3/4	106 3/4	
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 119	119 3/4	120
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909.....	2,000	@ 107 1/2-108		
S. P. R. of Arizona 6%, 1910.....	8,000	@ 108	108 3/4	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1906.....	5,000	@ 107 1/2	107	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% 18,000.....	119		118 3/4	119
S. P. R. of Cal. Stpd 5%.....	20,000	@ 108	108	
S. V. Water 4%.....	11,000	@ 99 3/4	99 3/4	

	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Water, Spring Valley.....	105	@ 84 1/2-85	84	85
Banks.				
American Ntl.....	50	@ 122 1/2-125		
Street R. R. California St.....	50	@ 200		
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	470	@ 65-67	64 3/4	
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. & S.....	75	@ 44	43 3/4	44 3/4
Honokaa S. Co.....	350	@ 13 1/2-13 3/4	13 1/2	
Hutchinson.....	500	@ 13 1/2-14	13 1/2	14 1/2
Onomea S. Co.....	200	@ 30-30 3/4	30	
Pauahau S. Co.....	620	@ 15-16 1/2	16	
Gas and Electric.				
Mutual Electric.....	1,460	@ 13 1/2-14 1/2	13 1/2	14
Pacific Gas Impt.....	365	@ 53-55 1/2	55 1/2	55 3/4
S. F. Gas & Electric 1,115.....		@ 66 1/2-70	69 3/4	70
Trustee Certificates.				
S. F. Gas & Electric 1,105.....		@ 65 1/2-70	69 3/4	70
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	430	@ 147 1/2-149 1/2	149 1/2	150
Cal. Fruit Cannery.....	50	@ 90		
Pac. Coast Borax.....	50	@ 165-167		

There has been a very good demand for the gas stocks, with small offerings, San Francisco Gas and Electric selling up three and one-half points to 70; Pacific Gas, two and one-half points to 55 1/2 on sales of 365 shares; Mutual Electric, on sales of 1,460 shares, sold up to 14 1/2, closing at 14 asked.

Giant Powder sold off two points to 65 on sales of 470 shares, closing at 65 1/2 bid.

Alaska Packers was strong, and on sales of 430 shares sold up two points to 149 1/2, closing at 149 1/2 bid, 150 asked.

Spring Valley Water sold off one point to 84 1/2 on small sales.

The sugar stocks have been in better demand, about 1,745 shares of all kinds changing hands, with gains of from one-half to one and one-half points; the latter in Pauahau.

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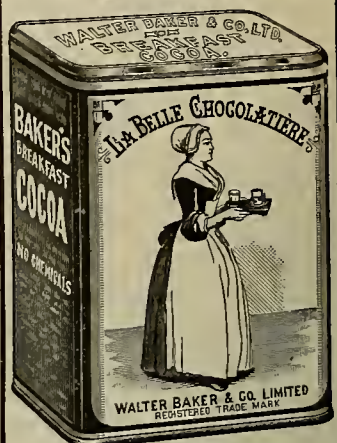
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THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1903

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.21
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.71
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.71
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.31
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.51
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.21
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.21
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.91
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.71
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.71
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.51
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.21
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.11
Argonaut and Life.....	7.71
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.51
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.91
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.21
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.31
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.21
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.71
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.21
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.51
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.31
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.01
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.11
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	9.01
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	5.51
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.51
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.51
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.31
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.31
Argonaut and the Out West.....	5.21

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Western congressman was asked if he did not think President Roosevelt certain to be reelected, harring any "big mistake" the candidate might make. "Yes," was the reply, "but let me tell you that the biggest mistake he possibly could make would be to allow the crops to fail next year."

A friend of Edward MacDowell attended a recital given by a mediocre teacher's pupils, and when he met the American composer, he remarked: "I heard one of the pupils, a little girl of eight, play your 'To a Wild Rose.'" The composer sighed dejectedly. "I suppose," MacDowell remarked, "that she pulled it up by the roots."

During the protracted sessions of the Parnell commission, Justice Day habitually sat with closed eyes. It was commonly supposed that his lordship was sleeping, and the late Sir Frank Lockwood, observing that the learned judge was very much awakened by a little tiff between the president and Sir Charles Russell, exclaimed, quite audibly: "This is the dawn of Day!"

Chauncey M. Depew declares that when King Edward, as Prince of Wales, visited the United States, the old Duke of Newcastle used to scan the accounts of expenditure. At the end of one hotel bill he one day found a charge which he couldn't make out. "What's that charge for?" asked the duke of the hotel proprietor. "For making such a damned fuss," was the immediate reply.

General Nelson A. Miles says that during the Civil War there was one conscription fakir who made thousands of dollars before the authorities restrained him. This rascal would send letters broadcast, wherein he said he would communicate for two dollars a sure means of escaping the conscription. Letters, inclosing two-dollar notes, poured in on him, and in reply to each letter he would send a printed slip reading: "Join the nearest volunteer regiment."

An old negro living in Carrollton was taken ill recently, and called in a physician of his race to prescribe for him. But the old man did not seem to be getting any better, and finally a white physician was called. Soon after arriving, Dr. S— felt the darkey's pulse for a moment, and then examined his tongue. "Did your other doctor take your temperature?" he asked. "I don't know, sah," he answered, feebly; "I haint missed anything but my watch as yit, hoss."

One of P^{re} Ollivier's flock, a very beautiful and handsomely dressed woman, coming very late to church one Sunday morning, caused some disturbance and stir among the worshippers by her entrance, and interrupted the flow of eloquence of the worthy father, who, very irritable and easily put out, said: "Madame perhaps waited to take her chocolate before coming to church?" To this, madame, by no means abashed, graciously replied: "Yes, mon p^{re}; and two rolls with it."

It is related that the American commissioner of fine arts at a Paris exposition once wrote to several artists—to Whistler among them—saying that he would be in Paris shortly, and mention the time at which, and the place where, he would like them to call upon him. Whistler was asked to call at four-thirty precisely. He wrote: "DEAR SIR: I have received your letter announcing that you will be in Paris on the —th. I congratulate you. I have never been able and never shall be able to be anywhere at 'four-thirty precisely.' Yours most faithfully, J. McN. WHISTLER."

At the period when British Columbia was threatening to withdraw from the Dominion of Canada because the Carnarvon settlement had been ignored by the Mackenzie administration, the late Lord Dufferin took part in a public function in Quebec. While the procession was moving through the principal streets, a gentleman, breathless with excitement, hurried up to his excellency's carriage to say a "rebel" arch had been placed across the road, so as to identify the viceroy with the approval of the disloyal inscription hereon. "Can you tell me what words there are on the arch?" quietly asked Dufferin. Oh, yes," replied his informant; "they are Carnarvon Terms or Separation." "Send the committee to me," commanded his excellency.

lency. "Now gentlemen," said he, with a smile to the committee. "I'll go under your beautiful arch on one condition. I won't ask you to do much, and I beg but a trifling favor. I merely ask that you alter one letter in your motto. Turn the S into an R—make it 'Carnarvon Terms or Reparation,' and I will gladly pass under it." The committee yielded, and eventually Dufferin contrived to smooth over the difficulties and to reconcile the malcontents.

By his tact and amiability, Sir Thomas Lipton has made thousands of friends during his visit in New York City. One day recently on the *Erin* he was watching the *Shamrocks* from the bridge, and his guests, among whom were some pretty girls, were on the deck below, screened from the sun by awnings. Sir Thomas went down to chat with them for a few minutes, and then said: "I think I'll have the awning taken down." "Don't, Sir Thomas," the women all exclaimed in chorus, "we'll roast here." "But," tactfully replied the haronet, "I'm lonely on the bridge, and I miss your pretty faces." No one objected to the awning coming in after that.

Here is one of Lew Dockstader's latest stories: Two brothers had more or less trouble with the boy next door, and hadn't always come out victors. In fact, the boy next door was so much bigger that he seemed to have the best of it invariably. So it wasn't an unusual thing when one of the boys came into the house with a badly bruised eye. Moreover, he was crying when his aunt stopped him in the hall. "Hush, Willie," she said; "you musn't make any noise." "What—what's the ma-matter!" he asked, between his sobs. "You may disturb your new brother," said his aunt, soothingly. He dried his eyes in a minute. "Have I got a new brother?" he asked. His aunt nodded. "One besides Jim?" She nodded again. "Bully!" he exclaimed. "You're glad of it?" she asked. "You bet!" Willie fairly shouted; "if Jim and me and the new one can't lick that feller next door, we'd better move."

A pretty story, illustrative of the change of feeling which has come over the Irish peasant toward King Edward since the recent royal visit, appears in the English press. Two London journalists, on their way from Dublin to Cork, accosted a shaggy, farmer-looking native at a Queen's County station with the words: "Well, Pat, what do you think of the King of England now?" "King of England, is it?" replied the Irishman, and there stole over his face an inimitable expression of drollery as he went on in a stage whisper: "Sure, avic, ye'll want a viceroi over there, I'm thinkin'. Himself an' herself are not goin' back to yez at all!" An old dame in Galway who had spoken with the king, was questioned as to what she thought of his majesty. She delivered herself of a long and enthusiastic eulogy, to the effect that "Edward the First of Ireland" was "a grand man entirely," closing with the remark that she had "only was thrifling fault to find with him," and that was that "they keep the poor man so long in the Phaynix Park beyant that they have him talkin' with a strong Dublin accent."

"Punch's" Interview with H. G. Wells. Some member of *Punch*, with a turn for genial fooling, writes a "Sketchy Interview" with H. G. Wells, the pseudo-scientific writer, in which he says:

On our pressing the electric button, the door was opened by a well-trained Martian, who, in answer to our question, hooted politely that Mr. Wells was out on his aeroplane, superintending the flying drill of the Sandgate Highlanders, and was for the time being, an invisible man, but that he was expected in any moment. While he was speaking a whirling noise was heard overhead, and Mr. Wells swooped to earth. Divesting himself of his celluloid cloak, studded with plasmon buttons, Mr. Wells, on demanding and receiving our assurance that we belonged to the middle classes, ushered us into his sanctum. We experienced considerable difficulty in keeping our feet, owing to the curvature of the floor—Mr. Wells adopts this system to prevent the collection of dust—but finally succeeded in anchoring ourselves to a selenite paperweight, while our host settled himself comfortably in the cushioned seats of his time machine and began to talk.

Uneasy lies the tooth that wears a crown.—*Col. D. Streamer in "Perverted Proverbs."*

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Tesla Briquettes are Excellent domestic fuel Since recently improved. Let us send you A ton—and please you.

TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Ballet Girl.

With complexion like the rose
Mid the snows,
Due to powder on her nose,
I suppose,
She twirls upon her toes
In abbreviated clothes
And exhibits spangled hose
To the heaux.

When the cruel time bestows
Adipose,
Fairy parts and all those
She outgrows,
And murmuringly goes
To the very hindmost rows,
To piroquette and pose
With the "crows."

When life frayed and faded grows,
Like her brows,
She in garrets sits and sews
Furbelows
Till her weary eyelids close
In the peace of death's repose:
Is she reaping what she sows?
Heaven knows.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

An Old Story in Verse.

He was a guileless college youth,
That mirrored modesty and truth;
And sometimes at his musty room
His sister called, to chase the gloom.
One afternoon, when she was there,
Arranging things with kindly care,
As often she had done before,
There came a knock upon the door.
Our student, sensitive to fears
Of thoughtless comrades' laughing jeers,
Had only time to make deposit
Of his dear sister in a closet;
Then haste the door to open wide:
His guest unhidden steep inside.

He was a cheery-faced old man,
And with apologies began
For calling, and then let him know
That more than fifty years ago,
When he was in his youthful bloom,
He'd occupied that very room;
So thought he'd take the chance, he said,
To see the changes time had made.

"The same old window, same old view—
Ha, ha! the same old pictures, too!"
And then he tapped them with his cane,
And laughed his merry laugh again.
"The same old sofa, I declare!
Dear me! it must be worse for wear.
The same old shelves!" And then he came
And spied the closet door. "The same—
Oh, my!" A woman's dress peeped through.
Quick as he could he closed it to.
He shook his head. "Ah! ah! the same
Old game, young man, the same old game!"

"Would you my reputation slur?"
The youth gasped; "that's my sister, sir!"
"Ah!" said the old man, with a sigh,
"The same old lie—the same old lie!"

—Judge.

A Revised Quotation.

Be strenuous, and let who will be clever.
Strike crashing blows, not shun them all day long:
And so make life, death, and the vast forever—
One Chinese Gong!!!

—Life.

Germicide.

[Dr. Heneage Gibbs, the bacteriologist and pathologist, of Detroit, announces that alcohol is sure death to infusorial organisms and bacilli.]

When the microbe diabolic in your system tries
To frolic, filling you with gripe and colic, or
The pangs of rheumatiz,

When the microscopic pirate in your insides tries
To gyrate, you may calm his feelings irate,
You may check him in his biz.

When the fussy old bacilli make you feverish or
Chilly, you can knock it silly, if you only
Know the ropes.

You can stop his wicked wiggle and his never
Destroying wriggle; at his sorry fate you'll
Giggle when you blast his rising hopes.

Be he germ or protoplasm, you can throw him
In a spasm, make him think he surely has'm,
Give him something like a jar.

Be he big or molculesh, you can check his manner
Mulish; you can make him know it's fool-
ish to come rambling where you are.

If when he attacks at first he then discovers you
Are thirsty, he will fear to do his worst, he
Will be sorry he essayed

To give you appendicitis, mumps, or spinal meningitis—
not a germ will dare to bite us if this
doctor is obeyed.

For the julep, bland and minty, makes the germ
go like McGinty, gives him an impressive hint
he can no longer linger here.

And the bourbon, rye, or brandy—either one that
is most handy—makes the microbe understand
he can no more fill us with fear.

So from now on drop the acid, that but makes
the microbe flaccid and leaves him serenely
placid, or some word to that effect.

And fill up with joyful juices, with the drink that
cheer induces—there's the best of all excuses:
But try to disinfect.

—Chicago Tribune.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.
St. Louis...Sept. 9, 10 am | Philadelphia...Sept. 23, 10 am
New York...Sept. 16, 10 am | St. Louis...Sept. 30, 10 am
Philadelphia...Sept. 12, 12:30 pm | Noordland...Sept. 26, 1 pm
Belgium...Sept. 19, 9 am | Friesland...Oct. 3, 9 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Mesaba...Sept. 12, 9 am | Minneapolis...Sept. 26, 9 am
Minnetonka...Sept. 19, 4 pm | Minnehaha...Oct. 3, 3 pm
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Mayflower...Sept. 10 | Mayflower...Oct. 8
Commonwealth...Sept. 17 | Commonwealth...Oct. 15
New England...Oct. 1 | Commonwealth...Oct. 22

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Kensington...Sept. 12 | Southwark...Oct. 3
Canada...Sept. 26 | Dominion...Oct. 10

Boston Mediterranean Direct
AZORES—GIBALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.
Cambrian...Saturday, Sept. 19, Oct. 31, Dec. 12
Vancouver...Saturday, Oct. 10, Nov. 21

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a.m.
Finland...Sept. 12 | Kronland...Sept. 26
Vaderland...Sept. 19 | Kronland...Oct. 3

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Cedric...Sept. 11, 8 am | Oceanic...Sept. 23, 7 am
Majestic...Sept. 16, noon | Cymric...Sept. 25, 8 am
Celtic...Sept. 18, 3 pm | Victorian...Sept. 29, noon
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Gaelic...Friday, September 11
Doric...Wednesday, October 7
Coptic...Saturday, October 31
Gaelic (Calling at Manila) Wednesday, Nov. 25
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

TOYO KISEN KAISHA (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.) IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903
Hongkong Maru...Saturday, September 19 (Calling at Manila)
Nippon Maru...Thursday, October 15
America Maru...Tuesday, November 10
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, corner First Street.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Sept. 5, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, Sept. 17, 1903, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Sept. 20, 1903, at 11 A. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

RUBBER LA ZACUALPA Rubber Plantation Company 713 Market St., S.F. AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING

REMINGTON Standard Typewriter 211 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

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MILL VALLEY.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED HOUSES TO rent for the season or by the year; houses, lots, and acre property may be secured from S. H. Roberts, Real Estate and Insurance, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1859—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—145,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POSTER PICTURES.

Most striking effects are produced by premium pictures mounted on harmonious tinted raw silk mat boards—greens, grays, black, and red; most stunning and artistic for a very moderate outlay. Sanborn, V. & Co., 741 Market Street.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Kip, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip, and Dr. Ernest Franklin Robinson, of Kansas City.

The wedding of Miss Marion Jones, second daughter of ex-Senator John P. Jones, and Mr. Robert Farquarson, of New York, will take place in New York on Wednesday, September 29th, at Grace Church. Following the church service there will be a reception at the home of relatives. On September 30th the young couple will sail for Europe.

The wedding of Miss Maud Cluff, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, and Mr. George W. Downey will take place at the Palace Hotel on November 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Marshall Comstock have sent out cards announcing the marriage of their daughter, Miss Bernia Louise Comstock, to Mr. Harvey Marshall Toll, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Toll. The wedding took place at Prudence Park, R. I., on Tuesday, August 18th.

The wedding of Miss Bessie Haynes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Jay Haynes, and Captain Frederick T. Arnold, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., will take place on Tuesday, September 15th, at Yellowstone Park. Captain Arnold and his bride will reside at Fort Riley, Kan.

The wedding of Miss Kathryn Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Preston Robinson, and Mr. George P. Beardsley, Jr., took place at the Swedenborgian Church, corner of Lyon and Washington Streets, on Tuesday afternoon. The ceremony was performed at five o'clock by the Rev. Joseph Worcester. The bride was unattended. Mr. Charles Wood acted as best man. Later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Beardsley departed for Southern California on their wedding journey. On their return, in a fortnight, they will reside on Sutter Street near Fillmore.

The wedding of Miss Bess Virginia Taylor, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Thomas G. Taylor, and Mr. Herman L. E. Meyer, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman L. E. Meyer, took place at the home of the bride's parents, 1911 Pine Street, on Tuesday evening. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. W. Clappett. Miss Elizabeth Taylor was her sister's maid of honor, and Miss Laura Taylor and Miss Anita Meyer were the bridesmaids. Mr. W. H. Meyer, the groom's brother, acted as best man, and Mr. Thomas Taylor, Jr., and Dr. Lawrence Draper served as ushers. Upon their return from their wedding journey in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Meyer will reside at 2999 Pacific Avenue.

The wedding of Miss Blanche Wilkinson, daughter of Mr. William Wilkinson, of Chicago, and Captain Edwin M. Supplee, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., took place last Saturday evening at The Colonial. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. P. Turner. Miss Hattie Blaine, of Chicago, was the bridesmaid, and Lieutenant Grayson V. Heidt, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., was the best man.

The first of the season's dances will be the annual charity ball, which will be given on October 23d, at the Palace Hotel, for the benefit of the hospital fund of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter. Among the patronesses are Mrs. Pebe Hearst, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. William F. Herrin, Mrs. J. E. Foster, and Mrs. John Garber.

Captain Parker W. West, U. S. A., gave a farewell dinner on Monday evening in honor of Major Francis H. Hardie, who sailed on Tuesday for the Philippines. Others at table were Captain Charles Lyman, U. S. A. (retired), Captain T. R. Rivers, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., Major Ogden Rafferty, Medical Corps, U. S. A., Commissioner J. L. Howell, Mr. Thomas Barbour, and Captain Thomas Darrah and Captain Kirby Walker, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Mrs. Earle Brownell was the guest of honor at a tea given on Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. William McAfee. Among others present were Miss Leontine Blakeman, Mrs. Frank Griffith, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Alice Sprague, Miss Lucie King, Miss Ethel Cooper, and Miss Emily Wilson.

A hop was given at the Presidio complimentary to the Fourteenth Cavalry on Tuesday night. The hosts were the Coast Artillery and the Seventh Infantry. Those receiving were Mrs. Rodney, Mrs. Kendall, Mrs. Partello, Mrs. Hobbs, Mrs. J. D. White, and Mrs. Albert Todd.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson gave a dinner on Wednesday evening, in honor of Judge and Mrs. Estoc. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot, Judge

and Mrs. William Wallace, and Judge and Mrs. James Cooper.

The Pacific-Union Club's New Home.

Excellent progress is being made in the erection of the new club-house of the Pacific Union Club, on the corner of Post and Stockton Streets. The building will cover the entire lot, 80 by 129 feet, will be five stories in height, and have its membership entrance on Post Street, with a service entrance at the north end of the lot. The structure is to be semi-fireproof in character, with the entire exterior of sandstone. The ground floor will be entered from Post Street by a vestibule, and an entrance in marble continued in the form of a hallway. To the right of the entrance will be the reception-room, 27 by 30 feet in size, while on the left will be the library. The remaining space on the ground floor will be occupied by cloak-rooms, etc., and the service entrance from Stockton Place. Two passenger elevators and one freight elevator will lead to and from the upper part of the building.

The first floor above the street will contain a reading-room on the Post Street front, 30 by 48 feet, a social hall on the corner, with rounded end, from which an unobstructed view will be obtained of Union Square; billiard and card rooms, wine room, and the office. On the second floor, above the reading-room on the Post Street front, will be the breakfast-room, 27 by 32 feet; while on the corner over and extending beyond the library, will be the main dining-room, 32 by 71 feet, into which the sunlight will stream during the greater portion of the day. Between it and the breakfast-room will be a reception-room, separated by panels, which may be removed, and all three apartments thrown into one grand banquet hall. On this floor will, also, be two private dining-rooms, and a commodious kitchen. The remaining two floors will be arranged in chambers, thirty-four in all, each with its own bath-room adjoining and ample closet space.

The contracts call for the completion of the structure within a year. The building is estimated to cost \$250,000, while the lot cost \$272,000, making the entire investment \$522,000.

The White Star liner *Majestic*, one of the fast ships of the fleet of the International Mercantile Marine Company, has just returned to the New York-Liverpool service after having been thoroughly renovated at Belfast. The chief changes consist in improved passenger accommodations for all classes. The deck house on the upper deck has been lengthened. The promenade deck has been extended, and at the forward end of it a new house has been constructed containing ten additional deck state-rooms for first-class passengers, some of them suites with bath-rooms. The library has been thoroughly remodeled, the cover over the saloon dome having been removed, thus adding considerably to the size of the room, which has been refurnished and redecorated. Another important improvement, adding much to the beauty of the ship, is the fitting of a new ornamental glass dome of elaborate design over the first-class dining saloon. Like the other White Star ships, the *Majestic* receives no more first-class passengers than the dining saloon will accommodate at one sitting. There is no "second table" on the ship.

C. V. Miller, a San Franciscan, who recently returned to New York from Europe, is highly incensed over what he terms the outrageous treatment given him by customs officers on the Red Star Line dock last week. Miller claims that as he walked down the gang plank he was roughly seized by the collar and searched, several diamonds which he had owned for years being taken from him. He adds: "I was put under arrest, insulted, bullied, and taken before Solicitor Francis F. Hamilton at the custom-house. Mr. Staiger, of the firm of Jung, Staiger & Klitz, of Maiden Lane, identified me, and the diamonds were returned. I have been outrageously treated. The collector should investigate."

An important change has been made in the Southern Pacific time-card at San José. The train that has been leaving the narrow-gauge depot at 3:46 p. m. will now leave from the broad-gauge depot at 3:45 p. m., and the train formerly leaving the broad-gauge depot at 5:40 p. m. will now leave the narrow-gauge depot at 5:36 p. m. The theatre train will now run through to San José every night, leaving San Francisco at 11:30 p. m., and arriving at San José at 12:58 a. m. A new train has been added to the schedule, leaving San José daily except Sunday at 5 a. m. via Menlo Park.

Robert J. Johnstone, the professional of the San Francisco Golf Club, is the champion of the Pacific Coast Golf Association for 1903. He won that title and a prize of one hundred dollars on the Del Monte links last Saturday, with a score of 296 for seventy-two holes. F. J. Reilly, the professional of the Burlingame Country Club, took second place, and a money prize of thirty dollars, with a score of 299. Third place and a prize of twenty dollars were captured by George Smith, the professional of the Oakland Golf Club.

This is the time of year to visit the Tavern of Tamalpais, if you wish to see gorgeous sunsets. By taking the last train in the afternoon, you ascend the mountain just as the fiery orb is sinking in the west. The afterglow on the sky, water, clouds, and fog is indescribably beautiful.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Denis O'Sullivan's Song Recital.

The only recital which Denis O'Sullivan will give during his present visit to San Francisco, will take place on Friday evening, at Steinway Hall. The programme is as follows:

"Im Frühling," Schubert; "Herr Lenz," "Morgen," and "Fur funfzehn Pfennige," Richard Strauss; "L'Angelus" (Old Breton folk song), arranged by Bourgault-Ducoudray; "Canzone di Taormina" (Sicilian mountain song), arranged by Maude Valerie White; "The Two Grenadiers," Schumann; "Anacreon's Grab" and "Fussreise," Hugo Wolf; "Schumacherlied," Felix Weingartner; "Trommellied" and "Butzemann," Taubert; "Hang Me, Ladies, at Your Door," (1652), Henry Lawes; "Sweet Rhodoclea, Here I Bring," "If I Were But the Wind," "Marching Song," and "Every Night My Prayers I Say," Liza Lehman; "O'Sullivan Mór" (Old Irish), arranged by José; "The Short Cut to the Rosses" (Old Irish), arranged by Mrs. Milligan-Fox; and the following group, which was sung by Mr. O'Sullivan last June in the House of Commons, when he was the guest of the Irish party—the first and only time when songs have been heard in the House—"Savourneen Dheelish" (in Gaelic), "The Croppy Boy's Lament," "The Wearing of the Green," "The Donovans," "The West's Awake," "Widow Malone," and "I'm Not Myself at All." Frederick Maurer, Jr., will act as accompanist.

The Scheel Symphony Concerts.

The programme of Fritz Scheel's next symphony concert at the Grand Opera House on Tuesday afternoon will be an unusually interesting one, for it contains no less than three new numbers. It will include Richard Wagner's "Kaiser March"; Anton Dvorak's symphonie, "The New World"; G. F. Handel's "Grand Concerto" (first time); "Dance of the Sylphs," from Hector Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust" (first time); B. Godard's mazourka, "Ancients and Moderns"; and the overture to Thomas's "Mignon" (first time).

The two popular symphony concerts to be given at the Mechanics' Pavilion on the afternoons of Monday and Wednesday, September 7th and 9th, Labor Day and Admission Day, promise to be well attended, for already there has been a large sale of tickets. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store, and on the days of the concert they may be obtained at the Pavilion.

Victoria Addison, of the Miller-Anglin company, is known in private life as Victoria Maude Peixotto. Her father is a brother of Raphael Peixotto, of this city, making her the cousin of Edgar Peixotto, the attorney; Ernest Peixotto, the artist; Sidney Peixotto, the well-known leader of the Columbia Park Boys' Club; and Miss Jessica Peixotto, who has distinguished herself by attaining the dignity of doctor of philosophy. This is Miss Addison's first visit to California.

Jessie Bartlett Davis is to return to light opera. She is to appear in an all-star cast revival of "Erminie," in which Francis Wilson and Pauline Hall will also be seen. Mrs. Davis will probably take the part of Eugene, and in other revivals and productions of light opera will play men and boy rôles, again assuming the doublet and hose. Her appearance in "Erminie" will be her first on the operatic stage since she left the Bostonians.

W. A. Babcock, who has for years acted as manager of the Hotel del Coronado, has been forced to resign, owing to ill-health, and George Schonevald, who has had nineteen years' experience at the Hotel del Monte and various other large hotels on the Coast, has been appointed his successor.

Mary J. Gerberding, widow of the late C. O. Gerberding, died on Monday of heart failure. She leaves four children, Mrs. C. W. Bard, Mrs. Thomas R. Bard (who is at present in Europe), F. W. Gerberding, and E. O. Gerberding.

Liebold Harness Company.

If you want an up-to-date harness, at a reasonable price, call at 211 Larkin Street. We have everything for the horse and stable.

THE LADIES' SHIRT WAIST CUTTER OF THE COAST is Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

Sold all over the world.

THE COLONIAL
S. E. cor. Pine and Jones Sts.
The Select Hotel of San Francisco

All apartments steam heated

HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Open all the year. Unexcelled summer and spring climate. Luxurious mineral and mud baths, and the most curative waters known for rheumatism, gout, sciatica, liver and kidney and nervous troubles, also malaria.

Hotel unique in cuisine, service, and appointments. Rates reasonable. Very superior accommodations. Reached by Southern Pacific, two and one-half hours from San Francisco. Three trains daily at 8 A. M., 10 A. M., and 4 P. M.

For particulars apply to Peck's Information Bureau, 11 Montgomery Street, or

H. R. WARNER, Manager,
Byron Hot Springs P. O.

Golf at Hotel del Monte CALIFORNIA

The links, full 18-hole course, are laid a short distance only from the hotel, and are the finest on the Pacific Coast.

They are the only first-class grounds in California available to the public. The greens are always green. Sunshine and cool breezes from the sea are always present and refreshing, the weather never interfering. You can play winter and summer, the year round.

Play golf at Del Monte, the ideal retreat for all golfers.

GEO. W. REYNOLDS,
Manager.

HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco. Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST.

R. V. HALTON, Proprietor.

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The Old Reliable

ROYAL

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

There is no substitute

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan sailed from New York for Europe last week on the White Star steamer *Oceanic*.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin left early in the week with her son, Mr. Walter S. Martin, for Portland, Or. After a short stay there, Mrs. Martin will proceed to Newport, where she will be the guest of her son, Mr. Peter Martin.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford arrived in Auckland on Monday.

Miss Marie Voorhies has returned from Santa Cruz, where she was the guest of Mrs. Frank Sullivan at "Phelan Park."

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Doubleday, of Cleveland, O., have been the guests of Mr. John W. Doubleday, of Alameda.

Mr. John D. Spreckels and Miss Spreckels were in Santa Barbara early in the week.

Mr. William F. Herrin and Miss Alice Herrin returned on Wednesday from their European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and the Misses Rutherford have been spending the summer months at Bar Harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Miss Maylita Pease, and Mrs. R. L. Ogden, who have been spending the summer in Portland, Or., expect to return to town this month.

Miss Leontine Blakeman has been spending the week with Mrs. Silas Palmer at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Potter expects to join her husband, Lieutenant Ashton Potter, in the Philippines next month.

Mrs. Oscar F. Long and her two daughters are sojourning in Santa Barbara. They are to be there some time, and then, later in the fall, Mrs. Long will join General Long in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, who have just returned from their extended trip abroad, have taken the Kimball house on Broadway or the winter.

Mrs. John Johnston is the guest of her mother, Mrs. William Landers, at San Leandro.

Mr. and Mrs. William Giselman and Mr. Marshall W. Giselman have arrived in New York, en route to Europe.

Mr. C. Frederick Kohl was in Washington, D. C., during the week.

Mrs. Alexander Center and Miss Elizabeth Center sailed on the *Korea* for the Orient on Thursday, and expect to be absent a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee have returned to Oakland from a visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel O'Callaghan registered at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. Henry P. Sonntag expects to leave for the East in a fortnight to place her daughter, Miss Edith Sonntag, in school there.

Miss Virginia Rogers Nokes, who has been visiting in Portland, Or., is expected home next week.

Judge M. M. Estee will sail for Honolulu to-day (Saturday), but Mrs. Estee will remain here until September 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk will sail from Europe for New York to-day (Saturday).

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin will leave soon for New York, where they expect to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Gavin McNab were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee are making trip through Yellowstone Park.

Mr. Athole McBean was a guest at the Hotel Afael a few days ago.

Mrs. Ray Sherman, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. L. Moody, will join her husband in the Orient this fall.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard has been spending a few weeks at St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Liebmann sailed on Sunday last from New York for Europe.

Senator Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, as at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Dutton left this week for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey M. Toy were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Toy at the Hotel Rafael last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Belden, of Cincinnati, O., Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Belden and two children, of New York, Mr. George Belden, Jr., Miss L. Belden, and Mr. J. H. Belden registered at Hotel Vendome last week, where they visited Mrs. Josiah Belden, who has been sojourning in San José.

The party has just returned from a camping trip to the Big Kern Cañon. Mrs. Belden's sons, Charles F. Belden and Mr. George F. Belden, were brought up during their boyhood in San José in the old family mansion at occupied the site of Hotel Vendome.

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The party has just returned from a camping trip to the Big Kern Cañon. Mrs. Belden's sons, Charles F. Belden and Mr. George F. Belden, were brought up during their boyhood in San José in the old family mansion at occupied the site of Hotel Vendome.

Springs were Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Burkett, of Honolulu, Miss M. J. McNamara, Mr. C. B. McCarthy, Mr. J. Becker, Mr. M. M. Sampson and Mr. F. T. Young, of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Stevens, of Oakland, Mrs. Arthur Jellison, Mrs. A. V. Brown, Mrs. Sol Lippman, Miss Edna Lippman, and Dr. T. H. Morris.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Captain and Mrs. Charles D. A. Loeffler and Mr. A. D. Harrison, of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Tufts, Mr. W. Fernandez, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Egan, of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Kohn, of Chicago, Mr. L. Barton and Mr. Francis Barton, of London, Mr. T. Taylor Griffith, of Toronto, Mr. A. B. Williams and Mr. George M. Williams, of Santa Barbara, Mr. Charles Shaw, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Bates, and Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Cutter.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., departed on Tuesday for Southern California on a general tour of inspection of the fortifications and barracks in that part of the State, and a visit to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

General MacArthur is accompanied on his tour by his aid, Captain Parker W. West, U. S. A., Mrs. MacArthur, and his son, Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur, U. S. A.

Major Francis H. Hardie, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., sailed for the Orient on the transport *Thomas* on Tuesday in charge of seven millions of dollars in Philippine pesos, sent to Manila by the United States Government.

Mrs. Wood, wife of General Leonard Wood, U. S. A., is expected here soon, en route from the Philippines. She will spend about a fortnight in San Francisco before proceeding East.

Captain Edward A. Millar, U. S. A., who has been adjutant at the Presidio for some time, left with Mrs. Millar and their children for Washington, D. C., a few days ago.

Major William D. Crosby, Medical Department, U. S. A., was among the passengers who left for the Philippines on the *Thomas* on Tuesday.

Major Charles W. Hobbs, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and family will leave in a fortnight for Jackson Barracks, near New Orleans.

Surgeon-General Robert M. O'Reilly, U. S. A., accompanied by Major William C. Borden, U. S. A., arrived in San Francisco early in the week to inspect the general hospital at the Presidio.

Mrs. Amos H. Martin, who goes to join her husband, Captain Martin, U. S. A., in the Philippines, was one of the passengers on the transport *Thomas* on Tuesday.

Captain James V. Heidt, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has succeeded Major Francis H. Hardie as officer on duty at the United States Mint in this city.

Captain Richard M. Cutts, U. S. M. C., sailed for the Philippines on the transport *Thomas* on Tuesday.

Colonel Palmer H. Ray, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., will sail on the transport *Logan* to-day (Saturday) to join his company in the Philippines.

Captain Austin F. Prescott, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., leaves soon for Fort Lincoln, N. D., where he has been ordered.

Captain Charles W. Exton, U. S. A., has departed for West Point, where he is to be instructor.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the most important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

The estate of the late Gilbert Palache has been appraised at \$101,669.43. It consists of \$31,057.68 cash, realty in this city and Marin County worth \$38,010, and stocks and bonds worth \$32,601.75.

The will of the late Alexander Hay, of Oakland, has been filed for probate. His estate is supposed to be worth \$250,000, and is left in equal shares to his sister Jane MacDonald, and his two children, Warren B. Hay and Florence A. Hay. The property consists of his interest in the corporation of Hay & Wright, shipbuilders. In the will Elijah B. Wright, Joseph Hutchinson, and Jane MacDonald are named as executors of his will, but owing to the death of Wright not long since, Hutchinson and Jane MacDonald will act as executor and executrix of the testament.

In the suit brought by Mrs. Mary F. Barron to set aside the trust clause in the will of her father, James Stanton, Judge Troutt recently gave judgment in her favor. The trust clause covered two valuable pieces of realty, that on the south-west corner of Kearny and Post Streets, and that on the north-west corner of Mission and Fifteenth Streets. James Stanton, who owned much property in addition to this realty, left five children—Mrs. Barron, John A. Stanton, Frank J. Stanton, William M. Stanton, and Mrs. Katherine T. Buckley. In his will, his three sons and his son-in-law, Daniel J. Buckley, were named as executors and trustees. The trustees were directed to hold the two pieces of realty during the life of Stanton's five children, and to pay the net income to them or their children. The trust was to continue until the death of the last of Stanton's five children, and he directed that the property should then vest in his grandchildren. It was contended on Mrs. Barron's behalf that the trust was in violation of section 857 of the Civil Code. Under Judge Troutt's decision she and her sister and brothers became entitled to one-fifth each of the property, the distribution to be made to them in the course of the estate's administration.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

Damages for the "Rio de Janeiro" Claimants.

On Tuesday, Judge de Haven, of the United States District Court, handed down a decision fixing the awards of the claimants against the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, on account of the loss of the steamer *Rio de Janeiro*. The ship went down on the morning of February 22, 1901, after striking a rock just outside the Golden Gate. She was a total loss, and nearly all on board were drowned. The ship has never been recovered, and two life-boats worth about \$150 were the only bits of property saved. As the accident was caused by the negligence of the pilot, and not through carelessness on the part of the owners, the company is liable only for that which was saved from the wreck. This aggregates \$24,997.93, of which \$24,827.93 is money due the lost ship for freight charges. The company's liabilities were limited to this sum, and by the decision of the court, this amount will be distributed pro rata among the claimants which will give each about 70 per cent. of the amount sued for. In many instances no damage for loss of baggage was allowed, as satisfactory evidence as to its value was not produced. The following damages were awarded:

Sarah Jehu, for the death of her daughter, Sarah Rowena Jehu, \$1,200; Kate West, for personal injuries resulting in loss of time and for loss of baggage, \$750; B. C. Hawes, administrator of the estate of Naomi Wakefield, for loss of baggage, \$1,000; Ruth Miller, executrix of the estate of Sarah Wakefield, for loss of baggage, \$1,200; Maria Gussoni and Felice Gussoni, \$5,000; Frances Ripley, loss of baggage, \$400; William F. Aldrich, executor of the estate of Letitia Aldrich Wildman, \$2,200, \$1,000 thereof on account of loss of baggage and \$1,200 for the use and benefit of Virginia Foot Aldrich, mother of the deceased, for damages resulting to her from the death of such deceased; Sarah Guyon, administratrix of the estate of Henry Guyon, \$7,000 damages on account of the death of said deceased; Russel Harper, damages in the sum of \$5,000; William Brander, \$400; Richard P. Henshall, administrator of the estate of A. W. Dodd, \$2,500, \$1,000 on account of loss of baggage and \$1,500 for the use and benefit of Mrs. G. A. Denhof, sister of the deceased, damages sustained by her by reason of his death; Richard P. Henshall, administrator of the estate of William A. Henshall, \$6,000, damages occasioned by the death of said deceased; Lawrence T. Wagner, guardian of Frank Woodworth, a minor, damages on account of the death of the father of said minor, \$2,000.

Dr. Hans Herman Bebr, vice-president and curator of the California Academy of Sciences, recently celebrated the eighty-fifth anniversary of his birth. He was born August 18, 1818, in Coethen, Germany. After completing his studies he spent several years in Asia and Australia in scientific research. He also lived in Manila two years as a practicing physician and surgeon. He came from the Philippines to San Francisco in 1850, and has resided here since.

Irving M. Dewey, one of the most popular American advertising specialists of the United States, has been visiting San Francisco with his wife. He is well known all over the country, and is at present vice-president and treasurer of the Lyman D. Morse Advertising Agency of New York and Boston.

Mrs. Catherine Marston, the mother of Timothy Hopkins, the adopted son of the late Mark Hopkins, died at her home in Woodland on August 25th. Mr. Hopkins was the issue of a former marriage with Thomas Nolan, who died in Sacramento in the early 'seventies.

The Del Monte cup for women was won last Friday by Miss Edith Chesbrough, who defeated Miss Bertha Dolbeer, in the final round, by a score of 5 up and 4 to play.

Something New.

A. Hirschman, Market and Geary Streets, is showing artistic long chains in oxidized silver, ornamented with India Stones.

Baggage and Personal Property insured against loss by Fire, Collision, Shipwreck, and other causes, wherever it may be in any part of the world.

Applications can be obtained at the office, or through any Insurance Agent, Broker, or Transportation Agent.

Commercial Union Assurance Co. Ltd

C. F. MULLINS, Manager,

416-418 CALIFORNIA STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

All classes of Fire and Marine Insurance business transacted.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

BYRON MAUZY

308-312 Post St.

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

NO DUST WHILE DANCING

Bowdlear's Pulverized Floor Wax sinks into the wood and becomes a part of the beautifully polished dancing surface. It makes no dust, does not rub into lumps or sticks to the shoes. Just sprinkle on and the dancers will do the rest. Does not soil dresses or clothes of the finest fabric.

For sale by Mack & Co., Langley & Michaels, and Redington & Co., San Francisco; Kirk, Geary & Co., Sacramento; and F. W. Braun & Co., Los Angeles.

Bowdlear's Floor Wax.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

That greatest of all disfigurements of a woman's face, permanently removed, in the only successful way—with the **ELECTRIC NEEDLE**, as operated by Mrs. Harrison.

Warts, Freckles, Moles, Pimples, and Wrinkles quickly removed under my personal treatment at my Dermatological Parlors.

MRS. NETTIE HARRISON
DERMATOLOGIST,
140 Geary Street, San Francisco.

MIENNER'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all ailments of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MIENNER COMPANY, New York, N.Y.

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

Wins and Wears.

The Greatest Doctors in the world recommend

Quina LAROCHE

A Ferruginous Tonic

A combination of the best Cinchona, Rich Wine and Iron as a specific remedy for Malarial Fevers, Colds, Anaemia and Slow Convalescence.

E. FOUGERA & CO.,
26-30 N. William St., N. Y.

C. H. REHNSTROM

FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON

TAILOR AND IMPORTER

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

TELEPHONE MAIN 5387. SAN FRANCISCO.

BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, FRECKLES AND TAN.

How to Remove Them.

How to Make the Skin Beautiful.

There is no remedy which will restore the complexion as quickly as Mme. A. Ruppert's Face Beach. Thousands of patients afflicted with most miserable skins have been delighted with its use. Many skins covered with pimples, freckles, wrinkles, acnes, eruptions (itching, burning and annoying), sallowness, brown patches and blackheads have been quickly changed to bright, beautiful complexions. Skin troubles which have baffled the most eminent physicians have been cured promptly, and many have expressed their profoundest thanks for my wonderful Face Beach.

This marvelous remedy will be sent to any address upon receipt of price, \$2.00 per single bottle, or three bottles (usually required), \$5.00.

Book, "How to be Beautiful," mailed for 6c.

MME. A. RUPPERT,
6 EAST 14th ST., NEW YORK.

FOR SALE BY

OWL DRUG CO.

San Francisco, Cal.

WARRANTED 10 YEARS.

BYRON MAUZY

308-312 Post St.

PIANOS

San Francisco.

The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

SOHMER PIANO AGENCY.

Santa Fe

ALL THE WAY

CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Trains leave Union Ferry Depot, San Francisco, as follows:

7.30 A. M.—*BAKERSFIELD LOCAL: Due Stockton 10.40 a. m., Fresno 2.40 p. m., Bakersfield 7.15 p. m. Stops at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives 8.55 a. m.

9.30 A. M.—*THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED: Due Stockton 12.01 p. m., Fresno 3.20 p. m., Bakersfield 6.00 p. m., Kansas City (third day) 2.35 a. m., Chicago (third day) 2.15 p. m. Palace sleepers and dining car through to Chicago. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives 11.10 p. m.

9.30 A. M.—*VALLEY LIMITED: Due Stockton 12.01 p. m., Fresno 3.20 p. m., Bakersfield 6.00 p. m. The fastest train in the Valley. Carries composite and reclining chair car. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 11.10 p. m.

4.00 P. M.—*STOCKTON LOCAL: Due Stockton 7.10 p. m. Corresponding train arrives 11.10 a. m.

8.00 P. M.—*OVERLAND EXPRESS: Due Stockton 11.15 p. m., Fresno 3.15 a. m., Bakersfield 7.35 a. m., Kansas City (fourth day) 7.00 a. m., Chicago (fourth day) 8.47 p. m. Palace and Tourist sleepers and free reclining chair cars through to Chicago, also Palace sleeper which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6.25 p. m.

* Daily. † Monday and Thursday. ‡ Tuesday and Friday.

Personally conducted parties for Kansas City, Chicago, and East leave the Overland Express Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p. m.

TICKET OFFICES at 641 Market Street and in Ferry Depot, San Francisco; and 1112 Broadway, Oakland.

California Northwestern Railway Co.

LESSEE

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7.30, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.35, 2.30, 4.30, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30, and 11.30 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.30 p. m.

SUNDAYS—7.30, 8.00, 9.30, 11.00 a. m.; 1.30, 2.30, 3.40, 5.10, 6.30, 11.30 p. m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6.05, 6.50, 7.35, 7.50, 9.20, 11.15 a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 3.40, 5.00, 5.20, 6.25 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS—6.50, 7.35, 9.20, 11.15 a. m.; 1.45, 3.40, 4.50, 5.00, 5.20, 6.10, 6.25 p. m. (Except Saturdays).

Leave San Francisco.	In Effect May 3, 1903.	San Francisco.	Arrive San Francisco.
Week Days.	Sun. days.	Destination.	Sun. days. Week Days.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Ignacio.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		8.40 a. m.
9.30 a. m.	9.30 a. m.		10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		6.00 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.		6.20 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Novato Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		8.40 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		6.00 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.		6.20 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.		7.25 p. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Fulton.	8.40 a. m.
9.30 a. m.	9.30 a. m.		10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		6.00 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.		6.20 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.		7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	10.20 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.		7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Willits.	7.25 p. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		7.25 p. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.		7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Guerneville.	10.20 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.		7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	8.40 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		8.40 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		6.00 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.		6.20 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.		7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Sebastopol.	10.20 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.		7.25 p. m.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altruria and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Winter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Backnell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hulville, Orr's Hot Springs, Hall-Way House, Comptche, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usali, at Willits for Fort Bragg, Westport, Sherwood, Cato, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Garberville, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

Sundays round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

Ticket office, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building.

H. C. WHITING, R. X. RYAN, Gen. Manager, Gen. Pass. Agt.

MOUNT TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Leave San Fran.	Via Sausalito Ferry Foot of Market St.	Arrive San Fran.
Week Days.	Sun. days.	Sun. days. Week Days.
9:45 A.	8:00 A.	12:00 P.
1:45 P.	9:00 A.	1:50 P.
5:15 P.	10:00 A.	3:30 P.
	11:30 A.	4:35 P.
	1:30 P.	5:45 P.
	2:35 P.	8:00 P.
Sundays only, leave San Fran.	9:30 P.	11:30 P.

TICKET OFFICES 626 MARKET ST., (North Shore Railroad) and SAUSALITO FERRY Foot Market St.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Ample: Ada—"Do you get much exercise?" May—"Why, yes. I have no maid, and I have a waist that buttons in the back."—Judge.

Equivocal: She—"Do you remember before we were married, dear?" He—"Why, it's among my happiest recollections."—Yonkers Statesman.

A little previous: "Well," said the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?" "Oh, doctor," replied the patient, wearily, "I am suffering the torments of the damned." "What! Already?" inquired the doctor, pleasantly.—Chicago Post.

Wife—"I wish we had a nice large country place, where I could give a lawn-party." Husband—"Just for the pleasure of inviting some of your friends, eh?" Wife—"Well, yes; and the pleasure of not inviting some."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Doctor," said the sweet young thing, "I've been told that eating cucumbers will remove freckles." "So it will, under one condition," replied Dr. Gruff. "And what is that?" "That the freckles are on the cucumbers."—Philadelphia Press.

George Washington was asked why he crossed the Delaware on the ice. "Because," he answered, "if I had crossed the Ohio, history would have mixed me up with Eliza." Here, again, he demonstrated his wonderful foresight.—New York Sun.

Willing to oblige: Mrs. Goodart—"See here! If I give you some money I don't want you to spend it in that saloon over there." Thirsty Tom—"All right, lady. If you're toun' for some udder joint I'll be glad ter patronize it."—Philadelphia Press.

Followed directions: Mahoole—"Aint yez th' wan that toyl'd me niver to drink wather widout boilin'?" Physician—"Yes, sir." Mahoole—"Thin Oi hov a moind to murthure ye. Oi drank boild wather awn awlmost burned me mouth off."—Chicago Times.

"I heard to-day that your son was an undertaker. I thought you told me he was a physician." "Not at all." "I don't like to contradict, but I'm positive you did say so." "You misunderstood me. I said he followed the medical profession."—Philadelphia Press.

Jack—"I hear you are going to marry Miss Prettyun. Permit me to congratulate you on your excellent taste." Tom—"But the engagement is off. I'm not going to marry her or any one else." Jack—"Indeed! Then allow me to congratulate you on your good sense."—Chicago Evening Post.

Just like real lovers: Miss Romanz—"Of course, you've read that new love-story of his?" Mr. Crabbe (reviewer).—"Yes; I had to. Very realistic, wasn't it?" Miss Romanz—"Oh, the idea! Why, the dialogue between the lovers was perfectly silly." Mr. Crabbe—"Well?"—Philadelphia Press.

A feeling of security: "I'm so surprised to hear your wife likes the house so much—it's so small." "Yes, but there are lots of closets in it." "True, but they're extremely small, too." "That's just it. My wife is satisfied that not one of them is big enough to hold a burglar."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Happy in the assurance: She was going away. "Oh, John!" she sobbed, "I-John, are you quite sure you'll m-miss me?" "Darling," replied her big husband, "I'll miss you as much as I do the morning train." Thus assured she picked up her grip and, with a sweet smile, started for the seashore.—Chicago News.

"There's a strange man at the door, sir," announced the new servant from Boston. "What does he want?" asked the master of the house, impatiently. "Begging your pardon, sir," replied the servant, a shade of disappointment manifest in his voice, "he wants a bath, but what he is asking for is something to eat."—Syracuse Herald.

Good for the heart: Mrs. Blokey, Jr. (who is of a romantic turn)—"My! aint the moon lovely, glitterin' on the waves! It does one's heart good to see it." Mr. B. (Blokey & Son)—"Ah! and wouldn't it do one's art good to see 'Blokey & Son's Pickles' printed right across it, big enough for all the world to read with the naked eye?"—Tir-Bits.

Mrs. Subbubs—"Henry, Bridget broke three of our very best plates to-day." Mr. Subbubs—"Heavens! Could anything possible be worse?" Mrs. Subbubs—"Sh! it isn't as bad as it might be. She immediately hid the pieces, and if we can only look pleasant and pretend we know nothing about it, I think she'll stay."—Philadelphia Press.

For her farewell tour of America, the Chicago Tribune suggests the following programme for Adeline Patti: "Farewell Forever." "Say Au Revoir, But Not Good-By." "How Can I Leave Thee, and She Said Good-By." "Bid Me Good-By and Go." "I Don't Care If You Never Come Back." "Tosti's Good-By." "Fare Thee Well, for I Must Leave Thee." "Take Your Clothes and Go." "I Will Return Again."

Steedman's Soothing Powders for fifty years the most popular English remedy for teething babies feverish children.

Hobson's choice: Guest (in cheap restaurant)—"Well, waiter, what have you got?" "Water." "Beefsteak and fish—but the fish is all out. Which'll you have?"—Chicago News.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

GLEN GARRY

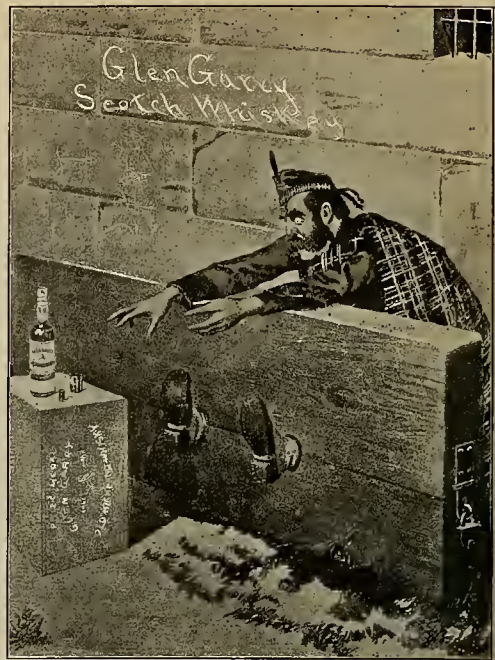
Old Highland Scotch

FOR Bon Vivants

Tillmann & Bendel

Purveyors to the

Pacific Slope Trade



In addition to its regular superior news service

THE SUNDAY CALL

is now publishing the latest and best novels complete in two or three editions.

HALF-HOUR STORYETTES—the choicest obtainable.

Have you read "Letters by a Self-Made Merchant to His Son"? They are being published every Sunday in the CALL. Then there is the Comic Supplement, which is really funny.

A Puzzle Page for the children.

Something good for everybody, and, in addition to all these, the PICTURES—real art products, ready for framing. It all goes with the regular subscription price.

Daily and Sunday delivered by carrier, 75 cents a month.



For SAN RAFAEL, ROSS, MILL VALLEY, ETC., Via Sausalito Ferry.

DEPART WEEK DAYS—6.45, 7.15, 8.45, 9.45, 11 A. M.; 12.20, 1.45, 3.15, 4.45, 5.15, 6.15, 6.45, 9, 11.45 P. M.

7.45 A. M. week days does not run to Mill Valley.

DEPART SUNDAYS—7, 7.15, 8.45, 9.45, 11, 11.30 P. M.; 12.30, 1.45, 2.35, 3.50, 5, 5.15, 6.45, 9, 11.45 P. M.

Trains marked (†) run to San Quentin. Those marked (‡) to Fairfax, except 5.15 P. M. Saturday.

7.45 A. M. week days—Cazadero and way stations. 5.45 P. M. week days (Saturdays excepted)—Tomas and way stations.

3.15 P. M. Saturdays—Cazadero and way station Sunday, 8 A. M.—Cazadero and way stations.

Sundays, 10 A. M.—Point Reyes and intermediate. Legal Holidays—Boats and trains on Sunday time.

Ticket Offices—626 Market; Ferry, foot Market.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO, (Main line, foot of Market St.)

LEAVE	FROM SEPTEMBER 2, 1903.	ARRIVE
7.00 A	Buena Vista, Suisun, Elsinore and Sacramento	7.25 P
7.00 A	Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey	7.25 P
7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	6.25 P
7.30 A	Niles, Livermore, Lathrop, Stockton	6.25 P
8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, (connections at Marysville for Gridley, Biggs and Chico)	7.25 P
8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.	7.55 P
8.00 A	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville	10.25 A
8.00 A	Port Costa, Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield	10.25 A
8.30 A	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore	11.55 A
8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tuolumne and Angels	11.55 A
9.00 A	Martinez and Way Stations	6.25 P
10.00 A	Vallejo	12.25 P
10.00 A	El Paso Passenger, Eastbound—Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and El Paso. (West-bound arrives via Coast Line)	1.30 P
10.00 A	The Overland—Lind—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	5.25 P
12.00 P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	3.25 P
1.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers	11.00 P
3.30 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Williams, Colusa, Wilkes, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Way Stations	10.55 A
3.30 P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7.55 P
4.00 P	Martinez, Stockton, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	8.25 A
4.00 P	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi	10.25 A
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The Argonaut.

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Some little time ago, the editor of the Chicago Journal had an interview with President Roosevelt. A few days later, there appeared in the columns of the Journal a paragraph which said:

Two influential newspaper publications have incurred President Roosevelt's keen displeasure; they are the New York Sun and Harper's Weekly. The President believes that they are at all times malicious and unfair. They are the only organs in the country with which he has any quarrel. He says they are not content with criticising him and his public

acts, but they strike at him through his friends, and seek by ingenious untruth to annoy him. At no time, he says, are they more vicious than when they pretend to be acting as friendly organs, voicing his views.

If this statement was true at the time it was made, it is undoubtedly true still. The attitude of Harper's Weekly toward the President is unchanged, though that journal took editorial cognizance of the statement we have quoted, avowed its disbelief that it represented the opinions of the President, and (naturally) denied that its editorial policy was either malicious or unfair. The New York Sun, so far as we know, took no notice of this statement, but its criticisms of President Roosevelt have daily grown more bitter, not to say venomous. It is now, we believe, the only newspaper in the United States which is conducting an active campaign to prevent, if possible, the nomination or election of Theodore Roosevelt to the chief magistracy.

Whence arises the animus of these attacks? The Sun is a Republican paper. At the beginning of Roosevelt's administration it was favorable to him. Why is it now, of all newspapers, his one open enemy? The answer lies in the fact, or alleged fact, that J. Pierpont Morgan is the owner of the Sun. Morgan is personally antagonistic to Roosevelt. He it is who is said to control the Sun's policy, and dictate what opinions it shall hold. "The voice," as it were, "is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

The anti-Roosevelt campaign of the Sun, voicing the views of Morgan and his financial brethren in Wall Street, has now extended over several months. Triple-leaded editorials appear at intervals, and less pretentious statements of reasons why Roosevelt is a dangerous man to be intrusted with Presidential power, appear daily. The Sun's main contentions, presented with great brilliancy and in an exhaustless variety of forms, are two. The Sun holds, first, that the intervention of the President at the time of the anthracite coal crisis is the main cause of the more arrogant and lawless attitude of the labor unions during the past year. The Sun draws the parallel between the official course of Grover Cleveland and that of Theodore Roosevelt in what it conceives were like circumstances. Of Cleveland's course at the time of the railroad riots in Chicago, it says:

The strong hand of the Federal authority, the hand of the Constitution and the Law, reached out to Chicago, and the rioters dropped their torches, the patriots, who ought to have been in Washington, went to jail, the courts exercised their functions, and peace, order, and individual liberty were restored. How commonplace; but, formerly, how American!

Another quotation:

What Debs and Sovereign would have done in the light of these more sophisticated times, would have been to delegate the conduct of the rioting and murdering and burning to their lieutenants and go themselves to Washington and demand audience at the White House. It is not difficult to imagine the manner of their reception. . . . We can see the horny hand of toil crushed in a grasp as good again, and the incisor-canine-tricuspid-and-molar disclosure of honest sympathy, the outward and visible sign of a heart ever ready to bleed for toil—when organized. Then the pressure of the bell, the appearance of the faithful Cortelyou, and the swift dispatch of telegraphic summonses to the guilty myrmidons of capital to appear and plead at the improvised bar.

The influence of the President's intervention in the coal strike, according to the Sun, has been to plunge labor "into such turbulence, unrest, and discontent as never were known before." He has "consorted with walking delegates, the men whose trade is agitation, and whose tools are strikes; he has ignored lawlessness and the overthrow of liberty, and has arraigned the employer at an arbitrary bar."

That is one count in the Sun's—or Morgan's, if you please—case against Roosevelt. The other relates to the President's campaign against trusts. This Wall Street organ holds that no superfluity of water, no reckless and unconsidered speculation, neither the "indigestibility" of securities nor the desire of some

people "to lithograph themselves into a fortune," as Russell Sage put it, was the cause of the recent memorable panic in the Street. The cause was elsewhere, namely, in the trust speeches of the President, in 1902, in the thus-instigated legislative acts of Congress, and in the successful action at law against the Northern Securities Company. At the mere suggestion of Publicity, Capital trembled, grew ashy pale, cast one wild glance around the horizon, and then precipitately fled into its "mysterious caves." There was nothing really the matter of Wall Street. All the trusts were as sound as a dollar. "But," says the Sun, "there is nothing else in all the world so sensitive to every wind that blows. . . . Disturb confidence and capital contracts, shrivels, and hides itself." Confidence was disturbed by the President. Therefore the Sun unabashedly asks that he recommend in his message to Congress the repeal of the anti-trust laws now in force. Even the Independent Evening Post is constrained at this to remark that one small ballot-box, placed at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets, would hold the ballots of all in favor of such congressional action.

But what motive has Wall Street in conducting so vigorous a campaign against Roosevelt? What does it expect to gain? Certainly the country at large believes that Wall Street was reckless, and that therefore it came to grief. The press takes no stock in the Sun's ingenious theory. But that there is method in this madness is plain, and for an explanation of it we must needs turn to the other journal under the ban of the President's displeasure. In a late number of Harper's Weekly, we find an article on the Presidential outlook. We find that the Weekly seizes upon the arguments of its friend, the Sun, and deduces therefrom several conclusions. It says that, on account of the Booker T. Washington incident and others, the President will have small chance of carrying any of the Southern or border States. If, then, the Democratic candidate can carry New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana, besides, Roosevelt will yet be beaten. His danger of losing those States resides in the antagonism of those who have lost money in the stock slump. "There is," say the Weekly, "probably not a voter in the three pivotal States just named [New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut] who, if, during the last year and a half he has lost money through shrinkage of values on the stock exchange, does not hold Mr. Roosevelt responsible, directly or indirectly, for his misfortune."

Here, then, is a movement of magnitude, backed by Wall Street, and having for its object the burdening of President Roosevelt with responsibility for all direct or indirect losses anybody may have suffered through stock speculation during the past year and a half. It remains to be seen whether or not it will succeed.

Troubles rain thick about the devoted head of Peter, by grace of God King of Servia. Only the other day he announced his irrevocable determination to "suppress the military malcontents with an iron hand." But has King Peter got an "iron hand"? We wot not. Plots and counterplots follow each other in rapid succession. Arrests follow arrests, and Belgrade is in an uproar. The latest is a proclamation by many army officers, demanding the trial by court-martial of the assassins of King Alexander and Queen Draga. Another group of officers seem to think that justice walks with tardy feet, and they have engaged in a conspiracy to kill the conspirators. For this they have been arrested. The foreign minister who objected to their arrest has resigned. At safe distance the world watches the sordid drama with poignant interest. Will King Peter, who eagerly grasped the blood-stained sceptre, himself str

with sanguinary dyes the palace halls? Will the curtain fall on this bloody melodrama with right or with wrong triumphant? Poor King Peter! He must by this time be in a mood to appreciate the melancholy query of King Henry—

"Gives not the hawthorne hush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?"

But still the glamour of kingship restrains him from quitting Belgrade by night and returning to the humble but healthy occupation of teaching languages at Geneva.

The address of President Roosevelt, at the New York State Fair on Labor Day, was characterized by perfect fairness and good sound sense. It was not only sensible and true, but it was fit to the occasion, and spoken at a time when the crying need for such sane words is visible on all sides. Every citizen ought to read all of it. We regret that we have not space to print it here. But we may, at least, call attention to one or two striking paragraphs. The President said:

We can keep our government on a sane and healthy basis, we can make and keep our social system what it should be, only on condition of judging each man, not as a member of a class, but on his worth as a man. It is an infamous thing in our American life, and fundamentally treacherous to our institutions, to apply to any man any test save that of his personal worth, or to draw between two sets of men any distinction save the distinction of conduct, the distinction that marks off those who do well and wisely from those who do ill and foolishly.

There is no worse enemy of the wage-worker than the man who condones mob violence in any shape or who preaches class hatred; and surely the slightest acquaintance with our industrial history should teach even the most short-sighted that the times of most suffering for our people as a whole, the times when business is stagnant, and capital suffers from shrinkage and gets no return from its investments, are exactly the times of hardship and want and grim disaster among the poor. If all the existing instrumentalities of wealth could be abolished, the first and severest suffering would come among those of us who are least well off at present. The wage-worker is well off only when the rest of the country is well off; and he can best contribute to this general well-being by showing sanity and a firm purpose to do justice to others.

Ours is a government of liberty, by, through, and under the law. Lawlessness and connivance at lawbreaking—whether the lawbreaking take the form of a crime of greed and cunning, or of a crime of violence—are destructive not only of order, but of the true liberties which can only come through order. If alive to their true interests, rich and poor alike will set their faces like flint against the spirit which seeks personal advantage by overriding the laws, without regard to whether this spirit shows itself in the form of bodily violence by one set of men, or in the form of vulpine cunning by another set of men.

When Pulitzer selected members of the advisory board for the new school of journalism, from among the "greatest living editors," he hurled the Apple of Discord into the editorial Olympus. Never again, we fear, will Harmony spread her brooding wings over metropolitan newspaperdom. To begin with, the *Evening Post*, whose editor was not invited to share in the solemn councils of the advisory board, commented on the proposed school thus caustically:

A general refusal to huy or advertise in a newspaper which persistently sins against good taste and decency would do far more in a month to "tone up" our daily press than would the graduation of hundreds of "bachelors of journalism." . . . We are bound to say that no great moral uplift can derive from a source which has done so much, in the past twenty years, to degrade American journalism—even if the gift be made by way of expiation.

Thereupon Advisory Board Member McKelway, through his paper, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, magisterially rebuked the *Post* for its "cynicism." More in sorrow than in anger the *Eagle* pointed out that, by his unjust criticism, the *Post's* editor had forever dashed his chances of being one of Pulitzer's journalistic Immortals. "It is within the knowledge of the present members of the advisory board of the proposed school," said the *Eagle*, "that it was Mr. Pulitzer's intention, on his return in October, to request a well-known member of the staff of the *Post* to become a member of the board." "If we had only known!" tragically exclaims the *Post* at this awful revelation, metaphorically tearing the editorial locks.

But the *Eagle* was not yet through with the *Post*. Listen to this:

Happily, the understudy of qualities, which should neither be imitated nor emulated, is marked by a weakness of denotement and a feebleness of delivery which reduce the damage, though without decreasing the elementary indecency and the clotted inanity of the performance.

And here is another choice bit from the *World* itself, apropos of some misstatements about it by its evening contemporary:

It is possible that the management of the Columbia School of Journalism may think it desirable to establish a kindergarten department in which budding journalists may learn that moral censors should not habitually lie about their neighbors. Such a department would justify its existence, even if it trained no other pupils than the editors of the *Evening Post*.

What good examples these editors are setting to the downy-lipped pupils in the school of journalism!

California is in a parlous condition. Up in Lake County, the population has decreased a thousand in ten years. The crops this year are short. The production of quicksilver has fallen off. The hop-raising industry has been abandoned.

In Shasta County, labor troubles have disorganized the smelting industry. Real estate at Keswick has decreased in value one-third. In Siskiyou, the mines have "gone backward." Twenty thousand acres of timber have been destroyed by

fire. Sacramento County has never had a boom. In Sutter County, there is a "sad state of affairs." The county is burdened with debris from hydraulic mining. The seepage from the Yuba River is yearly getting worse. In Modoc, the "price of stock is depreciating." The yield of wheat this year was scant. In Amador, the mining conditions are not encouraging. Business has been paralyzed by strikes. Population has decreased. Vacant houses are numerous. In Kern County, fifty per cent. of the people who invested in oil are now bankrupt. Oil sells for fifteen cents a barrel. Land values are low. The wheat crop in Tulare is almost a failure. The banks are foreclosing many mortgages. In the city of Santa Barbara there was a boom. Then there wasn't. Pockets were empty, but pride kept heads high. Stock has suffered badly from drought. A considerable revenue is derived from tourists. Solano County's grain lands have decreased in value. A farm that sold for \$125 per acre in 1893 has recently sold for \$60. In Butte County, things are so bad that farmers can't pay the interest on their mortgages. Fruit-growers barely pay expenses. Labor is dear. In Yuba, many mines have closed down. Population has fallen off. School districts have lapsed. In Ventura, crops are not particularly good. In Stanislaus, there is a lot of litigation over water rights. In San Joaquin, lands have depreciated in value. In Riverside, irrigation districts have been wrecked. The county is burdened with bonds. The grain crop has failed for five years.

This is the sad, sad story, the very distressing tale, told by the county assessors to the State's tax-gatherers.

At this writing, only a few days before the municipal convention, the Republican party leaders are no nearer a decision on a mayoralty candidate than they were the day after the primaries.

It is known that the anti-Schmitz organization committee this week offered Justice Garoutte the chance, and that he declined it—with thanks. They are now said by the political wiseacres to be urging the place on George A. Knight. Knight has before declined the honor—with thanks—but it is hoped that he will make the run if enough pressure is brought to bear. He is at present out of the city. If Knight is unyielding, then John Lackmann is looked upon favorably. He has hitherto expressed an unalterable determination not to run against Lane. But it is pointed out that if the alternatives of taking the nomination or getting out of politics are presented to him, he may be successfully coerced into accepting—with thanks. Others whom the Republican leaders still think of shanghaiing are F. W. Dohrmann, John F. Merrill, and Henry J. Crocker. There are no self-avowed candidates. The chairmanship question remains unchanged. The gossips say it is either Ach, Ruef, or a compromise. If a compromise, the chances favor John S. Partridge. The fact that the mayor preserves an attitude of utter unconcern regarding the Republican indorsement of his candidacy seems to have led many to think that he really does not want it, holding that a straight three-cornered contest will be more conducive to his success. The all-important question in that case is, What will Ruef do? Will he holt the Republican ticket? Can he carry his followers with him? Or will he keep out of the convention altogether? Will he try to secure the nomination of a weak candidate? On all these questions everybody may hold what opinions he pleases. The call has been issued for the Republican convention. It will meet in the Alhambra Theatre, Tuesday evening, September 15th, at eight o'clock. After organizing, it is expected that an adjournment will be taken until September 22d. The Democrats will meet on September 14th, organize, and adjourn, but the plan is to meet and nominate candidates before the Republicans do. The Union Labor party is said to be considering the advisability of nominating a straight ticket throughout, indorsing nobody. The figures assert that Mahoney, who wants the Democratic nomination, has only 91 ballots, while the Lane faction has 248—though Lane has not yet specifically said he would accept the mayoralty nomination.

Something more than mere numbers made impressive and inspiring the parade of San Francisco's workmen on Labor Day. The spotless uniforms, the jaunty air with which the marchers bore themselves, the handsome banners and decorated floats, testified eloquently to the strength and prosperity of labor. From other cities of the country come reports of great labor demonstrations. In Chicago, between 100,000 and 125,000 men are said to have been in line. Indianapolis had the largest parade in its history. Milwaukee's parade numbered ten thousand, and the Denver demonstration excelled all previous efforts. Here, as usual, estimates of the number in line vary. Last year the *Call* said 30,000, the *Examiner*, 40,000, the *Chronicle*, 50,000. This year, the *Examiner* and the officials of the unions say 50,000, but a count by the police showed 22,522 in both parades. The *Chronicle's* count showed 23,238. The teamsters' union did not parade. The allied printing trades, numbering 4,000 men, were too hasty to march. The sailors' union, of 4,000 or thereabouts, also refused to march, and President McArthur did not speak at the Chutes, as announced, because his union was not in line. But even without these, the marching hosts of labor made a stirring spectacle. Many trades whose names and very existence are unknown to the average man were there in force. Marching at the front of the Labor Council parade were the gas workers, electrical workers, linemen, street railroad employees, stationary firemen. Then came the ice-wagon drivers and helpers, retail delivery drivers, soda and mineral water drivers, hackmen, wholesale butcher drivers, sanitary wagon drivers, laundry drivers, milk wagon drivers, expressmen, furniture and piano drivers. Following these were retail clerks, salesladies and milliners (whom the crowd cheered to the echo), drug clerks, blacksmith helpers, casting chippers (How many knew that casting chipping was an organized trade?), boiler-makers' helpers, amalgamated engineers, patternmakers, black-

smiths, united metal workers, boiler-makers, ship drillers, iron molders, steam fitters and helpers, machinists' apprentices, machinists, sugar workers, carpenters, joiners, boat builders, picture frame workers, reed and rattan workers, box makers and sawyers, rope and cordage workers, broom makers, glass bottle blowers, cigarmakers, cloakmakers, capmakers, bicycle and automobile mechanics (What, is there not a chauffeurs' union yet!), stove mounters, rammermen, pavers, coopers, fish handlers, steam laundry workers, French laundry workers, garment workers, upholsterers, soap, soda, and candle-workers, undertakers' assistants, carriage painters, carriage woodworkers, shoeworkers, shoe cutters, shoe repairers, glove-workers, leatherworkers on horse goods, leatherworkers, tanners, harbers, hootblacks, stablemen, shippers, packers and porters, cannakers, journeymen tailors, hakers and confectioners, cracker bakers, pie bakers, brewers and malsters, beer bottlers, beer drivers, hutchers, cooks, cooks' helpers, waiters, soda and mineral-water hottlers.

What a list! What a triumph of organization is it when all these widely differing trades unite in a single body for mutual help and protection! And this list includes none of the many unions associated in the Building Trades Council.

A movement has been inaugurated to have Mt. Tamalpais and the adjoining Marin slopes set apart as a national park by the Federal government. The idea is being pushed by the Tamalpais Forestry Association and the Lagunitas Country Club. These associations have called a meeting to be held on the grounds of the Lagunitas Country Club to-day (Saturday), to which a number of prominent residents of this city have been invited. The purpose is to formulate plans at this meeting to carry out the proposition and secure favorable action by the Federal government. The present idea is to form an association of broader scope than either of the organizations now pressing the question. It is urged that, by having this tract set apart as a national reserve, the residents of San Francisco and its vicinity will have at their door a park similar to the Yellowstone Park, though necessarily on a much smaller scale. Gifford Pinchot, chief of the United States Bureau of Forestry, has already expressed himself in favor of the project. In addressing the California Club, which is taking an interest in the matter, he said that he had inspected the land, and that for purposes of a national park, Mt. Tamalpais, in situation, in variety of growth, and in variety of view, is unrivaled. At the coming meeting addresses will be delivered by Dr. Jordan, Mr. Pinchot, and others.

The Universal Peace Union, which has lately been in session in Connecticut, passed a resolution relating to the lynching evil, which was marked by sane practicality rather than by that sickly sentimentality too often characterizing the "resolutions" of self-styled humanitarians. The declaration was as follows:

Lynching is a monstrous peace-breaker, and we call upon State and national legislation to take early and united action upon its suppression. Let the individuals composing the mobs set a good example of purity themselves, and give their time to educating and uplifting the ignorant and depraved. Let the courts insure speedy, certain, and impartial trials, and pity and curative treatment take the place of hate and vengeance. If there be uncontrollable passions in the depraved victim of lynching, there is a remedy which medical skill may well be called upon to apply, as it would for any other diseased condition; for the increase of sensual criminality, affecting present morality and future generations, forces the suggestion that this remedy, administered with wisdom and the best surgical ability, would be a protection to society and a kindness and mercy to the offender.

The fluctuations in the tide of immigration into this country furnish a very fair index of its material condition. When times are good, immigrants pour in, and judged by this standard this country is now enjoying an unprecedented era of prosperity. During the year ending June 30th, the number of immigrants was 857,046—a number considerably greater than during any previous year. The immigration during 1902 was about 200,000 less than this, and the indications point to a further increase during the current year. The number of immigrants fluctuates from month to month, July and August being months of small immigration. Nevertheless, a comparison with the corresponding months of last year shows the heavy increase in those now coming. On the basis of each 100 arriving during the corresponding months of last year, the figures for this year would be March, 118; April, 132; May, 128; June, 130; July, 133. During the five months the actual increase was 115,383, or more than one-half of the total increase for the fiscal year 1902-3. In the quality of the immigrants, there is no cause for reassurance. The hardy, industrious races of Northern Europe are coming in decreased proportion; the undesirable races of Southern and Eastern Europe are coming in large numbers. From Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Russia 43,319 immigrants came last year, an increase of 9,885 over 1902, the greatest increase being from Austria-Hungary, while there was a decrease of 630 from Italy.

In the United States Circuit Court, Judge Beatty has rendered a decision that will probably put an end to a case that has been before the courts for many years, and to a dispute of twenty-seven years' standing. In 1876, the legislature passed a law providing for the widening of Dupont Street from Market to Filbert Street, and for the issuing of bond in the sum of one million dollars. To pay these bonds with interest, an assessment was levied upon the abutting property. The plan was carried out only in part, the portion of Dupont Street between Bush and Filbert Streets remaining unwidened, and only about four-fifths of the bonds were taken up. There were no funds available for the redemption of the

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remainder. The holders of these bonds let their claims run until nearly four years had elapsed, and then brought suit to prevent the statute of limitations barring their claim. The case came up in the Circuit Court, where Judge Morrow sustained a demurrer interposed by the property-owners in behalf of the city. The Court of Appeals reversed the decision, and remanded the case for a new trial. Judge Gilbert, in rendering the decision for the Court of Appeals, held that the interest that had run beyond the statutory period of four years could not be collected, but that there was liability for the principal and subsequent interest. Judge Beatty has now rendered a decision for the principal and interest on the last two coupons dating from January 1, 1897. The bondholders lose the interest for nineteen years. The city must now proceed to collect the money from the property-owners and pay it over to the bondholders.

An organization has been completed at Fort Bragg which has the novel purpose of compelling an element of the community to obey the laws of the whole community. Fort Bragg is in the lumber district, and the people of that community depend for their prosperity almost exclusively upon the lumber industry. For some time there has been an industrial struggle, marked by the usual incidents of strike and lock-out, between the lumbermen and those who handle their product. Both sides to the struggle have suffered, but, as is invariably the case, those of the community who are not directly interested in the struggle have been equally heavy losers. They have, for their own protection, organized "The Citizen's League of Fort Bragg, No. 1," a secret organization, which has for its purpose the prevention of such struggles between labor and capital. The idea of the league was obtained from a similar organization known as the "Independent American Mechanics' Union," formed at Indianapolis last March, and with which the Fort Bragg league has affiliated. The objects of the league are to maintain amicable relations between employers and employed; to advance the interests of labor by securing better wages and shorter hours; to promote all forms of productive industry; to prevent unlawful discrimination against any members by any person or organization, and against attempts to prevent their working for such wages as shall be mutually satisfactory to the individual workman and his employer; to prevent strikes, lock-outs, boycotts, and black-lists; and to compel labor unions to obey the laws. It is expected by the Fort Bragg people that similar leagues will be formed in other cities on the Coast.

According to the story published by a daily paper, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is suffering from the effective retaliation of the China Commercial Company. It seems that the former company instituted a rate war on this side of the Pacific in order to prevent its rival getting any of the Oriental trade. The Pacific Mail has somewhat of an advantage on this side, and the Chinese company felt the pressure. But the Chinese company, being owned by Chinese, had much more influence on the other side than did its rival. It began a rate war in China, and the Chinese merchants supported it. The Pacific Mail Company's liner *Korea*, with a capacity of 11,000 tons, came into port, the other day, with 2,790 tons of freight in its hold. The Occidental and Oriental liner *Gaelic*, with a capacity of more than 3,000 tons, came into port a few days later with 1,875 tons of freight. The China Commercial Company has now cut the rates for steerage passage. According to this authority, a lively rate war is in prospect unless the older company withdraws from its position.

The wonderful success of General Leonard Wood in "cleaning up" Havana, and thereby decreasing the death-rate to a point where it compares favorably with the death-rate of Northern cities, has been the theme of many eulogists. But now comes F. L. Hoffman, a university lecturer on actuarial subjects, with a different story. Before the fourth international congress of life-insurance actuaries, held in New York last week, he made this statement:

When we are told by a Secretary of War that the mortality in Cuba is not more than that in the city of New York, it does not require much actuarial knowledge to cause one to smile and to know that it is nonsense. The statement that the death-rate of Havana is no greater than that of Washington is untrue. For some time to come the death-rate of Havana will be from fifty to one hundred per cent. greater than that of any Northern city. This information is disseminated to an ignorant public for political purposes. Our census reports are very far from being what they ought to be. They are not prepared with the proper skill; they are not backed up by the proper actuarial knowledge to make them of value to the insurance companies as they ought to be.

A recent dispatch to the *Chronicle* from Pittsburg, Pa., contains some facts regarding large building enterprises that have been discontinued until the labor conditions are more favorable. Comment is unnecessary. The dispatch says:

There is likely to be a general cessation of building operations during 1904, which will make that year memorable. The statement of one of the largest contracting concerns in the country connected with railroad construction work is the basis for the assertion that at least \$180,000,000 worth of building operations proposed for 1904 have actually been called off. The Pennsylvania Railroad, which now has enough improvements under way and contemplated to make an expenditure of \$50,000,000 during 1904, has decided to withdraw all of these plans, and do nothing further with them until there is a more placid condition of the labor market. Information given out shows that in New York alone there is at least \$60,000,000 of new building for 1904 involved in the general plan of withdrawal. In Chicago, where the labor troubles have been continuous for months, it is said that more than \$70,000,000 of new work has been abandoned. In this city, Henry Phipps, H. C. Frick, and H. W. Oliver will delay contemplated work.

THE LOG OF THE YACHT "TOLNA."

Count Rudolph Festetics de Tolna's Sumptuous Volume, "Among the Cannibals"—A South Sea Honeymoon Cruise Which Lasted Eight Years and Ended in Divorce.

Why did the Countess Festetics de Tolna leave the Count Festetics de Tolna?

This is a question which has mightily puzzled San Francisco society. It is now about ten years ago that Count Tolna won the heart and hand of Miss Haggin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Haggin, of San Francisco. The countess was thus a granddaughter of James B. Haggin, and likewise a granddaughter of Samuel Butterworth, two of San Francisco's prominent citizens in the early times. James B. Haggin is to-day one of America's millionaires and a leading sportsman on the race-track. Samuel Butterworth, once one of San Francisco's leading citizens, has been for many years dead. Blanche Butterworth, his daughter, was a great belle in San Francisco not so many years ago, and her marriage to Louis Haggin, son of the millionaire Haggin, was one of the social events of the times. In addition to wealth and beauty, Blanche Butterworth Haggin is a woman of unusual talent. She compiled and published, some years ago, a book entitled "Le Livre D'Amour." It was printed in an *édition de luxe*, on vellum paper, from specially cast type, in a limited edition. It was a very beautiful book, and is to-day a bibliographical rarity.

Altogether, it will be seen that when Count Rudolph Festetics de Tolna conferred his name and his title upon Miss Ely Haggin, he was not wedding a bumble wayside flower. If her name was not so long as his, the California beiress was right smart of a personage herself.

The Haggin family did not enthuse over the match. The count was an extremely eccentric person, and intended to take his bride-to-be honeymooning on a yacht through the Southern Seas. This in itself was unusual. But to add to the yachting scheme, the count became involved in about seventeen different kinds of lawsuits over the building and outfitting of his yacht. He even had a lawsuit before she was built, for a shipbuilder brought suit against him for an unused plan. He had another lawsuit with a professor of navigation concerning some question of charges for his nautical education. He had six distinct and several rows with the ship-chandlers, stevedores, and bum-boat men who fitted out and handled cargo and ballast; and, last of all, just as he was about to get ready to sail, the customs authorities refused him his clearance papers because he was not an American citizen. This seemed an almost insurmountable difficulty. How it was overcome we shall tell in a moment.

Count Tolna has just published the log of his yacht. It is issued in a luxuriously printed form by a Paris publishing firm with the title "Among the Cannibals: Eight Years of Cruising in the Pacific Ocean On Board the Yacht *Le Tolna*, with Two Hundred Engravings and Maps, After Photographs and Studies by the Author."

This volume begins with the departure of the yacht from San Francisco. But Count Tolna does not tell how he overcame the non-citizenship difficulty. He confines himself to these guarded words: "At last this difficulty had been smoothed away." The manner in which it was smoothed away is so remarkable that it is worth printing to make up the omission in the count's book. So rigid are the laws of the United States that Count Tolna would never have sailed the salt seas in a yacht with an American bottom unless he shed his citizenship as a snake sheds his skin and took out naturalization papers. Uncle Sam in these matters is rigid. But the "difficulty was smoothed over" by little Miss Ely Haggin, seventeen years old and a timid bride, taking the oath of allegiance and receiving clearance papers as captain, skipper, and sailing-master of the good ship *Tolna*. In short, as she was a citizen and he was not, the bride became the boss of the boat.

On the fourth page of his book, Count Tolna tells a terrible tale of "Ketty," a maid of Mrs. Louis Haggin, coming to see him in secret. Listen to the count:

She seemed very much embarrassed and moved. I asked her what was the matter. After having made me promise not to betray her, she said she wished to warn me about my first officer, Wickmann; that he was her sweetheart; that he was a former pirate, and was yearning to return to his old calling; that the evening before they had been to a German beer-ball together, and, under the influence of beer, he had confided to her his project for seizing the yacht, kidnapping the young couple, and then returning and extorting a large sum in ransom from Mr. Haggin.

"As soon as we have left the port of San Francisco," said he, "I shall put the count in irons, and I shall maroon him and his wife on an uninhabited island, which I have picked out on the map. Then I shall bring back the yacht to San Francisco and notify Mr. Haggin that I will tell him where the island is if he will give me the *Tolna* for my own and a large sum of money. If he doesn't pony up, I shall leave these two turtle-doves to die of hunger on their island."

The count knew not what to think of this remarkable tale. Finally he concluded to watch Wickmann, but retain him in his post.

Again let us leave the count to take up the narrative:

On October 18, 1893, at seven o'clock in the morning, accompanied by the Haggin family, we left Vallejo Street wharf on the tug-boat *Sea King*, which took us aboard the *Tolna*, and towed us outside the bay. When we were there, the Haggin family went over the side, and were rowed back in the yacht's dinghy to the tug, while Mme. Haggin watched her daughter through her tears.

The next day the count finds that First Officer Wickmann is fooling with the compass, or else the vessel is not sailing on her course. The count's calculations show that she should be thirty-five miles further to the west and sixty miles further to the south than the position on the chart. He studies the situation closely for a couple of days, but finds the divergence growing greater. At last he bethinks himself of a pocket-compass in his stateroom. He gets it, mounts to the deck, and steals a stealthy glance in the binnacle. He finds that the

yacht is really headed south-south-west, when the doctored compass is making her course west-south-west. This would take her far away from Honolulu, to which port she was bound. Thus says the count:

There was no longer any doubt. This man Wickmann was taking us away from our destination. I grew hot with anger. I clenched my fists ready to spring upon him. But it was only for a moment. I looked around me. No one was observing me, no one had seen the gesture of fury which had escaped me. Becoming calmer, I descended again to my cabin. There I became the prey of melancholy reflections. There was no longer any doubt—Wickmann was about to carry out the kidnapping plan that Ketty had warned me of. I was alarmed—not so much over the danger as at the ridiculous side of the affair. To this, then, had led my long preparations. The San Francisco newspapers had kept their readers posted on all the details of the construction of my yacht. They had published designs and descriptions, with interviews from men concerning my nautical qualifications. They had even printed the percentage of my certificate passed upon by the directors of the nautical school—and all my nautical science had resulted in permitting my fine yacht to be captured by a clever scoundrel.

The count goes on to tell how he determined to frustrate the plans of Wickmann. He teaches his wife to take the sun, although he does not confide to her his suspicions. He tells her that it is in order to teach her navigation, and that it will amuse her. Then it becomes a duel between the count and Wickmann. The count insists that the compass has deviated by means of magnetic attraction, and persists in holding a course based on his pocket-compass which he keeps concealed. Wickmann gnashes his teeth, but can not resist. But the villainous Wickmann is not content with monkeying with the compass. Listen to the count:

I suspected that Wickmann had gone to my stateroom. I left the deck. I crossed the cabin, where my footsteps made no noise on the thick carpet. I arrived at the door of my stateroom, where I saw Wickmann. He did not hear me. He had his hand on the chronometer. He was just about to change the chronometer as he had changed the compass. I saw his face reflected in the mirror. It had a frightful expression, like that of a poisoner as he pours his poisonous potion into a glass. With cat-like tread I withdrew to the cabin companion-way. Then, making some noise to warn him, I came into the cabin again, giving Wickmann time to put the chronometer back in its place. It became vital that I should not forget to wind my watch. Henceforth, there was nothing but my watch and my pocket-compass to guide us through the vast Pacific Ocean.

At this point the most light-hearted reader of Count Tolna's hook begins to have the creeps. But again the question arises, Why did Countess Festetics de Tolna leave Count Festetics de Tolna?

For several days nothing took place aboard the yacht but this continual watching and counter-watching. The countess had not only learned to take the sun, but she also cast an eye upon the compass as she passed the binnacle; she went below occasionally, to see that Wickmann had not changed the chronometer again; she kept her watch on deck while her husband was below asleep. Thus, on their honeymoon trip, the Count and Countess Festetics de Tolna kept watch and watch like the first and second officers of a lumber schooner.

But why did the Countess Festetics de Tolna leave the Count Festetics de Tolna?

As the yacht continued to near Honolulu, despite the efforts of Kidnaper Wickmann, the count noticed that "Wickmann, more fierce than ever, walked the deck like a wild beast in a cage. Sometimes he clenched his fists and darted furious glances at me." But the count, taking heart of grace, began to laugh at him. One day, however, Wickmann gives an order to bring the yacht about unexpectedly when the count was below, and the countess was on deck, bopping by the sudden movement to carry the countess overboard by the swinging of the main boom. Fortunately he failed. But the countess was knocked senseless. Thus the count:

While I was asleep below I was awakened by a frightful noise on deck. It seemed as if everything had been reduced to kindling wood. I ran up the companion-way. There I found my wife extended on the deck, unconscious, in the midst of some broken top-hammer. As soon as I had convinced myself that she had received no wounds, and was only insensible from the violence of the shock, I put her in the hands of her negress, who took her below. Then drawing my revolver, I marched straight on Wickmann.

"Who was at the wheel?" said I.

"Tom, sir."

"Take these fetters; put them on him immediately, or I will blow out your brains."

"Captain, it wasn't his fault."

"No back talk. I give you two minutes to put this man in irons and give me the key or I will kill you like a dog."

Wickmann at once took the irons and put them on Tom, to whom he whispered a few words. When he brought me back the key I threw it into the sea, saying: "Those irons will stay on him until some Honolulu locksmith can take them off. And now listen to me. Things are going on here which would justify me in shooting you all. I warn you that at the first sign of mutiny from any man I will blow his brains out."

Again we ask, "Why did the Countess Festetics leave—"

But to our tale.

It is a lamentable anti-climax to this dreadful story— which sounds as if it came from a pirate's own hook—to narrate that they arrived at Honolulu on the twenty-fourth of October without anything further happening, and that the count allowed Wickmann to leave the ship without taking any particular action concerning him.

The count describes his stay at Honolulu, and speaks of social relations there with startling frankness. He mentions one ex-premier, Mr. C—, as living "in the most patriarchal relations with his wife and other women under the same roof." For example, he says, his host thus introduced his feminine surroundings:

"Mme. C—, my legitimate wife; Mme. E—, my first mistress; Mme. M—, my second mistress; K—, my legitimate daughter; R—, my natural daughter, etc." "But," adds the count, "these, our hospitable friends, women and young girls, unequal before the law, were equal by their charm and hospitality."

More and more it becomes a mystery to the re-

the Countess Festetics de Tolna should have left Count Festetics de Tolna.

As the count takes us from island to island, all sorts of charming things occur, calculated to appeal to a bride. For example, they go to Fanning Island, and there is a large photograph of the count with "on my right, the young maiden whom the king offered to me, decorated for this occasion. I am seated at the left." At this same island the honey-mooners were regaled with the following sight:

Weird hursts of music were heard, and a group of young girls, almost nude and clad in girdles of leaves, began a kind of *danse du ventre*, their shoulders remaining rigid, while their bodies worked in the most vertiginous fashion. These dances were of lascivious significance. . . . Suddenly a group of young native men made their entrance, dancing around the young girls with demoniac contortions.

In the midst of these interesting and charming scenes, how did it ever occur to the Countess Festetics de Tolna that she would one day want to leave the Count Festetics de Tolna?

When the yacht arrived at Tahiti, the count speedily became acquainted with some of the leading persons there, including the royal princess, a dark lady with a weakness for gin, cigarettes, and palm oil as a cosmetic. She and some other distinguished persons accompanied the count and countess on a picnic:

Arranged on the grass were pandennis leaves, which made the table-cloth, while we seated ourselves on palm leaves. The servant climbed a cocoa-tree and gathered coconuts for us. Then he made a trench in the earth and lit a fire, on which he put a young pig. On top of this pig, bananas and bread fruits were placed. Then he gathered oysters—for this was on the beach—fish which we ate raw, likewise little crabs and shrimps. He also gathered centipedes which our host ate, but which we did not touch.

Two photographs are given, one of the picnic-party eating baked pig and raw fish, and another of the same party after this repast, with the princess, her face shining with gin, benevolence and palm oil, affectionately pressing the hand of the little countess and gazing into her eyes.

More and more mysterious does it become why the Countess Festetics de Tolna should ever have left the Count Festetics de Tolna.

From Tahiti the yacht goes to Raro Tonga, and we have a picture of the count in the costume of the natives. There are pictures of the queen and the queen's ladies of honor and ladies in waiting. They have more titles than clothes. Thence the yacht goes to Samoa, where the following incident is narrated by the count:

The day of our arrival I saw coming aboard a white man in his shirt-sleeves, with bare feet and with his trousers rolled up to his knees. He carried a letter of introduction from a countryman of mine, Count Robert Wurmbrand Stuppach, brother of Count Leo Wurmbrand Stuppach, first chamberlain of His Imperial and Royal Highness the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. In this letter he urged me to visit Stevenson, the celebrated American (*sic*) writer, who lived in Apia.

"When can I see Mr. Stevenson?" asked I of the barefooted man; "tell him I shall be charmed to meet him, and that I will go this very day to call."

The barefooted man looked at me in astonishment. "Meet Mr. Stevenson!" he repeated, "why you have met him. I am Mr. Stevenson."

I excused my error, which made us both smile, and accompanied Stevenson to the cabin, where I presented him to the countess, and where we took a glass of champagne. Later, we called upon him, and were presented to Mme. Stevenson, whom we found barefooted as well as all the other members of the family. She is an agreeable and witty woman, who writes all her husband's books after his dictation. This great American was like a king among the natives; therefore, the Germans hated him.

From Samoa the yacht sailed to Fiji, where the count caught a snap-shot of a number of natives attacking a boat-load of white men with their poisoned lances. It is not explained whether the picture is a fake or not. Numbers of other Fiji views are taken by the count, most of them of young ladies wearing nothing but the microscopic leaf girdle of which the count has spoken. This is diversified by one Fiji belle, who is wearing a girdle made of human hair. They are doubtless nice girls, but scarcely such as one would choose for pink teas.

From Fiji the yacht sails for Sydney. On the way they had a cyclone, and a few other trifling things happened, but the most striking was this:

We had aboard a large black dog called Boh. One morning, I heard from my stateroom an unusual noise on deck. I hurried up and saw that all the crew had fled to the rigging. Running up and down the deck was Bob, with bloodshot eyes, his hair standing up on his neck, and his tongue hanging out, with flecks of foam drooling from his jaws. The first officer shouted to me: "Look out, count, the dog is mad!"

"In that case," said I, "we must take him in a boat and put him on that little island near at hand."

"Yes, count, but the men have already tried to catch him, and they have all been bitten, and they are afraid to touch him."

"And have you been bitten?" asked I.

"No."

"Then let us lower a boat, and you and I will throw him in."

We tried it, but the furious animal was too much for us, he bit both me and Philip before we could get him into the boat. Then we succeeded in binding him and taking him ashore. When we got him there, we threw him out on the sand and returned to the yacht. But all the rest of that day, as we had no wind, we could see him going through horrible antics on the shore until nearly nightfall, when he died in horrible convulsions.

Every one of the crew had been bitten except the old negro cook. They were all afraid of having hydrophobia. The first officer came and asked me to let him have the medicine book, in order to find out the symptoms. I ought to have refused him, but I was weak and let him have it. After the crew had learned the symptoms they all had them, and went around with haggard eyes and slaving tongues.

The fore, as they neared the port of Levouka, the count determined to put his crew ashore before they all went mad, and ship a new crew. But when they arrived, he found that the port was so infected with smallpox that it was more dangerous to take sailors from there than to keep the ones he had, and when the health officers learned that his men had

hydrophobia they refused to allow them ashore. In the midst of all these troubles the yacht headed again for Sydney, when she ran into a hurricane which nearly finished the whole business, hydrophobia and all. But she finally succeeded in reaching the harbor in a much battered condition.

Why did the Countess Festetics de Tolna ever conclude she wanted to leave the Count Festetics de Tolna?

After a short stay in Sydney, the yacht sailed for Tanna, a cannibal island. The count relates a number of agreeable anecdotes about the habits of the natives whom they met there. One is curious—their fashion of preserving the bodies of their relatives to use as material for poisoning their arrow tips and lances. In Sydney, the count meets Louis Becke, who has written a number of books about these South Sea islands. At Rubiana, the count advises the countess to follow his example and begin eating hotel nuts:

This made our lips and teeth black, and had the advantage of thus cheapening our heads. With black teeth heads have much less value in these islands, and therefore they are much more apt to stay upon our shoulders. We visited a village, not far from our anchorage. The natives had gathered in considerable numbers, and made a cannibal festival in our honor. They forced us to eat with them. I found their conduct a little disquieting. They formed in little groups, and gathered around with threatening airs and with their hatchets in their hands. However, the women did not go away, and this reassured us. My wife, who accompanied me, seated herself in the midst of the women. The women were much flattered. They felt of her gown, examined it carefully, and closely scrutinized all of her garments.

Again one wonders why the Countess Festetics de Tolna, at the close of the cruise, desired to leave Count Festetics de Tolna.

The yacht then goes to Epi, to Pentecost Island, then to Espiritu Santo, then to the New Hebrides, to Santa Anna, to the Island of Florida, and to many other little-known cannibal islands. But space is lacking to follow the cruise of the *Tolna* in her wanderings over the trackless Pacific Ocean. Apparently, the troubles of those on land afflicted those aboard the yacht. Here, for an example, is a description of an earthquake:

The first shock lasted three minutes, and then abruptly ceased. A torrential rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, followed it. At half-past two o'clock, another shock was felt, and at six o'clock seven distinct shocks came. The feeling was as if the boat were in a large caldron of water, while the caldron was being rapidly moved. These oscillations went on two or three times a day for two weeks.

This was at the harbor of Fasi. There lived here a white man, one Tyndal. When the yacht arrived, the Tyndals were harricaded in their house, which was surrounded by blood-thirsty natives, led by one Long Ferguson, their king. The count took his crew and such other white men as could be gathered up, and went to the rescue of the Tyndals. But the natives were too numerous, and the count and his friends were forced to beat a retreat, and fled again to the yacht. But the count conceived the idea of letting off rockets and other fireworks, which he did. This scared the daylighters out of the natives. They took their canoes and fled to the neighboring islands for twenty miles around.

This is the last exploit which is narrated in the book. The count briefly summarizes, however, his adventures; he speaks of the "dreadful typhoon," in which they barely escaped with their lives at the Admiralty Island; of the geisha-girls in Japan—the genuine ones rarely shown to strangers who are "too gross to be pleased with their platonic reticent caresses"; he promises to tell of his stay at Manila during the Spanish-American War, where he learned curious details, hitherto unpublished, about the destruction of the Spanish fleet by Admiral Dewey; he promises also to tell in a new volume of the reef at Minicoy, where an unknown current shipwrecked them at night; of the wreck of the *Tolna*; of how he set fire to her rather than let the natives get hold of her; of the anger of the natives at taking their legitimate spoil from them; of the plots of his mutinous crew; drunk with the choice wine which they had stolen from the yacht's cabin; of their attempt to assassinate him because he tried to prevent them from pillaging the wrecked yacht; of the long captivity of the countess and himself on a light-house island waiting to be rescued by a passing sail.

When one reads of this delightful, idyllic, romantic honeymoon trip, amid sunlit isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea, the wonder grows more and more why the Countess Festetics de Tolna should ever have left the Count Festetics de Tolna.

Until comparatively recent time there was a medical prejudice against drinking water. Sir William Vaughan, in his "Natural and Artificial Directions for Health," declared that water "ought seldom to be drunk." Another doctor admitted that it might be healthful for children, but not for men—"except some odd, abstemious, one among a thousand perchance, degenerate and of a doggish nature, for dogs of nature do abhor wine." Indeed, the recommendation of water as a beverage was supposed to be the sign of the quack. Even Wesley in his "Primitive Physic" wrote of it with caution: "Drink only water if it agrees with your stomach; if not, good, clear, small beer."

The *Journal of the American Medical Association*, published in Chicago, has been investigating the evil results of the American method of celebrating a national holiday, and finds that on the Fourth of July, 1903, the killed and wounded, so far as could be ascertained, reached the formidable total of 4,449 persons. The number of deaths from tetanus was 406. In addition to the mortality from tetanus there were 60 deaths from other causes; 10 persons were made blind; 75 lost one eye; 54 lost arms, hands, or legs; 174 lost one or more fingers; and 3,670 received other injuries.

Acting Secretary of the Navy Darling has decided that for purposes affecting deserters from the United States navy the Spanish war ended December 10, 1898, the date of the signing of the treaty of peace. This conclusion disagrees with a ruling of the War Department to the effect that the war was not closed for administrative purposes in that department until April 11, 1899, the date of the exchange of ratification of the treaty.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Men of 'Forty-Nine.

Those brave old bricks of 'forty-nine!
What lives they lived! what deaths they died!
A thousand cañons, darkling wide
Below Sierra's slopes of pine,
Receive them now. And they who died
Along the far, dim, desert route—
Their ghosts are many. Let them keep
Their vast possessions. The Piute,
The tawny warrior, will dispute
No boundary with these. And I
Who saw them live, who felt them die,
Say, let their unpled'd ashes sleep,
Untouch'd by man, on plain or steep.

The bearded, sunbrown'd men who bore
The burden of that frightful year,
Who toil'd, but did not gather store,
They shall not be forgotten. Drear
And white, the plains of Shoshonee
Shall point us to that farther shore,
And long, white, shining lines of bones,
Make needless sign or white mile-stones.

The wild man's yell, the groaning wheel;
The train that moved like drifting barge;
The dust that rose up like a cloud—
Like smoke of distant battle! Loud
The great whips rang like shot and steel
Of antique fashion, crude and large,
Flash'd back as in some hattle charge.

They sought, yea, they did find their rest.
Along that long and lonesome way,
These brave men buffet'd the West
With lifted faces. Full were they
Of great endeavor. Brave and true
As stern Crusader clad in steel,
They died a-field as it was fit.
Made strong with hope, they dared to do
Achievement that a host to-day
Would stagger at, stand back and reel,
Defeated at the thought of it.

What brave endeavor to endure!
What patient hope, when hope was past!
What still surrender at the last,
A thousand leagues from hope! how pure
They lived, how proud they died!
How generous with life! The wide
And gloried age of chivalry
Hath not one page like this to me.

Let all these golden days go by,
In sunny summer weather, I
But think upon my buried brave,
And breathe beneath another sky.
Let Beauty glide in gilded car,
And find my sundown seas afar,
Forgetful that 'tis but one grave
From eastmost to the westmost wave.

Yea, I remember! The still tears
That o'er uncoffin'd faces fell
The final, silent, sad farewell!
God! these are with me all the years!
They shall be with me ever. I
Shall not forget. I hold a trust.
They are part of my existence. When
Swift down the shining iron track
You sweep, and fields of corn flash back,
And herds of lowing steers move by,
And men laugh loud, in mute mistrust,
I turn to other days, to men
Who made a pathway with their dust.
—Joaquin Miller.

The Land of the Setting Sun.

In solitude there once reposed a State
Which compassed in itself th' extensive range
Of human wants and hopes insatiate—
Where mountains held the ingots men exchange
For product of the valley and the grange;
And from the portals stretched a highway far,
Leading to many a clime and country strange—
But none came either to enjoy or mar,
Save, daily, on its rounds, Apollo's fiery car.

Still Nature unmistakably proclaimed
This, o'er the world, her principality;
For in her loveliest moods she here remained
And reared her wondrous works in each locality,
And showed that gen'rous partiality
Which ever follows in the train of love;
For, oh, 'tis not a blind fatality
That tints some spots with colors from above,
And bids, past other States, a favored one to move.

O California! bounteous paradise,
In merry vintage, grain, and glitt'ring ore,
As winning as the strains that did entice
The hapless traveler to the Siren's shore.
But not as they of old dost thou implore
But to deceive; for though seductively
Thy music sounds, thy merits still are more;
And e'en the garish traveler of the sky
Enamored of thee is—parts not without a sigh.

Just as the lover, leaving, gazes round—
And by the portal, on his destined way,
His wand'ring eyes the loved one there has found—
Unconscious of the homage friends may pay,
He hurries on impatient of delay;
And his innamorata warmly clasped,
Ah, then he lingers, though he fain would stay:
So Phæbus runs perfunctorily and fast
O'er other lands, but thou, reserved, he kisses last.

But strange in such a land, whose rich demesnes
Were watered by the complementary seas,
That none, except the vagrant Bedouins,
Might boast themselves the aborigines;
But though primeval they, to them the keys
Which patent made its treasures were unknown;
For watchful Nature, just in her decrees,
Ordained that Labor's guerdon is to own,
And so the native failed to reap—he had not sown.

Now time was ripe, and California's face
Gave signal, and there came a gallant band,
Which scattered far the least-deserving race
That ever languished in a flowing land,
And raised their banners on her golden strand,
And gave to freedom for all coming years
The masterpiece of the creating hand;
And here they build a commonwealth, which rears
To-day its crested head to praise the Pioneers.

—J. D. P.

A CANNERY FOREMAN'S WATERLOO.

The Fruits of a Harmless Flirtation.

"If we can't get out a full pack this season we are gone," the manager of the I X L Company remarked to Tyson, the foreman. And Tyson grasped the situation in its entirety, and one over. The scarcity of labor was bad enough to have to contend with, but when the rival companies began raising rates, the outlook grew discouraging.

"It's getting competent women or girls to take charge of the different departments that gives me the most trouble," Tyson answered: "girls who are used to the work, and who'll stay with you after you've got 'em."

"The wonder of it is that we ever get anybody, considering the way the other canneries hang out their notices right under our noses," the manager ruminated in aggrieved tones. "Coming down the road yesterday I ran upon a flaming red placard proclaiming:

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED AT MARYSVILLE CANNERY.
BEST ACCOMMODATIONS GIVEN.

And a few miles farther on I found a blue sign, saying:

HELP WANTED AT THE GRIDLEY CANNERY.
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR PIECE-WORK.

You bet I tore 'em down wherever I saw 'em, but right up here at Murphy's I saw a big yellow sign on a telegraph pole, and when I pulled up to see whether it was smallpox or measles they had, it turned out to be the Chico cannery's flyer, saying:

STEADY WORK GUARANTEED ALL SEASON.

"Oh, well, don't let that rile you," Tyson broke in in soothing tones. "We get in on the Yuba City cannery's tack. When the prospective employee has seen 'em all and weighed in his mind the relative merits of 'highest prices,' 'best accommodations,' and 'steady work,' he strikes the poser that says:

DANCE EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT
AT YUBA CITY CANNERY.

It was a massive brain that conceived that ad."

And, fortunately for the I X L Cannery, it was situated within the sacred precinct of the dance-giving cannery. Being a new enterprise, it was not strong enough on its financial legs to make any startling inducements on its own account.

Tyson had reached his present post of responsibility through his shiftiness in emergencies, so when the manager closed their exchange of confidence with, "Well, it's up to you to manage the women," he bent his shoulders to the task. The goal of his ambition was to get the management of the cannery into his own hands, so he accepted the responsibility of the inconstant women, and trusted to his luck.

Results, however, soon began to make him fear his luck was against him, for when, by Saturday night, after scouring the highways and hedges all week, they had managed to get the help they needed, the following Monday morning found the fold scattered, and the week's work begun with a double quantity of fruit accumulated by the day of rest, and only half the required number of hands to handle it.

"I'll have to do something about this," Tyson said to himself on one of these blue Mondays. And, having no pretensions to, or aspirations for, anything but the all-mighty dollar, he decided promptly upon his plan.

The head of the cutting department was held by one Rosie McGee, a buxom young woman who suggested latent powers of speed in every movement, but who dawdled over her work, flirting with the boys in the preserving department, and interfering with their work. When, after watching her a few moments, Tyson sauntered up within earshot and murmured in an undertone that she was a "peach," the metaphor struck much nearer the mark than her home-made wit realized. At the moment of this observation, the girl was much more like a peach than a rose. Peach juice oozed from her fingers and trickled down her sleeve as the half-peeled fruit slipped through her hands to the floor; the peach fuzz that filled the air like a mist irritated her eyes, making them red and swollen; and the floor, sticky and slippery by turns, held her fast or tripped her up as the mood took it. But in the "can-town" vernacular the word peach expresses everything lovely and lovable, and at the foreman's half-audible remark the girl's spirits rose, her hands became animated as, with an admirable frankness, she confided to him that he, too, was "all right."

Thus there grew up an understanding between the head cutter and the foreman. Thereafter there was no more dawdling on the part of Rosie McGee. Her trays were filled evenly and quickly, for as the foreman was a so much more shining mark than the boys in the preserving department, her eyes were no longer attracted to their direction. As a consequence, at the end of the day when No. 68's time-card was punched, it showed twenty-one punches as against sixteen the day before.

"It works," Tyson said to himself, as he watched the energetic Rosie take her hat off the peg and start campward. And with judicious handling his scheme continued to work.

"If they would work as well in all the departments

as they do at the cutting tables we would be all right," Tyson remarked to the manager, a few days later, as he noted the effect of Rosie's industry upon the others. "If I could jolly up the peelers in the same way—" Here his thoughts were turned suddenly from the cutters by a defiant glance from a little black-eyed girl who took her own good time to gossip with her neighbor, pat her fuzzy pompadour into shape, and go to the faucet to wash her hands. Since he could not follow his first impulse to wring her insolent little neck, he calmed himself, and walked over to the window where he might watch her and consider her case. His diagnosis of the defiant Lily and the remedy it suggested also worked, after a bit of experimenting.

"Women," he mused, when a day or two later he again stood at the window, and this time watched the contest between the peelers and cutters, headed by Lily and Rosie—"women are all alike. If you want them to do a thing for you—" But here the exclamations from the crowd when the time-keeper punched Lily's card for the twenty-fourth time drowned his thoughts and interrupted his philosophizing.

"You don't seem to be having much trouble with your help now," the manager remarked to Tyson, a few weeks later.

"No?" answered Tyson, laconically.

"You keep your help right along, week after week," he went on.

But still Tyson did not take the bait to explain the secret of his success. He merely answered, surlily: "I'm having plenty of trouble, though."

But trouble or no trouble, the pack of the I X L was now an assured thing, and the I X L Company had not paid as high wages as the other canneries, either. The hands, mostly girls, worked as late every night as the management required, often all day Sunday, too. Even when the force struck on 'cots, and the company was facing the dilemma of not being able to get an apricot stock on the market, a sudden lull fell upon the troubled sea, the hands went back to work, and the 'cot pack turned out as large as they could carry. In every department—peeling, canning, syruing, soldering, jelly-making, carrying, labeling, capping, stamping—the work was carried on systematically and without interruption.

"One more week safely over," the manager called out from the office at the close of the Tuesday payday. "Finding hands still plentiful?"

"Still plentiful?" the foreman mocked. "That shows how much you know about the running of a cannery. Of course, they're not plentiful. If I've managed to keep enough people together to scratch along, its only by making myself a wreck in the effort. No, sir! Help is not plentiful, just understand that, and it is getting scarcer every year."

The foreman did seem to be laboring under a nervous strain of some sort, so the manager turned on his heel, when he saw the terror of the place making straight for him. But he was not quite beyond earshot when he turned to see whether the tender dulcet tones that reached him were constructed by the same vocal organs he had listened to a moment before. "But you can't leave me now, Curly, dear," he heard Tyson saying, in "extra-pure" syrupy tones, and drawing away from the tables to insure privacy, the foreman's head ducked down and his face took on such an angelic smile it caused the manager to take a second look to see if he also held a harp within his hand.

But this time poor Tyson's well-worn method did not work. Curly was a 'Frisco girl, from the south-of-Market-Street district, and there was not a trick of the trade she did not know. Instead of the reluctant smile, the coy hesitancy, final capitulation, and subsequent mutual understanding scheduled to follow his methods, the foreman found himself this time up against his Waterloo.

The conference did not last long, for Curly was of the touch-and-go variety that took no nonsense. But when Tyson watched her snatch her hat from its peg and slap it backward on her head, he knew there was war to the teeth between them.

It was a relief, however, to have her out of the cannery thereafter, for she had been the one disturbing element, and, as her place was filled the next day by an understudy, poor Curly, out of sight, was also out of mind.

But Curly, although out of sight and mind, was not out of mischief, for when silly little Pansy Pike said to her: "What did you quit for when you're so stuck on the boss?" she assured her it was only a "josh," for she had a "steady" in 'Frisco. But her apparent powers of appreciation won for her the confidence of the other exponents of the foreman's methods.

"You see, since you've quit workin' for him I don't care if I do tell you that he thinks the world an' all of me," Rosie McGee confided. "He calls me a peach, and he says I'm the best hand he's got, he says—" And the remainder of the noon-hour was filled with "he says" and "I says."

The next day Curly found she would have to economize her time if she hoped to make the rounds before she took the evening train for home, so she invited Lily to share her lunch, and dropped the remark: "I wouldn't 'a' quit, but some of the girls thought I was stuck on the boss, an' I just want to show 'em I aint." Whereupon, Lily fell into her trap, and gave confidence for confidence, admitting that she and the boss were just as good as engaged, "that is, he told me he was just plum daffy about me the day we was canning 'yellow-egg' plums."

Which was all Curly wanted to know, so she improved the next few moments by dropping in to Daisy's tent to say "good-by" before departing for the city. "Let me hear from you if anything happens, won't you?" she said, with an encouraging little laugh, and Daisy, being from the Wild Hog Glory precinct, did not suspect the craft of the city girl.

"Why, what do you mean?" she tittered. "Th' aint nothin' goin' to happen that I know of." Then, with a little flattering and coaxing, she admitted: "Well, it does beat all, but it's God's own truth I'm givin' ye. He told me not more'n a month ago that he didn't care a fig for the rest of the girls, he was that took up with me. That's why I didn't leave the I X L when the old cannery offered the raise on clings."

All this was not exactly soothing to Curly's wounded heart, but she endured this turning of the knife as an unpleasant means to a great end. She would not have willingly betrayed Daisy's confidence if there had been any other way to pump Violet, but there seemed no other way, and in a moment Violet was on the war-path.

"Did she say a 'fig'?" Well, that just shows what a big fool she is. Fig is not in it at all. When I first come to this cannery, the very day after the first, he says to me, when he was havin' such a time to git girls to cut 'cots—he was sweet on me from the very first, you see—you're it, Vi'let, you're the queen of the 'cot cutters! I had told him I didn't think I would cut 'cots at the I X L, for they were payin' more at Gridley, but he says somethin' I didn't quite catch about a humble cot for me to queen it over. That shows how matters stands between him an' me, don't it?"

Curly admitted it did, and then slipped quietly away, heart-sore, but determined, for "hell hath no fury," we are told, "like a woman scorned," to say nothing of being "fired."

Meantime, Tyson and the manager were closeted in the office, exulting over the letter from the board of directors. "It's all through your own efforts, too," the manager was saying. "For if it hadn't been your management of those women—and the Lord knows how you've done it—we couldn't have gotten out any kind of a pack. You'll make a fine manager, and I feel better about retiring, now that I know you are to be at the head of things next year."

And Tyson, the ambition of his life at last gratified, turned his back, and gave a dyspeptic grunt so that nobody should suspect there were tears of joy in his eyes.

"Of course, I'll meet you at eight o'clock, whoever you are," he chuckled, a few moments later, as he read a little note scrawled on a time-card. "Some little fool, I suppose, wants to congratulate me upon my luck."

But there had been other time-card scrawls in circulation through the cannery that day, and twenty hearts fluttered high with hope, twenty maiden avowals were being composed in flowery language, and twenty pairs of eyes watched the clock, and wondered if the blissful stroke of eight would ever sound.

The spot chosen for the meeting-place might have been more secluded, Tyson thought, as he sauntered toward the bend beyond the depot, for that was a spot where everybody passed to and from the post-office. But his mind was on next year's managership as he walked along, only touching the ground in high places.

On the stroke of eight, from across the street, from out of the depot, where they had been bidding Curly good-by, from adjoining tents and cottages, on bicycles ridden at full speed, with frizzled hair, starched skirts, and flying ribbons, the Lyls and Rosies and Pearlies of every type and degree came flocking. The coy ones, who had not wanted to seem too anxious, flitted breathlessly up on the outskirts, each one eying the others as rank intruders.

Tyson was dumfounded at the gathering, but he was not kept guessing long, for a few minutes later the eight-o'clock train crawled out of the depot with Curly standing on the platform, waving her handkerchief frantically. "By-by, Tyson," she cried, as the train went by. "I see your finish." Then she added, in a tone of disgust: "Gee, but you're an easy bunch, girls, to be fooled by that bad actor!" The next minute she had disappeared in a second-class car, as the train sped about a curve, and was lost to view.

First incredulity, then chagrin, then indignation took possession of each trusting heart. It was not light enough to read the faces clustering about him, but Tyson, the gratification of his prospective managership crowded out of sight by the tragedy of the present moment's foremanship, stood like a wooden man in their midst. Too late, he realized that he had been outwitted by Curly, that next day his former worshippers would clamor for their pay, boycott the establishment, and betake themselves to other near-by canneries.

All of which duly came to pass, for neither pleadings nor weak explanations could induce the girls to return to work. Curly's little farewell joke had completely shattered all their dreams and illusions.

The I X L Company was managed next season by a man named Smith, for Tyson, the ambition of a lifetime almost within his grasp, never came back to claim his own—much to the regret of the fathers and brothers and reinstated sweethearts of the Lyls and Rosies and Pearlies who planned to give the flirtatious foreman a decidedly warm reception if he ever again dared set his foot in their midst.

WILLIAM HOPKINS.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1903.

STOCKS AND SUMMER HOTELS.

"Van Fletch" on the Beautiful Maine Coast—Three Servants to One Guest—The Awful Auto—Sardine Signals—An Injunction Against Noise.

This is a sorry summer for the three-month hotels. Their normal condition in the height of the season is to be turning away many people daily, and so to discriminate among applicants for rooms that the harmoniously desirable only are accepted, and the undesirable or uncertain are held aloof. It was high and mighty top-loftiness, nursing its annual popularity as a grand summer-suit show, that made it possible to build these sumptuous three-month hostleries by the seashore and among the mountain fastnesses far from the busy marts of business.

This year, the piazzas are half empty, and the clerks and servants are yawning about in swarms trying to keep each other awake and amused. I have heard of one great, expensive, exclusive, midsummer tavern, having a capacity of five hundred guests, struggling along in high season with one hundred paying guests to keep three hundred servants employed.

A servant to every expected guest is not unusual in sumptuous city hotels nowadays, and an army of twelve to fourteen hundred is maintained to look after a possible one thousand roomers and twelve thousand "mealers" at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York; but three servants to one victim is a pretty heavy sentence, making it impossible to help one's self to a thing or do a bit of individual exercise by which to recuperate in a summer vacation. The hotel people lay their bad season to the slump in stocks.

At the Wentworth, in Newcastle, N. H., one of the most fashionably expensive of the shore-hotels, they have prided themselves on the possession of one of the best hotel stables and driving outfits in the country. There is space for one hundred and fifty horses and scores of beautiful vehicles of the horsey order. Drags, carts, landaus, broughams, buckboards, four-in-hands, buggies, phaetons, smilaxes, and trepidations—in red, green, yellow, black, and combination-striped—shine out brightly under the coats of telescopic varnish, and all these were formerly in constant demand because the roads around Newcastle are splendid, and the driving has been considered one of the principal charms of the place. But the carriages and the horses are for sale cheap, partly owing to the badness of the season, from a hotel-manager's standpoint, and principally because the regular summerers of middle or prime old age have struck riding out of their amusements on account of the fearful automobile.

Last Sunday, at Little Bay, on the South Shore, I was riding along happily with a party driven by an accustomed horsewoman, all intent upon a quiet enjoyment of the beauties of the summer woods, when the harsh *squawk* of an auto-horn sounded far behind down the road. The autoists had seen us half a mile away, before the hot and heavy breathing of their machine had reached our enchanted ears. At the sound of the warning *squawk*, our driver whipped up the team as if to escape a flash of lightning, and galloped the pair three hundred yards to the turn that led into the grounds of my hosts. We were less than twenty yards inside the private preserve when the fiendish *touf-touf* tore by with a smell, a rush, and a trailer of dust, and then on down a slope in the road at fifty miles an hour at least.

"Are the horses still afraid of autos?" I asked, noting that they paid no attention to the passing machine.

"Oh, bless you no," replied my hostess; "the animals are not afraid of anything, but I recognized the horn of that idiot, A—, who hasn't a grain of sense, and delights to run risks on his machine. Did you see him try to pass us? He would have done the same if we hadn't turned in as we did, and I haven't enough confidence in A—to risk my life in the same road with him if I can help it."

"Why don't you have him arrested?" queried I, in wonder at such abuses in a civilized country.

"Oh, he is one of the old-family fellows, and one doesn't want to turn informer against him. He will forget where he is some time when there are duly appointed officers around, and in time he will get sick of paying fines. The auto is a toy as yet, and until it gets to be too serious a thing for child's play, we will have to put up with it."

Sumptuous is hardly an adequate term for describing some of the seaside villas that have grown up, forming almost a continuous fringe around the coast of Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts in the two hundred and eighty odd years since the Pilgrim Fathers and their English followers first set their feet on the rugged New Hampshire rocks in 1623. Last week, I was the week-end guest at one of these fairy villas. What a principality of luxury! Every want and every sense gratified but not surfeited! Perfect seclusion and perfect quiet, except when the thundering surf rolls in; and yet within hail by telephone of Chicago, New York, Boston, and near-by Portsmouth.

Boothbay, at the mouth of the Kennebec River, with its hundreds of harbors, its tortuous channels between tall rocks made velvety by pines, its wealth of color from the low level of the tide to its highest spring, its fleet of sail-boats, and the clarity of the air above it, is one of the most picturesquely beautiful spots on earth. In fact, the whole three thousand miles of the coast-line of Maine have no cause to be jealous of any other

coast-line in the world. It is only two hundred and fifty miles, as a crow might fly, from one seaside boundary of Maine to the other; from New Hampshire on the west to Newfoundland on the east, and yet its coast-line measures more than three thousand miles. Think of the chances of picturesqueness in this twelve-fold crumpling of granite mountains, of rock pasted all over, along the twelve-foot tide-line, with seaweed and kelp and mosses, and the islands themselves thickly covered with evergreen forestry, picked out in spots with a variety of deciduous growths, having all the color possibilities of the palette of an artist! It is here that the frost comes suddenly, catching the forests when they are yet juicy with the sap of spring, and turning them to a million tones of red and yellow, with each leaf varnished to reflect the rays of the sun and the light of the sky.

This morning I am enjoying the hospitality of the Charley Jay Taylors—he of the Taylor-Made Girl inspiration, and the occasional smile-mixer for *Life*, *Judge*, and *Punch*. Recently, he played a good joke on Sir Thomas Lipton and Edward Redfield, the artist, who is a medal-of-honor winner at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, a medalist of the French Salon, and a Pennsylvania farmer, by serious occupation. Mr. Redfield thinks he can build better boats and sail them better than any of the *Reliance-Shamrock* entourage.

Out of this boat material, Charlie Taylor constructed a letter to Sir Thomas Lipton, which read something as follows:

DEAR SIR THOMAS: This is to inform you that I have built a catboat and named it *Shamrock IV*. If you come to this country again to "lift that blooming cup," you will be prevented from using the name of my boat, and hence if you desire to have any *Shamrock* whatsoever do the "lifting" I advise you to "get busy" about it "this time."

Yours very respectfully,

CAPTAIN EDWARD REDFIELD,
Boothbay Harbor, Me.

P. S.—If you fail this voyage, I will let you have my boat for a consideration, and will guarantee to "lift" any "blooming cup," if I am permitted to sail the boat myself and can command the wind.

"Captain" Redfield received one morning an imposing-looking letter, which was decorated interiorly with yacht signals in colors and bore the stamp of the *Erin*. The letter was a serious and courteous reply to the joking provocation, and thanked "Captain" Redfield most gratefully for his interest in the *Shamrocks*, and was signed Thomas Lipton, Bart.

Mr. Taylor tells me that the nuisance of the *touf-touf* launch and the *touf-touf* fishing-smack prevents one from thoroughly enjoying the loveliness of nature in these secluded and consecrated Paradises of Maine, because of the sounding-board quality of the water. A Boston syndicate once purchased the available surroundings of Boothbay Harbor, and thought to make it a fine summer resort, but they counted without the assistance and without the consent of the phosphate works and the sardine factory. The latter is the chief offender, but its noisiness of the present is a sort of death rattle. When it settled here to can anything it could catch and call it all sardines, the bays were full of fish, but with the greed of the get-rich-quick American the waters were swept by every device possible to invent, and now the fish can not breed fast enough to satisfy the rapacity of the factory people. They have a fleet of *touf-touf* terrors, with cracked automobile horns to serve in place of whistles. So eager are the managers to learn the last news of the catch that every time a shrimp or a sardine is brought aboard from the nets the screecher is blown. There is a regular Morse-code understanding between the principals ashore and the captains, so that every individual shrimp or minnow caught is reported by whistle from the smack to the factory, and the factory repeats the signal so as to assure the smack that it has been heard.

Between the noisy whistles and the sputtering of the cheap motors that propel fishing-smacks and so-called pleasure launches, beautiful Boothbay Harbor is no longer quiet. But there is hope of reform in these nuisances. A Supreme Court decision has been recently rendered in the case of injured property-holders against the Boston Elevated Railway Company. This decision declares noise to be an element of injury, for which damages can be obtained. The whole of the country, from centre out to circumference, will soon have this decision out against their local noise nuisances.

VAN FLETCH.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, ME., August 30, 1903.

The treaty providing for the acquisition by the United States of the Danish West Indies is officially dead. If Denmark should conclude to sell the islands to the United States it would be possible to revive the provisions of the treaty which recently failed; meanwhile the position of the State Department is comfortable, for having done its part toward completing the bargain, the American Government, of course, could not sanction the sale of the islands by Denmark to any other government.

Fire-insurance companies did a profitable business in Wisconsin last year, receiving more than two and a half times as much for premiums as was paid out for losses. This is shown by the annual report of Insurance Commissioner Host. The amount of business written in Wisconsin during the year 1902 was \$414,762,277.40, for which \$5,999,788.81 was received as premiums, and upon which \$2,270,833.42 was paid for losses, making the ratio of losses paid to premiums received 37.84 per cent.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

William Jennings Bryan will go to Europe this month for the purpose of studying sociological conditions under monarchical forms of government.

Word comes from Fort Sill that Geronimo, the famous Apache chief, has united with the Methodist Church, and made a public confession of his many bloody deeds committed when he and his tribe were on the warpath.

The New York *Tribune* declares that people close to William E. Corey, Charles M. Schwab's successor as head of the United States Steel Corporation, actually fear he will kill himself working. They say he is so wrapped up in the affairs of the steel corporation that he is literally "working himself to death." For instance, they say that he lies awake night after night solving or attempting to solve problems that come up, and frequently at two or three o'clock in the morning will call up his lieutenants by telephone to consult them. His friends believe that no living man can go through this sort of thing and survive it.

It is said that ex-Queen Liliuokalani expects soon to return to Washington, D. C., to be present during the extra session of Congress. The ex-queen seems still to be confident that Congress will make an appropriation for her in payment of her claims for the crown lands, and in compensation for her loss of the throne. She is at present paid an annuity by the Territory, as she was previously by the Republic of Hawaii and the provisional government, but it has always been voted as an act of courtesy and not as a recognition of any claim of right to it. She has always promptly accepted these payments, her agents collecting them at the territorial treasury punctually when they are payable.

William H. Taft who, it is announced, will become Secretary of War next January, on the retirement of Elihu Root, was appointed chairman of the commission to the Philippines for the purpose of "organizing and establishing civil government, already commenced by the military authorities" in March, 1900, by President McKinley. This work was begun in April, and a preliminary report was made in August. In June, 1901, the commission completed a code of laws for the islands, arranged a judiciary system, and appointed a judge and law officers. On July 4, 1901, Judge Taft became civil governor, and the work of promoting peace and prosperity in the islands has steadily continued under his administration.

Dorothy Lillian Solomon, the twenty-year-old daughter of Lillian Russell, the actress, and Abbot Louis Einstein, son of Benjamin F. Einstein, a well-known New York lawyer, recently eloped, were married, and are now spending their honeymoon in an up-town apartment in the metropolis prior to sailing for Europe. They are determined to be independent, it would appear, of both their parents. Miss Russell offered to settle an income of several hundred dollars a month on her daughter, but it was declined with thanks. "You are always so kind and generous," Mrs. Einstein is said to have written to her mother, "but we can get along without any assistance from any one, and I hope we shall always be able to do it. Abbot is going into business, and we're going to try to be very happy."

The engagement is announced of Miss May Goelet, daughter of the late Ogden Goelet, and the Duke of Roxburghe, aid-de-camp to the Prince of Wales. Miss Goelet is now about twenty-three years old, and is heiress to a fortune variously estimated at from \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000. The Duke of Roxburghe is a Scottish peer, and sits in the House of Lords as Earl Innes. He was born on July 25, 1876, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father, the seventh duke, in 1892. During the last three years rumors of Miss Goelet's engagement to men of title have been frequent. Among those mentioned were the Duke of Manchester, before his marriage to Miss Helen Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, and Prince Hugo von Hohenlohe, who was said to have dealt with a matrimonial agent for an opportunity of meeting Miss Goelet.

With Lord Salisbury passes the last of the great aristocratic prime ministers. Into a democratic age he carried the feelings and manners of a Stuart or Bourbon nobleman; and his ineffectualness at home, compared with his notable success in dealing with foreign nations, came largely from the fact that he was frequently very much a stranger in his various Tory Cabinets, while in dealing with foreign chancellories he moved among his peers and was at ease. Born an aristocrat, he never wavered in his belief in the right of his class to rule. On one occasion—(says the New York *Evening Post*) he defended the House of Lords with an argument which Gladstone might have envied him: he said that it was an ideal upper house, precisely because its members were generally absent, frequently timid, and universally retroactive. His inborn aloofness, as well as his temporary necessities, drove him into scholarship and journalism in the bitter days of the *Saturday Review*, made him absolutely disregardful of the ordinary political amenities, and outwardly found expression in extreme carelessness of dress. A credible legend has it that he was once denied admission to the Casino at Monte Carlo because, to the porter's eye, he looked something less than a gentleman.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Journey's End."

A little problem is propounded to readers of "Journey's End"—a mild little love-problem, discussion of which romantic, stage-struck young people will, no doubt, derive vast pleasure and entertainment. "Journey's End" relates the experience gained by the impoverished young scion of a noble English family, who, too proud to appeal to his wealthy relatives when he finds himself penniless, comes to America to earn his bread for himself. The young sprig of aristocracy, who is a nice, modest fellow, with a moderate conception of his own attractions, and a boundless confidence in the good faith and friendliness of the whole world, starts out as a salesman in a shop where photographs of celebrities are sold. Young Calthrop there unknowingly wins the love of a nice but plain saleswoman, and subsequently inflicts a deep dent on the susceptibilities of a leading New York actress, who is also very, very nice. He has also left a nice English girl behind him, who is constant, but who, apparently without the author remarking the omission, fails to make that fact plain until Calthrop falls heir to the title.

In the meantime he has written a play that is a work of genius all around the very nice personality of the very nice actress, with whom he is half in love in spite of the beautiful English Molly awaiting him at home. The play, although seasoned playwrights would smile to see the ease with which it is attained, is an unqualified success, the nice actress makes a stupendous hit, and the author is loaded with praise and honors.

Just at this juncture he falls heir to the family title and estates, and the reader is requested to decide for himself whether the agreeable young Englishman pursues his successful career in America or returns to the pleasures and responsibilities attached to his inherited honors. The author—Justus Miles Forman—has an exuberantly fresh and youthful sentiment, a light, agreeable style, and a fund of cheerful optimism. His sketch of young Calthrop, though too rose-colored for nature, is pleasing, and the English slang and idioms of his hero add considerably to the variety and spice of his dialogue. The book is daintily bound and illustrated.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co, New York; price, \$1.50.

A First-Rate Juvenile.

A healthy, wholesome, hearty, humorous story for boys, big and little, is "Tommy Wideawake," by H. H. Bashford. Tommy's father was a colonel in the English army, and before he went to the front he asked his four good friends—the vicar, the doctor, the poet, and the teller of the tale—to look after Tommy should he, perchance, not come back from the wars. He does not come back, and the four friends do their best for the boy, who is an altogether likeable fellow, with plenty of faults—but more virtues. Just the sort of a lad he is may be guessed from this speech of Tommy's when he gets home from school. "I say, it is ripping to get back here again, an' I've got into the third eleven, an' that bat you sent me is an absolute clinker, an' how's the poet, an' did you have a good time in Italy, an', I say, you are shoving on weight, you know, an' there's old Berrill, an', I say, Berrill, that's a ripping young jackdaw you sent, an' he's an awful thief—that is, he was, you know, but young Jones's dog ate him, or most of him, an' I punched young Jones's head for letting 'em be together, an', I say—how ripping the downs are looking, aren't they?" When we say that Tommy brings home a bride before the book ends, and that some of his guardians get entangled in affairs of the heart, it will be apparent that the story is not alone for those in their nonage.

Published by John Lane, New York.

Short Stories for Summer Reading.

Charles Battell Loomis has hit upon a very auspicious title in "Cheerful Americans," his latest volume of short stories, since the cheerfulness of his characters can scarcely fail to be reflected by his readers. There are some seventeen of these sprightly tales, all of them written in excellent spirits, and characterized by that peculiarly American quality of humor which consists in affecting a profound gravity over things which no gravity could long resist.

Mr. Loomis has hit upon all kinds of subjects, and presented quite a gallery of humorous types. His stories have such a breezy up-to-dateness about them, that it is inevitable that the automobile should run riot through several tales. Trips across the Atlantic and humorous exaggerations of the sort of

people one picks acquaintance with on the way, turn up; types of the transplanted rustic, of the superior traveler who is penetrated with a cosmopolitan scorn for everything he sees, and of the commercial American who thinks "There's only one Noo York." All these people speak their several vernaculars with absolute accuracy, for Mr. Loomis can transfer to the written page the jargon of a Bowery tough, a "down-East" granger, or even of a fluffly summer girl, with that deftness appertaining to the owner of an ear that delights in the varieties of our English speech.

The volume is appropriately illustrated by a number of clever half-tones, the majority of which are by Florence Scoville Shinn and Fanny Y. Cory.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Fine Work from the Castles.

It would seem as if Agnes and Egerton Castle had set themselves to the task of proving that they could follow up "The Secret Orchard" with a story of pure and romantic love, which would avoid all approach toward the sex or problem novel. More than their usual effort is perceptible in "The Star Dreamer," the period of which is set during the reign of George the Third, while its style is plainly fashioned on literary models of an earlier date than ours.

There is more than a hint of Bulwer apparent in the contrasted portraits of the two *savants*, the star-dreamer, young and vigorous, scanning distant worlds through his telescope; the venerable simpler, testing the virtues of strange plants in his crucibles, and studying nature with dim eyes through the crystal-spanned fields of his microscope.

There is a picturesque and strongly romantic quality in this latest novel of the Castles, although it lacks originality. There are perpetual haunting suggestions from other sources following the reader as he travels through the book.

David, lord of Bindon, wrapped in a mantle of melancholy abstraction, recalls the poetic figure of Alfred, the heir of Rudolstadt, and inheritor of a mysterious grief, from George Sand's "Consuelo."

The authors have introduced a group of gayer and more worldly people as a contrast to the quiet dwellers of Bindon, against whose peace strange plots and counterplots are developed in the course of an old-fashioned tale charged with strange and romantic happenings. And they have evidently been prodigal of labor in looking up the quaint and storied lore of healing simples and in furnishing appropriate quotations from Old-World writers long since dead.

All of the graces of that polished, if somewhat self-conscious, style for which the two Castles are especially admired have been taxed to the utmost, and "The Star Dreamer" is, if less talked about, a work of considerable more pretension than those whose lighter and more frivolous quality have made them especially adaptable to stage treatment.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; \$1.50.

Napoleon First's Sedao Prophecy.

In 1870, after Sedan, Théophile Gautier, fils, went as the confidential agent of the Empress Eugénie to undertake an agreement with Bismarck, by the terms of which Strassburg should be saved to France. On his somewhat devious route from London to Versailles, M. Gautier found occasion to visit the battle-field of Sedan. Here the question arose in his mind—Was not the first Napoleon gifted with some sort of prophetic instinct when he wrote of Sedan the words which occur in his correspondence under the date of August 30, 1803?

Could not the fortifications of Sedan he destroyed? There is no disguising that it would take millions to put the place in order, that the system is extremely vicious, and that if the enemy came upon it they could take it easily. We should thus lose a garrison, a large quantity of artillery, and the moral effect of the capture of so well-known a place would be of the worst.

Napoleon the Third, who edited the correspondence of the great emperor, might have given these lines more careful attention.

St. Pierre Revisited.

Professor Angelo Heilprin has recently revisited St. Pierre, and says that the silent city remains much as it was at the time of his last visit, nine months before. He adds:

A little more ash has accumulated here and there, and some of it has been taken off elsewhere; but the ruins are the same battered, crumbling walls, unchanged save that they have gained in color through the washing off of the ash-mud that plastered and cloaked their vertical sides. In a few places excavations were being made to recover "treasure" or to

locate sites, but the prowlers among the dead were few, and what was recovered was in most cases insignificant. One significant change has come over St. Pierre. It is no longer an absolute desert, for little colonies of ants and other insects are inhabiting the ruins, and the land-snail has come to live with them. Green creepers and many plants with bright flowers here and there hang about the battered masonry, and from some of the old gardens rise up stocks of the *chou carabien* and the banana. And even the few trees that have been left standing on the surrounding heights, and thought to be dead, have sprouted out new leaves, and give a new sunshine to the landscape. Well up on the volcanic slope, beyond the Roxelane, and quite to the Rivière des Péres, these signs of returning vegetation are apparent, and on one side of the Roxelane itself everything is green. But, after all, it is more the immediate foreground that gives these signs of resuscitation, for, farther beyond, and below the hanging volcanic cloud, the grays are as gray as ever, and the valley of the Rivière Blanche, choked with the immense amount of debris that has been thrown into it, is white like snow with the new ash that is periodically being swept over its course.

Officers Who Abuse Their Privileges.

The War Department authorities have been constrained to call attention to the abuse of a privilege by officers of the army returning from foreign stations, especially from those in the Philippines. In many cases (points out the New York Times) officers returning home have brought with them servants of both sexes, the females as servants to their wives. There is no objection to bringing servants who are employed by the families of officers, provided provision is made for their retention for a reasonable time following their arrival in this country, or until profitable employment can be found for them. It has happened, however, that a greater number of Filipino and Japanese servants have been brought than was justified. For example, in one case a young lieutenant brought three Filipino boys as servants, and a married officer brought a Filipino boy and two Japanese women as servants for his wife. The War Department has been called upon to send some of the Filipinos and Japanese servants back to their homes, those bringing them here having no further use for them. This same abuse, to a limited extent, was practiced for a time by officers returning from duty in Porto Rico and Cuba, until checked by direction of the Secretary of War, who required several of the officers to return the servants at their own expense. The quartermaster-general has caused a circular letter to be sent to the Philippines directing attention to the fact that servants brought to this country from the archipelago by officers and their families can not be returned in the government transports, and admonishing officers that they may be held liable for the return of Filipino and Japanese servants brought by them to this country.

How Ade Came to Write Fables.

George Ade's own account of how he came to write the fables that have made him famous is given as follows in the Boston Literary World:

In 1890, having risen to a weekly income of fifteen dollars, I lit out for Chicago, where I got a job on the *Morning News*, later the *Record*, as a reporter. The following year I had pretty good assignments, and in 1893 I did special World's Fair stories. When the fair closed up I became the father of a department in the paper called "Stories of the Street." I had to fill two columns every day, which, with a cut or two, meant from twelve hundred to two thousand words. My stuff was next to Eugene Field's "Sharps and Flats." When Field died I got his desk. I used to get desperate for ideas sometimes. One lucky day I wrote a story on a church entertainment, in which Artie was the spokesman. That was in 1895. I heard from that story so much that Artie was given a show once a week. In 1898, I ran up against the fable of the old serio-comic form. I had learned from writing my department that all people, and especially women, are more or less fond of parlor slang. In cold blood I began writing the fables to make my department fantastic, but I had no idea that those fantastic things would catch on as they have. My first one was entitled "The Blond Girl Who Married a Bucket-Shop Man." Soon other papers asked permission to copy the fables, and then to share them with the *Record*, and by and by a publisher collected them and made up a copyrighted book. There you have the whole thing in a nutshell.

The Life Publishing Company is getting out a collection of the *vers de société* of Tom Masson to be called "In Merry Measure." The book will be ready early in the fall, and will be similar in make-up to the volumes "Taken from Life" and "Rhymes and Roundelays."

Siegfried Wagner is relentlessly continuing his career as an operatic composer. He now has a new work, "The Gnome," which will be produced in Leipsic toward the end of September.

A MAMMOTH PRESERVED IN ICE.

How It was Accidentally Discovered in Siberia.

The huge body of the Siberian mammoth, which was discovered in the summer of 1901, has now been erected in the museum of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg. The unique interest of this discovery lies in the fact that, though many fossil remains of mammoths have been found and other preserved bodies of mammoths seen, no body so complete as this one has ever before been brought home to civilization. The hide, hair, eyes, flesh, and bones of the mammoth brought home by Dr. Otto Herz are all marvelously preserved by a set of circumstances similar to those which have given us the actual feathers of the extinct moa bird and the bony hide of the mylodon (points out the London Graphic). In this case the perishable flesh has been preserved by means of a most perfect freezing and "cold-storing" process.

When first seen by the Cossack, Jawlowsky, the mammoth was nearly covered with ice, and it was owing to a slight melting of the surface that a clear space enabled him to see the strange, hoary relic of a vanished age glinting through the ice. The discovery was promptly notified to St. Petersburg by way of Yakutsk, and Dr. Otto Herz, of the Imperial Museum, was immediately sent with a numerous party to procure, if possible, the body entire. To accomplish this he was given a company of Cossack troopers commanded by a lieutenant and fifty horses for transport. A tremendous journey over trackless mountains and swamps was undertaken, and the spot finally reached. To quote Dr. Herz's own words:

We were at a loss to proceed further, for the maps of the district are not detailed, and we found ourselves in the midst of a vast number of exactly similar ice mounds. Finally, however, my nostrils detected a strange odor, and it occurred to me that it might be the flesh of the monster which had become uncovered and was decomposing. By dint of walking in the direction whence the smell seemed to come, I finally located the grave. In my excitement I ran the last mile of the way against the fast increasing stench. At the grave I found a faithful Cossack, who for fifty days had stood guard over the carcass at the command of his superior officer. He had covered it entirely over with dry soil to a depth of three feet, but even through this protection the smell made its way.

Dr. Herz says the stomach of the mammoth was found full of undigested food. The attitude in which he was found shows that he met his death by slipping on a slope, for his rear legs are bent up so that it would be impossible for him to raise himself. Dr. Herz adds:

The impromptu grave into which the animal plunged was made of sand and clay, and his fall probably caused masses of neighboring soil to loosen and cover him completely. This happened in the late autumn, or at the beginning of winter, to judge by the vegetable matter found in the stomach; at any rate, shortly afterward the grave became flooded, ice following. This completed the cold storage, still further augmented by vast accumulations of soil all round—a shell of ice hundreds of feet thick inclosed by yards upon yards of soil that remained frozen for the greater part of the year. Thus the enormous carcass was preserved for how long no one knows, through hundreds of centuries perhaps, until not so many years ago some movement of the earth spat forth the fossil mausoleum, leaving it exposed to sun and wind until gradually, very gradually, the ice crust wore off and revealed to the passing Cossack the long hidden treasure.

King Menelek of Abyssinia is preparing to have a mint in full operation at his capital, Addis Ababa, by the first of the year. The mint outfit was purchased in Vienna, and a competent mechanic will accompany the machinery to put it in working order. On arrival at Djibouti, the machinery will be transported to the interior by rail to New Harrar, about one hundred and fifty miles, the end of the road. Thence it will be transported by caravan to the capital, the caravan journey occupying more than a month. For several years King Menelek has had a limited silver coinage circulating in his kingdom, the minting being done in France. Of late he has been putting aside bullion for coinage purposes, and now it is understood that he has over 110,230 pounds of gold bullion on hand, besides a larger amount of silver.

Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) went to the recent Durbar festivities as the guest of Lord and Lady Curzon, and she has recorded her impressions of the pageant in a little book which will soon be published, "Imperial India: Letters from the East."

One of the early Columbia Theatre attractions will be Virginia Harned in an elaborate production of Pinero's "Iris."

LITERARY NOTES.

G. K. Chesterton's "Browning."

No one interested in poetry, and certainly no one especially interested in Robert Browning, can afford to leave unread G. K. Chesterton's "Robert Browning" in the English Men of Letters Series. Such incessant play of verbal fireworks has illuminated no other book of the series. Chesterton is nothing if not an epigrammatist, a fashioner of brilliant phrases, a splendid paradoxist. But then, Browning was paradoxical, and so is the world, for that matter. Surely, he who writes of paradoxes may be allowed to be paradoxical.

Very little space does Mr. Chesterton devote to giving details about Browning's life. His book is rather a study than a biography. The main points that he makes, very roughly stated, are that Browning was essentially a middle-class Englishman; that he was poet first, philosopher afterward (reversing the average Browningite's idea); that his obscurity was due to the poet's essential clarity of mind; that he was not an opponent of spiritualism, though an opponent of spiritualists; that his chief service to mankind was in impressing upon it the vast significance of the insignificant; that the artistic methods of Browning were based on true principles; that one of his great triumphs was in using in poetry the grotesque; that another was his realization of the necessity in poetry for "free speech" in its highest sense. These phrases sound queer enough, but Mr. Chesterton's spirited enunciation of queer-sounding ideas and spirited defense of the same are something worth while.

Browning could scarcely have wished for a more passionately partisan biographer than Chesterton. A dozen times the biographer speaks of Browning as the "greatest mind in our annals." He continually draws the parallel between Browning and Whitman, and plainly shows where his sympathies lie by a constant, but perhaps unconscious, disparagement of Swinburne and Tennyson. For the "decadents," under which term we suppose he includes the Pre-Raphaelites and such poets as Arthur Symonds and Richard le Gallienne, Mr. Chesterton has an unconquerable contempt.

People who are temperamentally antagonistic to Whitman, and who can not stomach the whimsicality of Bernard Shaw, will not like Mr. Chesterton. But the converse is equally true—or more so.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 75 cents.

"The Mystery of Murray Davenport."

Mysteries in novels, aside from those of the detective-story order, do not now figure as frequently as they did before the present era of realism in fiction. The author's purpose, however, is boldly avowed in the title of "The Mystery of Murray Davenport"—a mystery which apparently starts out to be of a psychological nature, and ends by having its most incredible features made plausible through the agency of surgery; thus again bringing the story within the realm of realism.

It is the story of a man so persistently pursued by malignant ill-luck that his native ability can not enable him to rise above its subduing influence. He becomes the prey of a settled pessimism, until, in an effort to escape from the circle of gloom and defeat in which his life is passed, he evolves a plan whose details it would be more appropriate to leave for the reader's own personal perusal.

The author, Robert Neil Stephens, has shown some originality in his main idea, and considerable ingenuity in working it out to a practical conclusion.

His style has that journalistic aptness and fluency (we rather suspect the writer to be a New York journalist) which give it the readable quality so necessary to light, interesting, summer fiction—a class to which "The Mystery of Murray Davenport" belongs.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Beautiful, but Heartless.

The mere glance of the cockatrice, so the ancients believed, was death. Mr. Frederick Eldridge has turned this venerable tradition to literary account in the striking title of his first novel, "A Social Cockatrice," as an intimation of the peril attached to loving the beautiful heroine. From this foreshadowing, the reader may prepare himself for incidents somewhat out of the ordinary. Nor will his expectations fail to be realized.

The heroine, indeed, is painted in extreme colors, being intended to illustrate the type of social aspirant gone mad; one to whom a rise in social position is the be-all and end-all of existence.

To this aim, Beatrice Cameron, a woman of surpassing beauty, absolute selfishness, and utter lack of heart, uses all her suitors as stepping-stones to her ambition, and passes on to distant heights of social attainment, forgetting.

The type is rare in fiction, and, let us hope, in real life. It serves, however, to point a moral, if not to adorn a tale, and lends to the tragic events attendant on the wooing of such a woman an interest that lifts them somewhat out of the ordinary.

Mr. Eldridge is very much of an extremist, showing in his creation of Edith Cameron's character, as well, a similar departure from ordinary literary routine. The nature of Edith, in its nobility and strong integrity, is designed as a contrast to that of her sister. But her actions toward the end of the book so startle and shock the reader, and are so irreconcilable with her character as already outlined, and her after fate is so pitiable, that the reader closes the book not only with a sense of rebellion, but with a conviction that the author has not been above sacrificing truth to sensationalism.

In spite of the exaggerations, both of motive and incident, which mar his first book, Mr. Eldridge has done remarkably well, being the fortunate possessor of a style that is elastic, varied, and at times rises almost to brilliancy. Such indications, both of literary industry—for style demands polish—and of originality, even if somewhat *outré*, promise well for Mr. Eldridge's future development in fiction.

Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Jack London, who has just achieved such a wide success with his dog story, "The Call of the Wild," will publish in the early autumn a book on life in the East End of London. It is stated that he has been "slumming," and that in the description of his experiences he will give "a vivid picture of the conditions of existence in squalid districts."

"A Queen of Tears" is the title of a life of Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark, and youngest sister of George the Third. The book, which will be in two volumes, is by W. H. Wilkins, author of "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen."

Several notable volumes of fiction to be published this month are Conan Doyle's new story, told by a soldier of Napoleon's army, "The Adventures of Gerard"; a novel by Stanley Weyman entitled "The Long Night"; "In Babel: Stories of Chicago," by George Ade; "Sea Scamps," by H. C. Rowland; "Love, the Fiddler," by Lloyd Osbourne; "Silver Linings," by Nina Rhoades; and "Comedies in Miniature," by Margaret Cameron.

"The Vagabond," by Frederick Palmer, will appear this week from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons. The book will be illustrated by Harrison Fisher.

Charles Josselyn, author of "The True Napoleon," has in press for early publication by Paul Elder & Co. a collection of interesting selections from famous authors, entitled "My Favorite Book Shelf." The work will make a handsome octavo, interestingly printed and rubricated. The binding is from a design by Gordon Ross.

Beulah Marie Dix has just finished her new novel, "Blount of Breckenhow." The scenes are laid in England in the years 1642-45.

Gelett Burgess has written "A Second Book of Goops," which will contain narrative as well as pictures.

Senator Hoar's entertaining remembrances of "Some Famous Judges," extending over a period of seventy years, is to be brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons in two volumes next month.

The second volume of the great work which the late Sir Walter Besant had planned and which was to have been entitled "The Survey of London," is shortly forthcoming from the Macmillan Company. It is called "London in the Time of the Stuarts," thus antedating in subject the volume which appeared last winter—"London in the Eighteenth Century."

Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley has completed his long-expected memoirs, and has arranged for their publication in London this autumn under the title of "The Story of a Soldier's Life."

Cyrus Townsend Brady has written a new story for the Boys of the Service Series, which Charles Scribner's Sons will issue next

week. It is entitled "In the War with Mexico: A Midshipman's Adventures on Ship and Shore."

Another volume in the beautiful Goupil Series of Historical Monographs is being written by Frédéric Masson. It will treat of Napoleon and his son, and will be, like all of its predecessors, sumptuously illustrated.

"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," the new novel by John Fox, Jr., which has been running serially in *Scribner's Magazine*, will be published in book-form this month.

"The Heart of Hyacinth," by Onoto Watanna, is to be brought out uniform with "A Japanese Nightingale," and will contain marginal drawings in tint by a Japanese artist, Kiyokichi Sano. The heroine is an American girl born in Japan, reared and mothered by a Japanese woman.

J. L. Garner, official translator of the United States Mint, has very nearly completed his translation of Ferdinand Gregorovius's "Lucrezia Borgia," which will be published, with twenty-four illustrations, in the early autumn.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have in preparation a volume containing letters in which "Paris Before the War" is described. These letters, together with newspaper articles, were written by Mme. Northpeat, the wife of the minister of the interior in France during the siege of Paris and the Commune.

Tom Moore will be represented in the English Men of Letters Series in a book by Stephen Gwynn, the author of a forthcoming novel, "John Maxwell's Marriage." Alfred Ainger's biography of Crabbe will be added to the series before Mr. Gwynn's book is ready. Dr. Van Dyke's life of Lowell is also to be brought out soon.

RECENT VERSE.

The Last Whinny.

Good-by, Champagne, my pretty Champagne,
With the white tail and the foaming mane,
Good-by, forever and ever again.

Friends were we through the summer weather,
Climbing the mountain roads together,
Nipping buds in the heart of the wood,
I sang, you whinnied, each understood,
And the sky was blue and life was good.

There were the streams and under the dint
Of your slender hoofs the fragrant mint;
There was the moss, and the wild grape vine,
The rhododendron, laurel, and pine,
The honeysuckle, the columbine.

Remote from struggle, away from care,
Peace profound in the rarefied air;
Without temptation to sin—no need
To worry ourselves with anxious creed;
The very God seemed with us indced.

Good-by, Champagne, my pretty Champagne,
With the white tail, and the foaming mane,
Sad on the mountain sobs the rain.

It's likely I'll go to Heaven some day,
When this poor body is sloughed away,
If I am good and absolved of sin,
But that is a goal you can not win;
For Heaven they don't let horses in.

I am glad you do not understand
That this is the last touch of my hand;
That into Heaven you can not get,
That you don't know why my cheeks are wet
As you bend to me your neck to pet.

Now here are queries to pose the knowledge
Of each trustee of Carnegie's college:
Why I have a soul and you have none;
Why you must perish, and I go on.
Which to-day is the pitiful one?

Happy it is in Heaven, no doubt,
Yet, surely, some day, I will look out;
Mine eyes through infinite space will strain
For a glint of snowy tail and mane,
As you whinny, whinny, once again,

Good-by, Champagne, my pretty Champagne,
With the white tail, and the foaming mane,
Out of the shadows whinny again!

—Blanche Nevin in the Independent.

Unanswered Questions.

When in the eyes of my dumb friend I gaze—
My faithful dog, his head upon my knee—
A fixed and fond solicitude betrays
The premonition of a devotee:

'Tis then the haunting question I propound—
A question asked, but never answered yet—
Does that rare insight reach beyond the bound
Where those who die, forsake us and forget?

He might reveal the secret if he dare,
And give the fateful answer which I seek,
Of life before and after, whence and where,
Alas! God made him dumb, he can not speak.

—Lucius Harwood Foote.

Professor Erich Narcks, the biographer of Emperor William the First, has been asked by Prince Herbert Bismarck to write a life of his father.

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BOUND VOLUMES

— OF —

The Argonaut

Volumes I to LII can be obtained at the office of this paper, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone James 2531.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Practical Journalism."

"Sleep on newspapers and eat ink" was Horace Greeley's injunction to the young man who would a journalist be. "Of all horned cattle, deliver me from the college graduate," is another of his sayings. Both of these picturesque dicta are in essentials indorsed by E. L. Shuman in his book, "Practical Journalism." The college man, he thinks, is less likely to rise to the highest-paid position on a newspaper than the man without a college training. Country correspondent, reporter in a small town, reporter in a city, copy-reader, telegraph editor, city editor, managing editor, are, according to Shuman, the right rungs by which to climb from bottom to top in newspaperdom. Experience (to paraphrase Franklin) keeps a dear school, but journalists can learn in no other, and scarce in that.

Mr. Shuman's book, however, is full of priceless hints for both veteran and novice. It abundantly justifies the adjective in its title. It gives sound and interesting information about "Positions and Salaries," "How the News is Gathered," "Editors and their Methods," "Writing Advertisements," "The Law of Libel," and many other subjects. The casual reader will find it entertaining. And though "Practical Journalism" can not make a journalist any more than a text-book on music a musician, the young and earnest aspirant to journalistic honors will not go far wrong if he learns it by heart.

Mr. Shuman himself is a newspaper man of twenty years' experience. He is at present literary editor of the Chicago Record-Herald. He is a book-reviewer from whose opinions one always regrets to differ. He has served as typesetter, proof-reader, college journalist, editor of a country weekly, correspondent of a large city paper, and as reporter, copy-reader, telegraph editor, exchange-reader, book-reviewer, and editorial writer on Chicago dailies. He is therefore eminently qualified to speak "as one having authority."

No small part of the charm of this volume lies in Mr. Shuman's excellent literary style. We have seldom read a book written in more pellucid, straightforward, and vigorous English. He avoids, on the one hand, the affectations of the literary person, and, on the other, the stylistic crudities of the ordinary reporter. Mr. Shuman neither splits his infinitives nor mixes his subjunctives—which is almost a miracle. We trust the advisory board will see to it that "Practical Journalism" is included in the list of text-books of the Pulitzer College of Journalism.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"There's Millions In It!"

Semi-occasionally some crank turns up with a claim that he or she is the real owner of some vast or valuable piece of real estate, and that present holders are usurpers and interlopers. Usually such contestants base their claims upon some old grant. The thing has happened in every large city of the East. It has happened in San Francisco. But generally such persons fail to make out a case. They commonly give property-owners a few bad moments, and then fade away into legal intangibility.

But what shall we say to a handsomely illustrated book of three hundred and fifty pages devoted to demonstrating that the ancient corporate town of New Harlem, now a part of New York City, is still an entity, and that the heirs of its inhabitants still hold title to all its extensive common lands! The boomers of that great Dutchman, Anneke Jans, must now hide their heads in utter shame.

The persons behind the publication are two, oh, so disinterested, lawyers of New York. Their noble spirits revolt at what they eloquently term "the most extraordinary civic injustice in the history of the American commonwealth," and which they say is "at last to stand, stripped of its giant's robe, before the tribunal of American law." Mr. Henry Pennington Toler, who modestly describes himself as a "man hating injustice under whatever guise" is one of the gentlemen engaged in the labor of love. He is ably assisted by William Pennington Toler and Harmon de Pau Nutting (These be names to conjure with!), members of the New York Bar. It is, however, the "righteous enterprise" of Mr. Henry Pennington Toler that has "bridged the mighty chasm created by the absence of the long lost records." At the present moment (so he says, and who could doubt it?) he "stands with full grasp upon the most extraordinary situation." We must say that we don't quite understand Mr. Henry Pen-

nington Toler's figure here. That, like other phrases in "New Harlem Past and Present," is queer English. But perhaps it is not intended to be understood. Perhaps, like a certain Shakespearean worthy's "Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame," it is only a charm to call fools into a circle. Who knows?

Published by the New Harlem Publishing Company, New York.

Popular Verse.

"Lee at Appomattox," "Doggie's Dot Puppies," "Rastus," "I Can Lick Any Boy in the Block," "Old Glory," "The Girl that Winked Her Eye"—these are some typical titles from Fred Emerson Brooks's volume of dialect and other verse in strains sentimental, humorous and pathetic, entitled "Pickett's Charge, and Other Poems." The Man in the Street will find them highly interesting and amusing. Here is a dialect piece of average excellence:

THE DAGO.

I am-a one Italian
People call-a me Da-go-man;
I lik-a live Un-ited State,
Mak-a beap o' mon-a any rate;
Smok-a vera cheap-a cigar-ret,
Eat-a macaroni an' spaget';
I am-a descended from
Christoph' Colomb'!

I bring-a dis-a leetle trunk;
Ovair in dis-a leetle trunk;
Thoug-h-a vera homely one,
He help-a me mak-a da mon.
Irish man he call-a me,
De leetle monkey pedegree;
Call-a da monk an-cutor from
Christoph' Colomb'!

I drag piano through de town;
People throw me da nickel down;
I mak-a vera sweet-a bow
To servant gal, she mak-a row;
Call-a me da piano horse!
Say pian' so old, o' course
It was-a descended from
Christoph' Colomb'!

Beeg-a fool come evair day,
Ask-a where I learn to play;
Tell-a me I must-a be
Great-a lik-a Pad-a-ru-si-kee!
Small boy mak-a had-a face;
Call-a me dat-a stumpy race—
Mis-fit-a descended from
Christoph' Colomb'!

Cable car he bump-a me,
Police-a-man he thump-a me,
Truck-a-man upset-a me,
Sprinkle-a-man he wet-a me,
Fire-a-engine come-a dash,
Break da organ all-a smash!
Kill da monk descended from
Christoph' Colomb'!

Published by Forbes & Co., Boston; \$1.25.

New Publications.

"Mr. Keegan's Elopement," by Winston Churchill, is a skillfully told, light, and amusing novelette. It is the latest in the series of Little Novels by Favorite Authors, published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 75 cents.

We have received the report for 1902 of the Historical Landmarks Committee of the Native Daughters of the Golden West, of which committee Eliza D. Keith was chairman. The book contains a California bibliography and other interesting matter.

The admirable subscription edition of the works of F. Hopkinson Smith, previous volumes of which we have found occasion to praise, is complete with "The Under Dog," a book of short stories, the trade edition of which we reviewed recently. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; per set (ten vols.), \$15.00.

As everybody knows, the streets of Boston are crooked as cow-paths, and the Western urbanite, whose town is laid out like a checker-board, is greatly bemused thereby. For this reason, perhaps, and for many others, certainly, Edward M. Bacon has prepared a neat little work called "Boston: A Guide Book." It contains lots of good half-tone illustrations, fine maps, and an adequate index. Moreover, it is scholarly and authoritative. We wish some one might write as good a guide-book for San Francisco. Published by Ginn & Co., Boston.

It is nearly ten years since the Argonaut published several striking stories by J. Percival Pollard, under the titles, "A Tale of Two Tramps," "The Blonde Dragon," and "Beyond Recall." Some of our readers may still remember the story of the two lovers shot to death by two tramps as they slowly rode along on horseback in mutual embrace. These stories of the two tramps, with the addition of several others, have now been published in book-form, the author having in the meantime attained a considerable reputation through the publication of a novel called "The Imitator." "Lingo Dan" is the book's title. Were it not for the fact that these stories were written ten years ago, the

astute critics would, we are sure, say that Mr. Pollard was an imitator of the Russian, Gorky. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, Washington, D. C.

Two more numbers of the reissue in twelve volumes of Professor Arber's "An English Garner," have reached us. The one is introduced by C. H. Firth, and contains documents of the period 1603-1693 relating to travels, royal entertainments, battles and campaigns, and strange happenings. The other is introduced by Alfred W. Pollard, and sub-titled "Fifteenth Century Prose and Verse." It contains John Lydgate's poem on the siege of Harfleur and the Battle of Agincourt, Thomas Occleve's poem entitled "A Letter to Cupid," the hallad of Robin Hood, some English carols, examinations (in prose) of heretics, several prologues, and two miracle plays: "A Miracle Play of the Nativity" and "Everyman." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; each, \$1.25.

S. Whinery, civil engineer, is the author of a practical book called "Municipal Public Works," intended, as he states, for the inexperienced city official and for the urban citizen. The treatment is untechnical, and principles of municipal administration rather than statistics and details have been dealt with. There are chapters on direct work and contract work; advertising, opening bids and the awarding of contracts; the contractor; the supervision of public work; economy, real and false; the guaranteeing of public work; special assessments; municipal accounts and uniform accounting. The author is not an advocate of municipal ownership of public utilities; neither does he unreservedly oppose it. The work contains much useful information. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

"A man who talks to me about prosody is making a brutal assault upon my carefully guarded innocence," writes Andrew Lang—and yet he is a poet! So lesser rhymsters plainly need not fret even if they know not the difference between an Alexandrine and a one-stress iambic. Those whom ignorance irks, however, will find example and definition sufficient, we should think, for all needs in "English Verse," a remarkably sane little book by Raymond MacDonald Allen, Ph. D., of Stanford. This writer's aim has been not so much dogmatically to advance a new theory of English verse as to illustrate, by examples from many sources, the chief varieties. Accordingly, the book's contents is about nine-tenths quotation, and one-tenth comment, but it is none the less admirable for that. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"A Victim of Conscience," by Milton Goldsmith, is a story of a Jew by a Jew. Isaac Schwartz, pursued by misfortune in his native land, emigrates from Germany to America in the early 'forties. There ill-luck follows him. He is a veritable Schlemiel. Everything he touches turns to ashes. At last he determines to seek his fortune in California gold-fields. There he suffers untold persecution at the hands of miners who despise him. This treatment he long patiently endures, but finally, driven to the wall, he hurls a pick at a persecutor's head, and leaves him for dead. He returns East with forty thousand dollars in his pocket, and thenceforward everything he touches turns to gold. But his conscience will not let him be happy. It is Schwartz's endeavors to escape its gnawings that is the main theme of the book. The literary style of Mr. Goldsmith is atrocious, but the story he tells is rather strong. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia; \$1.00.

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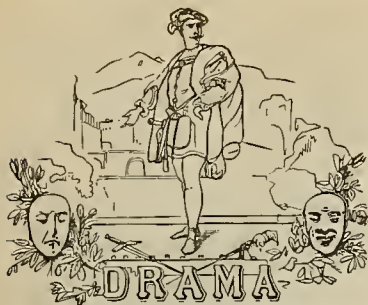
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If all the tears that are being shed at the Alcazar this week could be sluiced off into one current, they would easily make a young river. The Alcazar clientele is young and tender, and loves to weep the easy tears of easy sentiment. And the pathos-inspiring situation in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" is such that even a rather tough and hardened sensibility could not unwillingly respond to its appeal.

It is becoming a very common thing in American contemporary life for families to be split up by divorce, and for the offspring of a first marriage to take its chances with the putative maternity or paternity of a second. There are many well-known examples of the kind in our charmingly unconventional city, in which the prototypes of the unwelcome Mrs. Hatch have not even that impetuous and ill-balanced lady's fault to arouse reprobation. These are women of the spiritless type who lack that piercing vision and prehensile grasp for the main chance which might impel them to oppose vigorously the establishment of the new dynasty. Such women, when they find their reign is over, like Louise de la Vallière, shrink humbly away into obscurity, sometimes appalled by the future dreariness and neediness of their lot, leaving the care of their children, uncontested, to their successors. Indeed, it is not improbable that a few replicas in front of Gladys Lorrimer have wept a little weep of passing sympathy for the mother that is almost forgotten. Truly, as the little boy indited in his diary, when, unlike his seniors, he was denied a second helping of jam tart: "It is a very unguist world."

Mrs. Burton Harrison was wise enough to leave margin for an ample claim on the sympathies by making her heroine's provocation unbearable, and her offense the result of an impulsive and uncalculating nature. Mrs. Hatch, we are to assume, I believe, under the influence of a mad jealousy, merely went through the form of an elopement. That point, however, is a little obscure. She then, from the hands of a husband already absorbed in an illicit passion for her successor, received the legal punishment which banished her from her little kingdom, and separated her from her child. The story, it will be seen, bears a great resemblance to "East Lynne," but is presented in a more lively and modernized aspect.

The first and third acts are, from the dramatic point of view, the best. The dialogue in the first puts the spectator *en rapport* with things from the start, incidentally throws a revealing light upon Mrs. Hatch's mercurial and emotional nature, and tells a sufficiently touching and dramatically effective story.

In the second act, the onward movement of the play is arrested, entertainingly enough, by the spectacle of a May festival in Central Park of the children from the tenement quarter. The spontaneously joyful jiggetty jigs of the youthful hand, and the somewhat feeble persiflage of the bong-tong, with some further bits of realism thrown in by the introduction of a tramp, a few flirting nurse-maids, some courting toughs, and a couple of consequential policemen, all lend animation and variety to the scene. The grand culmination of agony, during which the audience revels in woe, comes in the third act, in which Mrs. Hatch revisits her former kingdom, and, in the guise of a dressmaker, puts the finishing stitches to her daughter's wedding dress. A final act brings the daughter to the mother's arms, carrying the play to its conclusion in a rather old-timed, Frou-Frouish sort of style. The introduction of the unsuccessful suitor seems unnecessary, more especially as he gets in the way in the last act, temporarily hustling Gladys out of the maternal embrace while he prefers his claims. I felt that, under the circumstances, Gladys could have justly repeated the interrogation immortalized in those beautiful lines: "Says the ant to the elephant, 'Who are you shoving?'"

The play strikes one as rather a light-weight for the intellectual abilities of a Minnie Madge Fiske, but it is a very good vehicle for the exercise of Florence Roberts's emotional

methods. Long experience in such rôles, as well as the exercise of a natural, if sometimes misdirected, talent, enables that actress to charge her voice with a tremor of suppressed sobs that starts the stealing tear into the bright eyes of the most scoffing matinee girl. And then Miss Roberts is not essentially theatric, and the character of Mrs. Hatch, with its hursts of gayety and its hatred of sham, gives her occasion to employ a frank, natural manner that is easily hers when the groundwork of her part is not that of artificial sentiment. There are, to be sure, banalities in the play to which Miss Roberts lends herself readily. It was Mrs. Burton Harrison who originated the idea of the impoverished mother, weakened and haggard from illness, wrapping herself in a tea-gown—preserved by the old servant as a possible shroud—in which to receive her child. It is the unquenchable love of dress in the female breast which impels to such folly. And certainly the spectacle of a dying woman—although I am not yet dead sure whether Mrs. Hatch lives or dies at the end—clothing herself in a low-necked, tinsel-trimmed, lace-hung tea-gown is sufficiently incongruous to excite disapproval and even a sardonic smile.

It is necessary to call upon a large cast to play the piece, and there are so many strange faces at the Alcazar that it almost seems as if they had already introduced the new company advertised to appear in the middle of October.

Howard Scott reappeared, being cast as the cold and selfish husband, who, not having been found out, climbs up on the gunwale of safe respectability, pushing his wife back the while into the engulfing waves of disgrace. As usual, he was so consistently disagreeable that the villainy of the villain excited the "Tch" of outraged sensibilities all over the house. Poor villain. I wonder if he never grows weary of his success in awakening the reprobation of the good-hearted.

Lucius Henderson, whom I remember having seen in "Friends" some years ago, did not, in the rôle of the lover, succeed in making evident the development so noticeable in his subsequent work in D'Annunzio's play. The remaining men in the cast were all thorough, careful, and, as a result, natural, in their rôles, Harry Hilliard doing particularly well with the prominent part of Jack Adrian; something of a promotion, it would seem.

A cloud of more or less attractive girls as society huds and bridesmaids enlivened things in the second and third acts. Nobody's talent seemed of a sufficiently burning brightness to set the Thames on fire, but they were a pleasant element in the piece, and, albeit a trifle shrill, did very well in their exhibition of girly girliness.

Miss Virginia Brissae was simple and sincere as the daughter, showing promise for so young an actress, and Miss Bertha Blanchard, although as yet somewhat stilted, deserves, too, a word of encomium. Miss Edith Angus, who has gained in looks and poise, was a showy and vulgar Mrs. Lorrimer the second, although looking entirely too young for the part. She had, indeed, every appearance of being the contemporary of the bridesmaids, but in other respects filled the part very satisfactorily.

Miss Marie Howe is becoming quite indispensable at the Alcazar, having acquired a hearty realism of manner that enables her to pass from the rôle of hustling New England housewife in "The Dairy Farm" to that of a faithful Biddy in the present piece, with very creditable success.

The play is appropriately mounted in the thorough manner with which they do such things at the Alcazar, the children's May-Day frolics being particularly well put on, and a genuine little actress, Ollie Cooper, by name, fortunately sparing us the ordeal of listening to the usual automaton with the gramophone voice.

Although it is too late for a review of D'Annunzio's "Gioconda," there is space left warmly to commend Miss Roberts's presentation of the title-rôle, and the complete manner in which the piece has been put on. The most immature players have seemed to horror dignity and grace from their rôles, and the spectator comes away feeling that he has had more than a half glimpse into this remarkable tragedy of a divided heart.

What a fortunate thing it is that the shades of the mighty dead do not revisit the glimpses of the calcium moon, and see their finest and rarest works filtered through the convention-bound imaginations and methods of a twentieth-century dramatist and stock company. There is actually something pathetic, even pitiable, in seeing Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame" stripped of its wild imaginative

splendor, its superbly conceived atmosphere of the Middle Ages, and its power for inspiring dread and horror by the exercise of a sombre and relentless fatalism. If one has read the book recently enough to be still under its influence, it is like nothing so much as seeing the desecration of a monument reared to genius.

Perhaps this is an extreme view. If one has never read the book, or almost forgotten it, one may easily carry away nothing more than the impression of a turgid, overcrowded, old-fashioned melodrama that promises much more than it fulfills. Compressing a story of such a nature into a three-hour piece on the boards necessarily entails a hasty dashing in of colors, and the harest suggestion of outlines. It is a fact, although not necessarily a melancholy one, that great novels do not as a rule make great plays. Victor Hugo lavished many pages of description upon Quasimodo and his affliction, the unthinking superstition and cruelty of the ignorant Parisian populace, the proud, bewildered stoicism with which he suffered persecution at their hands, his public flagellation, his hour of agony on the pillory, and the immense flood of revivifying gratitude that surged through his being when he received the gentle ministrations of the gypsy girl. A careless, sketchy scene lasting five minutes does duty in the play for all this. There is no time for more.

In Paul Potter's version, Captain Phoebeus, who, in the book, is a selfish, soulless, mindless voluptuary, in the play is a hybrid sort of thing—a combination of dandy, gallant, and Quixotic lover. Hugo's conception of the character and destiny of the gypsy girl is sacrificed. He painted her as a fresh flower of gentle, laughing maidenhood, astray like a tender lamb in a wild waste full of ravaging wolves. In the play, she is a rash, mettlesome street gypsy, who is not above practicing a slight deception to secure her lover to herself, and who defies Fleur de Lys to her face.

Miss Kemhle, in appearance, was almost an ideal Esmeralda, although too self-confident to convey the naive and wistful charm of the street-dancer. Thomas Oberle played the priest—without a tonsure—in the glary-eyed manner peculiar to the melodramatic actor pictured on the hill-boards. Charles Wyn-gate pitched the part of Phoebus in a strained and exaggerated key, and kept it there. Mr. MacVicar's Quasimodo was necessarily merely a suggestion of the original, and consequently nothing much beyond a husky voice and the make-up of a Caliban. The character of Fleur de Lys, liberally touched up to melodramatic prominence, was too much for Miss Andrews, and the remaining parts were merely the insignificant details in an overcrowded picture.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Willard on American Actors.

E. S. Willard, in a recent interview on the stage in America, said, when asked for a comparison between the theatres in England and America, that both stages seemed to be in a fairly flourishing condition. America was, however, more fortunate than England in having stock companies in nearly every city of the Union. Unluckily, they had two performances daily, which gave the actor no time to study properly any part intrusted to him. In regard to number of performances, he said:

Two performances on Wednesday and Saturdays are trying. Keane and Macready rarely played more than three or four times a week. Nor did Salvini. Intervening nights were filled up by his son, Alexander, who took his place. I, myself, do not think it possible for a man to act the same part well twice on the same day. I prefer to act one part at a matinee and a different part at night. In the first play one enters into the part with spirit and with natural feeling. But if the same part has to be played again on the same day one feels it is not real, because one has done it before without being refreshed by sleep in the interval. That may be, however, a peculiarity of my own.

Victorien Sardou's new play, "La Sorcière," is to be given at Sarah Bernhardt's theatre during the coming winter. Its story is largely concerned with the sorcery and black arts of the Middle Ages. Another of M. Sardou's works is to be seen again in an entirely new form, namely, "Théodora," which is being turned into an opera with music by Xavier Leroux, the composer of "Astarté."

Grace Elliston, a former favorite here in the Miller company, is to be the leading lady of Richard Mansfield this season in "Ivan the Terrible" and "Old Heidelberg."

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HENRY MILLER and MARGARET ANGLIN. First time here of
-- **THE AFTERMATH** --
An adaptation by Henry Miller of George Ohnet's novel, "Le Maître de Forge."
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
September 21st—**The Prince of Pilsen.**

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GIOCONDA, by D'Annunzio, will be repeated at the matinee, Thursday, September 17th. Night prices.
September 21st—**THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA.**

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A drama of love and war in India.
Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, 25c.
Week of September 21st—**The Bowery Girl.**

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To-night last time of **A GAITY GIRL.** Tomorrow matinee, to-morrow night, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights,
-- **THE LADY SLAVEY** --
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Week commencing Sunday matinee, September 13th. Vaudeville rarities! E. Rousby's spectacular novelty, "In Paris," an electrical review in four tableaux; Arnesen; James Richmond Glenroy; Princess Losoros; Original Rio Brothers; Almont and Dumont; Fischer and Wacker; the Biograph; and tremendous success of Frederick Bond and Company.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Miller-Anglin Farewell Week.

The fifth and last week of the Miller-Anglin company's engagement at the Columbia Theatre is to be devoted to a new four-act version of George Ohnet's "Le Maître de Forge," entitled "The Aftermath." Miss Anglin will have the rôle of Claire de Beaupre, and Mr. Miller will be Philippe Derblay, the ironmaster, and others in the long cast will be Bertha Creighton, who has been specially engaged, Charles Gotthold, who is coming all the way from New York to play the rôle of Octave, Walter Hitchcock, Morton Selten, George S. Titheradge, Robert Mackay, Walter Allen, Kate Pattison Selten, Martha Waldron, Victoria Addison, and Claire Kulp. The next attraction is to be Frank Pixley and Gustav Luder's musical comedy, "The Prince of Pilsen," which has been a big success in the East. It is said to be one of the few musical comedies which has a plot worth the name. The central figure is a Cincinnati brewer traveling abroad with his daughter. He is mistaken by the residents of Nice for the real Prince of Pilsen while visiting his son, an officer in the United States navy. The real prince does not expose the harmless and blundering brewer, and decides to remain for a while *incognito*. He falls in love with the brewer's daughter. All the complications are unraveled before the last act is ended in a manner satisfactory to all involved. The opera revels in stirring ensembles and catchy solos, including the already familiar Heidelbergstein song, "Pictures in the Smoke," "Biff-Bang," and a pretty "Shell" song.

"The Lady Slavey" and "The Geisha."

The Pollard Juvenile Company have been drawing large houses at the Grand Opera House in "A Gaiety Girl," which is presented in a manner that would reflect credit on any company of adults. On Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights, "The Lady Slavey" will be played with a cast that will include Daphne Pollard, Jack Pollard, Teddy McNamara, and many other of the little favorites. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights and Saturday matinee, they will put on the pretty Japanese opera, "The Geisha," which, during the past few years, has enjoyed several long runs at the Tivoli. Alice Pollard will again appear as O Mimosa San; Connie Pollard as the French girl; Little Daphne Pollard as Mollie Seymour, the pert English girl who disguises herself as a geisha and is sought by the noble marquis; and Oscar Heintz as the Marquis Imari, Edwin Stevens' great rôle. The only matinees of the Pollards will take place Saturdays and Sundays, and it all of them souvenir pictures of the diminutive favorites will be presented to the ladies and children present.

"The Cherry Pickers" at the Central.

The Central Theatre will follow the amusing farce comedy, "Whose Babe Are You?" with a stirring military spectacle, "The Cherry Pickers," from the pen of Joseph Arthur, author of "Blue Jeans," "Still Alarm," and "Lost River." The title is taken from an English regiment in India, called "The Cherry Pickers" on account of their famous red trousers, and the play tells a thrilling story of conflict between the proud Eurasians and the aggressive English, during the British-Afghan War of 1879-80. The plot, briefly, runs as follows: An English colonel, Brough, quarrels with a half-caste officer, Nazare, over a beautiful Eurasian girl. The colonel has a wife in England, and Nazare is betrothed to the Indian maid. The half-caste seeks to avenge the insults to his sweetheart, but fails in an attempt upon the life of the colonel, and is condemned to long imprisonment. He escapes and disguises himself as a native. His father is tortured to death by Brough in an effort to wrest from him the secret of the son's hiding-place. Brough captures Nazare and plans to have him blown to atoms at the cannon's mouth. In the nick of time Nourmalee saves her over by a clever ruse, and Nazare slays Brough, and is then pardoned on account of his heroic deeds in the war. The play is full of powerful situations, and the great genre is said to be a real "thriller."

Grand Opera at the Tivoli.

So far, the grand-opera season has been a great success at the Tivoli Opera House, which has been crowded nightly with enthusiastic audiences. The coming week's bill will include the ever-popular Verdi opera, "Il Trovatore," and "La Sonnambula," which will almost be new to San Francisco music-lovers, as it has not been produced here for some time. In "Trovatore," Emanuele Ischardo will appear as Manrico, Adamo Gregoratti as Count di Luna, Baldo Travaglini as errando, Lina de Benedetto as Leonora, and Leo Marchesini as Azucena. In "Sonnambula," Agosto Dado will appear as Count Rodolfo, Alfredo Tedeschi as Elvino, Adelina Romben as Amina, and Marie Welsh as Lisa. Both casts are exceedingly strong, and no performances are assured.

At the Orpheum.

E. Rousby, who will head the bill at the Orpheum next week, will present his latest spectacular novelty, "In Paris." The entertainment consists of an electrical review in our tableaux, showing the most interesting features of Parisian life during the Exposition of 1900. The first tableau shows the main entrance to the grounds, by day and night; the second represents a Swiss village during a thunder-storm; the third is entitled "The Pal-

ace of Illusions"; and the fourth portrays a night festival in front of the Château d'Eau. The other new-comers are Arnesen, an agile gymnast; James Richmond Glenroy, "the man with the green gloves"; and the Princess Losoros, a prima donna of royal lineage, who will sing for the first time in this city. Those retained from this week's bill are Frederic Bond and his company, in their amusing comedy, "My Awful Dad"; Almont and Dumont, the "instrumental Hussars"; Fischer and Wacker, the comic Tyrolean singers; and the original Rio Brothers.

Florence Roberts as Magda.

Next week Florence Roberts is to appear in a new version of Sudermann's "Magda." Her interpretation is sure to be interesting, for her conception of the character of the willful, obstinate, capricious, yet successful opera-singer, who breaks her father's heart rather than rehabilitate herself by marriage with the man who has wronged her, is said to differ materially from that of Modjeska, Nance O'Neill or Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who have already been seen here. On Thursday afternoon Miss Roberts will give the second of her special "Gioconda" matinees, and on Monday, September 21st, she will appear in Anthony Hope's charming romance, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." The new stock company, recently engaged in New York for Belasco & Mayer, by their general manager, E. D. Price, will inaugurate the fall and winter season on October 12th, in a powerful Pinero play that has never been seen in this city.

Fischer's Popular Double Bill.

"The Glad Hand" and "The Con-Curers," the new burlesques at Fischer's Theatre, are having a prosperous run. Both pieces contain plenty of catchy music, sprightly dances, a wealth of picturesque scenery and pretty costumes, and numerous specialties that are enthusiastically received. The most popular songs are "Who's Your Lady Friend," "Pierrot," "My Coconut Lou," Lee Johnson's new song and dance, "My Pauline" and "Hokey, Will You Miss Me When I'm Gone?"

Tyndall on Divorce.

"Divorce: Its Relation to Psychology" will be the subject of Dr. McIvor-Tyndall's lecture at Steinway Hall on Sunday night. The subject is one that has been pretty thoroughly discussed from the pulpit and the law courts, but the psychological cause for the so-called "evil" has never been given a hearing. Besides the lecture, there will also be an after-entertainment in the wonders of psychic manifestations. On Sunday evening, September 20th, Dr. Tyndall will talk on "Hypnotism: Good and Bad."

This has certainly been a busy week for Fritz Scheel. On Monday and Wednesday afternoons he conducted popular concerts at the Mechanics' Pavilion, and on Tuesday afternoon the third symphony concert was given at the Grand Opera House under his able baton. The attendance on all three occasions was encouragingly large and enthusiastic. On Tuesday the next concert will be given at the Grand Opera House, when an interesting programme, containing several compositions new to San Francisco, will be offered.

E. H. Sothern is to make his debut as a serious dramatist after a fall. Before beginning her regular season in Pinero's "Iris," his wife, —known on the stage as Virginia Harned—will appear for a week in Washington in "The Light That Lies in Women's Eyes," a four-act play which Mr. Sothern wrote for her two years ago. If it proves successful, Miss Harned will add it to her repertoire and will produce it in New York after she has concluded her Western tour in "Iris."

John C. Fisher and Thomas W. Ryley have signed a contract for three years with Isadore Rush, who is to visit us this fall in "Florodora," playing Lady Holyrood. At the first of the year she will return to New York to play Miss Ventnor in "The Medal and the Maid," which will be produced at the Broadway Theatre on January 11th. The season following Messrs. Fisher and Ryley have agreed to "star" her in a new musical comedy.

Cause of Wagner's Ill-Health.

Readers of an elaborate life of Wagner, or of his letters to Liszt, Uhlig, Wesendonck, and other friends, will remember the frequency, impatience, and despair with which he dwells on his ill-health. The London *Lancet* of August 1st devotes eight columns of fine type to extracts describing the symptoms and results of his frequent indisposition; and Dr. George M. Gould, editor of *American Medicine*, the compiler of these extracts, deduces from them the conclusion that Wagner (like De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, Browning, Spencer, and Parkman, as he has shown in a recent volume), owed his life-long misery mainly to eyestrain, which might have been easily cured by the wearing of proper spectacles. Headache, sick headache, dyspepsia, nervousness, melancholy, insomnia, indescribable suffering—these were the more prominent symptoms, some of which the authors just mentioned had sometimes or always: Wagner had all of them nearly all of the time. Dr. Gould's argument is absolutely convincing, and it provides much food for thought. Wagner possessed the gentle art of making enemies to perfection; but his irascibility was due chiefly to his ill-health. Tremendous worker though he was, he often could compose only an hour or two a day, and that only by a heroic effort to bear the pains of a martyr at the stake. A pair of spectacles might have enabled him to write several more of his immortal operas and to enjoy life. It is a pitiful story; none more so. "This poor patient," Dr. Gould concludes, "may be excused for not recognizing the simplest conclusion that the eyes were at the bottom of all his suffering. With difficulty, however, may his medical men of his day be excused, and there is no excuse for the most cruel of crimes, the brutal obstinacy which to-day makes a few ultra-conservative physicians, and even some careless ophthalmologists, deny that such symptoms in thousands of patients are due to eyestrain, and are daily cured by its correction."

Laurence Irving has finished a translation of three-act play by the Russian dramatist and novelist, Gorky, which will be acted in London in November. It is called "The Lower Depth."

Inconsistent baby: *Christian Science* mamma — "He must imagine he has the colic." *Christian Science* papa — "I wish he'd imagine I'm walking the floor with him." — *Puck*.



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VANITY FAIR.

Very few of President Roosevelt's guests this summer at Oyster Bay have worn frock coats and high hats, or been dressed up generally as they would be on a visit to the President in Washington. On the contrary (says the New York Sun) nearly all have come wearing everyday clothes. Roosevelt himself has encouraged a general disregard for formal dress in persons coming to see him in the daytime. In the morning the President invariably wears a soft negligé shirt and a light tweed suit or riding trousers and a Norfolk jacket. He usually receives his guests at luncheon in a black cutaway. At dinner, however, he always appears in evening clothes, and persons who come to see him after six o'clock are expected to be dressed accordingly. That is about the only rule in dress that the President likes to have observed during his vacation. In all other respects he is glad to have his guests visit him fixed up in any old comfortable way. The rule about evening clothes has been a source of inconvenience to some visitors. The story of the Western newspaper editor who came to Oyster Bay without any "glad rags," and finally got fitted out by borrowing a coat here and a shirt there and other things somewhere else among the newspaper correspondents, has been told, but nothing has been said about the troubles of the man from Kansas who was looking for a post-office appointment. He couldn't get a room at the hotel in which to change his clothes, as everything had been taken for the night. So he dressed in a hack room in one of Oyster Bay's reputable saloons, leaving his common, ordinary, everyday Kansas suit in the saloon while he went to Sagamore Hill to try to see the President. The next morning he left town in his spike-tail coat, and his other suit has been here since perambulating the streets in doubtful company.

All visitors before they see the President at Sagamore Hill visit first with a secret service man, who is stationed about a hundred feet from the house. He sits in a big elk-horn chair which was given to the President on his recent Western trip, and looks like almost anybody, except the person whom most of the guests expect to see. They all look for a man with a heavy, dark mustache and a glint of steel in his eye—the real sleuth they've read about. Instead, they usually find a trim, well-built man, who steps up to their carriage and inquires whether they have an engagement with the President or not. If they have, he takes their names, compares them with the names on the list which has been given to him, and if there is no disagreement, passes them. If the visitors haven't an appointment, he directs them to the secretary's office down town. Under no circumstances are cards taken in to the President unless an appointment has first been made through the executive office. In this respect it is much harder to see Mr. Roosevelt there than in Washington.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin, who visited the West Indies last January on a palatial steamship, which was on her maiden trip, writes: "Among the notable features is a gymnasium with electric appliances. There is, for instance, a figure of a horse. You take your seat in the saddle, put your feet in the stirrups, take hold of the reins and then touch a button, and the exact motion of a trotting horse is reproduced. You may lessen and increase the motion at will, and so thoroughly enjoy the benefits that come from equestrian exercise on shore. A similar arrangement for bicycle. There is also mechanical electrical massage with rollers going up and down your back. There are lifting machines, dumb-bells, and in fact a complete gymnasium is at your disposal. The ship has also a laundry to do the washing for the passengers, but the force employed for that purpose proved too small, and so the laundry was a failure. When the institution was a fortnight behind in its work, and the soiled linen of two hundred passengers had accumulated, the washing was sent ashore, but on account of stormy weather the ship had to leave earlier than was anticipated, and before the washing had been done, so this mountain of linen was returned on board in a most unsatisfactory condition. On some the work had not even commenced, some was washed but not ironed, some was just soaked and dripping. The various bundles belonging to several passengers had been opened, the clothes had become mixed, and there was endless confusion. Two hundred people in a tropical climate there, whether you will or not, you are obliged to change sometimes, twice a day, make a heap of washing, and so thousands of pieces

of linen and underwear belonging to both sexes were thrown on the floor in the social hall, and then each one commenced to hunt for what belonged to him or her. The more aristocratic ladies and gentlemen sent their maids and valets, but a plain American like your correspondent was obliged personally to pitch into the fray. The battle raged for two days. Frequently, costly embroidered garments of the most intimate character had several claimants. Somehow all the nice things were picked up first, and the late-comers had to content themselves with what remained. A number of articles which gave evidence of long and faithful service were not claimed at all. This scene of two hundred fashionable passengers of all ages and both sexes wrestling for the possession of soiled linen would have made an interesting picture for some kodak artist. It was indeed funny, but when some of us had to lay in a new stock of furnishings and haberdashery at the next port, we failed to appreciate the fun."

A new point is raised by a suit recently filed in the circuit court of Macon, Mo. D. S. Farmer, of Hart, treasurer of the Lunday and Zion Telephone Company, demands of B. F. Jenkins, a stockholder, seventy-five hundred dollars damages for slandering him over the wire. He expects to make his case on the testimony of a number of patrons along the line who had their telephone receivers down to hear what was going on. This is the language the treasurer accuses Jenkins of addressing to him over the wire: "You have squandered three or four hundred dollars of the company's money, and I will make you account for it at the next meeting, or I will go after your handsomen." He took pains to write the message down. The petitioner says the language was slanderous, in that it charged him in the hearing of many of the patrons of the line with embezzling or stealing the funds of the telephone company. Under the law of slander the offensive language must be used "in the presence and hearing of others." In this case it can only be charged that it was "in the hearing of others," as those who heard it were admittedly not present. Farmer's lawyers will contend that the effect was the same.

Quite a deal of fun is being poked at heroic college lads of the East, who rushed to Kansas to enlist in the army of wheat harvesters. Those who have parents have by this time returned to their homes through the kindly assistance of immediate remittances. The rest, it is said, are either walking out of Kansas, assisted by occasional rides upon nocturnal freight trains, or selling hooks to acquire funds to transport them to the East. The Newark News rejoices to know that these young men have learned in a week to differentiate between a rowing-shell and a Kansas reaper. They have discovered the difference between a football-field and a wheat-field. Their outlook upon athletics has been wonderfully widened, and their grasp of the exact relation between Kansas labor and Kansas oratory is at last perfect. In addition to this, their walk home will give them striking conceptions of the real magnitude of their native land, and enable them to plunge into their studies this fall with unaccustomed zest. Most of them, too, having now had a little try at the methods whereby their papas accumulated fortunes, will be more economical in the future, which is something to be greatly desired. The Galveston News adds: "Nobody is astonished to find that the college athletes tired and sickened of the wheat-field before the morning and the evening of the first day. There was little money in it, no adventure, no applause, no glory. Such is the monotonous and tiresome round of the wage-earner on the farm. A college man spends for luxuries and decoration alone a week's wages in a single day. The stringent economy of it is entirely too much for him, and when it comes to the hard work in the sun, he will do almost anything else, including suicide, before he will adhere to it."

Since the duello was outlawed in the South, shooting on sight has come into vogue, especially in Alabama; and recent occurrences seem to indicate that parts of South Carolina and Kentucky are growing nervously precipitate about using pistols. It is against the law to carry concealed weapons in Alabama; yet a judge on the bench has to give special warning that if any are carried into the courtroom during a trial he will punish the offenders. Judge Thomas, the other day, in giving his charge to the grand jury, said that in this country three times as many deaths resulted in one year from homicides as resulted in one year from the Transvaal war,

and that Alabama stood in the list of States and Territories where homicide is most frequent. "A sad reflection," he went on, "that in this 'land of the free and home of the brave,' with its vast commercial intercourse, the average citizen is in more danger of being murdered than killed by railway accident. Does the rate of homicide tell of too many cowards who sought unfair advantage of their fellow-man, and the same rate tell of too few brave men obeying the law of God and man?" Another illustration of what the old "code" has come to in parts of the South is thus given by a writer in the New York Evening Post: A young clerk became involved with the young wife of his employer. A note had been found asking her to meet him. The husband got it, was prevailed on not to shoot him, and compromised by commanding him to leave town. The lad did not prosper, so he returned. When the business man heard of it he loaded a shotgun, and sat in a drug shop by the square all one Sunday morning, waiting for the boy to pass. At last the boy came in sight. He was with his mother, returning from church. When they came opposite the drug shop the boy caught sight of the gun leveled at him, and drew away from his mother. Both barrels were emptied into him, and he died right there. Not even an indictment was returned against his coldly patient slayer.

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SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie,
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	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain- fall.	State of Weather.
September 3d.....	62	54	.00	Clear
" 4th.....	60	50	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 5th.....	66	54	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 6th.....	64	54	.00	Clear
" 7th.....	72	54	.00	Clear
" 8th.....	82	58	.00	Clear
" 9th.....	92	62	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Tuesday, September 8, 1903, were as follows:

BONDS.		Closed	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa W 5%	5,000 @ 103- 103 1/2	101	
Market St. Ry. 1st			
Con. 5%.....	3,000 @ 115 1/2	115 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	2,000 @ 119	119 1/2	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	42,000 @ 106 3/4-108 1/2	110	110 1/2
S. P. R. of Arizona			
6%, 1910.....	1,000 @ 109 1/2		
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%			
1906.....	11,000 @ 107 1/2-107 1/2	107 1/2	107 1/2
S. V. Water 6%.....	5,000 @ 106	105 1/2	
S. V. Water 4%.....	1,000 @ 99 1/2	99 1/2	100
STOCKS.		Closed	
Water.	Shares.	Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa.....	15 @ 50		
Spring Valley.....	55 @ 84- 84 1/2	83 1/2	
Street R. R.			
Presidio.....	30 @ 40		42
Powders.			
Giant Con.....	290 @ 65- 66	64 1/2	65
Vigorit.....	30 @ 5 1/2	5	
Sugars.			
Hawaiian C. & S.....	50 @ 44	43 1/2	46
Hutchinson.....	40 @ 13 1/2	13	14
Paubau S. Co.....	240 @ 16- 16 1/2	16	16 1/2
Gas and Electric.			
Central L. & P.....	325 @ 5	4 1/2	5 1/2
Mutual Electric.....	210 @ 13 1/2- 14	14	
S. F. Gas & Electric	195 @ 69 1/2- 70 1/2	67 1/2	69
U. Gas Electric.....	50 @ 35		
Trustees Certificates.			
S. F. Gas & Electric	685 @ 68- 70	67 1/2	69
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	170 @ 149 1/2-150 1/2	149 1/2	
Cal. Fruit Cannerns.....	10 @ 90		
Cal. Wine Assn.....	185 @ 97- 98	97	98
Pac. Coast Borax.....	5 @ 167	167	

Alaska Packers have been fairly active, and on sales of 170 shares sold up to 150 1/2, closing at 149 1/2 bid. The sugars have been quiet and made fractional declines.

Giant Powder on small sales sold off one point to 65. Spring Valley Water has kept steady, with no change worth mentioning.

There has been a very good demand for the gas stocks, with small offerings—San Francisco Gas and Electric selling up one and one-half points to 70 1/2 on sales of 195 shares, closing at 67 1/2 bid, 69 asked.

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Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.2
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.0
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.7
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.7
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.3
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.5
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.2
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.2
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.9
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.7
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.7
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.5
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.2
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.1
Argonaut and Life.....	7.7
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.5
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.9
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.2
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.3
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.2
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.7
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.2
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.5
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.3
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.0
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.1
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	9.0
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	5.5
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.5
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.5
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.3
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.3
Argonaut and the Out West.....	5.2

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An old Scotchwoman, when advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon, replied: "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

Not long ago, while out walking in Washington, D. C., Admiral George Dewey was accosted by an effusive stranger who grasped his hand and said: "George, I'll bet you don't know me." The admiral looked his displeasure as he answered, grimly, "You win," and walked on.

The late Phil May once drew a picture of a cricket match, which *To-Day* says preyed on the mind of Dr. Grace, who afterward raised a protest. On arriving at the office one day, Phil found the following telegram: "Why, oh why, does square leg wear wicket-keeper's gloves?" About two o'clock in the morning the cricket champion was roused out of bed by a special telegraph messenger to read the humorist's reply, which ran: "To keep his hands warm.—PHIL MAY."

A well-known landscape painter was hushed in "the colors of a sunset in the country. The tints were hurriedly conveyed from tube to palette, and from palette to canvas, for the artist was anxious to catch the effect. A rustic standing by observed the operation for a little while, and then remarked: "Ah, you be a-painting two pictures at once. That's clever." He paused a moment, and blurted out: "I like that picture best—the one you've got your thumb through!"

"Don't you hear the hells summoning you to church?" asked an indignant country clergyman of a fisherman whom he met on his way to church. The wayward angler put an inquiring hand to his ear. Encouraged, the clergyman repeated the question. But once again the fisherman asked for a repetition, and then again, and even yet again. Flushing from overmuch hawling, the parson was about to proceed on his way when the fisherman spoke: "Very sorry, guv'nor," he said, "but them bloomin' bells make such a hell of a clatter that I can't hear a word you says."

When Bishop Doane, of Albany, was the rector of an Episcopal church, in Hartford, Mark Twain occasionally attended the services. One Sunday, at the end of the sermon, he humorist said: "Dr. Doane, I enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcomed it like an old friend. I have, you know, a book at home containing every word of it." "You have not," said Dr. Doane. "I have so," said the humorist. "Well, send that book to me. I'd like to see it." "I'll send it," Twain replied. And he sent the next morning an unbridged dictionary to the rector.

As long as the name of James McNeill Whistler lives among those who saw him, it will recall the famous white lock which stood out so conspicuously from the mass of his black hair. It was, as he used to say himself, "well placed," and was always treated from the harmonious point of view, to develop its greatest effect in his appearance. One day, when Dorothy Menpes, daughter of the well-known English artist, Mortimer Menpes, was lying and was asleep on her pillow, Whistler went to see her. A white feather had, by chance, settled on her head, and lay in a spot exactly corresponding with the white lock on his own head. "That child is going to develop into something great," he exclaimed, "for, see, she begins with a feather, just like me!"

The late Captain Philip was fond of relating an experience he once had when he was stationed at the Cramps's ship-yard in Philadelphia as inspector of the cruiser *New York*, which was then building there. One day, when work was stopped for the noon hour, he saw a soldierly looking man come aboard with some ladies, and proceed to how them about the ship with as much authority as if he were the designer and builder. The soldierly man stopped beside a couple of ventilators, which were lying on deck ready to be put in place, and, touching one of them with his little cane, remarked, with an air of profound wisdom: "These are the smoke-pipes," and approaching the hammock-nettings, and, putting out his gloved hand, he added: "This is the place where the heavy armor is put on. This is to be one of the armored fighting ships, you know." This was too much for Captain Philip, and he approached the party, and touched his

cap, as he said: "Excuse me, sir, that is not the place for the armor. That is a hammock-netting, where the men stow their hammocks during the day. And these are not smoke-pipes, but ventilators." The military man drew himself up to his greatest height, and surveyed the man in dungarees with glacial dignity. "Excuse me," he said, with heavy emphasis on the me, "but I am Captain Blank of the army, and I think I know a smoke-pipe when I see one." Captain Philip declared that it would have been almost a crime to take down a conceit like that, and he made no reply to the military man whatever; but turned and went about his work, leaving Captain Blank to finish explaining the intricacies of the cruiser to his friends.

When Lord Lyons was the English ambassador to the United States, the grave difficulty over the Mason and Slidell case arose. Lord Lyons was instructed from home to present an ultimatum, afford twelve hours for its acceptance, and, the latter not being forthcoming, he was to break off relations and leave the country. The twelfth hour expired, Slidell and Mason were not surrendered, and there remained, apparently, only the dire prospect of war. "Give me another twelve hours," said Seward, the Secretary of State. It was an entire contradiction of official orders, but, nevertheless, "I will," said Lyons. From six o'clock that night until six the next morning Seward battled with the recalcitrants. Then Lyons received an intimation that the Confederate envoys would be given up. So by the insubordination of an ambassador war was avoided.

Senator Hoar tells an amusing story of a rather dissipated lawyer who had a case approaching on the docket. One day he told his office-boy to "go over to the Supreme Court and see what in hell they are doing." The court were hearing a very important case, in which Mr. Choate was on one side and Mr. Curtis on the other. The bar and the courtroom were crowded with listeners. As Mr. Curtis was in the midst of his argument, the eye of the chief justice caught sight of a young urchin, ten or eleven years old, with yellow trousers stuffed into his boots, and with his cap on one side of his head, gazing intently up at him. He said: "Stop a moment, Mr. Curtis." Mr. Curtis stopped, and there was a profound silence as the audience saw the audacious little fellow standing entirely unconcerned. "What do you want, my boy?" said the chief justice. "Mr. P— told me to come over here and see what in hell you was up to," was the reply.

When Bill Nye one day happened on the modest sign of the late Major Pond, the lecturer manager, in a window of the Everett House, in New York, he said to a friend who accompanied him: "Here's the man that incites the lecturers, let's go in and see if we can't induce him to lead a better life." Entering, Nye removed his hat and ran his hand over the hairless expanse of his head, and, after staring about for a moment, said: "This is Major Pond, I believe." "Yes, sir. What can I do for you?" answered the major. "I want to get a job on the platform," returned Nye. "Ah—yes," said the major, slowly; "have you had experience?" "Well, I've been before the public for a couple of years." "Yes? May I ask in what capacity?" "I've been with Barnum. Sat concealed in the bottom of a cabinet and exhibited my head as the largest ostrich egg in captivity."

"My filly Virgie made lots of money for me this season," said Mrs. Langtry, the other day, to a New York reporter; "in fact I was so proud of Virgie that I sent over a little photograph of her to my press-agent and told him that he might get it published whenever he could. Well he has!" laughed the Jersey Lily, as she held up a sheaf of out-of-town papers; "look at them. They're all the same picture, as you see, but good heavens! observe the difference in the captions. This first one from Chicago is quite correct—'Virgie, Mrs. Langtry's famous filly.' But look at this one from Milwaukee—'Virgie, Mrs. Langtry's famous brood mare'; and worst of all, this one from Rochester—'A picture of Mrs. Langtry's famous stallion, Virgie.' It seems to me that they're trying to make Virgie represent her whole family. After this it wouldn't surprise me in the least if they published a picture of a young automobile, and then accused poor little Virgie of being its dam!"

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

To Miss Lou Dillon.

Ah, there
Whoa there,
Lady Lou,
Your record of 2
Flat
Shows where you are at.
And the others?
Oh say, Lou,
They ain't in it with you.
And say,
Aint it gay
To think that one of the inferior sex
Has made wrecks
Of the so-called superior sex,
And a lady leads?
Don't it hurt all the male creeds?
And make you want to go out
And shout,
And rip and tear
And get full and swear
And wear
Whiskers and pants,
And vote
And tote
A gun,
And have fun
Whooping it up all along the line.
As do those who claim
The right divine?
Oh, me! oh, my!
As you went by
The stand
And
Broke
The record, the weaker sex spoke
In thunder tones that She
Was a better thing than He;
Oh, my! oh, me!
Oh, Lou,
Oh, Lady Lou,
Aint you
Too 2
For any use?
Well, we should smile;
A mile,
In 2 flat,
That
Is what
You are to trot.
And you are a lady, too;
Oh, Lou.

—William J. Lampton in New York Sun.

Prayer of the Small College.

Give me a million of dough, Mammon,
Give me a million of dough,
To keep the little life I have—
You'll never miss it, you know.
My best professors leave me,
They're out for coin, and so,
If bigger wages offer,
Quite naturally they go.
Then give me a million of dough, Mammon,
Only a million of dough.
I can't afford a football coach,
I make a sorry show—
A stickful on the sporting page—
Oh, do not say me no,
But give me a million of dough, Mammon,
Only a million of dough.

ENVOYEZ.

A draft, a check or cash will do—
Mais l'envoyez, et p. d. q. —Life.

Hyphenated Names.

See the hyphenated name
Of the fashionable dame
In the Sunday morning edition
Of the Social Statistician—
See the name:
Miss Stensellaer-VanCooger-Fitz-Llewellyn-
Standish-Smyth!
Now, therewith
Goes descent from Knickerbockers
Sturdy putrinitic knockers
Who knocked royalty to hits.
Welshmen—kindly note the "Fitz!"
So you see
That the name's a pedigree.

Should this style continue for
Say, an hundred years or more
Fashionable appellations
Will display their hyphenations
By the score:

Miss Stensellaer-VanCooger-Fitz-Llewellyn-
Standish-Smyth-Hohenstauffer-Poniatowski-
Montmorency-Metternich-Probenusoff-
Fusiama-The O'Grady-Wu Ting Fang-
McIntosh-Carraciolo-Hassan-Athenopolous-
Penaloza-Esterhazy-Aguinaldo-Crazy-Horse!

Thus, of course,
Showing the ramifications
Grafted on by all nations—
For, in those days, of the man
And the maid American
Such will be
Probably the pedigree.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

If You Want

a perfect cream, preserved without sugar, order
Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. It
has a delightful, natural flavor and is superior to
the richest raw cream you can buy, with the
added assurance of being sterilized. Prepared by
Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.
Phil'delphia...Sept. 23, 10 am | New York...Oct. 7, 10 am
St. Louis...Sept. 30, 10 am | Phil'delphia...Oct. 14, 10 am
Philadelphia—Queens-town—Liverpool.
Noordland...Sept. 26, 1 pm | West'nld Oct. 10, 11:30 am
Friesland...Oct. 3, 9 am | Belgenland...Oct. 17, 9 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Min'apolis...Sept. 26, 9 am | Mesaba...Oct. 10, 9 am
Minneapolis...Oct. 3, 3 pm | Min'apolis...Oct. 17, 1:30 pm
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Commonwealth...Sept. 24 | Columbus (new)...Oct. 15
New England...Oct. 1 | Commonwealth...Oct. 22
Mayflower...Oct. 8 | New England...Oct. 29
Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Canada...Sept. 26 | Dominion...Oct. 10
Southwark...Oct. 3 | Southwark...Oct. 17

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.
Canhroman...Saturday, Sept. 19, Oct. 31, Dec. 12
Vancouver...Saturday, Oct. 10, Nov. 21

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a. m.
Kroonland...Sept. 26 | Finland...Oct. 10
Zeeland...Oct. 3 | Vaderland...Oct. 17

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Oceanic...Sept. 23, 7 am | Teutonic...Sept. 30, noon
Cymric...Sept. 25, 8 am | Arabic...Oct. 2, 2:30 pm
Victorian...Sept. 29, noon | Germanic...Oct. 7, noon
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,
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STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan
Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Doric...Wednesday, Oct. 7
Coptic...Saturday, Oct. 31
Gaelic (Calling at Manila) Wednesday, Nov. 25
Doric...Tuesday, Dec. 22
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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KISEN
KAISHA
(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)
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calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai,
and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903
Hongkong Maru...Saturday, September 19
(Calling at Manila)
Nippon Maru...Thursday, October 15
America Maru...Tuesday, November 10
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, corner First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

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Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,
and Sydney, Thursday, Sept. 17, 1903, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Sept. 29, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Sept. 26, 1903,
at 11 A. M.
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tures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film
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more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us de-
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thing in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San
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LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTAB-
lished 1876—18,000 volumes.
LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED
1865—35,000 volumes.
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTAB-
lished 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223
Sutter Street established 1852—80,000 volumes.
PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED
June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POSTER PICTURES.

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mounted on harmonious tinted raw silk mat boards
—greens, grays, black, and red; most stunning and
artistic for a very moderate outlay. Sanborn, Van
& Co., 741 Market Street.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Reel B. Terry announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Birne Terry, to Mr. Frank Allen West, son of the late George West, of Stockton.

At a dinner at the Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority House on Monday night, the engagement was announced of Miss Irene Strang Hazard, daughter of Mrs. J. R. Hazard, of San Diego, and Mr. George T. Gerlinger, son of Mr. Louis Gerlinger, of Portland, Or.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Allie Taylor and Mr. John F. Siebe.

The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Rivas, daughter of Dr. Isaac Rivas, to Mr. Rafael de Zayas, the landscape painter, and a son of the Mexican consul resident in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Marion Holden and Mr. Charles Stockton Pope, son of the late Colonel Pope, U. S. M. C., will take place at Trinity Church on Monday afternoon, September 21st, at four o'clock. Miss Holden's sister, Miss Milward Holden, will act as maid of honor, and Miss Anna Holden and Miss Lottie Collier will be the maids of honor. Little Miss Mary Pope, the groom's young sister, will act as flower-girl.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Young, daughter of Lieutenant-General S. B. M. Young, and Lieutenant John R. Hannay, U. S. A., will take place in Washington, D. C., this month, somewhat earlier than first planned, owing to the fact that Lieutenant Hannay's regiment has been ordered to the Philippines.

The wedding of Miss Anita Lohse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul F. Lohse, and Mr. David McClure Gregory, took place on Tuesday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents in Oakland, 1385 Webster Street. The ceremony was performed at half after four o'clock by Rev. Father Ramm, of St. Mary's Cathedral. Miss Clarisse Lohse was the maid of honor, and Miss Elsie Gregory served as bridesmaid. Mr. Benjamin Bakewell was the best man, and Miss Noelle de Golia, Miss Helen Davis, Miss Jane Crellin, and Miss Edith Gaskill were the ribbon-bearers. The ceremony was followed by a reception and wedding supper, after which Mr. and Mrs. Gregory departed for Southern California on their wedding journey.

The wedding of Miss Florence I. Porter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Porter, and Mr. John W. Rogers took place at the home of the bride's parents, 133 Haight Street, on Tuesday. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. E. R. Dille. Miss Elsie I. Irving was the maid of honor, and Mr. Charles H. Rogers, the groom's brother, was the best man. Later in the day, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers departed for Del Monte on their wedding journey.

The wedding of Miss Virginia Russell Ledyard and Mr. Earl L. Beeny, of Oakland, took place at Grace Church on Wednesday afternoon. The ceremony was performed at one o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Ernest Bradley. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her uncle, Mr. I. L. Bevans; Miss Dorothy Ledyard, the bride's sister, acted as maid of honor, and Mr. George Beeny attended his brother as best man. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Beeny will reside in Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Anne Apperson and Dr. Joseph Marshall Flint will take place on Tuesday at Mrs. Phebe Hearst's hacienda at Pleasanton. Rev. Dr. Gallwey, of Menlo Park, will officiate. Miss Elsa Woolworth, of New York, will be the maid of honor. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Dr. Flint and his bride will occupy their residence on Broadway.

Mr. McBean gave a luncheon at the Pacific Union Club on Tuesday complimentary to General Robert M. O'Reilly, U. S. A. Others at table were Major Borden, Major Ogden Rafferty, Mrs. Lansing Kellogg, and Dr. Kierstead.

Commander Cottman and the officers of the monitor *Wyoming* gave a luncheon on Saturday last on board the *Wyoming* at Mare Island in honor of Mr. Henry T. Oxnard. Others at table were Captain B. H. McCalla, Captain B. F. Tilley, Commander C. B. T. Moore, Lieutenant W. G. Miller, and Mr. W. D. Pennycook.

The dance in the club-house at the Hotel Rafael last Saturday evening was a very enjoyable affair. Among others present were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. James Pollis, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Colonel and Mrs. Seymour, Miss Seymour, Lieutenant and Mrs. A. S. Fichteler, Mrs. and Miss Purington, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breeden, and Mr. William B. Collier.

An interesting entertainment is to be given at the Marie Kip Orphanage on Friday and

Saturday, November 6th and 7th. The affair will be in the nature of aazaar, and will end with a dance on the evening of the seventh. The board of managers which has the arrangements in charge comprise Miss Carrie Gwin, Mrs. Thomas P. Woodward, Mrs. Sidney Worth, Mrs. R. B. Sanchez, Mrs. George H. Buckingham, Mrs. Arthur Holland, Mrs. Simons, Mrs. E. D. Bullard, Miss Mary Heath, Miss Eva Maynard, and Miss Elizabeth Brown.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the most important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

The will of Mrs. Mary J. Gerberding, written by herself on June 8, 1903, has been filed for probate by Senator Thomas R. Bard, her son-in-law, and Frederick W. Gerberding, her son, who are the executors, and both of whom reside at Hueneme, Ventura County. To Senator Bard's wife, Mrs. Mary B. Bard, who had paid off a mortgage of \$5,000 on the home of the testatrix, her mother, Mrs. Gerberding, bequeathed this home, situated on Clay Street, near Jones, stating that it was her desire that the property should not pass out of the possession of the family, and that it should not be used for hospital or business purposes. It is valued at about \$10,000. To her other daughter, Clara W. Bard, of Livermore, Mrs. Gerberding bequeathed her piano and articles of furniture, and to her son, Frederick, she gave articles of furniture.

A Mansion on The Alameda.

F. B. Myers, an Eastern capitalist, has purchased the handsome Wilcox house on The Alameda—the fine avenue running from San José to Santa Clara. The house was erected by Charles Wilcox, who died some time ago. Since his death the property has been in the hands of the Commercial and Savings Bank of San José for sale. The purchaser intends improving the already handsome grounds, and has employed a landscape gardener to lay them out. The house is a fine one, containing twenty-four master's rooms, finished in hard woods, with the usual wine-cellar, butler's pantries, and other servants' offices. The mural decorations of the house are very elaborate. There also are a number of antique fire-places of great size, with old-fashioned settees. Altogether, it is one of the finest houses on The Alameda, on which avenue there are a number of handsome country places. This is the first sale in that neighborhood of recent years to an Eastern capitalist. Since San José has become a station on the main overland line, the number of Eastern people who stop over there is vastly increased, and the many attractions of the Garden City are inducing some of them to remain.

Several of the most important New York theatres are to open their fall season with promising attractions next week. On Monday evening Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses" will be produced, with Rose Coghlan as Penelope and Tyrone Powers as Ulysses. On the same evening, Minnie Maddern Fiske will return to the Manhattan Theatre with "Mary of Magdala," her offering of last year, and Charles Warner, the English actor, will be seen at the Academy of Music in the melodrama "Drink," from Zola's "L'Assommoir." On Tuesday, John Drew will begin his fall season at the refurbished Herald Square Theatre, in his new play, "Captain Dieppe," by Anthony Hope and Harrison Rhoades, and on Wednesday, Charles Hawtree will begin his American season at the Criterion with his Prince of Wales Theatre success, "The Man from Blankley's."

Prince A. Poniatowski, the well-known capitalist and railway promotor, has tendered his resignation as president of the Sierra Railway. In all probability the prince's successor to this responsible position will be T. S. Bullock, who makes his home much of the time at the Hotel Vendome in San José. Mr. Bullock is at present the general manager of the road, and has been associated with Prince Poniatowski in its construction.

Louis Eaton will resume the series of organ recitals at Trinity Church on Thursday evening, September 17th, at eight o'clock, when the following programme will be rendered: Fuge in G-major, Book IX, Bach; concert overture in E-flat, Faulkes; seventh sonata (new), Guilmant; caprice, Wolstenholme; overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner.

A trip up Mt. Tamalpais affords a pleasant day's outing, full of enjoyment and devoid of tedium, for there is an ever-changing panorama as you make the ascent on the Scenic Railway. The accommodations at the Tavern of Tamalpais for remaining overnight are excellent.

William Waldorf Astor has sent his check for one hundred thousand dollars to the cancer research fund in England. This contribution was made as the result of an appeal made by Prime Minister Balfour at a meeting held on July 30th.

Something New.

A. Hirschman, Market and Geary Streets, is showing artistic long chains in oxidized silver, ornamented with India Stones.

—MAKE NO MISTAKE, KENT, SHIRT TAILOR, 121 Post St., cuts fine-fitting Shirt Waists for ladies.

Another Bret Harte Story Dramatized.

The dramatization of Bret Harte's "Snow-Bound at Eagle's," in which T. Edgar Pemberton is named as collaborator, has been produced at Bedford by Arthur Bouchier, who will take it to London, it is said, after a short provincial tour. An English paper adds:

The action of the piece takes place in California, the period is 1860, and the story opens at Heavy Tree Hill, where the California coach is "held up" by George Lee, who receives assistance from his friend, Ned Falkner, who by these means recovers some property that had otherwise been lost. But one of those sudden snow-storms peculiar to the California ranges overtakes both the passengers of the coach and the robbers, the result being that they get snowed up. George, who has been accidentally shot in the leg, manages to get as far as the house of John Hale, who was a passenger in the coach, unable to reach his home on account of the snow. Here we find Hale's wife, his mother-in-law, and his wife's sister, three charming ladies, who have given these highwaymen a hearty welcome, not for a moment guessing whom they are entertaining. They are completely snowed up for a fortnight, during which time George and Ned find themselves in love with the two younger ladies. They decide that the only honorable course for them to pursue is to quit the house. This they do, after leaving a note for Hale, with which they return the sum of money taken from the coach. However, after several exciting incidents, a happy ending is arrived at, Kate Scott and Ned Falkner being united, and John Hale and George Lee becoming the best of friends. This termination is come to after several sensational scenes, not the least notable being the robbery at Eagle's Court by a couple of desperadoes, who break in in the dead of night, expecting to only find ladies in the house, but are disagreeably surprised at finding the two men.

M. Richepin has written a new play called "Mlle. Napoleon," which will be produced in this country by Anna Held. M. Richepin is best known as the author of "Le Chemineau," of which an English version was played by Beerbohm Tree under the name of "Ragged Robin." In the new play the chief characters will be Napoleon himself and Mlle. Mars, while other historical persons are introduced, including Ney, Murat, Lefebvre, Fouché, and many more. The scenes will include the foyer of the Comédie-Française, and the Café de la Paix in 1809.

The double tracks of the Southern Pacific Company from San Francisco to San José will be completed and in use within thirty days. This road will be the finest piece of railway work west of the Mississippi River.

Pears'

Whoever wants soft hands, smooth hands, white hands, or a clear complexion, he and she can have both: that is, if the skin is naturally transparent; unless occupation prevents.

The color you want to avoid comes probably neither of nature or work, but of habit.

Use Pears' Soap, no matter how much; but a little is enough if you use it often.

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TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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All apartments steam heated

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They are the only first-class grounds in California available to the public. The greens are always green. Sunshine and cool breezes from the sea are always present and refreshing, the weather never interfering. You can play winter and summer, the year round.

Play golf at Del Monte, the ideal retreat for all golfers.

GEO. W. REYNOLDS,
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FORMERLY SANDERS & JOHNSON

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King were at Shasta Springs during the week.

Mr. John D. Spreckels and Miss Grace Spreckels have returned from Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear have taken a house on Pacific Avenue, near Laguna, for the winter.

Miss Ruth McNutt expects to sail for the Orient with her sister, Mrs. Ashton Potter, who will leave on the steamship *Siberia* on October 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxtun Beale have returned from their European wedding journey, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Katherine Dillon and Miss Patricia Cosgrove, who were in London when last heard from, will sail from England for New York next Tuesday.

Mrs. J. H. Boalt is spending the summer in the Tyrol. She will return to Germany early in the autumn, and will pass the winter in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan will return to their new home in Holland Park, London, next week, after a brief visit to San Francisco. They expect to sail from New York on September 23d.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant were at Paso Robles during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker were guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mrs. R. L. Ogden and R. H. Pease, Jr., returned on Monday from Portland, after passing the summer there.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will leave soon for a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla and Miss Charlotte Russell have returned from the country, and are occupying their city residence.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beardsley (née Robinson) have returned from their wedding journey, and are occupying their apartment at the corner of Sutter and Fillmore Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui and Miss Bosqui left on Tuesday for a trip to Ensenada, Mexico.

Miss Charlotte Ellinwood has been sojourning at the Bancroft farm in Contra Costa County during the past fortnight.

Mrs. William Burling, who has been at Coronado all summer, will spend the winter in San Francisco with her daughter, Mrs. John E. Page, who has taken a house on Clay Street for the season.

Mr. Richard W. Tohin was in Santa Barbara during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd have departed for the East, via Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne, who will occupy Mrs. Loughborough's house on O'Farrell and Franklin Streets this winter, are expected in town some time next month.

Mrs. Louis Hanchett has returned from her visit to Sacramento, where she was the guest of her brother, Mr. Upson.

Miss Lena Blanding will spend the winter at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hush, of Oakland, have taken a house on Haight Street for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis and family have returned from their country place in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and family will return to the city from their country place, "Meadowlands," in San Rafael, next week.

Mrs. George Gibbs has returned to her residence on Jackson Street from a visit of several weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Ives and Miss Florence Ives, who have been spending the summer in San José, will return to town next week.

Mrs. Louis T. Haggin and the Countess Festetics de Tolna are spending the summer at their country place at Closter, N. J.

Mr. Frank B. King has gone on a business trip to Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckhee have been visiting the Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pond were guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Ehrman have returned after a three weeks' trip to the Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Baker have been in Seattle during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney have departed for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Pomeroy sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Mauzy and family, accompanied by Miss Mauzy, Miss Young, Mr. and Mrs. A. Batkin, and Miss Batkin were at the Hotel del Monte during the week for a short stay.

Mr. George T. Marye has returned from a visit of several months to Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley expect soon to leave for a trip to New York.

Mrs. John L. Bradbury and Mrs. Linda H. Bryan leave for a two months' visit to New York this (Saturday) evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Macdonald were guests at the Hotel del Monte during the week.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. N. J. Somers, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. L. Berryman, Mrs. R. N. Whitney, Mrs. E. A. Brady, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Miss Baker, Miss D. Baker, Miss C. Stewart, Miss S. Talbot, Miss Vera Talbot, Mr. C. Griffin, Mr. Charles Sonntag, and Mr. Gerald Chamberlaine.

President Jordan has presented to Stanford University his valuable library of three thousand volumes on the subject of fishes. This collection is one of the finest of its kind in existence, and for over thirty years has served as the personal working library of Dr. Jordan.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., and party are expected back from their visit to Southern California early next week.

Colonel William S. Patten, U. S. A., the new chief quartermaster of the Department of California, is expected to arrive here next week.

Major George O. Squier, U. S. A., chief signal officer of the Department of California, will spend the next two months in the East on leave.

Captain Russell C. Langdon, U. S. A., and Mrs. Langdon have returned from a long absence in Europe, and are at the Presidio.

Mrs. Garrard, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Garrard, U. S. A., commanding troops at Camp Wood, near Wawona, accompanied by her two daughters, who are to resume their studies at Baltimore, arrived in town on Tuesday.

Major William E. Birkhimer, artillery inspector, U. S. A., has returned from San Diego Barracks, where he went to superintend the test of the four ten-inch guns.

Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. N., and Mrs. Clover, who have been spending several weeks at their summer place at Napa, were at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Lieutenant-Commander John B. Blish, U. S. N., who is under treatment at the Mare Island hospital, has been relieved as the executive officer of the *Alert* by Lieutenant-Commander George H. Stafford, U. S. N.

Captain George W. Melver, U. S. A., and Mrs. Melver have just returned from Portland, Or., where Captain Melver has been on recruiting duty, prior to his departure for the Philippines with his regiment, the Seventh Infantry.

Brigadier-General William H. Bisbee, U. S. A., who was formerly stationed in California with the First Infantry, has proceeded to Denver, after a visit on this Coast.

Lieutenant William Graham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Graham are spending a week in Berkeley prior to their departure for Fort Sheridan, where Lieutenant Graham will join the Twentieth Infantry.

Chaplain Joseph A. Potter, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio, after a fortnight's leave of absence.

Lieutenant J. F. Franklin, U. S. A., who recently arrived from Nashville, Tenn., en route to Manila, is the guest of Colonel H. Bendel in Oakland.

The Interchangeable Hero.

The gallant hero in the book
May fight a daybreak duel
To cure the villain of his look,
Which is intensely cruel.
The hero—you may take your pick—
He always is a marvel,
If he appears as Deadwood Dick
Or shines as Richard Carvel.

The noble hero of the tale
For fight is always spoiling—
The villain—this can never fail—
Forever gets a foiling.
No matter where the hero roams,
He's something of a martyr;
He's fine if he is Sherlock Holmes
And wicked if Nick Carter.

The dashing hero swings his sword
Or fills a page with shooting—
You buy the book you can afford,
Sure of the hero suiting.
But—this is nothing but the truth—
No matter what his mettle,
He's bad if he comes as Old Sleuth
And good if Nick Carter.

The hero may be garbed in lace
And have a manner airy.
Or he may fit from place to place
Scalp lifting on the prairie—
But that is neither here nor there;
Distinction can't be fairer:
He's excellent if he's Beaucaire
And vile if Tim the Terror.

—Chicago Tribune.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

—"KNOX" CELEBRATED HATS; FALL STYLES now open. Eugene Korn, Hatter, 746 Market St.

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That greatest of all disfigurements of a woman's face, permanently removed, in the only successful way—with the ELECTRIC NEEDLE, as operated by Mrs. Harrison.

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Enacted by the last Legislature,

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HOGUE OPTICAL CO., 211 Post Street.

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STANDARD OPTICAL CO.,
217 Kearny Street.

BERTLING OPTICAL CO.,
16 Kearny Street.

HASKELL & JONES OPTICAL CO.,
243 Grant Avenue.

CHINN-BERETTA OPTICAL CO.,
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ALL THE WAY

CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Trains leave Union Ferry Depot, San Francisco, as follows:

- 7.30** A M.—BAKERSFIELD LOCAL: Due Stockton 10.40 a. m., Fresno 2.40 p. m., Bakersfield 7.15 p. m. Stops at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives 8.55 a. m.
- 9.30** A M.—THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED: Due Stockton 12.01 p. m., Fresno 6.00 p. m., Kansas City (third day) 2.35 a. m., Chicago (third day) 2.15 p. m. Palace sleepers and dining-car through to Chicago. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives 11.10 p. m.
- 9.30** A M.—VALLEY LIMITED: Due Stockton 12.01 p. m., Fresno 3.20 p. m., Bakersfield 6.00 p. m. The fastest train in the Valley. Carries composite and reclining-chair car. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 11.10 p. m.
- 4.00** P M.—STOCKTON LOCAL: Due Stockton 7.10 p. m. Corresponding train arrives 11.10 a. m.
- 8.00** P M.—OVERLAND EXPRESS: Due Stockton 11.15 p. m., Fresno 3.15 a. m., Bakersfield 7.35 a. m., Kansas City (fourth day) 7.00 a. m., Chicago (fourth day) 8.47 p. m. Palace and Tourist sleepers and free reclining-chair cars through to Chicago, also Palace sleeper which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6.25 p. m.

* Daily. † Monday and Thursday. ‡ Tuesday and Friday.

Personally conducted parties for Kansas City, Chicago, and East leave on Overland Express Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p. m.

TICKET OFFICES at 641 Market Street and in Ferry Depot, San Francisco; and 1112 Broadway, Oakland.

California Northwestern Railway Co.

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SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7.30, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.35, 2.30, 3.40, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30, and 11.30 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.30 p. m.

SUNDAYS—7.30, 8.00, 9.30, 11.00 a. m.; 1.30, 2.30, 3.40, 5.10, 6.30, 11.30 p. m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6.05, 6.50, 7.35, 7.50, 9.20, 11.15 a. m.; 12.50, 1.40, 3.40, 5.00, 5.20, 6.25 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS—6.50, 7.35, 9.20, 11.15 a. m.; 1.45, 3.40, 4.50, 5.00, 6.20, 6.25 p. m.

Leave San Francisco.		In Effect May 3, 1903.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days.	Sundays.		Sundays.	Week Days.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Ignacio.	7.45 a. m.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		8.40 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		6.00 p. m.	6.20 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.		6.25 p. m.	7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Novato Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	7.45 a. m.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		8.40 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		6.00 p. m.	6.20 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.		6.25 p. m.	7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Fulton.	10.20 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		7.25 p. m.	6.20 p. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.			7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	10.20 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.	7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Hopland and Ukiah.	10.20 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.	7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Willits.	10.20 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.	7.25 p. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Guerneville.	10.20 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.	6.20 p. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	8.40 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.		6.00 p. m.	6.20 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	Sebastopol.	10.20 a. m.	10.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.	6.20 p. m.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altruria and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hullyville, Orr's Hot Springs, Halfway House, Complice, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal; at Willits for Fort Bragg, Westport, Sherwood, Calito, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Garberville, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

On Sundays round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

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MOUNT TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Leave San Fran.		Via Sausalito Ferry Foot of Market St.	Arrive San Fran.	
Week Days.	Sundays.		Sundays.	Week Days.
9:45 A.	8:00 A.		12:00 P.	9:15 A.
1:45 P.	9:00 A.		12:50 P.	3:30 P.
5:17 P.	10:00 A.		3:30 P.	6:00 P.
	11:30 A.		4:35 P.	
	1:30 P.		5:45 P.	
	2:35 P.		8:00 P.	
Sundays only, leave Tavern			9:30 P.	11:30 P.

at 626 MARKET ST. (North Shore Railroad, and SAUSALITO FERRY Foot Market St.)

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

At the seaside: Clerk—"That back piazza is pretty shaky. It may break down some night." Proprietor—"Must it be rebuilt?" Clerk—"Oh, no; light it up."—Town Topics.

At the photographer's: "Have I the pleasant expression you need?" (Voice from under the cloth)—"Perfectly, sir." "Then let her go quick, governor; it hurts my face."—Life.

As defined: "Say, mamma," queried little Mary Ellen, "what's a dead letter?" "Any letter that is given to your father to mail, my dear," replied the wise mother.—Chicago News.

Employer—"Yes, I advertised for a strong boy. Think you will fill the bill?" Applicant—"Well, I just finished lickin' nineteen other applicants out in de hall."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Sincerity: "One o' de sad things 'bout dis life," said Uncle Eden, "is dat it's so much easier to depend on de enmity of yoh enemies dan on de friendship of yoh friends."—Washington Star.

Lacked experience: Mamma—"Don't let me catch you in a lie again, you naughty boy!" Johnny—"I won't if I can help it; but I haven't had the experience that pa has had."—Boston Transcript.

First explorer—"We must hurry back." Second explorer—"But the North Pole is ours if we keep on." First explorer—"But if we don't get back now, we'll be too late for the lecture season."—Life.

Had won her: The chronic bachelor finally turned to the quiet man, who had taken no part in the discussion. "Would you, sir," he said, "marry the best woman in the world?" "I did," was the reply.—Judge.

Bigby—"I'm saving up money to go to Europe." Higby—"Indeed! How are you getting on?" Bigby—"Fine! I've already got together enough for the tips, and as soon as I can scare up traveling expenses I'm off."—Chicago Daily News.

Could keep a secret: Smith—"May I make a confidant of you?" Jones—"Why, certainly." Smith—"Well, I'm hard up and want ten pounds." Jones—"You can trust me; I am as silent as the grave. I have heard nothing."—Pick-Me-Up.

More coming: It is reported that a young married man of Golconda, wrapped in the greatest excitement, flew to the telegraph-office of his town and wired his wife's relatives a happening as follows: "Twins-to-day, more to-morrow."—Lyre.

Patsy—"Mom, won't yer gimme me candy, now?" Mrs. Casey—"Didn't ol tell ye oi wouldn't give ye anny at all if ye didn't kape still?" Patsy—"Yes'm, but—" Mrs. Casey—"Well, the longer ye kape still the sooner ye'll get it."—Philadelphia Press.

"I reckon you won't believe it," remarked Farmer Hayrix, "but that old rooster what just crow'd is more'n twenty years old." "Oh, I believe it all right enough," replied the summer boarder, "and I am also willing to believe that the old hen we had for dinner was his grandmother."—Chicago Daily News.

Another brute: Mrs. Pretty—"Isn't it strange? Mrs. Beaufi has not put on mourning for her husband." Mr. Pretty—"I understand that her late husband particularly requested that she should not." Mrs. Pretty—"The brute! I suppose he knew how lovely she would look in it."—Pick-Me-Up.

Peters—"Her marriage is like a romance." Par—"So?" Peters—"Yes; she eloped with her father's chauffeur. The automobile blew up and killed him before they got to the minister. The man who rescued her from the wreck proposed to her on the way home, and was accepted. They were married yesterday."—Baltimore American.

Casey—"Shure, they do be tellin' me that Big Moike Monohan wor knocked down be an automobile, yisterday; wor there any bones broke, I dunno?" Conley—"Troth, an' there wor; th' owner av th' devil-wagon got his nose broke, th' chawfer got his jaw broke, an' Big Moike broke th' second knuckle av his roight fshit!"—Puck.

Dangerous examples: Mrs. Long (who recommended a servant)—"Yes, she was an excellent girl in every way, except she would imitate me in dress, and things like that." Miss Short—"Ah, yes, I noticed she began doing it when she came to me; but she's given it up now." Mrs. Long—"I'm glad to hear it. I expect she saw she was making herself ridiculous."—Punch.

No difference: The Frenchman did not know all about the English language. "I would like to come see you ver' much. In fact, I would have come, only I thought you were ver' busy. I do not like to cockroach upon your time." "Not cockroach," that's not right. You should say 'enroach, enroach.' "Aha, that is it, 'enroach, enroach.' I see, I have got der gender of de verb wrong."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Steedman's Soothing Powders for fifty years the most popular English remedy for teething babies feverish children.

If, as suggested, the Republicans should adopt "the full baby-carriage" as the campaign slogan, the Democrats will concede Utah.—Salt Lake Herald.

—DR E O COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

OUR STANDARDS

Sperry's Best Family.
Drifted Snow.
Golden Gate Extra.

Sperry Flour Company

For SAN RAFAEL, ROSS, MILL VALLEY, ETC., Via Sausalito Ferry.

DEPART WEEK DAYS—6.45, †7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 11 A. M.; 12.20, †1.45, 3.15, 4.15, †5.15, †6.15, 6.45, 9, 11.45 P. M.

7.45 A. M. week days does not run to Mill Valley.

DEPART SUNDAY—7, †8, †9, †10, 11, †11.30 A. M.; †12.30, †1.30, 2.35, †3.50, 5, 6, 7.30, 9, 11.45 P. M.

Trains marked * run to San Quentin. Those marked (†) to Fairfax, except 5.15 P. M. Saturday. Saturday's 3.15 P. M. train runs to Fairfax.

7.45 A. M. week days—Cazadero and way stations.

5.15 P. M. week ways (Saturdays excepted)—Tomas and way stations.

3.15 P. M. Saturdays—Cazadero and way stations.

Sundays, 8 A. M.—Cazadero and way stations.

Sundays, 10 A. M.—Point Reyes and intermediate.

Legal Holidays—Boats and trains on Sunday time.

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at		SAN FRANCISCO.		(Main Line, foot of Market St.)	
LEAVE	FROM SEPTEMBER 2, 1903.	ARRIVE			
7.00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira and Sacramento	7.25 P.	6.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	5.25 P.
7.00 A.	Vacaville, Winters, Kelseyville, Marysville, Oroville, Grizzly, Biggs and Chico.....	7.25 P.	2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	10.55 P.
7.30 A.	Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....	6.25 P.	4.15 P.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos and way stations (on Saturday and Sunday runs through to Santa Cruz; Monday only from Santa Cruz). Connects at Felton to and from Boulder Creek.....	18.55 P.
8.00 A.	Niles, Livermore, Lathrop, Stockton.....	7.25 P.			
8.00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, Grizzly, Biggs and Chico.....	7.55 P.			
8.00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden, Salt Lake, Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....	10.25 P.			
8.00 A.	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....	4.25 P.			
8.00 A.	Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Visalia, Bakersfield.....	5.25 P.			
8.30 A.	Shasta Express—Ogden, Salt Lake, (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Fruto, Red Bluff, Portland.....	7.55 P.			
8.30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Porterville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....	4.25 P.			
8.30 A.	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tuolumne and Angels.....	4.25 P.			
9.00 A.	Martinez and Way Stations.....	5.55 P.			
10.00 A.	Vallejo.....	12.25 P.			
10.00 A.	El Paso Passenger, Eastbound—Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Sacramento, Raymond, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and El Paso. (Westbound arrives via Coast Line.)	11.30 P.			
10.00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	5.25 P.			
12.00 M.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.....	3.25 P.			
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamer.....	11.00 P.			
3.30 P.	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Sacramento, Woodland, Williams, Colusa, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Way Stations.....	10.55 P.			
3.30 P.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.....	7.55 P.			
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa.....	9.25 P.			
4.00 P.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi.....	4.25 P.			
4.30 P.	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore.....	11.55 P.			
5.00 P.	The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	8.55 P.			
5.00 P.	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Los Banos.....	12.25 P.			
5.30 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.....	4.25 P.			
5.00 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.....	10.25 P.			
5.00 P.	Ogden, Salt Lake, Chicago and East. Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Davis, Sacramento, Rocklin, Auburn, Colfax, Truckee, Boca, Reno, Wadsworth, Winnemucca, Battle Mountain, Elko, Reno, Truckee, Sacramento, Davis, Suisun, Benicia, Port Costa.....	7.55 P.			
5.00 P.	Vallejo, daily, except Sunday.....	7.55 P.			
7.00 P.	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations.....	11.25 P.			
8.05 P.	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	8.55 P.			
9.10 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only).....	11.55 P.			
11.25 P.	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Modesto, Neced, Raymond (to Yosemite), Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield.....	12.25 P.			

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street.)

7.45 A. Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only)..... 8.10 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. † Saturday and Sunday only. ‡ Sunday only. § Stops at all stations on Sunday. † Sunday excepted. a Saturday only. v Via Coast Line. w Via San Joaquin Valley. A. M., 12.00 A. M., 11.00 A. M., 2.30 P. M., and 6.30 P. M.

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RUSTY MIKE'S DIARY.—You'd think it was a crazy farmer who only milked his cows once a month—some advertisers are just as crazy.—Hill's Sayings.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY		FROM SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market St. (Ship)		FROM OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway—(1800 14th)	
		11.15 A.	11.00 A.	1.00 P.	5.15 P.
		18.05	10.00 A.	12.00	4.00 P.

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

5.10 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.15 P.
7.00 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.35 P.
7.15 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only).....	8.11 P.
8.00 A.	New Almaden (Tue., Fri., only).....	8.51 P.
8.00 A.	Coast Line Limited—Stops only San Jose, Gilroy (connection for Hollister), Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Sirt (connection for Lompoc), Santa Barbara, Saugus and Los Angeles. Connection at Castroville to and from Monterey and Pacific Grove.....	10.15 P.
9.00 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Intermediate Stations.....	4.11 P.
10.30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	1.20 P.
11.00 A.	Cemetery Passenger—South San Francisco, San Bruno.....	1.55 P.
11.30 A.	Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations.....	7.30 P.
1.30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	7.00 P.
2.00 P.	San Jose, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove (connects at Santa Clara for Santa Cruz, Boulder Creek and Narrow Gauge Points).....	12.15 P.
3.30 P.	Pacific Grove and Way Stations—Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Lawrence, Santa Clara, San Jose, (Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos), Pajaro, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Castroville, Salinas.....	10.45 P.
4.30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8.55 P.
5.00 P.	San Jose, (via Santa Clara) Los Gatos, Wright and Principal Way Stations (except Sunday).....	9.00 A.
5.30 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	18.00 A.
5.15 P.	San Mateo, Boreford, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Sunnyside, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose.....	19.45 P.
5.30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.55 P.
7.00 P.	Sunset Limited, Eastbound—San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Delmont, El Paso, New Orleans, New York. (Westbound arrives via San Joaquin Valley).....	8.25 P.
8.00 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	10.15 P.
11.30 P.	South San Francisco, Millbrae, Burlingame, San Mateo, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Sunnyside, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose.....	19.45 P.

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Turkey in Europe is divided into seven vilayets—Constantinople, Scutari, Janina, where there is a sort of peace; and Monastir, Salonica, Kossovo, and Adrianople, where civil war now rages. These last four vilayets are wild and mountainous. They are peopled by the greatest mixture of races and creeds in the world. There are Albanians, Greeks, Jews, Serbs, Gypsies, Magyars. There are Turks, Rumanians, Wallachs, Bulgars. There are half as many creeds as breeds. Every distinct race hates every other race. Each creed abhors all alien

creeds. The Christian hates the Turk, the Turk the Jew, the Jew the Christian. But the great dividing line is between the Turk, the Moslem master, and the Christian Bulgars, who form the larger part of the population of the vilayets to which is vaguely applied the name of Macedonia. In the racial and religious hatred of their brutal Moslem oppressors the Bulgars of Macedonia have the sympathy and help of their kinsmen in Bulgaria. With that sympathy and help they are now making a fierce and bloody effort to throw off the Turkish yoke. Their hope and desire is to make Macedonia an autonomous Christian kingdom or integral part of Christian Bulgaria.

Seven years ago the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee was formed. To-day it has an organized army of ten thousand and a system of secret police. It holds courts, levies taxes, conducts a post-office, and has an express service. Two governments, says its American agent, Tsanoff, rule Macedonia. By day, it is the Turk. But at night the Turkish *zaptieh* retires to the *konak*, the soldiers to their barracks, and the government passes into the swift hands of the Vutreshna Organizatsia. The committee has forty-five thousand rifles and tons of dynamite hidden away under hay-stacks. The ransom of Miss Stone bought part of them. Before the breaking out of open hostilities August 2d, one great function of the committee was to revenge private wrongs of the Bulgars. If a Turk ravished a Christian girl, he was marked for death, and soon or late he was assassinated by the Macedonian secret police.

Early in the present year it was reported that the Macedonian Committee had planned for an uprising. April 1st was the day fixed. But before that time came, Russia and Austria had secured from the Sultan promise of reforms—which, however, amounted to nothing. April 1st passed without a determined revolt. But the Macedonian Committee continued active. It began a campaign to enrage the always brutal Turks to murderous madness. If Macedonia could be made a shambles, no matter how, the Powers would interfere to the hurt of the Turk—so reasoned the committee. Therefore, the bank of Salonica was destroyed by dynamite. Trains were wrecked. Villages were burned. The insurgents rejoiced in the murder of the Russian consuls, for it brought nearer intervention by the Powers. While the Turks burned and butchered, the Bulgars butchered and burned. Brutal Turkish misrule is now become wholesale murder. Between forty thousand and fifty thousand people are said to have met violent death in Macedonia within the year. "Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant." The Turkish atrocities have at no time been more fearful than at the present moment. Bulgaria is thoroughly roused, and has dispatched a note to the Powers imploring them in the name of humanity to end the Turkish massacres, and the march of Turkish troops toward her borders. She feels that if the Powers do not act she must fight the Turk.

The Macedonian Committee has thus, after many years, almost gained its goal. If the Powers interfere, if Bulgaria wage successful war with Turkey, Macedonia will doubtless be forever freed from Moslem domination. But in reaching this point by methods only less barbarous than those of the Turk himself, the Macedonian insurgents have lost much of the sympathy of Christendom. Between a "Christian" murderer and a heathen one, there is little choice. It is doubtless partly because of the deep-seated belief that both the Bulgar and the Turk are wretched encumbrers of the earth that the world has lately watched them cut each other's dirty throats with only a mild disposition to interfere. "The Bulgarians who hacked Stambuloff to pieces are the lineal descendants of the mediæval savages who did the bidding of their yet more savage

chieftains," says an English writer. "The spirit of Basil the Bulgar-slayer, Dustan the Strangler, and Vlad the Impaler, still lives."

What would be Bulgaria's chances in a war with Turkey? At first glance it seems that the latter must overwhelmingly prevail. In the war with Greece, the Sultan easily mobilized six hundred thousand men. G. W. Stevens, the brilliant English correspondent, who accompanied the army, said they were the best soldiers in the world. On paper, the troops number one million. Bulgaria has only about three hundred thousand soldiers all told. The Turk who dies fighting the infidel enters a heaven where seventy-two lovely hours await him. He avoids the terrible bridge "el Sirat." This makes him brave. But it must not be forgotten that the Sultan rules by force. While he wages war in Bulgaria, large bodies of soldiers will be required to garrison Asiatic and European Turkey. Again, the fighting will be in a mountainous country, where, even now, some hundred thousands of bashi-bazouks are being harassed by a few thousand insurgents. It might be another Briton-Boer affair. Besides, Bulgaria has been steadily preparing for war. She has plenty of guns and ammunition. Her soldiers are excellent marksmen. In the wars of 1876 and 1885 they gave a good account of themselves. Again, though Stevens praised the Turkish soldiery, he said the officers were the worst in the world. And as the Turkish proverb has it, "The dead fish stinks first from the head." Beyond all this, there is always the probability that, in the event of a Turko-Bulgarian war, Russia and Austria will intervene, and thus forever end the rule of the Turk in Europe.

Meanwhile, the United States looks on calmly. It is none of our funeral. There has, indeed, been some criticism of the President for sending the Mediterranean squadron to Beirut on the false report that our consul, Magelessen, had been shot. The President's critics hold that the act was hasty and tended to encourage the insurgents. They think that the squadron should only have been sent to Crete, near enough to act in emergency, far enough away not to stir up trouble. However this may be, it seems unlikely that the United States will be further involved unless, indeed, as some think, the breaking out of war with Bulgaria should be a signal for a massacre of Bulgarians and other Christians in Constantinople. A doubtful dispatch from Berlin says that the Sultan has announced his inability to protect foreign legations in the capital. If the Sultan can not, then the warships of the Powers must. Our squadron will do its share. But that such a massacre will be attempted is very doubtful.

A late dispatch announces that Charles J. Bonaparte has been appointed to investigate the Indian land frauds in Indian Territory. EDNAPARTE TO PROBE INDIAN FRAUDS. He is known as a keen lawyer and a fearless man. It is to be hoped that he will bring the grafters to bar. The main facts in the affair thus far are these: The Creeks, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Cherokees, and Seminoles, tribes numbering 400,000, own lands worth about \$200,000,000. Part of these lands the law now permits them to sell. Most of the remainder may be sold after the lapse of a few years. The Indians are ignorant and shiftless, their lands rich and fertile, the whites unscrupulous and eager to get hold of them at the lowest possible prices. To protect the Indians, by overseeing sales and preventing fraud, the Dawes Commission of five was appointed some years ago. It is now headed by Tams Bixby, and one of its members is ex-Governor Stanley, of Kansas. It is charged by S. N. Brosius, member of the Indian Rights Association, that the very members of this commission formed to protect the Indians are interested in companies

gaged in buying up oil and agricultural lands from Indians. It is even said that speculative companies and government officials occupied the same offices, and that Poor Lo gave options on his lands to a company under the impression that he was dealing with the government officers. "The watchdogs have joined the wolves" is the way one paper puts it. Secretary Hitchcock has published a letter in regard to these charges, in which he deprecates the fact that the charges were given to the press before a clear case was made out, inasmuch as the names of honest officials should not be smirched by the publication of mere suspicions. To this, the president of the Indian Rights Association pointedly replies that "the inspector should be above suspicion, and when an inspector accepts the hospitality of the man he is sent to inspect, thus taking a bribe in his favor, or listens only or chiefly to one side, or favors his congressional backer in any way, he is not above suspicion."

The removal of Miss Huldah B. Todd as postmistress at Greenwood, Del., and the substitution of a MORE FACTIONAL friend of Senator Addicks, has excited considerable comment in the East. Miss Todd has served one term of four years, and was reappointed a year ago. Her removal was a surprise to her, and when in person she demanded from Postmaster-General Payne the reason for her removal, she was informed that it was because she was "particularly and personally obnoxious to Senator Allee." To explain this statement, it will be necessary to recall that the long deadlock of last winter in the Delaware legislature over the election of United States senators was caused by the conflict between the efforts of the "Union" Republicans to elect J. Edward Addicks and the avowed purpose of the "Regular" Republicans to defeat him. A compromise was finally effected by the selection of Senator Allee, an Addicks adherent, for the long term, and Senator Ball of the opposing faction, for the short term. As soon as that matter was settled, the question of the distribution of Federal patronage became important to both factions, and it was settled by another compromise, by which it was agreed that the nominations of Senator Ball should prevail in Newcastle County and those of Senator Allee in Sussex and Kent. Senator Allee maintains that this agreement was in writing and signed, which Senator Ball denies, but both agree that the arrangement was concurred in by the representatives of the administration in Washington. Greenwood is in Sussex County, and the charge is made that the Addicks faction have commenced a campaign for the removal of all "Regular" Republican officials from their patronage balliwicks. Miss Todd's numerous friends and relatives have been open and active opponents of Addicksism, and therein lies the gist of the whole matter. Says Senator Allee in extenuation: "There is nothing irregular in the removal of Miss Todd. Fourth-class postmasters are kept in office at the pleasure of the Postmaster-General. Miss Todd has held it five years. The civil service has nothing to do with it. The Republicans down there are not Republicans at all. They coalesced with the Democrats last year. The new appointee, Mr. Houseman, enjoys the confidence of a majority of all the district."

Senator Ball, on the contrary, sees in the removal of Miss Todd a purpose on the part of the other faction to remove every "Regular" Republican postmaster in Kent and Sussex and supplant them with Addicks workers. For that reason, he is taking a hand in the fight for the reinstatement of Miss Todd—a fight which has been lost in the first skirmish before the Postmaster-General, but which, it is claimed, will be carried up to the President, and promises to reopen the whole factional fight in Delaware. Senator Ball says the agreement to divide patronage did not contemplate removals for political purposes, and therefore the dismissal of Miss Todd is a violation of it. It is claimed that the Addicks programme is to get full control in the next legislature, and insure his own election to the Senate when Senator Ball's term expires. What is deemed most likely to happen, if the fight continues, is that both factions will be defeated, turning the State over to the Democrats and electing a Democratic senator, as well as depriving President Roosevelt of the electoral vote of Delaware if he secures a renomination next year. There will be lively interest taken in the President's action when the Todd case is brought to his attention.

For some weeks following the last indictment of A. W. Machen and that of George W. Beavers—that is to say, after July 31st—the Postal Department inquiry seemed to have sailed into the doldrums. There appeared to be no substantial progress in the investigation, nor any new disclosures of peculations. What was the reason no one seemed to know. Perhaps it was the weather. Perhaps it was something else. At any rate, the stagnation attracted the attention of the President, who had Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow over at Oyster Bay for a confab, since when there has been "something doing."

Louis Kempner, superintendent of the registry system, is charged with systematic smuggling of Cuban cigars through the registered mails. Proof is said to be in hand that fifty or sixty boxes have been imported in that way without the payment of duty, and that many boxes have been sold to various officials of the Washington post-office, including Postmaster Merritt himself.

George E. Green, a New York State senator, has been charged with being implicated with George W. Beavers, the former superintendent of salaries and allowances, in the wholesale purchases of Bundy time clocks, which were bought

at \$125 apiece, and placed in hundreds of offices where there were only two or three postal employees to be checked by the time recorder. Beavers, by the way, has surrendered himself and given bonds in \$5,000 for his appearance before United States Commissioner Hitchcock.

Within the week, seven new indictments have been found, but the names of the accused and their shortcomings have not yet been made public. Spice has been added to the local interest in the scandals by the involvement of local post-office officials in the operations of the Postal Device and Improvement Company. This company—of which D. S. Richardson, superintendent of the San Francisco post-office, is president—was organized to make and sell a letter-box device to the government. The stock, amounting to \$200,000, is asserted to be largely in the hands of postal officials. It is charged that the concern disposed of some twelve thousand devices for attachment to letter-boxes to indicate the time of collection of mails, at exorbitant prices, netting some \$30,000, and that more than half of them are now lying in warehouses unused. The methods of the company are said to have been to distribute its stock where it would do the most good. Its shares have been traced to the possession of both Machen and Beavers in Washington. While Postmaster Montague is extremely reticent, it is known that he was president of the original company, and is considered a stockholder in the present one, but efforts to connect ex-Congressman Loud as a stockholder have not, it seems, succeeded. Richardson was summoned to Washington recently in connection with the affair, and is said to have told the whole story. As a result, Post-Office Inspector J. W. Erwin, stationed in San Francisco, has been indicted and dismissed from his office. A warrant charging him with conspiracy was served on Wednesday. It is believed that Postmaster Montague will be asked to send in his resignation. Erwin admits that he was interested in the company, but says it involved no wrong-doing. Besides, he more than intimates that Richardson has made him the scapegoat. At the same time, it is persistently asserted that the contracts were obtained from the authorities in Washington by means of bribes in the way of stock, or cash, or both. With the business transactions of the company Erwin disclaims all connection, other than that of having accompanied Richardson to Washington, and introduced him to Machen. According to his statements, his six hundred shares of stock were given to him by the company for his services in perfecting the mechanical device which it has been unloading on the government, and which he considers a valuable improvement. Just now the atmosphere in post-office circles here is full of rumors, and the situation is one of waiting to see what will come out of it all. Every official with postal-device stock in his pocket is trembling in his boots. In all other respects, it is claimed that the affairs of the local office are in good shape. One of the rumors is that the resignation of Postmaster Montague is already in Washington, and merely waits acceptance, and that his successor, in the person of Arthur G. Fisk, has already been decided upon. At this writing, the news has not been confirmed.

On Labor Day, in San Francisco, 23,000 workmen marched in line. In the city of Chicago the Labor Day parade was 75,000 strong. In New York, a city ten times the size of San Francisco, nearly twice as large as Chicago, there marched exactly 8,953 men. And the reason for this insignificant showing was—Sam Parks. It is Parks who has posed in New York as the idol of Union Labor, and has boasted of the loyalty to him of organized workmen. And, in fact, though he was convicted of extortion and sentenced to Sing Sing, he was elected marshal of the Labor Day parade, and given a vote of confidence. But you can't fool all the workmen all the time. Parks was their leader, and they stuck to him long after it was apparent to outsiders that he was an unprincipled grafter. But once convinced beyond peradventure that Parks was a rascal, the majority of the laboring men quit him. More than a hundred trades were in line in San Francisco, in New York there were fourteen. By their refusal to march the men proved that they love decency and fair-dealing, and will not long tolerate tyrannous and unjust exercise of official power. The case of Parks conclusively demonstrates that there is no speedier way to bring disaster upon union labor than to elect men as walking delegates who are not conservative and honest, not only with the men, but with employers. That is the lesson of Labor Day for officers of labor unions, and, in fact, for every workman.

All three political parties have met in municipal convention this week. On Monday night the Democrats convened, and with much tumult and shouting elected Thomas W. Hickey chairman and Walter J. de Martini, secretary. The hallot showed that the McNab faction had about 205 votes, the Horses and Carts 133. The chairman's speech favored the bond-issue, which makes it probable that the platform will contain such a clause. A committee of seven was appointed to recommend names for supervisory nomination. The convention then adjourned, subject to the call of the chairman.

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the "so-called labor party has been betrayed into the hands of Republican politicians by false leaders." He affirmed that "the labor party has come to stay." The tenor of proceedings showed that every effort is being made to harmonize the two factions of the labor party.

The hope that George A. Knight might be induced to take the Republican nomination for mayor has vanished. From his ranch in Mendocino County he writes to De Young that "under no conditions will I accept the honor if tendered." Simultaneously with his disappearance from the list of possibilities there appears thereon the name of Henry J. Crocker. He has announced his willingness to run, and is satisfactory to De Young. Those who claim to know affirm that he now stands the best chance of anybody. If, however, something happens to put him out of the running, Supreme Justice Ralph C. Harrison, General Stone, and John McDougald are talked of—though they all have heretofore refused the honor. As for the lesser offices, it is said that seven supervisors—Boston, Wilson, Alpers, Eggers, Bent, Rea, and Walsh—will be renominated; that J. Harry Scott is slated for public administrator, Jake Steppacher for recorder, Colonel T. F. O'Neil for county clerk, Frank McGowan for district attorney, John E. McDougald for treasurer, Harry Baehr for auditor, Ed Smith for tax collector, and Henry H. Lynch for sheriff. Nobody has been found who wants to make the run against Washington Dodge.

The question of Schmitz's indorsement by the Republicans is, of course, by no means absolutely settled. The ovation given him on Labor Day by the twenty odd thousand workmen in line must have given some anti-Schmitz Republican managers serious qualms. The question is still as pertinent as ever, Can any of the Republicans named win?

The most important question now before the State of New York is whether the Erie Canal shall be improved so as to make it capable of accommodating thousand-ton barges. This question is shortly to be submitted to the people of the State for decision. The Erie Canal was constructed at a time when the railroad had not become a factor in the transportation problem, or it would probably not have been constructed yet. The people of this country were for a time carried away by railroad construction, and had no thought for any other means of transportation. The necessity for cheapening production has again called attention to the canal, and has also called attention to the fact that the canal as a factor in transportation does not exist in this country. Attention was called recently in these columns to the fact that Montreal is diverting the grain-shipping trade from the Atlantic ports of this country because of the cheapness of its water transportation. New York City has long felt the loss of business resulting from the incapacity of the Erie Canal to handle Western produce on the scale that it is handled on the Great Lakes. In Europe the value of the canal is more justly appreciated. In Germany the natural interior water ways have long been connected by canals, the most important connecting the Oder and the Elbe. A more ambitious project that is to connect the Elbe, the Weser, and the Rhine is now under consideration. In Russia, as in France, the commercial value of the rivers has been greatly increased by the construction of connecting canals. It is time that more attention should be paid in this country to this method of cheapening transportation where time in transit is not a controlling factor.

A conflict has arisen between the railway mail authorities and the business men of San José over a change in the time of dispatching mails from that city to San Francisco. Formerly there was a mail leaving San José for this city at 5:45 P. M. That service has now been discontinued, and now there is no mail leaving there between three-forty-five in the afternoon and eight o'clock in the evening. The San José merchants protest that on the five-forty-five mail they were able to send letters to San Francisco after their afternoon business was closed, and by means of a special-delivery stamp have them delivered the same evening. Under the present arrangement the three-forty-five mail is too early to cover any of the afternoon business, and is also too close to the time of the local San Luis Obispo train. On the other hand, the eight-o'clock train is too late, since special-delivery letters must lie in the post-office until the next day. The postal authorities say that the five-forty-five broad-gauge train by which this mail was dispatched has been discontinued, and it is on this account that the service is no longer furnished. There is a five-thirty-six narrow-gauge train from San José, and there is no apparent reason why the mail should not be dispatched by this train. The postal authorities would do well to heed the protests of the merchants of San José.

Those who thought that the country members of the board of equalization would lack the courage to raise San Francisco's assessment without having any justification for doing so, have been disappointed. The assessment of this city has been increased thirty per cent. This increase will probably not affect the city and county taxes, for they will be levied on the original valuation, but it will compel the people of this city to pay taxes on \$118,000,000 in excess of their fair share of the taxation. The first intimation of the intention of the board was a notice served upon the board of supervisors fixing a time for the city to show cause why the assessment should not be increased. The board had previously engaged an expert to try to pick flaws in the city assessments that would justify an increase of valuation, but on the hearing his flaws were proved to be imaginary. The board laid great stress upon a comparison of the amounts loaned on mortgages and the assessed valuation. According to these figures and the mortgage figures in other counties, it would appear that San Francisco's assessment was very low. But it was shown by the statements of savings banks that it was the custom to

POSTAL SCANDAL REACHES THIS CITY.

Machen and that of George W. Beavers—that is to say, after July 31st—the Postal Department inquiry seemed to have sailed into the doldrums. There appeared to be no substantial progress in the investigation, nor any new disclosures of peculations. What was the reason no one seemed to know. Perhaps it was the weather. Perhaps it was something else. At any rate, the stagnation attracted the attention of the President, who had Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow over at Oyster Bay for a confab, since when there has been "something doing."

Louis Kempner, superintendent of the registry system, is charged with systematic smuggling of Cuban cigars through the registered mails. Proof is said to be in hand that fifty or sixty boxes have been imported in that way without the payment of duty, and that many boxes have been sold to various officials of the Washington post-office, including Postmaster Merritt himself.

George E. Green, a New York State senator, has been charged with being implicated with George W. Beavers, the former superintendent of salaries and allowances, in the wholesale purchases of Bundy time clocks, which were bought

MUNICIPAL POLITICS GETTING WARM.

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lend more than twice the amount on their appraisal of city property than they do on country property of the same valuation, so this basis of comparison fell to the ground. Assessor Dodge, who conducted the city's case, showed that within the last thirteen years San Francisco's assessment has been increased \$127,000,000, while that of all the rest of the State has been increased only \$148,000,000 during the same period. As this city contains only one-third of the wealth and population of the State, a just increase for the interior would have been \$254,000,000. To make a comparison with the next largest city in the State, Los Angeles city increased in population during ten years more than one hundred per cent., while San Francisco increased during the same period only twenty per cent. The assessment in Los Angeles County was increased \$53,000,000 this year, but there was a low assessment during the four previous years, while San Francisco during those four years increased \$75,000,000. Yet the State board leaves the Los Angeles assessment unchanged, and raises that of San Francisco thirty per cent. It is not probable that the taxpayers of this city have any remedy against this act of injustice; a taxing body has power to use its own judgment in levying taxes. The appeal lies only to the voters, and it is well for them to remember that the security of all property in a democratic government rests only upon the sense of right that exists in the body of the people. Those that have little or no property outnumber those who have wealth, and if confiscation is practiced under the forms of law, the step to confiscation without the forms of law is both easy and natural.

The New York *Evening Post* prints some striking facts and figures in the course of a discussion of the effect of the Philippine climate on the health of the white race. It says:

Any white man who remains in the Philippines longer than three years is in danger of complete breakdown. The climatic influences which hold most enmity to the blood of the white man in the Philippines are heat and humidity. The bulletin of the American Geographical Society for June presents statistics showing that the temperature at Manila is above ninety degrees at some hour almost every day of the year—usually about 2 p. m. The maximum in the month of May is frequently above one hundred degrees. The minimum, which is just before sunrise, ranges from 66 degrees in December to 75 degrees in May. The mean temperature for the year is 83 degrees. The mean annual humidity is 79 per cent., and the annual rainfall at Manila 75½ inches. In the year 1867 it was 117 inches. The average number of rainy days in the year is 136. This conjunction of high temperature, high humidity, and excessive rainfall makes the climate almost unendurable to the American races. Surgeon Charles F. Mason, U. S. A., asserts in an official report that there is no such thing as acclimatization. "The great majority of white men in the tropics," he says, "suffer gradual deterioration of health, and year by year become less and less fit for active service." The London *Lancet* considers the effects of tropical climates on Europeans detrimental in a marked degree during childhood and youth. In other words, no prudent white father would attempt to rear a family in the Philippines. All the recognized authorities concur in the opinion that colonization of the islands by Americans is impossible.

It is probable that a canal will be cut to relieve the pressure of water during flood seasons about the city of Marysville, though at present there is a hitch in the negotiations. The army officers who are in charge of the work of the Federal government in improving the channels of the Sacramento and Feather Rivers, had recommended that a canal be cut at Daguerre Point, ten miles above Marysville. Governor Pardee and Secretary Melick, of the State Board of Examiners, visited the spot and, after an examination, declared themselves in favor of letting the contract for the work, which involves an estimated outlay of one hundred and fifty-eight thousand dollars. But State Débris Commissioner W. W. Waggoner opposed the contract as an unnecessary waste of public money. He claimed that the canal would be a feeder that would throw the débris into the Sacramento and Feather Rivers. The army officers contended that the hush harriers would restrain the heavier part of the débris, and the smaller portions would go down anyway. Commissioner Waggoner was unconvinced, however, and the meeting that had been called to settle the matter recently was indefinitely postponed. It is understood that since the postponement of the meeting, Commissioner Waggoner has become convinced, and that he no longer opposes the letting of the contract.

The work of raising the vessels of the Spanish fleet sunk in the harbor of Manila on May 1, 1898, is now ended. The famous flagship, the *Reina Cristina*, is again afloat, and will be used as a collier. The other vessels will be variously utilized. But the singular fact revealed, according to the *Manila Sunday Sun*, is that "the Spanish ships of war do not bear the mark of an American shell near or below the water line. The Spaniards burned and sank their own vessels, and many of them went to death with their ships in preference to hearing the disgrace of defeat." Not only this, but the *Sun* affirms that, in the opinion of Captain Garry, "the Spaniards set fire to their own vessels and afterward scuttled them. The America shells did not sink them." Captain Garry is the manager of the American company which is raising the vessels.

Californians especially will watch with keenest interest the result of importing Chinese into South Africa, as now planned. The London correspondent of a New York paper writes:

Despite what a few months ago seemed to be an insurmountable opposition, the introduction of Asiatic labor in the South African Rand is now practically assured. Mr. Chamberlain took a wise course and saved himself from attack by leaving the question to local decision. Authoritative news comes this week that the labor commission's report will advocate the importation of Chinese labor as the only way of developing the agricultural and mining resources of the country. The Boers even are supporting this solution. The commission is expected to report in about a month, and Asiatics probably will be working in the mines before the end of the year.

VIRGINIA CITY.

A Place of Dreams and Nightmares.

Nature places her mineral treasures in her most unsmiling and inaccessible regions. She is jealous of them. She locks them away in the fastnesses of frowning hills, surrounds them with a belt of desert, chills with snow the peaks that guard them. Then, deep down, she lets her silver and gold trickle through the ribs of the hills, to lie hidden till the percolation of mountain rills carries away particles that some day will glitter in the prospector's pan.

The State of Nevada to-day is much what it was when the pioneers trailed, desperate and exhausted, across it. The bustling life of California is shut out from it by a rampart of mountains. It is a State of serene stillness, of vast, primordial calm. Man has made but little impress on it, and yet seems an intruder who creeps, a mere speck of life, between the huge indifference of the arch of sky and the floor of earth.

Here and there deserts spread in chrome-colored patches, the lividness of alkali, breaking out like an eruption. But, for the most part, it is a landscape of idle plains and undulating mountains, stippled with sage, dappled with cloud-shadows, at sunset taking on gem-like tints of purple and heliotrope and thin transparent blues. Far-flung bastions of mountains, lifting snow-enameled crests against the sky, rise in remote, clear distances, and lines of green-fringed river wind through the sage. It is the world before man, before the mammoth and the mastodon, silent, savage, untroubled.

In the wildest corner of this wild region that seam of gold and silver, which men call the Comstock, was hidden. It was a treasure of fabulous worth, and nature guarded it with corresponding care. Eons passed and it lay secure, swept about by scorched deserts, encircled by mountain walls. Man passed it over, haggard and hungry-eyed in his haste to reach the gold rivers of California. Indians camped on the slopes under which it lay. Here and there its outcrop broke through the soil in up-tilted splinters of rock. A spring that bubbled from the mountain side carried its riches to the surface, and scattered them along its course in grains of gold and earth heavy with silver. But though there was a little tentative prospecting along the cañons that run up to the sides of Mt. Davidson, it was ten years after gold was found in California that the mineral wealth of Nevada was realized.

Then the discovery was made, the treasure-chamber was broken open, and its riches torn out. But at what deadly cost! Misfortune attended the steps of nearly every one of that group of men who were the discoverers and early exploiters of the Comstock Lode. Nature fought for her treasure.

The two Grosh brothers, Hosea and Allen, educated miners and men of character, are generally supposed to have been the original finders of the vein. They had a cabin in Gold Cañon in 1857. Here they prospected, and here discovered, according to letters written to their father, what they described as "two veins of silver at the forks of Gold Cañon. One of these veins is a perfect monster." This "perfect monster" is now supposed to have been the south end of the Comstock. Here, in the bleakness of a mountain winter, Hosea struck his foot with a pick, and died of blood-poisoning. Before this a partnership had been made with one Brown, of Gravelly Ford, who was to furnish funds for the opening up of the ledge. But before Brown could get to his partners he was killed by desperadoes. Then Allen Grosh attempted to cross the Sierra in winter with a companion, Richard Bucke, a Canadian. After a series of hardships they reached the Last Chance Camp, where Allen died from the result of frost-bite and exposure.

Such was the fate of the discoverers of the Comstock. It inaugurated a doom of misfortune which fell on all connected with the early days of the mine. A short time after the Grosh brothers' death, Pat O'Riley and Peter McLaughlin, panning for gold at the head of Six Mile Cañon, discovered what they sought, throwing away the "blue dirt" which was heavy in the pan. This was the top of the Ophir, the "blue dirt" sulphuret of silver assaying three thousand dollars to the ton.

On Gold Hill, almost simultaneously, four prospectors came on the same precious metal. Joined by five others, they staked out the ground, working with their long-toms and rockers, while below their feet lay the undreamed-of treasures of the Yellow Jacket, Crown Point, and Belcher. These men, the simplest and most ignorant of miners, after tasting the glory of sudden riches, were crushed like flies. The All-mother's wrath pursued them, implacable as Destiny in a Greek drama. Of the nine original locaters of the Gold Hill claims all died poor. James Fennimore, whose sobriquet of "Old Virginia" gave the camp its name, was thrown from his horse and killed. Rodgers committed suicide. Comstock, after whom the lode was called, lost his mind and committed suicide. Of the Ophir discoverers, McLaughlin sold his share for \$3,500, became cook in a mining-camp, and died in the almshouse. O'Riley held his, got \$40,000 for it, lost it all in stock speculations, and died mad.

But others rose in a night to take their places—thousands of men streamed across the mountain wall that shut the desert from the garden of California. From the summit they looked into the land of Canaan, and saw a huge, sage-colored expanse, across which the green ribbon of a river wandered, and whereon lay imbedded, here and there, mirror-like lakes. Then they poured down, an invading army.

The great vein was ripped open. Peering, gasping, hurrying, the invaders hored their way into its secret places. On the slope of Mt. Davidson a mushroom city rose. There was no time for leveling grades or building streets, so it grew in tiers, lines of houses above lines of houses, kitchens looking over roofs, all the mounting rows of windows staring out over one another at the mutilation of the wilderness.

With the throbbing of machinery and feathers of smoke

smudging the sky's purity, Mt. Davidson was disemboweled. Its hoary flanks were pierced on every side, sometimes with the pin-prick of the lone prospector, then drilled into with the giant machinery raised by companies of men. The city rose tier on tier above, and the gray dumps grew below. As the mountain was undermined by a network of tunnels, the weight of buildings it bore grew heavier. Mansions were raised and clung perilously aloft amid the sagebrush, their bay-windows looking out over the panorama of suave, deep-colored hills, each defined against the other in lines clear as the cutting of a cameo.

Finally the streets roared with men and traffic. The great days of Virginia City had begun. The population leaped from the hundreds to the thousands. In its heyday there were thirty thousand souls in the terraced town overlooking the wilderness. You could get anything there gold could buy. There were French restaurants where the dinners were the best to be found between San Francisco and New York. Jewels of the finest quality were for sale in small shops on C Street. The cigars and wines sold over counters or at the hotels were the choicest money could command. Dresses shaped by the cunningest fingers in Paris swept the dust of the ascending streets. Men who had wielded the pick saw their fortunes mounting by dizzying bounds, huilt themselves stately homes, and lived sumptuously. Women, who as girls had run harefoot, fed from the finest glass and silver, and wore their diamonds like queens.

It was an orgie of luxury encompassed by desolation. In the heart of the wilderness, ringed about with the silence of the early world, a whirlpool of life seethed. In was a volcano of human activity in the midst of the desert. There was no outlet for its population. Its people were penned in close and tight in their little town, while around them, pressing its loneliness upon them, spread the unconquered wild. All day and most of the night, restless crowds passed down one street and up the other in a perpetually animated eddy. Restlessness was the keynote of their life. It seemed intensified by the solemn quietude that besieged them—the calm of the night sky strewn with a few lustrous stars, the still serenity of the virgin desert dreaming in primeval isolation. Man and his petty passions looked more feebly futile than ever in the heart of this austere solitude.

But Nature was not passively watching him. She was unappeased and belligerent. As the drifts penetrated deeper into the roots of the hills, she sent a fiery heat down levels where the miners sweated in a torrid inferno. She drove water in upon them in floods before which their machinery was futile. She breathed poisonous vapors on them, or trapped them in torture-chambers of heat and suffocation. Many experienced mining men say the great bonanzas of the Comstock are far from exhausted, that the treasure-house is still richly supplied. But water and heat have driven them up from the lower levels, and to fight the enemy new machinery is even now being installed. Forty years after its discovery, Man and Nature are still struggling in their giant battle for supremacy.

To the modern traveler to Virginia City, it would seem that Nature is now the victor. Crossing the Geiger Grade, one descends upon the famous camp by a road that loops back and forth over the sage-dotted hills. Rounding one of the curves, the town, dun-colored in its gray-green environment, breaks upon one's view. A scattered city, prominently perched, ascends Mt. Davidson's sloping side, and after a few streets stops in a débris of houses and unturned earth. It suggests that the town has once aspired to climbing far up the mount, and then lost heart and collapsed.

Round about its feet stand the dumps, mountains in themselves, and above them the slanting roofs and windowed walls of the hoisting-works. Their chimneys rise black against a sky of Italian blue, but no smoke issues from them, no thud or burr of machinery disturbs the mountain peace. In close line, one beside the other, dotted along the lode, they stand. Mighty names in the world of finance are here: C & C, Ophir, Gould & Curry, Hale & Norcross, Savage, Belcher, Chollar. In the early 'seventies, when their cages were sliding up and down and their chimneys were belching smoke into the sky, they were names that shook the world.

That was the time when there were thirty thousand people in Virginia City. Now it is said there are scarce fifteen hundred. With the people the houses have vanished. Where was once a city is now a straggling congeries of thoroughfares passing between vacant walls, thoroughfares steeped with the clear Nevada sunshine, and filled with whirling clouds of white Nevada dust. The sunshine beats upon, and the dust blows upon, groups of Indians sitting motionless on comfortable corners, groups of men lolling listlessly about saloon doors.

From some of the upper streets which were once thickly populated, the houses have been completely swept away. Foundations alone remain; sometimes not even these; only a raw wound in the hillside, which was once somebody's cellar. The sage-brush is invading this territory from which the enemy has retired. Many of the houses that have thus vanished have been removed wholesale. They huilt well in the great days of Virginia City, and it paid to take one's house away in pieces. Houses from there have wandered far. They are dotted all over Nevada, and one has found its way as far afield as Los Angeles in California. Many of the cheaper ones have been torn down for firewood. Many have quietly collapsed where they stood.

Those that are occupied have an air of trim, cared-for comeliness oddly at variance with the dejected air of the town. But salaries in Virginia are still high. Miners still get four dollars a day, only three other camps in the United States paying such a wage. There are blooming, well-kept gardens, in the spring time hushing with blossoms, round these tenanted dwellings; and buxom housewives sit on the front piazzas doing the mending. Of passersby, on the residence streets, there are few. Now and then, down their deserted length, walking in the middle of the road (as the sidewalks are dangerous), one sees the muslin-clad girl in summertime. She wears a flower-wreathed hat, and white shoes come

go beneath the frilled skirts she holds so daintily out of the dust. She might be going to a tennis-party or garden fête, walking thus in the midst of desolation, encircled by the prehistoric world.

On many stoops and under the trees of many gardens sit white-bearded old men, flotsam and jetsam left by the receding wave of Comstock glory. They have grown old with the mushroom city. It and they were in their prime together. Now they are too old to leave it and seek a new life elsewhere, and sit smoking under the trees, dreaming of the splendid past. They have seen C Street in its shifting aspects of dullness and roaring excitement. They have felt the wild thrills that passed through men when the Big Bonanza was uncovered. They have forced their way through the crowds at the stock-broker's windows to read the bulletins which told how fortunes were lost and made. They have seen men rich on Monday and poor on Tuesday, men who are now millionaires working in the drifts with a pick, men who were then millionaires bowed and broken, trying to borrow a quarter. They have lived against the bone of life, have known how hot ginger may be in the mouth, and can say more truthfully than Justice Shallow,

"Jesu, the mad days that I have spent!"

In 1875, when the excitement of the Big Bonanza was at its height, and a frenzy of stock gambling had possession of the people, Virginia City was swept by fire. Two-thirds of the town was burned down, and most of the old landmarks went. The houses built by James G. Fair and John W. Mackay, after their prosperity had begun, were left untouched. The former stands as it was when he deserted Virginia for the superior attractions of San Francisco. It is a roomy, square building of wood, skirted with balconies, and with wide windows giving on wonderful sweeps of mountain and desert. It had been built on the site of a former house that had housed the Bonanza King in his early days. This had been the "one and a half-story frame" of the period, with a pointed roof, and the bumble accommodations that were enough for the ordinary mining man, his wife, and children. The Mackay house was recently moved to Reno, where it stands overlooking the Truckee River, a comfortable, porticoed structure of two stories, bay-windowed and roomy.

Some of the builders of "mansions" that still stand have already passed out of the ken of men. The Edgington house was, in its day, one of the boasts of Virginia City. It stood high aloft, overtopping even the Fair mansion, with descending terraces of steps and garden leading to the street. There its inmates lived on that plane of sensational extravagance which marked Virginia in its brilliant prime. Now they have passed from the knowledge and lips of men as cobwebs from the grass. Their house is more enduring. Albeit its stone wall is cracked, its balconies all askew, its garden a riotous growth of overgrown shrubs and grass, it still stands as a monument of a picturesque and wondrous day.

From its front porch one can see the almshouse below in the valley, a red brick building gleaming between the green, poniard-like shapes of poplars. There lived one who, too, had his day, when his fortune was counted by six naughts, and men were glad to call him friend. He was accounted one of the successful men of the Comstock, built a block of houses in San Francisco, and, for a space, rode the crest of the wave. Then the wave broke, the money so quickly made, so splendidly spent, vanished like morning mist, and the Virginia poorhouse became a haven.

But the most remarkable and romantic story of the ups and downs of the Comstock millionaires was that of Sandy Bowers and his wife. Sandy was a teamster, his wife a buxom and not uncomely Scotchwoman, who took in washing and kept a miners' boarding-house. It was in the early days of Virginia, before men had grasped the full value of the discovery, and the teamster, in company with others of his kind, came into possession of several hundred feet on the lode at Gold Hill.

His claim became one of the bonanzas of the region, and Sandy found himself richer than he had ever thought any one could be. Neither he nor his wife ever rose to the level of their fortunes; they remained the teamster and the washerwoman to the end. There is a story that neither could read or write. After giving an entertainment at the International Hotel such as that hostelry of many grandsires had never before seen, they went to Europe for two years.

When they came back they were still the teamster and the washerwoman. Europe had added no veneer. But the money was still in plenty. "Money to throw to the birds," as the old man was wont to say. Nevada was more to their taste than anywhere else, so they elected to remain there, and that strange monument of wealth, which is known all through Nevada and California as the Bowers' mansion, was built on the shore of Washoe Lake.

The site was one of extraordinary beauty, with the wall of snowcapped Sierra behind it, the sapphire sweep of water in front. Money was never considered in its construction. It was built of quarried stone, and furnished with the costliest San Francisco could supply. A library of books with Sandy's name on every volume was one of its features. The door handles were of silver, the table furnishings the finest to be had at that place at that time.

Here the old people—for they were getting old—settled and dispensed a lavish hospitality. Here an adopted child, whom they dearly loved and had named Persia, died. Here, too, later on, Sandy died, and was buried in the garden, under the shadow of the Sierra. And here—the shades of evening beginning to close on this strange drama—poverty overtook his widow. She strove to redeem her first losses by speculation, throwing good money after bad. In her case the wheel of fortune made a complete revolution. Her old age saw her as poor as she had been in her youth. She passed from stage to stage, and finally made a livelihood by practicing fortune-telling in San Francisco, it having been always understood that she had the gift of second sight. The crystal in which she gazed had shown her many things, but nothing stranger, more dramatic, and varied than her own life.

The "mansion" still endures. The Lombardy poplars planted about it have thriven, and now make a line of sentinel foliage round its walls. In the wilderness of the Nevada landscape it has the air of an Italian villa. Its look of formal elegance, backed by a mighty mountain range and surrounded by the sweeping desolation of sage-brush hills, is arresting, almost startling. The wayfarer, ignorant of its history, gazes at it in slow surprise. Who came thus far afield to rear a villa in the wilderness? The walls of yellowish stone gleam between the poplars, the mountains, snow-crested, rise abruptly behind, before it the glassy lake lies picturing the sky. It is like a bit of old Europe dropped suddenly into the heart of new America.

These were the wrecks of the Comstock—the victims which followed the procession that the Grosh brothers led. Of the many who withdrew from the whirlpool with comfortable fortunes, one bears little. Virginia City history has always been written in the superlative degree. Its tragedy is dark and overwhelming, its comedy lurid and fantastic. On the one side is suicide, beggary, madness; on the other, riches past the dream of avarice, successes never looked for in the wildest moments of castle-building, mundane glories more splendid than the most extravagant pipe-dream.

Could the four men who discovered the Big Bonanza have looked into the future, would they have been able to believe what they saw? A blacksmith, a miner, and two saloon-keepers became possessed of a property that in five years yielded one hundred and ten millions of dollars. These men entered the mining city unknown, and one, at least, penniless. Where, later on, they were to tap one of the greatest ore bodies ever discovered, sage and grass grew. Hundreds of feet beneath this, one of the four was to follow a seam of bluish clay, at first a mere thread in the face of the drift, that like a magic clue was to lead them into one of the world's treasure-chambers.

As this thread widened and developed, so did their fortunes and futures. Where miners' boarding-houses and foothill cabins had sheltered their youth, their maturity saw them raising palaces and rifling Europe for their contents. Step by step they rose to places undreamed of in their wildest imaginings. They were swept on the crest of their millions so far from their early beginnings that it did not seem possible that one career could touch such divergent points. They were the conquerors, the figures that stood at the end of the pendulum's swing opposite to that where stand the Grosh brothers' tragic spectres.

GERALDINE BONNER.

Carnegie History Retold.

There has just been published in a limited edition a "History of the Carnegie Steel Company," by James Howard Bridge, at one time private secretary to Andrew Carnegie. Of this book, which is not particularly sparing of criticism upon Mr. Carnegie, the *New York Tribune* says:

It traces in close detail the history of the latter's steel business from its inception in 1858 to its absorption, as the Carnegie Company, in 1901, by the United States Steel Corporation. Much space is devoted to the effort made by Henry C. Frick, Henry Phipps, and Judge William H. Moore, in 1899, to arrange for the purchase of the Carnegie-Frick properties, with the view of combining them. Mr. Carnegie asked \$1,000,000 for a ninety days' option on his entire interest, at a price of \$157,950,000, and afterward raised the option figure to \$1,170,000. If the sale had been consummated, Mr. Bridge says, it would have been on the basis of \$250,000,000 for the entire property, except the company's holdings of the H. C. Frick Coke Company and allied interests. The money market disturbance, due to the death of ex-Governor Flower, however, made it necessary for Judge Moore and his associates to seek an extension of their option; but this Mr. Carnegie refused to grant, and he also exacted payment of the \$1,000,000 forfeit, according to the book.

When the Carnegie Company was sold to the United States Steel Corporation, Mr. Bridge says, if all the stockholders of the former company had been treated alike, the price received would have been \$626,267,040 in securities of United States Steel, or at the market price would have been worth \$447,416,340, or nearly double the price at which Judge Moore obtained an option on the property.

The attempted transfer of Mr. Frick's stock, without his consent, under the so-called "ironclad agreement"; Mr. Frick's vigorous resistance and the Atlantic City compromise, and the consequences of the threat of Mr. Carnegie to construct a tube plant at Conneaut Harbor, on Lake Erie, are fully treated. The book also contains a letter said to have been written to Mr. Frick on May 15, 1899, by Charles M. Schwab, who said that England could not make steel rails at a net cost of less than \$19 a ton, while the Carnegie Steel Company could make rails at less than \$12 a ton and ship them abroad so as to net \$16 at the works for foreign business. The price of steel rails here at the time was \$28.12 a ton, with some contracts running below \$20. Mr. Schwab prophesied on the basis of this fact that the Carnegie Steel Company was going to control the steel business of the world.

There is perhaps no elevator in the world more exclusive than that provided at the Capitol at Washington, D. C., for the Supreme Court of the United States. That elevator can be used by exactly eleven people, and no one else would for a moment consider entering it except as the guest of one of these eleven privileged gentlemen. The fortunate eleven are the nine justices of the United States Supreme Court, the clerk, and the marshal of the court. The elevator goes from the ground floor of the Capitol to the main floor, on which is located the Supreme Court of the United States. It is a small elevator, so that, with its conductor, three portly forms of justices of the Supreme Court of the United States would fill it. It is one of the very latest designs of electric elevators, and is finished in magnificent style.

"A topheavy community" is the term applied to Johannesburg by Arthur Hawkes in a vivacious article in the *Review of Reviews*. The phrase describes well enough British South Africa as a whole. The gold and diamond craze, ably abetted by the campaign of Cecil Rhodes's agents, has peopled the country with managers and employers. Labor is deficient. The farm laborer in Rhodesia, after a short term service, buys him a wife, supported by whom he lives happy ever after. Of the Kafirs writes Mr. Hawkes: "They work part of the time, rest most of the time, and talk all the time."

Thirteen silver Apostle spoons, with figures of Christ and the twelve Apostles upon them, were auctioned at London recently. They brought the record price of twenty-four thousand five hundred dollars. The spoons were dated 1536, and constitute the earliest complete set known.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Walter J. Travis, who held the title in 1900 and 1901, won the amateur championship of the United States Golf Association for the third time, recently, by defeating Eben M. Byers by 5 up and 4 to play.

Carrie Nation, following the example of John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, and others of her predecessors in the strenuous life, is going on the stage. She is to appear in a new version of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," and one of the scenes will represent her using her famous hatchet to advantage.

Aguinaldo, the ex-revolutionary leader, now a pronounced supporter of the policy maintained by the United States in the Philippine Islands, has just addressed a letter of advice to his countrymen. In this he urges them to forsake their besetting sin (gambling), to improve their methods of agriculture, and to attend the public schools so generously provided to furnish them educational facilities.

Shortly after he was elected president of France, M. Loubet offered a large sum for the Castle of Mezeac, which once belonged to Diana of Poitiers, the favorite of Henry the Second. His offer was refused at the time, but recently he succeeded in getting the château, which is most picturesquely situated, near Montclimmar, and has a waterfall, three ponds filled with trout, and a large park with plenty of game. The price paid was one hundred and seventy thousand francs. From his tower the president can now see his birthplace, Marsanne, where his mother still lives.

In the class which has just entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis, there are several grandsons and descendants of naval fighters and other notables who have made a name for themselves in the country's history. The young son of Admiral Sampson—Ralph E. Sampson—who received his appointment from President Roosevelt, is at the academy. He is small, and bears little likeness in person to his father. The grandson of Commodore Truxton, who came into prominence at the time of our unpleasantness with France, is in the "plebe" class, as is also the grandson of General Beauregard.

Lord Dudley, who is considered the most popular viceroy Ireland has ever had, is a remarkable man in many ways. He is one of the richest peers in Great Britain. He has no need of his salary of \$100,000 a year as lord lieutenant of Ireland. Indeed, the cost of maintaining his viceregal office far exceeds that sum. His collieries in the "Black Country" alone return him over \$200,000 a year, and he also owns deposits of minerals in Staffordshire and Worcestershire, iron works, agricultural estates in various parts of England, and plantations in Jamaica and other West Indian islands. Shortly after Lord Dudley was made viceroy, he toured Ireland in his automobile with Lady Dudley, and when they returned to Dublin he had made hosts of friends everywhere, and there was hardly a phase of Irish life with which he was unfamiliar.

Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, believes that he needs a competent press-agent, so he has engaged Joseph E. Morcombe, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., to act in that capacity. Morcombe was picked up by Chekh Bey, the Turkish minister, who was attracted by Morcombe's vigorous reports from Des Moines during the recent political convention. The Sultan thinks he is getting the worst of it in international diplomacy on account of the alert and complete methods of the Western nations in making their side of the story public. In view of the fact that American newspaper men are always at the front, Abdul Hamid sent instructions to Chekh Bey to select a good man and send him over. It will be Morcombe's duty to issue all official statements of affairs in the Turkish Empire, particularly troubles in which foreigners are involved. He will also censor all press matter sent from Turkey.

An anonymous writer in the *Boston Transcript* declares that John D. Rockefeller's death would make no great difference as regards the future of his benefactions; for if ever a man had a son after his own pattern—mind and heart—he has. "John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is a chip of the old block," continues the writer. "He is accessible. He has a pleasant manner. He goes to his office in the Standard Oil Building every day when he is in New York. He works hard and regularly. But there is the Rockefeller sphinx-like method in all that he does. He holds his father in great respect—in reverence, in fact. He has the same church creed. He maintains and conducts a large Bible class—with sincerity and a good deal of zeal. He keeps himself informed of the management of the great Rockefeller interests, benefactions, and all. He is a man of the same simple tastes and quiet life, and of few diversions. Yachts and great social display—he has none of them. He is the heir presumptive who is most seriously training himself for his great responsibilities and duties."

During the recent Humbert trial, the French cartoonists found great delight in poking fun at the "grande Thérèse." In almost every one of the illustrated papers she was represented as a corpulent, coarse-featured woman, with none of that feminine grace or charm which is the possession of nearly every Frenchwoman. However, according to one correspondent who was present at the trial, Mme. Humbert is not unhandsome. She is neither stout nor ungainly—nor vulgar. Her features are fairly regular and well-defined, her nose is aquiline, and her hair, which is abundant, is jet black. "From time to time," says the writer, "she raised her head and looked slowly round the court, and at such moments one could well believe that in the zenith of her golden days, when diamonds sparkled in her raven hair and her figure showed to advantage in a fashionable Parisian toilet, ministers of state and high Republican functionaries counted it not beneath them to pay court to Mme. Humbert in her box at the Opéra. Even in the dock she dressed with good taste and simplicity, and the impression she made was by no means unfavorable."

Theodore Roosevelt is the first President of the United States for many years to write his own messages and speeches. It is usually supposed (remarks William E. Curtis) that the words of a ruler are his own, and his acts the acts of his ministers, but as a rule the speeches of emperors, kings, and Presidents are composed by their ministers, or at least the material is furnished them. The speech from the throne of a European monarchy is seldom the composition of a sovereign, but is almost invariably prepared by his ministers for him to deliver. This is the case with every sovereign in Europe except Wilhelm of Germany, who, like Mr. Roosevelt, never allows anybody to put words into his mouth, although he often has several accomplished gentlemen to collect facts and statistics for him. The messages of the Presidents are usually composites constructed by the several Cabinet officers. Mr. Ade, second-assistant secretary of state, has written the foreign affairs of the President's message every year for a quarter of a century until last year, and his copy has been usually accepted with very few changes. Last year it went into the waste-basket, although no doubt the President got many good ideas from it. Ordinarily, the Secretary of the Treasury prepares that part of the message which relates to the finances, the Postmaster-General that which refers to postal affairs, the Secretary of Agriculture that which relates to the condition of the crops, and the products of the country, and the rest of the Cabinet furnish contributions about the matters which come under their jurisdiction, but that plan was abandoned when the present occupant of the White House sent his first message to Congress in December, 1901, and to this day he has continued to prepare his own messages, as he prepares his own speeches, and it costs him a great deal of labor.

NOT DOWN IN THE LOG.

The Story of the Famine on the Schooner "Hulda Spidds."

Captain Podweed, master of the American schooner *Hulda Spidds*, gazed at the solitary biscuit in the middle of the bread-basket. It alternately diminished and grew before his eyes, for it was the last one, and had now for three days been the sole representative of food on his craft. Mrs. Podweed, angular and dignified, sat on a locker and swayed gently back and forth as the *Hulda* wobbled in the seaway.

"It's a darned small thing, that biscuit," remarked her husband, wiping his eyes. "Have you still got the potato?"

Mrs. Podweed stiffly put her hand into a voluminous pocket of her black alpaca and extracted a diminutive and withered tuber about the size of a hen's egg. "You don't suppose I'd eat it?" she inquired, with feeble asperity. "I think, Hiram, after the way I've darned your socks for twenty years you'd know better than to accuse me."

Mrs. Podweed wept into a starched handkerchief, and her gaunt husband pushed his cap off his forehead impatiently. "Now, look here, Susan," he said, testily, "you don't suppose I meant anything by that, did you? Eat it and welcome for all I care."

"But it would be improper," protested his wife, with, however, a yearning glance at the runt of a potato in her palm. "to eat it when our hands are without anything. We should show them that we are above it; we must set them an example, Hiram."

Captain Podweed gazed through the open skylight at a fleecy cloud over the main truck. His pale lips closed sharply, and he nodded till the thin chin whisker over his throat waved aggressively. "It's four days since we ate anything," he continued. "Let's see. We had a biscuit twice a day before that. I reckon, Susan, you must be hungry."

The woman on the locker smoothed out her immaculate apron and looked at the deck. Her lips quivered as she bent over to hide the moisture in her eyes. "I wish we had somethin' sort o' stren'thenin' for you, Hiram."

"Well," said the skipper of the *Hulda Spidds*, "it aint exactly Christmas with any of us. I wish I knew why we don't sight nothing."

"Are we fetchin' along any?" asked Mrs. Podweed.

"No, the hands are tuckered out. Firkin says we can't even flatten a sheet. The men are getting ugly, too. Prob'ly we'll have to see to it. If they get real mean it might be necessary to do something." The captain drew himself up.

"A mutiny?" ventured his wife, sitting up very straight. "Why, Hiram, they dasn't! You've done all you could. We aint had as much to eat as them. I—I—" but she was too overcome to finish, and Captain Podweed, with a curt nod, slowly ascended the steps to the deck.

The *Hulda Spidds* was rocking in the trough of a sparkling sea. Her slim masts were bare of sails, and at the wheel a scrawny sailor hung, evidently in the last stages of weakness. Others were scattered in the waist or sprawled on the little fo'c's'lehead. Firkin, the huge-fisted mate, leaned over the rail watching dully the play and splash of the water rustling in from westward. All this Captain Podweed took in with one comprehensive glance. Then he strode over to the mate's side. "We aint sixty miles off shore, I'll bet," he said.

"I been figgurin' it out myself," responded Firkin. "If the sight we got this morning was all right and our chronometers aint off, San Francisco ought to be right in there." He pointed a crooked and unsteady hand to the east, where a thin line of haze obscured the horizon.

"I wish we could get some sail on her," pursued the skipper, casting his eyes aloft.

"That aint to be done," the mate answered, thickly.

At this instant Mrs. Podweed's head was stuck up from the companion-way. Later her bony shoulders followed, and with a roll of the schooner she was thrown out, as it were, upon the deck, where she swayed in frigid dignity. The skipper made his slow way over to her and helped her to the skylight, where she sat down, still nursing carefully the spotlessness of a white apron. She trembled slightly when she was seated, and turned to look at the man behind her at the wheel. He glanced at her indifferently, and allowed the spokes to slip uselessly in his nerveless hands.

"Are you very hungry?" asked Mrs. Podweed.

The sailor saluted her with a feeble flourish. "No more than yourself," he responded.

"I'm saving that last biscuit," she continued, a flush on her meagre cheek. "I think it might make a pudding, if any one got real sick. I'm a great hand at making Brown Betty. Did you ever eat Brown Betty?"

"What's it like, ma'am?"

Mrs. Podweed grew quite animated in her description of the mysteries of this dish, and her angular form fairly filled out with reminiscent enthusiasm.

In the meantime, Captain Podweed and Mr. Firkin discussed the chances of a rescue. Firkin was dubious, and frequently had to stop and cough, which, he carefully explained, made him warmer. "This breeze cuts into a chap so," he remarked. "I aint been rightly warm for a week."

The skipper nodded and thrust his hands into the pockets of his jacket. Then he called to the cook, who was huddled in the lee of his abandoned galley. "Bring me my glasses from the cabin rack," he ordered.

The cook obeyed, treading softly and casting frequent glances backward at the two officers. When he reappeared his lips were moist and his jaws were working stealthily. Podweed snatched the glasses and put them up to his eyes. The minutes dragged while he scanned the horizon for a sail. Mrs. Podweed's voice rose and fell shrilly, with an occasional break as she exchanged epicurean confidences with the helmsman.

At last the captain dropped the glasses and looked at his mate. "I don't see a dummed thing," he said, shortly. "Try your hand at it."

The mate gazed long and earnestly. He, too, saw nothing, and the glasses were finally thrust into the case by the binnacle. Then, with a needless injunction to keep a bright lookout, Captain Podweed called to his wife, and they went below.

A moment later a scream issued from the cabin. The mate hobbled to the open skylight and peered down. He saw Mrs. Podweed with her face buried in her apron, and heard the deep and blasphemous accents of the skipper.

"What's the matter?" screamed Firkin.

Then, as his eye caught the emptiness of the bread-basket, he stepped away.

Later, Captain Podweed again searched the horizon. Presently he called Firkin to his side, and, with suppressed excitement, pointed out to him an object on the sea-line. Then both swung around, and five minutes later the solitary flag that floated upside down from the main truck was joined by another and another, till the flag locker was empty, and the *Hulda Spidds* was dressed as for a gala day.

The point on the horizon grew in size. Pretty soon the helmsman saw it and swore it was a steamer. "I can see the smoke," he whispered, huskily.

A quarter of an hour passed. Captain Podweed suddenly ordered the flags down. "This aint no holiday," he vouchsafed to the grumblings of his crew. "They see us all right, and there aint no use playing the goat."

When the steamer was within three miles, Firkin recognized it as a San Francisco coaster. "She's pretty far out, I guess," he said, in wavering tones. "But then we're farther in, maybe, than we thought."

"I wish we could get them jibs up," murmured Podweed.

"Oh, she'll get us soon enough," said the mate. "She's coming this way, and she'll see we're in distress. The *Hulda's* poking her nose into all quarters at once."

Spite of an empty belly and swimming eyes, Podweed was recovering himself as rescue grew closer. In all his life he had never asked man's aid nor unbent an inch of his cast-iron backbone. He was a hard man, and he gloried in it. But here was the end of his self-satisfied course; he was to be ignominiously rescued within fifty miles of his port—charitably assisted—and he ground his teeth as he thought of how skippers from San Diego to Puget Sound would rejoice at his downfall. He fought back the weakness that would gladly have yielded and fallen upon the mercy of the master of the steamer coming up from the south. With a grim pleasure he remembered that not a word of the straits of the past three weeks was in the log. He had not been brought to that. And while he studied the new-comer, he formulated a plan to save his reputation, his crew, and his money. When the coaster was within a mile he called up his crew. They all, for the first time in three days, responded to his command. "Get them jibs up," he ordered.

There was a moment's hesitation, and then three men went slowly forward and tailed on to a halliard. The mate joined them, and slowly, inch by inch, the sail crept upward, belling and flapping in the breeze. When it stuck, Podweed's profanity was breathless. In the dull silence after a paroxysm of his blasphemy, Mrs. Podweed emerged from the cabin and came forward. In her black alpaca and starched apron she seemed an incongruous figure. Her eyes were moist and her thin cheeks very pale. But the stiff dignity of many years had not left her. "Hiram!" she called.

Captain Podweed turned on his heel and stared at his wife. "What is it?" he demanded, curtly, while the sailors gaped.

"I thought maybe the men were hungry," she began, "so I just thought I'd see if any one really needed this potato." The dried and withered vegetable reposed in her palm.

In the quiet that ensued one of the sailors slouched forward. "I reckon, sir," he mumbled, "the old lady's daffy. She aint had nothin' to eat."

The skipper of the *Hulda* pulled at his whisker and tried to stand on his dignity. But the sight of the faithful wife rocking on the careening deck was too much. A tear started down his deeply lined cheek, and he gently held out his hand to her. "I guess we'll save that potato," he said, gruffly. "It aint exactly what we hanker for just now. And I'm expectin' a full meal by that steamer off there."

"If I had some good dry bread and some dried apples," Mrs. Podweed went on, picking nervously at the hem of her white apron, "I could make some Brown Betty."

"We don't want any of your Brown Betty!" roared the skipper in futile rage.

Slow tears welled into the eyes of his wife, and her thin hand shook as she stealthily wiped them away. "You allays used to like my puddings," she said. And

as the *Hulda*, answering to the pull of the half-raised head-sail, pointed into the wind, Mrs. Podweed tottered away.

The steamer was now a quarter of a mile to windward, and the dazed crew of the schooner waited for their captain's orders, with an occasional glance at the flag fluttering at the masthead, now right side up.

"I'm going off to arrange for a tow," said Podweed. "And I'll bring off something to eat. Clear away a boat, Mr. Firkin."

The crew jumped at the word of command, and when the steamer *Full Value*, in answer to a hail, came to, a hundred yards to leeward, the small boat was already in the water and pulling away slowly. The rest watched the two men rowing, and cursed because they made too little progress to suit the exigency of hunger.

When he was under the counter of the *Full Value* Captain Podweed caught the end of a rope-ladder, gave an order to his men, and went up. When he climbed over the side he was greeted by the captain of the coaster, who desired to know what he could do for him.

"I'm after a tow," said Podweed. "I'm already late to save my charter; that is, I will be, if I don't make 'Frisco by noon to-morrow. It'll take me three days to fetch the Golden Gate with this slant o' wind, and I thought maybe you could help me out."

The captain of the *Full Value* squinted at the *Hulda* and then at her skipper. "I don't know as I feel like taking a tow," he said. "I aint in the business, and I've a lot of passengers. Of course, if you're in distress and it's worth my while, I might take you in."

With this introduction the two men got down to a hard bargain. They argued and reargued; Podweed's offers were rejected with scorn, and the other's demands characterized by Podweed as outrageous. At last an agreement mutually profitable was reached, and Podweed prepared to go back to his own craft. But he dared not face his crew empty-handed, and the picture of his starving wife rose harshly before him. He had saved money on the deal, and his inbred parsimony was satisfied. Now that the excitement was over, he felt strangely weak, and his stomach ached miserably. He turned again to the skipper of the *Full Value*. "Say, captain," he began, "you haven't got any fresh meat aboard, have you? My men are hungry for it. We left Santa Rosalia two months ago."

"Why, yes," was the response. "I can let you have a little; enough for one mess. I've got some vegetables, too."

Podweed sniffed the air hungrily. "You've got some cooking now," he suggested. "What's the matter with my paying you two bits a head and sending my crew over for a feed?"

"All right," said the other, genially. "Send 'em over, a watch at a time, and we'll have a potlach. Just pass that hawser and let's get started for San Francisco. That'll bring us in there by nightfall."

The hawser was passed, though how they got through with it the crew of the *Hulda* never could tell. Then Captain Podweed piled his watch into a boat with his wife, and before the *Full Value* had tautened the tow-line a half-dozen famished sailors, obeying their skipper's order as to silence about their experiences, were stuffing themselves at the rate of twenty-five cents apiece, according to the bargain of the captains, while the steward of the steamer toiled in the galley with the cook to keep pace with the demand for boiled beef and steamed potatoes. In the cabin, Mrs. Podweed, in a fresh white apron, was trying to stifle her sobs as she satisfied the craving of many long and weary days.

In the *Hulda Spidds* behind, Firkin kept an insubordinate remainder of the crew from climbing out and crawling along the tow-line to the source of the sweet incense wafted to them of meat and vegetables.

In due time the surfeited port watch returned with Podweed at their head, holding in his arms Mrs. Podweed, who was weeping now without restraint over a fresh potato. Firkin and his men were enjoined to say nothing, but to eat. They put off wildly, while the *Full Value* started up again. It was two hours before they returned, and they came rejoicing, bringing with them sundry articles of cooked food which, as Firkin explained, they had been too full to devour.

At sunset that evening, the *Full Value* steamed into the Golden Gate, and astern of her frolicked the *Hulda Spidds*, her crew singing into the eye of the moon, careless of the plight of the skipper of the coaster who, amid the execrations of his dinnerless passengers and hands, was trying to figure his loss by the bargain with Captain Podweed which had resulted in scraping clean of the very galley pots and pans.

And in the pantry of the *Full Value*, gorged to repletion, the fugitive cook of the schooner tried to explain that for two months the crew of the *Hulda Spidds* had lived on one potato and Brown Betty. "If your skipper had a particle of sense," he concluded, drowsily, "you'd all be in for salvage. She's got a valuable cargo, and—" Here he fell asleep. When roused for a moment from his slumber to describe the nature of the costly burden that had eluded the grasp of the *Full Value*, he stated in positive terms that it was Brown Betty.

"He's a darned fool," said the captain of the coaster, who had been called in to listen to the wondrous story, "but I guess we don't put this down in the log."

Which is the reason the tale has never been told before.

JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1903.

NEW YORK'S FASHION SHOW.

Lavish Display of Women's Raiment—One Hundred and Fifty Paris Creations—Sixteen Beauties Who Show the Gowns Off to Advantage—Some Strong American Competitors.

The latest bid for feminine approval and popularity in the shape of annual exhibitions is the Fashion Show, which opened last week in Madison Square Garden. Dressmakers and dealers from all over the United States and Canada have come to town to see what the fall and winter styles are to be, and are loud in their praises of this opportunity to post themselves two months earlier than usual, as they have for years preferred to postpone their visits to the metropolis until November, during Horse Show week, which heretofore has ushered in the winter styles and practically opened the social season.

The most famous dressmakers of Paris and other European capitals have sent over models to the Fashion Show—one hundred and fifty in all—and probably never before have so many handsome Paris frocks been shown to the public here at one time. They are displayed in the gallery of the Garden, and are of every conceivable type, from evening-gowns to street-gowns, ranging in price from \$3,000 down to a modest \$200. Some of them are weird, many are striking rather than beautiful, but a large number are really lovely, and all should furnish a liberal supply of valuable ideas to dressmakers and buyers who are no longer forced to go abroad to study French modes in Parisian ateliers.

The American exhibit, too, is admirable. It is supposed to include models from all over the country, but New York makers dominate, and certain well-known establishments have furnished models that will bravely bear comparison with the imported garments on the opposite side of the hall. A majority of these frocks are on view in the gallery, though one noteworthy group is upon the main floor, and a spectacular display of automobile toggery, upon waxen chauffeurs and chauffures, is also a feature of the main-floor exhibit. Here, too, are a host of booths in which silks, laces, velvets, hosiery, neckwear, hats, and innumerable dress accessories are displayed. In fact, on the main floor the visitor finds himself lost in a wilderness of booths festooned with all manner of advertisements, for everything that pertains to beautifying woman is there.

A booth that attracts a good deal of attention from the out-of-town visitors is the one containing a beautiful corset in a glass case, guarded by a youth who has a pleasing voice, a persuasive way, and a rather remarkable vocabulary. He announces to the admiring groups of women who gather about him that the fastenings of the corset are of gold, diamond studded, and that the value is \$300.

Another attraction is the loom weaving "Moneyback" silks, exhibited by John Wanamaker. Obeying the instructions given by those in charge, the women take hold of pieces of the silk, crumple it in their hand, smooth it out to see if it will wrinkle, and then with their thumb-nails scrape diligently across the goods to see if the threads will slip. When they are satisfied that the tests are satisfactory, they watch the loom at work, until it is time to move away to some other attraction, such as the exhibit of Hackett, Carhart & Co., treasures from the women's department of Lord & Taylor, and the Saks display of automobilizing costumes.

The drawing card of the show in the evening, however, has been the exhibition of Paris gowns by sixteen tall, handsome models who rival in form and beauty Anna Held's famous "Sadie" girls. In a carpeted ring, twenty-five feet in diameter, under the play of colored calcium lights, these stunning creatures display the latest fashions from Paris. It is here that the Johnnies and the husbands who have been dragged to the show against their wishes can be found about nine o'clock, for it is really the only display which arouses their especial interest. A dozen seats are set inside the ring, and at intervals four or six of the girls rest while the others keep on moving, turning slowly as they shift about, so that the curious onlookers may have the best view of the fit and hang of the garments. Over evening-gowns they put stoles of ermine, evening-cloaks of many furs, and wonderful opera-wraps. After a few turns around the circle, the furs are laid aside. Interchanges of conversation between models and spectators make an interesting phase of the entertainment. Unless their attention is drawn in a manner that can not be ignored, the models pretend not to hear the inquiries of the inquisitive. But the milliners, dressmakers, and transients who have come from a distance have slight regard for the affectations of the models, whom they seem to view in the same light as the very pink and smiling ladies in wax who stand in demure repose in the gallery to show the lesser frocks.

Apart from the display of Parisian gowns and the many other exhibits, there is a department devoted exclusively to social costumes relating to the proper style of gowns to be worn at weddings, dinners, and afternoon and evening receptions. This department is in keeping with the idea of making the Fashion Show educational as well as interesting. Well-known authorities on dress are to deliver lectures each day, and there will be special functions to illustrate the subject. The first will be a wedding, with clergyman, ushers, bridesmaids, bride, and bridegroom in attendance.

The show is to be continued a fortnight at the Garden, and judging from the unusually large attendance this week, it ought to prove a big financial success. A view of the model gowns and coats is alone worth the

price of admission, for they are really beautiful, and must not for a moment be placed in the same category with the melancholy display of frocks that graced the Dressmakers' Convention last spring. Of course, the interest centres entirely in the exhibits and not in the spectators, so the Fashion Show will never prove a serious rival of the Horse Show, the chief attraction of which is not the pedigreed horses in the tan-bark arena, but the gorgeously gowned representatives of New York's Four Hundred, whose every movement in the glittering array of boxes is followed with breathless attention by the thousands of curious spectators who flock to Madison Square Garden to see the much-beparaphrased social leaders.

NEW YORK, September 8, 1903.

MRS. DIAZ AT CHAPULTEPEC.

A Visit to the Wife of Mexico's President.

On a bright summer afternoon we were speeding over the well-macadamized, eucalyptus-shaded road that leads to President Porfirio Diaz's part-of-the-year home, the old Castle of Chapultepec. We were expected by Mrs. Diaz, and for sundry reasons were privileged guests.

The sun shone as benignantly upon the sparsely clad Indian women, the loaded burros, and the cattle grazing in the green fields on either side the boulevard, as upon our French frocks and irreproachable turnout, but the sun is more democratic than a president's retinue, and, as we approached the sentries stationed on the grounds, we realized we were entering under circumstances of marked courtesy. Hardly had the sentries saluted when a mounted guard of soldiers met us, barring the way to the regular road which winds on cobblestones to the top of the castle hill, for we were to enter by the private way.

We left our carriage and, met by an obsequious footman in livery, were ushered into what seemed nothing more or less than a hole in the wall, rendered ingratiating by the pink geranium hanging over the perpendicular rock which forms the castle's foundation on one side. Behind us was the bright sun, the flower-scented air, and the wideness of the earth; before us, a tunnel-like passage, still and dim, suggestive of ancient tragedies, of bloody encounters and escapes.

At the cave-like entrance, the imaginative among us began to feel that the *frou-frou* of silken skirts was out of place, and to wish modernity might fall from us like a mantle. Instinctively, we lowered our voices lest they might jar in this chilling silence. But suddenly we encountered an elevator, carpeted, upholstered, mirrored. The footman bowed us into the care of a different-liveried elevator man, whose manner left nothing to be desired. It was a relief to find that the elevator did not dart upward, but rose slowly, giving us time to adjust ourselves to this sudden combination of modern lift and Aztec palace.

The electric lighting of the inner ascent is not over bright, and when we emerged into the dazzling, glowing, living sun and flower light of what seemed a marvelous hanging garden, only those of us who had been there before preserved due decorum. We were high above the valley in a wonderfully brilliant, if artificially arranged, series of gardens, terraces, and pillared porticos. Birds in number were singing about us. The marble and onyx floors and columns were shiningly spotless. Everything was radiant with light and color. A man in full dress received us as we shook our draperies out of the elevator; another awaited us at the door of the drawing-room, and held it wide in silence.

The wide *salon* seemed dark at first. We saw shadowy forms, and then we heard a gracious voice, and the first lady of Mexico had shaken us cordially by the hand, and made us welcome in a charmingly spontaneous manner.

Carmen Romero Rubio de Diaz, daughter of one of Mexico's best aristocrats, has the distinction of having joined Mexico's two formidable political interests at a crucial point in her country's history, making practicable the combination which, under General Diaz, has carried Mexico swiftly to the front. She is more the wife of the president than of the man, and General Diaz has children by a former marriage nearly, if not quite, as old as Carmen Romero Rubio. She is slender and of medium height, with graceful and rather quick motions of body and hands. Her face is fair and oval, her eyes dark and penetrating, her expression alert and perhaps a trifle nervous.

Mrs. Diaz wore a clinging, modiste afternoon gown, and fingered a long gold chain which caught the gleam of handsome jewels on her hands and at her throat. She spoke to us in excellent English, without hesitancy, and conversation did not flag, even after the customary lengthy question as to the health and condition of each member of our respective families had been satisfactorily answered. "The general," she assured us, "is well, but very busy always. He should take a rest, but he is so engrossed, so interested in public affairs, that a real vacation seems impossible to him."

Mrs. Diaz is a devout and painstaking member of the Roman Catholic Church, giving liberally, if privately, to its support, even practicing small economies—so whisper the tradespeople—to devote more and more of her fortune to this cause. She is charitable to the poor, reserved to acquaintances, gracious to her own familiar friends, and loyal and affectionate to her family.

The other guests were duly presented, and each murmured her own name, and placed herself at the new acquaintance's orders, just as in every other Mexican drawing-room. When a friend is met, the soft, undemonstrative kiss on each cheek is given with a rapidity and ease the Anglo-Saxon must practice long and patiently to attain.

We met Mrs. Romero Rubio, Mrs. Diaz's mother, a tall, thin, dignified woman, with a simple manner. Her plain gown and shawl showed that in Mexico the mothers do not dress in the same manner as the daughters. We also were introduced to the president's daughter, Mrs. Diaz's step-daughter, recently married, but still with sufficient leisure to study English a little, and to read an occasional novel of Scott. Why Sir Walter, I wondered, for well I know how difficult he is in translation, but I checked any suggestion, remembering how apt we Americans are to begin our Spanish reading with Don Quixote.

The dimensions of the drawing-room at the Castle of Chapultepec are its chief claim to distinction. The carpet is of the best, and the castle is reproduced in detail in its centre. The heavily upholstered and gilded furniture, the hangings, and a few paintings suggest any formal European apartment.

From the outer wall, as we bade Mrs. Diaz good-by, we secured a magnificent view of the valley below. The long straight stretch of tree-lined road connecting Chapultepec with the city was dotted with all kinds of pleasure vehicles, and gayly dressed people were driving and promenading in the park below the castle. Mexico's many spires rose above its flat-roofed houses and the narrow streets dim in the distance, and the snowcapped mountains beyond, on the right, stood guard, just as they did when the first Indian ruler held court on his floating island domain in the years ago when the valley of Mexico was a great lake.

Mrs. Diaz went herself with us to the wall, and seemed to take pleasure in our admiration. In the bright light of the setting sun she appeared older than I had at first thought, and not over strong. As we made our good-bys, Mrs. Diaz's handclasp was given with both hands, her eyes and lips showered kindly expressions upon us, and we left her, pleased with ourselves, the world, and, most of all, with her.

Our carriage awaited us on the upper terrace at the Military Academy entrance to avoid the descent through the dark passage, and I was glad to carry away the memory of the outer world instead of those gloomy shades. The air was chilling rapidly as we hurried toward home and dinner; the eucalyptus shadows were strange-shaped and black. To our right, Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl were fading away under their white counterpanes, and twilight came quickly. Some one said, "Look back!" Turning, we saw Chapultepec, like a fairy palace against the grayness, with its hundreds of electric lights. "Hill of the grasshopper," exclaimed one of us, recalling the Aztec name, while another added, "Transformed by modern magic into hill of the million fireflies."

MRS. F. D. MERCHANT.

The remorseless policy of absorption adopted by Russia in Finland is bearing fruit in Sweden and Norway, where the progress of events has been watched with indignation mingled with apprehension. As a result, the relations between Sweden and Norway have improved after an estrangement that lasted for twenty years. The cause of the change of feeling in the two countries is Russia's oppression of the Finlanders. It is necessary to bear this fact in mind to realize the stupidity of the fratricidal quarrel. At last the country understands that the real danger comes from the east, and that it is a tragic burlesque to leave the frontier toward Russia exposed while that between Sweden and Norway is bristling with cannon.

What is said to be a new world's record in long-distance train running has just been made on the Baltimore and Ohio road out in Ohio and Indiana, where 128 miles were covered without stops in 125 minutes. In the course of the run a speed of 85 miles an hour was reached, and much of the distance was run at the rate of 70 and 75 miles an hour.

The Controller of the United States Treasury has decided that an assistant foreman of the government printing-office at Washington is not an official but an employee, whose pay is forfeited during his absence from his post. The inference is that government employees classed as officials draw pay whether they are at their posts or not.

The De Pierrecourt's fortune of \$600,000 left to the city of Rouen for the propagation of a race of giants, is to be diverted from this purpose, and \$160,000 will be retained by the Rouen foundation for a philanthropic institution, the rest to go to the natural heirs, who contested the will on the ground of immorality.

Paris' Eiffel Tower will stand for only a few years longer. A commission appointed to decide on the uses to which the Champ de Mars shall be put has ordered that the tower be torn down at the end of the concession, which expires in 1910.

It is safe to say that for every life that is saved through the curative effects of cod-liver oil another is lost in catching the fish.

ANECDOTES OF LORD SALISBURY.

His Marriage Against His Father's Wishes—Negligence in Dress—Caustic Wit—Bad Memory for Faces.

Few great statesmen have supplied such a wealth of material for anecdote as the late Marquis of Salisbury, who four times served as premier of England. The stories, which are sprinkled through the latest English papers to hand, deal with Salisbury's marriage, his political career, and his striking personality, and cast more light upon his character, perhaps, than any amount of critical biography.

During his career in the Commons he fell in love with Georgina Alderson, the eldest daughter of the judge and baron of that name. She was neither rich nor a great beauty, yet she was a maiden of fine appearance, comely, witty, and accustomed to the elevating and informing society of the leading men on the bench, at the bar, and in literature. The young lord, whose father appears to have been an ungracious parent, severe in the exercise of his authority, and close in the sharing of his means with this son at least, opposed this love-match. But Lord Robert, either through infatuation, wisdom, or willfulness, persisted in the courtship, and at twenty-seven years of age married the lady of his choice. This marriage led to another extraordinary phase of the budding premier's career. When thrown upon his own resources as a youth he had traveled far and sought his fortune in rough fields; now, refused assistance by the father who insisted that he should have married an heiress, he set himself up in modest chambers near the newspaper offices, and worked as a journalist. He chose the fields of an essayist and a leader-writer, and contributed to the then brilliant *Saturday Review*, the *Quarterly*, and the *Morning Chronicle*, as well as, to a considerable extent, to the editorial page of the *Times*. From his marriage in 1837 until the death of his elder brother, when he became Lord Cranborne, he made his living as a writer for the press.

The late marquis was always very negligent as far as dress was concerned, his mind seemingly always being occupied with cares of state. It has been related that one Levee Day, when Lord Salisbury was prime minister, he was in the midst of serious business up to the last moment. He rushed home, turned out a large bundle of uniforms, and took the first that came to his hand, with the astonishing result that he wore a coat that belonged to the Elder Brethren of Trinity House, a deputy-lieutenant's pair of trousers, and a hat of the Royal Archers. Even that was not the worst. He wore his sword on the wrong side and his garter on the wrong side, and things reached their climax in the waistcoat, which, dating from an earlier and less robust period of his life, left between it and the trousers what was once called, in the case of another great parliamentarian, "a lucid interval."

Parliamentarians noticed that he always spoke best when resting his elbows on something. In the House of Lords he usually found the support he needed in two or three books, placed one above the other. Somebody one day removed one of these (it was some book of reference) and Lord Salisbury missed it immediately. His eloquence was checked, he floundered in his speech, and did not resume it until the book was returned. On another occasion, at his own house, where there was a political meeting, he began to speak rather lamely, and after considerable hesitation he walked across his drawing-room to where there was a rather high fire-screen. He got inside this, with his back to the fire, and, facing his audience, with his elbow on the screen, proceeded to make a most eloquent harangue.

It was at the time that bicycle-riding was all the rage that Salisbury became the ardent tricyclist which made him so easily distinguished a figure in Hyde Park in the early mornings. It was there that he developed on these morning journeys, during which he became a prey to snap-shot photographers, like other sensitive eminent men, an inveterate objection to the process. If walking, he would flourish his stick at an enterprising camera man, and on one occasion he suddenly turned his back on one photographer, only to present his face to another, who thus secured a good picture.

That Lord Salisbury possessed a gift for repartee was well enough known, and the following will serve as an example of his powers in that respect: A heated discussion having been carried on for some time in his presence, relating to a current topic, one of the most emphatic of the party remarked: "I shan't get any of you to agree with me,

you are such a complete set of Philistines." Lord Salisbury quietly asked if he recollected what happened to the Philistines. The reply was, "Certainly not." "They were smitten by the jawbone of an ass," was the caustic rejoinder. During his earlier days, Lord Salisbury wrote a considerable amount of fiction. An enterprising publisher once requested permission to publish some. "No," was his decided response. "certainly not; I want my old age to be as honorable as possible." Once he was going out to lunch one rainy day when his secretary ran after him with an umbrella which he had forgotten. The premier rejected it, saying: "No, no, I've lost too many at the Athenæum already. You can't trust those bishops!"

A story strikingly illustrative of Lord Salisbury's bad memory for faces, was told just a little while previous to his resignation of the premiership. An elderly Liberal-Unionist baronet, of somewhat Lilliputian stature, was among the considerable number of invited guests to a garden-party at Hatfield. In the course of the afternoon, Lord Salisbury laid hold of the baronet's arm, saying: "I want a quiet word with you." It was at the time of one of the "regrettable incidents" of the war, and the guest, who had just returned from a hasty visit to South Africa, was delighted, though scarcely surprised, to find that the premier's next remark, as they turned aside, showed a keen desire to obtain his view of the situation. The baronet at once poured forth his criticisms on the recent events of the war with the freedom and certainty that are the characteristics of the civilian, and the premier honored him with by far the longest conversation of the whole afternoon. On rejoining the family group, his nephew remarked to Lord Salisbury: "I am particularly glad that you recognized Sir —, but what did you find to talk about for so long a time?" "I don't know what you mean," was the reply, "I never spoke to the man in my life. I have just been having a long and important talk with Lord Roberts. And I certainly found him thoroughly outspoken."

Miss Johnson, librarian of the Carnegie Library at Nashville, Tenn., discoursing to the Librarians' Association on Southern libraries in general, reports (and justifies the fact) that they are, with few exceptions, "rigidly exclusive of blacks." With the old trust in Providence and "its own good time and way" for the abolition of slavery, "the librarians and library boards are disposed to do all in their power to aid the colored people in securing libraries of their own *whenver the opportune time arrives.*"

Baron Henri de Rothschild appeared in the Paris police courts, the other day, to answer the charge of automobile scorching. The case came up previously before the courts, but was postponed. His defense was that he had a permit from the ministry of the interior as a doctor, allowing him to disregard the speed regulations. He was, nevertheless, sentenced to one day's imprisonment and a fine of ten francs.

The Treasury Department has received a dispatch from the consul at Smyrna saying that smallpox is epidemic there among a population engaged in hand-picking figs for the American market. Six deaths a day are officially reported, but the consul believes the number is three times as large. It is probable that orders will be issued forbidding fig importation for the present from that point.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Sherwood, noted as a writer and a leader of New York society a generation ago, died suddenly of heart disease in New York on Saturday last. She was eighty years old, and had been an invalid ten years. "An Epistle to Posterity," "A Transplanted Rose," and "Here, There, and Everywhere," were her principal hooks. She also wrote an admirable book on etiquette.

The Metropolitan Police Department of Washington, D. C., has adopted the card-index system of recording arrests. In the past, the only record of arrests kept at each of the ten police stations of Washington has been a large blotter, or arrest book. These volumes were bulky, and much time has been lost fingerling the pages in search of arrests hidden somewhere in the record.

In England, last year, Constable Jones, of Leeds, exhibited a clever painting at the Academy. Now another policeman, Charles Teike, of Potsdam, Germany, has become a musical composer of some celebrity. A march composed by him has attained popularity in all parts of the world, and commissions are said to be pouring in upon the fortunate constable.

BENEVOLENT ASSIMILATION.

[General Sanger has lately completed the census of the Filipinos—that is, of all who would stand and be counted—and finds that we have 6,976,574 "civilized" little brown brothers. The "wild tribes" are estimated to number 600,000. How these wards of ours are being benevolently assimilated with the white population of the Philippines may be guessed from these verses from the Fourth of July issue of the Manila *Sunday Sun*]:

Coming Through the Rice

Gin a Googoo meet a Googoo
Coming through the rice;
Need a Googoo help a Googoo
Rid himself of lice?

Gin a Googoo meet a Googoo
Whom he thinks a spy,
Gin a Googoo kill a Googoo—
Need a white man cry?

Gin a Googoo meet you "solo"
Coming through the cane;
Need a Googoo pull a bolo—
Would it cause you pain?

Gin a Googoo hear "Soldados"
Coming through the bog;
Need a Googoo hide his bolo
Underneath a log?

The Song of the Campfollowers.

Eight thousand miles of a tumbling sea
From a land where the good God rules,
We are here on the edge of the farthest East
A brigade of disgusted fools.
We have left behind what makes life seem good
For this land of the prickly heat,
Of cholera, plague, and of Chinese cooks,
Who spoil what we have to eat.
But, to compensate, we have "brothers brown"
And some beautiful tropic scenes
Of these damned unhealthy,
Turbulent, wealthy,
Beautiful Philippines.

We thought when at home, we were honest men,
But we learn out here that we're not—
Campfollowers, grafters, and thieves, and rogues,
Is the name that we now have got.
We have fought for our flags on a hundred isles,
And this is the thanks they give—
But we're here (God help us); and give our thanks
To the "Powers" we're allowed to live;
We may add that our living is rather scant,
Mere bacon, and pork and beans—
In these restless, bloody,
Wet and muddy,
Beautiful Philippines.

We have learned some things, and have learned them well,
But the lessons they teach won't down—
For instance, the thought that a white-skinned man
Is not as good as a brown.
It is true we can leave (if we've got the price),
For that's what the "Powers" have said,
This land where we've suffered, and fought, and starved—

This land where we've left our dead,
Folks at home may talk of the "strenuous life,"
But they'll never know what it means,
Till they've lived flat busted
And sore disgusted
In these beautiful Philippines.

The Little Brown Brother.

I'm only a common Soldier-man, in the blasted Philippines,
They say I've got Brown Brothers here, but I dunno what it means.
I like the word Fraternity, but still I draw the line,
He may be a brother of William H. Taft, but he aint no friend of mine.

I never had a brother, who would heg to get a drink,
To keep himself from dying, when he bovered on the brink,
And when my Pal had give it bim, and emptied out his sack,
Would take the opportunity to stick him in the back.

I never had a brother, who could take a wounded Boy,
And brry him to the armpits, with a most unboly joy.

Then train the Red Ants on bim, like some caged Bubonic Rat!
Thank God, I've got no brother who would ever stoop to that.

Nor yet have I a brother, who'd commit a nameless sbame
On a poor dead Soldier, lying where he gave up hope of Fame.
Who could mutilate so fendishly, a piece of lifeless Clay,
And say his prayers, the moment that his passion died away.

I'm here and I have seen it, so you can't make game of me,
I'd rather be an Orphan than in such a Familiee.
The L. B. B. may suit some folks, but after all is said,
The best one that I ever saw, had an overdose of Lead.

I'm only a common Soldier-man, in the blasted Philippines,
They say I've got Brown Brothers here, but I dunno what it means.
I like the word Fraternity, but still I draw the line,
He may be a brother of William H. Taft but he aint no friend of mine.

—Robert F. Morrison.

"THE LAW OF LIFE."

Persons who had not the advantage of a "college eddication" ought really to be grateful to Anna McClure Sholl. For in her book, "The Law of Life," she takes the humble reader by the hand and leads him right up into that very holy of holies, the abode of professors. For five hundred and thirty-seven pages the reader breathes the rarefied atmosphere of Hallworth University, listens to the wise words of learned men anent "souls" and "ideals" (There is really too much about souls), and feels mightily the inspiration thereof. For these professors are by no means dull. Indeed, it is a fault of the story that they are too clever. We have it handed upon our soul that the books of most professors are deadly dry. Therefore we can not easily believe that in real life they talk with such amazing cleverness as they do in this entertaining novel. The cleverness, we fear, is the author's; though she writes of their "vast knowledge" like one who herself stands in awe of them. And then they talk about poets in a way to justify Lang's sneer that, if a man knows anything about Keats in America, it means that he teaches English in a high school.

There is quite a variety of characters among the wise professors, cub students, and hybrid post-graduates at Hallworth. For example, there is Perdita, who looks after the co-eds and is "young in years, old in experience, timeless in charm," as we are twice told. We like her very much until page 379, when we learn that she smokes cigarettes. We didn't think it of her, but it is forgivable. Another charming person is the Emperor, a subtle but very nice sorority girl, rarely beautiful. Waring, a young man who went as a newspaper correspondent to Cuba, and afterward returned to Hallworth for a doctorate, is also likable, particularly endearing himself by supporting the idea that "saints as a rule are not well-bred." Besides, he is said to be a man "nearly devoid of vanity," which is something amazing. Dutton, though a kind of a sheep, is an honest soul, much in love, and the author of a book on chemistry. For this reason, if for no other, the author should have seen to it that he didn't mix his wills and shalls. Let us also throw out the suggestion that in future books there should be introduced something less than a hundred boxes of cigars. 'Tis too mechanical a method of making the men appear manly.

The three characters who really count are Waring, Barbara, and Dr. Penfold. Barbara is a slender, delicate girl, brought up in seclusion by her uncle, an historian. When he dies, she becomes the ward of Dr. Penfold, a self-absorbed, nice old mathematician, who, however, eats toast noisily. He breaks his arm, and Barbara takes care of him so well that he fancies he loves her, and she, ignorantly, and in pity for the barren life of her guardian, marries him. The good doctor soon forgets he even has such a thing as a wife. After the death of Barbara's first child, while he is off helping an astronomer observe the planet Eros, there is neither physical nor spiritual basis for their union. So the inevitable happens. Waring, Dr. Penfold's assistant, and Barbara fall in love. Since they are both high-spirited, they struggle against their infatuation through a weary year. Both grow pale, haggard, hollow-eyed. Indeed, the one really serious flaw of the book is that the intense struggle is so prolonged that it becomes painful to the reader. This part of the book lacks poetry. It is harsh and forbidding. The gift of the poems of Fiona MacLeod, and the incident of the rose are very oases in a desert of woe.

The love of Barbara and Waring does not, however, exclude other matters of importance. We get a glimpse of a multi-millionaire in the act of bestowing three millions on reluctant Hallworth. Waring, as becomes impetuous youth, fiercely opposes the gift, and prints the magnate's interesting but awful life-story in the magazine, *College and State*. But coldly logical President Hunt wins the gold-geglamored faculty over to his side, and ousts Waring.

The author is exceedingly courageous and entirely convincing in her treatment of the unhallowed love between Barbara and Waring. We do not propose to reveal what end that love reached, but the conclusion is, it may be remarked, a triumph of conscience over logic such as will meet the approval of many more earthy people than the two lovers.

"The Law of Life" is a strong and promising first novel.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

General Charles King's new novel is to be published next week. It will be called "An Apache Princess."

LITERARY NOTES.

Three Wistful-Eyed Cherubs and a Bachelor.

On the title-page of "The Visits of Elizabeth" Elinor Glyn is announced as the author. On the title-page of "Her Mother's Letters" a speaking blank stands where one would naturally look for a similar inscription, since these letters purport to be written by the mother of that same Elizabeth. Now a third of the series is out, and although it is entitled "Elizabeth's Children," and an allusion is made in the advertising slip to "Elizabeth of the 'Visits,'" still there remains the same significant blank on the title-page. From this omission we may be justified in concluding that the author admires the works of Elinor Glyn, and is not adverse to profiting by her popularity.

The book is a clever bid for favor in more ways than one. It is meant primarily to appeal to the lover of children, and contains numerous accounts of the numerous adventures of a serio-comic nature that befall the three little Anglo-French monkeys that appertain to Elizabeth. The children, during a long cruise of their parents for health, are dumped by the inconsequent Elizabeth upon Hugh Latimer, of Latimer Hall, an old bachelor friend of hers, of remarkably tender heart, who shows quite as much folly in dealing out retributory discipline to his youthful charges as the ordinary doting mother.

In fact, unless one is extremely accessible to the parental emotions, one is prone to desire that some hearty spankings should have been administered to the wistful-eyed cherubs who for a time diversify the bachelor quiet of Mr. Latimer's existence.

The author, whoever he may be, views their transgressions from a humorous-sentimental standpoint, and if the reader can bring himself to overlook the extreme improbability involved in allowing a loving mother thus to shed her maternal cares upon the irresponsible shoulders of a bachelor, he may be able to extract considerable entertainment from the book.

Interspersed with tolerably amusing descriptions of the juvenile delinquencies of the three minute heroes is an account of the troublous wooings of the children's temporary guardian, who, after a series of dainty snubs administered to him by the lady of his choice, through the unconscious influence of the three boys finally wins his way to grace.

The story has an agreeable setting of English country life, and the inevitable teatable frequently turns up, with its pleasant accompaniment of the idle, amusing chit-chat of idle, amusing people, during which *bon-mots* scintillate with a brilliancy worthy of Elinor Glyn, although lacking the *risqué* flavor indigenous to the dialogue of the original Elizabeth's associates.

Published by John Lane, New York; \$1.50.

An Introspective Young Woman.

"Veronica" is not a particularly well-balanced love-story, the attitude of the author—Martha W. Austin—being too sympathetic, intimate, and admiring toward her heroine. Veronica is rather an impracticable young woman, very much steeped in soulful sentiment, and plunged perpetually in dreams of love. This is perhaps natural in a beautiful young girl in the spring-time of life and experience, but the writer, although bright enough to write in a little cheering lightness and dexterity of dialogue occasionally, recurs to the congenial topic of Veronica's inner life of emotion with a frequency and prolixity that becomes fatiguing, and is liable to induce considerable skipping, except in a romantic minority of her readers.

Miss Austin belongs to the enormous and ever-growing ranks of American writers who have a turn for literary expression without, as yet, being able to write an interesting novel. She has a genuine love for, and observation of, outdoor nature, but is rather too self-conscious in the expression of it. One feels that she stands apart and admires her word-pictures, much as she admires the emotional organism of her heroine.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Lilian Bell Runs Amuck.

A good-sized proportion of Lilian Bell's fluent headlong stories are prone to run to the expression of a hearty hatred for some national, social, or individual type. In "The Interference of Patricia," Miss Bell has chosen Denver for the object of her literary rancor. She seizes that salubrious city by the scruff of its neck, and gives it a shaking that will make the heads of the Denverites swim with dizzy wrath. It is safe to say that, in the future, Denver will be as completely cut out from Miss Bell's itinerary as Miss Bell her-

self will be from fashionable Denver's calling list.

The story which records Patricia's interference is one in which the conflicting interests of love and business become considerably involved. Patricia is a slangy Western heiress, who carries a gold riding-whip mounted with diamonds, which she treats as if it were made of tin, and whose vigor of expression is such as to cause even Denverites—Denverites of the type that have especially incurred Miss Bell's lively animosity—to open their eyes.

Miss Bell, however, approves of Patricia, who is a young woman of discretion, and knows when to drop slang. In the love scene in which she charms a proposal out of an English peer, Patricia respects the sensibilities of the conventional, and uses the mode of expression common to the well-bred heroine of a love-story.

Patricia "does" her father, and wins her peer simultaneously, and in the doing shows, or Miss Bell intimates that she shows, a sense of honor that is almost masculine, and a more than common knowingness in matters of business and finance. Patricia, it may be said, has rather too much bounce to please the public as thoroughly as she does the literary author of her being, but in her usual slapdash style, Miss Bell has turned off a novel which is readable and fairly credible, although we suspect that the man of affairs would scoff at her recital of G. W.'s deal with the electric road.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The early issue of an *édition de luxe* of selections from the work of the late Phil May is announced. Most of the examples included in the collection were chosen by the artist himself. A short biographical sketch by one who knew him both in England and Australia will preface the volume.

Kipling's new volume of poems, "The Five Nations," is now announced to appear on October 1st.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish this week "In African Forest and Jungle," the last book of the late Paul du Chaillu. This is an account of adventures in the Dark Continent, where the author won his first fame. There are twenty-four illustrations in the volume by Victor Perard.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s list of fall biographical volumes and reminiscences includes "William Wetmore Story and His Friends," by Henry James; "William Ellery Channing," by Paul Revere Frothingham; "John Greenleaf Whittier," by Professor George R. Carpenter; "Henry Ward Beecher," by Lyman Abbott; "The Life and Letters of Margaret J. Preston," by Elizabeth Preston Allan; "Memoirs of Rufus Putnam," edited by Rowena W. Buell; "Reminiscences of an Astronomer," by Professor Simon Newcomb; and "My Own Story," by J. T. Trowbridge.

Alfred Henry Lewis has written a novel of political life, founded on his personal experiences in New York City, which he calls "The Boss: How He Came to Rule New York."

Among the notable books to be published this fall by the Century Company are "In Search of a Siberian Klondike," by Washington Vanderlip, edited by Homer B. Hulbert; "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London," by Hermann Klein; and "Theodore Leschetizky," by the Countess Angèle Potocka, translated by Miss Genevieve Seymour Lincoln.

"Ponkapog Papers," Thomas Bailey Aldrich's new volume, contains a number of miscellaneous notes and essays. The first part consists of Leaves from a Notebook; the second part, of fifteen brief papers called "Asides"; and the third part is devoted to a biographical and critical study of Robert Herrick.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have nearly ready a book of Webster's best speeches, "Daniel Webster for Young Americans," edited by Professor Charles F. Richardson, of Dartmouth.

The author of the forthcoming book on the life of Galileo has had access to fresh documents in Italy which are said to give a special value to his study. A careful bibliography of the astronomer's writings will be included in the book.

The thousands of boys and girls who have looked forward each autumn to a new Henty book will be glad to hear that George Henty had completed two new stories at the time of his death. They will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons, with the titles

"Through Three Campaigns: A Story of Chitral, Tirah, and Ashanti," and "With the Allies to Pekin: A Tale of the Relief of the Legations."

Some time this winter there will be printed a collection of letters written by the late Lord Acton to Miss Mary Gladstone, now Mrs. Drew. It is stated that this correspondence, which began in the 'seventies, ranges over literature, history, and politics.

Justin Huntly McCarthy's new romantic novel, "The Proud Prince," is founded on the legend of King Robert of Sicily. The play which Mr. McCarthy has made from this novel will be presented on the stage on September 28th, with E. H. Sothern in the title-role.

"My Old Maid's Corner," the series of sketches by Lillie Hamilton French which have been appearing serially, will soon be published in book-form.

Richard Whiteing's "The Yellow Van," which has been running as a serial, will soon be published in book-form. The contrast between the life of the great land-owners of England and that of their tenants is Mr. Whiteing's subject in his new book.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s first autumn book will be Guy Wetmore Carryl's volume of Parisian sketches, "Zut and Other Parisians." It is to be followed by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Henry Seton-Merriman's novel of Napoleon's Russian campaign, "Barluch of the Guard," which has been running serially this summer, is due in book-form in a few weeks.

William Archer's First Meeting with Henley.

The late William E. Henley, who was ever a busy writer and editor, left an estate of something under five thousand dollars. He bequeathed everything to his wife, and directed her to be guided in all matters relating to his literary property by the counsel of his long-time friend, Charles Whibley, a clever man of letters, and the brother-in-law of the late James McNeill Whistler. In the *Pall Mall Magazine*, William Archer, by the way, thus tells of his first meeting with Henley:

In the summer of 1879, when the Comédie-Française paid its memorable visit to the Gaiety Theatre, London, the back row of the stalls (which covered the whole floor of the house) was mainly devoted to the critics. There, night after night, one used to see the same faces; and very often the seat next to mine was occupied by a man, wholly unknown to me, who excited my keenest curiosity. He partly supported his large-boned, burly frame upon a stick or crutch, which, on arriving, he thrust under his seat. Everything about him was on a large scale, as of a torso rough-hewn by Michael Angelo. His rugged, deep-lined face was crowned with an up-standing jungle of crisp reddish hair, which looked as though, at the slightest touch, it would sparkle with electricity. His light-blue, watery eyes produced an impression (fallacious, I believe) of near-sightedness; and he used his opera-glass a great deal. He seldom or never sat out a whole performance; but what he did see he took in with nervous intensity. He rubbed his hands together, hugged his elbows to his sides, and gave vent to semi-articulate ejaculations of pleasure or of contempt. Had there been any affectation or self-consciousness in his demeanor it would have been unbearable; but he was evidently quite oblivious of his surroundings, and wholly given up to the artistic sensation of the moment. He seemed to know nobody; and as I was in the same condition, I wondered in vain who he was. His personality left an indelible mark on my memory. I thought of him as a sort of maimed Berserker, dropped by some anachronistic freak of destiny into the Gaiety stalls. Even if I had never seen him again and never succeeded in identifying him, I doubt not that my vision of him would have been distinct to this day.

Several years later he found out who this strange person was:

Some business occasion which I forget led me to call upon W. E. Henley, then editor of the *Magazine of Art*, and in him I recognized my strange stallmate of the Gaiety. Of the details of our interview I remember only this: I had shaken hands with him and was opening the door to go when he turned sharp round upon me and said: "By the way—oh, thing more! What are your politics?" "Well," I replied, taken aback, as though a pistol had suddenly been held to my head, "that is rather a large order."

"In one word," he said, "are you a Conservative?"

"In one word," I replied, "no."

"Oh!" was his sole comment, and, though the vowel rhymed to the ear, it expressed to the mind a sharp and untunable dissonance.

The enormous labor which the biography of Mr. Gladstone has laid on John Morley's shoulders is indicated by the simple statement that he and his secretaries have, in the course of their long task, examined about four hundred thousand documents. It is probable that Mr. Morley's volume will contain generous extracts from Mr. Gladstone's private diaries.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Poetic Prose from a Poet.

W. B. Yeats's latest book, "Ideas of Good and Evil," is fragrant with his altogether delightful personality. He writes beautiful English. The essays that compose the volume are not robust, but each has its subtle poetic charm, and all reveal, on a second reading, deeper meanings than are at first apparent. It is perhaps because Mr. Yeats stands apart from the crowd that he is most interesting. Like Bernard Shaw and Edward Carpenter, you can not classify him and then dismiss him. We believe he has been called the Irish Maeterlinck, but even this semi-demi-classification is misleading.

Needless to say, Mr. Yeats's first love is Ireland. It is a bitter thing to him that a land once so rich in poetry and tradition does not now produce great poets and writers of prose. Yeats was the founder of the Irish Literary Society, and has long been the leader in all movements looking toward a Celtic renaissance. The thread of regret for Ireland's lost estate runs through all the essays in "Ideas of Good and Evil."

Perhaps "Magic" is the most striking of the articles in the book, revealing, as it does, a naive, mediæval, poetic credulity. The several essays on poetry, on painting, on Celtic literature, on the theatre, the two on William Blake, the one on Shelley, and the several on other mystical themes are all in their way interesting. About William Morris, too, Yeats writes with an intelligent appreciation that is rare. He brings out strikingly the fact that Morris's conception of love differed from that of most men. "It seems at times," writes Yeats, "as if their [the women's] love was less a passion for one man out of all the world than submission to the hazard of destiny, and the hope of motherhood and the innocent desire of the body. . . . They are not in love with love for its own sake, with a love that is apart from the world or at enmity with it, as Swinburne imagines Mary Stuart and as all men have imagined Helen." Which is an observation seldom made, but very true.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Bears and Liars.

We are inclined to think that, in "Bears I Have Met—And Others," Allen Kelly tells the true story of the capture of Monarch, the big grizzly bear in Golden Gate Park. We come to this conclusion partly because the tale does not make its teller out a hero, and partly because it is told with much easily creditable detail. According to Kelly's story, the *Examiner* first tried to buy a bear and "fake a story of his capture." This scheme fell through because there was no bear to be bought. Then the *Examiner* sent Kelly out after one. He spent three unsuccessful months in Ventura County, when the *Examiner* got tired of the costly enterprise, and wired Kelly to return. He sent word back that he was not coming without the bear, and the *Examiner* "fired him by wire." Then Kelly went a-hunting on his own hook. While he was waiting for a bear to fall into the trap he had built on Gleason Mountain, one got into somebody else's trap near by, and Kelly bought him and brought him to San Francisco—hauling him part of the way on a go-devil. The *Examiner* bought him from Kelly, and faked a story of the capture. "More than one-fourth of Joaquin Miller's 'True Bear Stories,'" says Kelly, "consists of that newspaper yarn, copied verbatim and without amendment, revision, or verification." Which is interesting, if true. Many of the other stories in Kelly's book are "whimsical romances," making no pretense to truth. They are told with a good deal of genuine humor, and are first-rate examples of camp-fire yarns.

Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

A Humorous, Old-Fashioned Story.

The well-known and still popular veteran writer, Max Adler, has added another volume to his store of humorous fiction, entitled "In Happy Hollow." It is a story of life in a country town, and the author has shown his usual facility in sketching characteristic types flourishing in a rural environment whose qualities are humorously exaggerated without losing their hold on reality.

The author has eschewed dazzling attributes for his characters—the hero being a pedagogue in a boys' country academy, and the heroine a child actress from a troupe of stranded barn-stormers. Mr. Adler brings his leading group into close relation at the modest boarding-house of Mrs. Colonel Bantam, wife of the real hero of the tale. There can be met the country editor, his path checker by the usual accumulations of wash-tubs, egg-beaters, and ladies' millinery

in exchange for advertising space; a female lawyer, panting to cast off the shackles from all womankind; a pair of pretty girls, all unconscious of the restraint of the shackles; and last, but not least, the colonel himself, who has a war record, having been clerk in the quartermaster's department. Although the town barber declares that "he always had a call to go and huy mules up in Pike County, when things was hot and the balls a-flyin'," the colonel, magnificently confident in his warlike mien, wears an army hat, walks with a limp, always gives a military salute, and makes frequent reference to his past counsels to famous generals on famous battle-fields.

The book, with its rustic atmosphere, its old-time characters, its kindly sentiment, and innocent fun, has an old-fashioned flavor that is not the least of its attractions, and it will appeal to those who enjoy a simple, unpretentious story, agreeably diversified with healthy, wholesome humor.

The volume contains numerous illustrations, humorous and otherwise, all of which are clever and appropriate.

Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., New York; \$1.50.

A Dainty Book for Idealists.

The materialist will pass by "The Roadmender," by Michael Fairless, which is a brief volume full of the knowledge of things which can only be transplanted to the poetic or the spiritual understanding.

The book is written in the first person, and purports to be the observations, reflections, speculations, and dreams which pass through the mind of the roadmender, a poet who writes in prose; one who breaks stones for the joy of living in the world of outdoors; whose ear is attuned to the subtle harmonies of nature, and whose heart is open to a vast love and sympathy for the lowly rustics who trudge through the dust, and into the humble tragedy of whose lives the roadside poet obtains brief and pitiful glimpses.

There is no other story in the little volume save, perhaps, of the gradual birth of wisdom that comes to a soul facing death.

"The Roadmender" is written with great purity of style, containing many passages that are little gems of simple, succinct beautiful English.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.25.

New Publications.

"The Rational Method in Spelling," by Edward G. Ward, late superintendent of schools in the city of Brooklyn, is among recent text-books intended for pupils in the third or fourth years of school. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York; 30 cents.

The author of "Hints to Golfers," who calls himself "Niblick," is a master of the fascinating game. Moreover, he not only knows, but can tell what he knows to those who know nothing—no small feat. The value of this well-illustrated little book is attested by the fact that it has passed through eight editions. Published by the author; the Baker & Taylor Company, New York, agents; \$1.25.

"The Book of the Honey Bee" seems a title too dainty and poetic to designate the contents of a work on apiculture—which prosaic service it has been made to perform. However, Charles Harrison's concise account of the methods employed by the most successful British bee-keepers, while practical, is not entirely devoid of poetic feeling. The book is well written, and contains a number of illustrations. Published by John Lane, New York; \$1.00.

Andy Barr, naturally the chief character in a book of that title, is a shrewd, likable, good-hearted old cobbler, with a useful faculty for spinning yarns and turning quaint and homely phrases. He is the guide and counselor of a "passel" of youngsters who vex a typical Illinois town with their vociferous presence. This story for boys, by W. B. Hawkins, is full of incident, and ought to interest healthy youth. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; \$1.50.

"Twenty years hence," says R. T. McCreedy in "The Motor Book," "very few horses will be seen in the streets of London." The motor-car, he is sure, will by that time have practically ousted all animal-drawn vehicles. Such confidence, in an auto expert, is natural, and that Mr. McCreedy deserves the title his compact manual for the amateur motorist proves. Though small, we presume the book is adequate for the needs of the average man, especially as McCreedy assures the reader that "the modern petrol car is so simple that any man of ordinary common sense can run it satisfactorily." To give the average man a working knowledge of his machine by means

of lucid explanations and numerous drawings and photographic illustrations is the purpose of "The Motor Book." Published by John Lane, New York.

Elizabeth Butler makes for her "Letters from the Holy Land" no claim of literary worth. They are hasty and very feminine epistles to the author's mother, written during a four weeks' tour. For the sketches she also asks the reader's indulgence, but unnecessarily; for the sixteen illustrations in color are really very charming, showing skill and artistic feeling of no mean order. The book is imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$3.00.

With admirable enterprise the California Promotion Committee has collected and published in a tasteful volume "California Addresses" by President Roosevelt. Numerous photographic illustrations of notable incidents in the President's memorable journey through the State add greatly to the book's attractiveness. The conspicuous orthographic error in the committee's prefatory note might well be corrected if further editions are printed. Published by the California Promotion Committee, San Francisco.

Multum in parvo was apparently the motto of Deristhe L. Hoyt when he (or she) wrote "The World's Painters." The book is practically a painters' biographical dictionary, and gives in each case a few personal notes, comments on the characteristics of his works, and a list of his most noted paintings. A certain Bostonish pedantry shows its head here and there, but in general the work should be useful to travelers, as a hand-book, or to young people, as a primer in art. There are many illustrations. Published by Ginn & Co., Boston; \$1.25.

"Why the Mind Has a Body" is a title provocative of *facétie* among light-minded folk. The book, however, is not designed for intellectuals of that small calibre. On the contrary, the work is an exceedingly abstruse one, and from the pen of C. A. Strong, professor of psychology in Columbia University. Roughly stated, the book is an investigation of the current theories on how the mind influences and is influenced by the physical being, and a presentation of a proposal whereby the author believes present differences between several schools of psychologists may be reconciled. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.50.

A very tastefully bound and interesting little book has been prepared in connection with the presentation of the "Antigone" of Sophocles by faculty and students of Stanford University something over a year ago. The volume contains three essays—"The Antigone at Stanford," by H. W. Rolfe; "Antigone: A Dramatic Study," by A. T. Murray; "The Choral Side of Antigone," by H. Rushton Fairclough—and the programme of the original presentation. There are, besides, a number of illustrations from photographs of scenes and characters in the tragedy. Only a few of these, however, succeed in not conveying the impression of masquerading modernity. Published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco; \$1.00.

Maupassant served no such apprenticeship under Flaubert as the young man whose portrait forms the frontispiece of the novelette, "The Saint of Dragon's Dale." According to the flattering biographical note, William Stearns Davis's father "preserves some seven thousand pages of manuscript written before the boy was eighteen"! But he doesn't intend to publish any of it—for which let us give thanks. The present work of this young man of twenty-six is not so good that we want any that he wrote at fifteen and a half. The story is a lurid, fantastic tale of mediæval times, couched in historical-novel language, and showing no particular insight into character. Published, in the Little Novels by Favorite Authors Series, by the Macmillan Company, New York.

"The Silent Maid," by Frederic W. Panghorn, is a curious attempt by a modern to imitate the style and feeling of a mediæval romance. The Rabenhörsts, lords, are bound by a curse to "seek no maiden bride to wife," and so they preserve their line by wedding other men's wives. But one of them flaunts fate by marrying "the silent maid," a forest child, who sings but can not speak. Red war comes on the marriage eve. While the haron is fighting his enemies abroad, the silent maid at home falls in love with Ola, a knight, and when the haron returns victorious, he finds in her arms a child not his. What happened then we may leave the reader to discover. The book may interest romantic young persons, but only such. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.00.

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Gabriel d'Annunzio's "Gioconda" has for its ruling motive the crucifixion of a woman's soul—a favorite theme, it would seem, of the decadent young Italian who is not averse to serving up the funeral baked meats of dead passions for the delectation of an interested public. "The Dead City" turns the soul of Eleanora Duse inside out like an explored pocket; and, strangely enough, the great actress assists at this coolly skillful vivisection of her heart by acting the character for which she furnishes the prototype.

"Gioconda," which, during the Florence Roberts engagement, is being presented at the Alcazar Theatre on Thursday afternoons, leaves a most baffling impression upon the mind. It is the story of a sculptor whose soul is rent in twain by the conflicting claims of duty and passion. Silvia, the wife, represents duty. She is a woman whose soul is all truth and loveliness, and who freely pours forth her love as an unstinted oblation at the feet of the man whom she adores.

Lucio, the husband, is the artist first of all. His love for his wife is the reverence that one feels for a nature of exalted nobility. But Gioconda, a woman of compelling beauty, who has served as a model for the statue that is his masterpiece, is his natural mate. Silvia learns of this love, and suffers exquisitely, but in silence. Lucio, who has the misfortune to be an artist with a conscience, is in a double thrall. In his love for his model lies the inspiration that urges him on to greater heights of achievement. In his love for his wife he experiences only the despair of a nature without cruelty that recognizes with horror its power to inflict undeserved suffering. He is stifled by the virtue of a heart, whose martyrdom drives him to an act of expiation, and he attempts to cut the Gordian knot by self-murder.

Thus the situation stands at the beginning of the play. It is worked out in a drama that is singularly without precedent, according to our American standards, and is cast into most beautiful prose, of which exquisitely sculptured fragments continually recur to enchanted memory. Silvia is surrounded with friends, like herself full of goodness and charm, who sorrow with her in her suffering, and rejoice with her in her winged joy, when, at the opening of the play, Lucio, the wounds in body and soul alike healed, is returning to life, animated with a divine love and gratitude to the wife whose tenderness has wrested him from despair and death. The atmosphere on the surface is calm, beautiful, serene, but with a tremor of tense expectation in the air.

In the second act, the dread materializes. Lucio, with returning health, feels the longing to recreate. With the reawakening of this instinct, Gioconda, who is always a mysterious figure of destiny in the background, writes to him that she awaits him daily in the studio, guarding the statue that perpetuates her beauty and dampening the cloths upon the arrested sketch in clay of a new masterpiece. Thus the struggle recommences, and it is inevitable that the rivals should meet. It is at this point that D'Annunzio, strangely enough, invokes an element of physical suffering that is repulsive in the reading of the play, but lends dramatic strength in the acting of it. Gioconda, stung by the wife's despairing lie into a fury of retaliation upon the lover who, she believes, has cast her aside, rushes to destroy the statue. Silvia, "of the beautiful hands," in saving it has her hands crushed, and subsequently loses them.

Thus the play goes out in sorrow. Lucio, who has obeyed the call of destiny, returns no more, and Silvia is left, moaning her acceptance of an eternal anguish upon the shoulder of the little child whom she can no longer clasp to her heart with her maimed and useless arms.

There seems almost a gratuitous cruelty in thus heaping a mountain of anguish upon the wife, whose only sin is her surpassing goodness and truth. When it is over, the profoundly interested observer involuntarily asks himself: "What does it all mean?"

Is it, perhaps, the propounding of an enigma that can not be solved, or does this

strange young genius wish to assert his belief that virtue and the instinct of creation in art are antipathetic to each other, and should not be allied? Or, perhaps, since Lucio, mastered by his destiny, and returned to his art and his mistress, is left, too, corroded by a perpetual nightmare of remorse, we are meant to believe that life is a joyless thing, a place of mutilated hopes and giant despairs.

But however tragic the impression left, it is a performance that one can not afford to lose. First, because it makes us acquainted with the genius of a man whose past brutalities in degrading literature can not do away with the fact that it is genius. Second, because "Gioconda," in spite of its heavy atmosphere of morbidness and pessimism, is a remarkable composition, wholly untrammelled by the bonds of tradition, unsuited, doubtless, to the tastes of other than Latin peoples, but typical of a school that glories in beauty and defies despair. And third, because the play was, from one point of view, so very well played on the occasion of its first production.

It was evidently a great day at the Alcazar. Naturally, it is not to be expected that Florence Roberts would be able to interpret fully a character that is written all around and for Duse. What she has done, unless I am very much mistaken, is to absorb thoroughly, so far as she was able during repeated hearings, all that she could of Duse's manner and methods in this rôle. The result is admirable. Manner, speech, bearing, gestures, expression, all seem to uplift her to a higher and finer plane of understanding. Except in her physical type, which is not fitted to translate and express such souls as that of Silvia Setta, she never jars.

I am convinced also that Miss Roberts, with a knowledge drawn from repeated witnessings of Duse's performance in New York, has thoroughly coached the company. At all events, they showed a surprisingly clear understanding of the spirit and meaning of the characters portrayed. There seemed to be absolutely no guesswork, but the confidence of those who well know what they attempt to express. Lucius Henderson, who is sentimental and effeminate, made virtues of his very weakness, and fitted with a certain fidelity into the rôle of the artist who was the sport, instead of the master, of his ruling emotions.

That over-precision of enunciation in Mr. Yerrance assisted the ear in tasting the beauty of D'Annunzio's prose, and seemed to tone in well with the portrait of the good, gentle, old maestro with the sympathetic face and the Liszt-like crown of silver hair.

Miss Bertha Blanchard made a brief appearance as Gioconda in the stormy interview between the rivals. The scene is a most taxing one, demanding a much finer emotional and intellectual force than this young untried actress is capable of. The lines of Gioconda, too, are extremely exacting, calling for a sustained effort that made the scene over-long. Nevertheless, a sufficiency of emotional effect was gained, although the raised voices of the two women wearied the ear before the scene was over.

The author's graceful, poetic conception of the character of La Sirenella was conveyed with charming artlessness by Virginia Brissac, who looked the spirit incarnate of a sea-naiad, with her strands of sea-shells, her bare ankles, and her skirts soaked in brine.

Mr. Hilliard and Miss Angus enacted their secondary rôles with earnestness and sympathy, and the child, Ollie Cooper, although better fitted to portray the gamine type that she represented in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," is too intelligent to spoil the piercing pathos of the closing scene.

The entire company has shown an enthusiasm that is almost devout in backing up Miss Roberts in her venture, which promises to have a successful issue, in spite of the fact that the speeches and scenes in "Gioconda" are of a length and kind that might tend to arouse the impatience of the average American audience in proportion to the intellectual appreciation they would inspire in Continentals.

The revival of "Camille" and "The Aftermath" has shown how desperately hard up Henry Miller is for plays. "Camille," old-fashioned as it is, preserves that indestructible element of interest which insures its perpetuity, but "The Forgemaster," to give its former title, belongs to that epoch of romantic drama which is not remote enough to have acquired the mellowness bestowed by time, and is yet so far off that its plays have a dowdy air beside our smart, scintillating, realistic modern drama.

"The Aftermath," once a very good

specimen of the romantic play, now goes at a pace that is sobered and subdued. Its characters are types, instead of individuals, generally of an unrelieved black or white, but little modified by intervening shades of gray. The graces and courtesies of the *beau-monde* have a musty, steeped-in-camphor air. The comedy misses fire.

True, the main situation still holds its own, the second act, in which the unloving bride enters her new home, possessing a romantic *verve* that causes it to retain its former momentum.

There is, however, a puzzlingly subdued air about the whole performance, Henry Miller being the most subdued of all. As for the scrap between the "du-chesse," as they put it in the present version, and the iron-master's wife, it was given with a well-bred repose that would have amazed some actresses of the past, whom I have heard screech like fishwives through the scene.

Margaret Anglin is the chief figure, and invests with her usual grace, intelligence, and charm the character of Claire, whose high-born temper, pride, and lack of logic require all the softening that is possible to insure full sympathy for her, even in the blows aimed at her pride and her affections.

Henry Miller is ill at ease in expressing the quiet intensity of Philippe Derblay's character, and his nervous trick of telescoping a group of syllables into an indistinguishable heap is more than usually noticeable.

Walter Hitchcock and Bertha Creighton are so well suited temperamentally as to give the illusion in their respective rôles of the duke and the duchess, but Miss Waldron and Mr. Selten, as the baron and baronne, are obliged to cover the emptiness of their parts, which have been badly done over, with a hollow sprightliness that fails to deceive.

Mr. Titherage and Henry Miller ran a race in unintelligibility, the former coming out ahead. Almost the entire company, indeed, spoke, not unintelligibly, but in such exasperatingly low tones that one felt like crowning Mr. Walter Allen (who played the part of Moulinet, the *bourgeois*) with laurel in gratitude for his distinctness of articulation.

The gowns of the Misses Anglin and Waldron were a prominent feature in the stagscape, those of Margaret Anglin in particular being of a nature to fill the feminine bosom with an ecstasy that could only find relief through the friendly medium of the opera-glass.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Prince of Pilsen."

Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin will make their farewell appearance at the Columbia Theatre this (Saturday) evening in "The Atermath." Next week the successful musical comedy, "The Prince of Pilsen," by Frank Pixley and Gustave Luders, will be presented. When this great success was given in New York, the leading rôles were played by John W. Ransone, Helen Bertram, Arthur Donaldson, Edgar Norton, Albert Parr, Sherman Wade, Lillian Coleman, Jeanette Bageard, and Anna Lichter. With one exception, the cast here will be entirely new. Arthur Donaldson will appear as Carl Otto, the Prince of Pilsen; Jess Dandy as Hans Wagner; Henry Taylor as Lieutenant Tom Wagner; Walter Clifford as Arthur St. John Wilberforce, Lord Somerset; Nick Long as François; Frank D. Randall as Sergeant Brie, of the Gendarmes; Ada St. Albans as Jimmy, a hell-boy; Trixie Friganza as Mrs. Madison Crocker, from New York; Elmira Forrest as Edith Adams; Idalene Cotton as Sidonie, Mrs. Crocker's French maid; Ruth Peebles as Nellie Wagner, Hans Wagner's daughter; and Rose Murray as Coralie Crest. Henry W. Savage has staged and costumed the comedy elaborately. It is in two acts the scenes being laid at Nice, in the garden and court of the Hotel Internationale. The piece is brimful of tuneful music, the airs of many of the songs being already familiar in San Francisco. Some of the most popular numbers are "Artie," "The Tale of a Sea Shell," "The Message of the Violet," "The Song of the Cities," "Pictures in the Smoke," "The Dutch," and "Heidelberg Stein Song." During the engagement of "The Prince of Pilsen," there will be Sunday night performances at the Columbia Theatre, and special matinees on Wednesdays.

Last Week of the Pollard Company.

The last week of the engagement of the Pollard Juvenile Opera Company at the Grand Opera House will show the versatile little singers in no less than four favorite operas. At the Sunday matinee and evening performances, "Paul Jones" will be the bill; Tuesday and Wednesday nights Alfred Collier's pastoral comic-opera, "Dorothy," will be given; Thursday and Friday nights and Saturday matinee Gilbert and Sullivan's nautical comic-opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore," will be presented, with Daphne Pollard, Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. as the ruler of the queen's naves. Her performance of this rôle is described as marvelously clever. Saturday night, the last of the season, "The Belle of New York," will be repeated by special request. At all matinees the ladies and children in attendance will be presented with souvenir pictures of the most popular children performers. Sunday, September 27th, James Neill will appear in "A Gentleman of France," a romantic drama which has never been given here.

Florence Roberts in Comedy.

After a round of emotional plays, "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," "Magda," and "Gioconda," Florence Roberts is to give her admirers an opportunity to see her in comedy. Next week she will appear in Anthony Hope's charming romance, "The Adventures of Lady Ursula." The plot revolves about a resolution made by Sir George Sylvester, a disappointed lover, who vows that he will seclude himself from the world and have nothing more to do with women. Lady Ursula, a bewitching maid who lives in the neighborhood and is given to mischievous pranks, determines to invade the precincts of the woman-bater. By a clever ruse she manages to get into Sir George's home, but before she reveals her identity and wins his heart, she involves her brother in a duel and gets herself into all kinds of complications. At the Thursday matinee D'Annunzio's "Gioconda" will be repeated for the third time, with Miss Roberts in the rôle of Silvia.

Grand Opera at the Tivoli.

Bizet's "Carmen," with Cleo Marchesini in the title-rôle, will be the bill at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings. Emanuele, the tenor who did such excellent work in "Aida" and "Il Trovatore," will have the part of Don José; Adelina Tromhen will sing Michaela, and Marie Welsh is cast for the part of Frasquita. Giuseppe Zanini is to have the part of Doncarlo and Giulio Cortesi will sing Remendado. On the alternate evenings, and at the Saturday matinee, "La Traviata," the lyric story of Camille, will be given, with Tina de Spada as Violetta, Giuseppe Agostini as Alfredo, Adamo Gregoretto as Germont, Baldo Fravaglioni as Dr. Grenvil, Marie Welsh as Flora, and Nettie Deglow as Annina. Cortesi, Zani, Jacques, and Lucino will complete a strong cast.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

Falke and Semon, the well-known musical comedians, will return to the Orpheum next week, after an absence of five years. The dialogue in their act is said to be very amusing, and they play upon odd instruments without number. Other new-comers are Charles Ernest, whose songs and sayings have gained him a national reputation; Marlo and Aldo, triple horizontal bar gymnasts; and Juliet Wood and Fred Ray, who will make their initial San Francisco appearance in their absurdity entitled "A Funny Bunch of Nonsense." For their third and last week, Frederic Bond and his company of clever comedians will present for the first time on any stage a novel skit in one act, "Rehearsing a Tragedy," suggested by a scene from Richard Brinsley Sheridan's classic comedy, "The Critic." Others retained from this week's bill

are Princess Losoros, the East Indian prima donna soprano, who will give an aria from Mozart's "Magic Flute," and Mulda's Staccato Polka; Rousby's electrical review in four tableaux, "In Paris"; Arnesen, the incomparable equilibrist; and James Richmond Glenroy, "the man with the green gloves."

At Fischer's Theatre.

Although the double bill of burlesque at Fischer's Theatre has caught the popular fancy, and crowded houses are the rule each night, the management announces that at the end of the fourth week "The Conquerors" and "The Glad Hand" will be withdrawn. Both of the burlesques are filled with bright dialogue and amusing stage business, and there is a liberal sprinkling of catchy songs, stirring choruses, pretty dances, and beautiful costumes. In fact, it is a long time since Messrs. Kolb, Dill, Bernard, Blake, Hermesen, and Maude Amber have been more happily cast. The next travesty is to be "The Paraders," a hodge-podge of nonsense in much the same vein as "Fiddle-Dee-Dee."

Last Performances of "Everyman."

The last opportunity of seeing "Everyman," the old morality play, at the Lyric Hall, will be this (Saturday) afternoon and evening, as the company leaves San Francisco to fulfill engagements at Stanford University, San José, Oakland, and Berkeley. Before going East to Pittsburg, however, the company will return to the Lyric Hall for two days—September 28th and 29th—when Shakespeare's charming comedy, "Twelfth Night," will be produced in the quaint and interesting style of the Elizabethan age.

Klaw & Erlanger's great stage spectacle, "Ben Hur," will be seen here for the first time at the Grand Opera House in November.

Is Puccini's Career Ended?

All music-lovers will be very sorry to hear that the latest reports about the health of Giacomo Puccini, the composer of "La Bohème" and "La Tosca," are very far from reassuring. Some months ago he was traveling one evening in his motor-car and was thrown out, his thigh bone being badly broken. He was at once taken home, and passed many weeks of suffering, but was cheerful and hopeful, and all seemed going well. However, the weeks passed into months, and he still walks with crutches, as the bone will not knit. Puccini was noted among Italians for his love of sport, especially shooting. When his fingers were not on the keyboard of the piano they held a gun, the tramping and physical fatigue being not the least of the enjoyment. "That this man, almost a giant in stature and strength, should become a chronic invalid must distress not only his nearest and dearest, but also those who know him only through his music," writes the Italian correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "Puccini shows the marks of his suffering, physical and mental. He is gaunt and pale, with an expression which causes the eyes of those who know him to fill with tears, since, as the Italians say, 'His life is finished.'"

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VANITY FAIR.

It is difficult to realize that only fifteen or twenty years ago Lester Wallack defended his employment of English actors on the ground that Americans did not dress well enough to act in the society plays that his company usually presented. His principal complaint was that the Americans could not wear dress-suits. For that reason Harry Montague, Osmond Tearle, Harry Pitt, Maurice Barrymore, Gerald Eyre, Kyrle Bel-
 low, and other English actors were brought over here. But to-day it is not necessary to import Englishmen nor even English clothes. The actors are able to find their clothes here and wear them in the right way when they get them. No American actor sets the fashions for well-dressed men here as Le Bargy does in Paris, for example, but nearly all our leading men dress well nevertheless. "John Drew is, of course, the best-dressed actor on the stage here," said a well-known New York tailor, the other day; "and I might almost say in any other country. I have never seen an Englishman his superior. Mr. Kendall, when he came here first, was an uncommonly well-dressed man, but he never had the style with which John Drew wears all his clothes. Mr. Kendall looked always like a well-dressed English gentleman, while Mr. Drew is smart always, not in a youthful, inappropriate way, but as a man of his age should look. And he never wears anything pronounced. He is careful to be right in the van with the new things that are acceptable and suitable to him, but you never see anything freakish about John Drew's dress. The same is true of his neckwear. It is always handsome and rich, but never loud. His clothes all come from London, and have been made for so many years by the same man that they fit him perfectly. I have rarely seen him with a garment that did not fit him. He was dressed by this tailor first when he went to London nearly fifteen years ago to act with the Daly company. He has gone to him ever since."

"Richard Mansfield," continued the fastidious New York tailor, "is another well-dressed actor whenever he gets the opportunity to appear in modern dress. His frock coats and evening dress are particularly well made. They come from London. It is generally in a more sombre style than that adopted by Mr. Drew that Mr. Mansfield dresses. I have never seen him, in fact, in anything but gray or black; but the cut of his clothes is always good, and that is really the most important feature of dress. Henry Miller continues to be about the best-dressed American actor after these two. He gets all his clothes in New York, and has never patronized London tailors. His suits come from a Fifth Avenue shop, and he probably pays more for them than any other actor who has been a leading man so long. The actors who get their clothes in London do not get any better, nor, in my opinion, as good, clothes, but they are decidedly cheaper. Charles Richman is the most American-looking actor I ever saw on the stage. If I were going to select a man who would by his dress be picked out as American above everything else, it would be Mr. Richman. His clothes fit him well, and I suppose would be regarded as smart somewhere. But they do not look distinguished, that is certain. In neckwear, Mr. Richman is no more careful of effect. I have seen him wear on the stage a light-gray suit with a tie of the same neutral shade. Of course, the effect of this was to deprive both of contrast. It is fortunate for him that he is to appear chiefly in plays demanding fancy or antique dress, since few look better than he does in such clothes. It is a lucky thing for J. K. Hackett as well that he confines himself to costume plays, as they are called. He would never have become a matinee idol on account of his clothes."

Contrary to what many Englishmen thought before he went to India, Lord Kitchener has been making himself a great reputation in Simla as a host. As soon as he arrived at his post in India, Lord Kitchener began improving the grounds and transforming the interior of "Snowden," the official residence of the commander-in-chief. As soon as he was able to receive, masculine Simla began writing their names in the general's visiting book. This is an immense brass-bound volume, which custom decrees shall be exposed, between twelve and two each day, on a table on the veranda of the commander-in-chief's residence, to receive the signatures of all who consider themselves entitled to have social relations with his military excellency. In due course, this customary courtesy completed, each caller or his wife, where such existed,

received, by red-coated messenger, a large official invitation card, with "K" printed in gilt on the top, stating that the commander-in-chief requested the honor of their company at a hall. Those who were either personally known to Lord Kitchener, or whose official position justified the distinction, had meanwhile been entertained at dinner, and Simla had begun to talk of gold presentation plate, of changes for the better introduced into the arrangements of the house, of a pretty taste in flowers displayed by its occupant, and of a really excellent cuisine. The hall, which was attended by Lord and Lady Curzon and some seven hundred guests, confirmed Lord Kitchener's reputation for hospitality. It was noticed that special arrangements had been made to bring every possible room in the building into requisition, and to extend the accommodation by tents and shamianas, so that nobody should be left out of the occasion. The guests were not only entertained on a most generous scale, but they were struck by the carefully planned arrangements for their comfort, and by the infinity of personal pains taken to insure their enjoying themselves. Lord Kitchener received every one himself, and his pleasant handshake of good-fellowship dispelled a host of lingering doubts as to the manner of the man.

The American Society of Professors of Dancing, which recently met in New York, has decreed that football tactics on the ball-room floor must stop. There must be no more "Yale glides," nor "Harvard dips," nor distorted attempts to tread a measure in two-four time when the music calls for three heats in a bar. The dancing of the two-step to waltz time and the grotesque positions assumed by the dancers are evils attributed to the college fads that have vitiated the public taste. "Some of these students," said one professor, "invent a series of Siamese contortions and football tactics and give it a college name, and the public thinks it is all right because the college men do it. Now, we want to stop all this, and bring dancing back to the old style of graceful carriage that enabled the dancers to express the heauty of motion to music. A majority of the people now seem to dance a two-step to waltz music. This is not right. The two-step is easier to teach, as it is in common time, and dancing it to waltz music is not a correct movement." Attention was also drawn to the neglect in the large cities of the old square dances, which are still taught in the smaller cities.

When the North German Lloyd steamship *Kaiser Wilhelm II* reached New York recently and disembarked her cabin passengers at Hohoken, one of them, an American citizen, addressing himself to a policeman on the pier, caused him to arrest a fellow-traveler, also a United States citizen, on a charge of swindling, the fraud, according to the accusation, having been perpetrated by means of unfair play at cards during the voyage across the Atlantic. The officer, after having conveyed his prisoner to police headquarters, subsequently arraigned him before the acting recorder. The latter informed both the plaintiff and the police that his court had no jurisdiction in the matter, and referred him to the United States commissioner, who also declined to deal with the case, on the ground that it was beyond the competence of the Federal authorities. The Hohoken police thereupon communicated with the German consul-general at the port of New York, and on receiving from him an intimation that he knew of no law under which they could hold the prisoner, were obliged to set the latter at liberty, much to the disgust of the plaintiff, who complained that he and some of his friends had been victimized to the tune of some ten thousand dollars.

There are some people who have become so tired of "Hiawatha," "Violets," "The Rosary," and several other worn-out compositions, that they would hail with pleasure any movement which would serve to keep such music out of the cafés and restaurants. There are now few eating establishments of importance not provided with music of some kind. It may be a complete orchestra of twelve or fifteen instruments, or it may be only two or three Italians twanging guitars. But the music seems nowadays as important as the napkins and other established necessities. Music is a luxury which the proprietors would never provide unless it were profitable. But there are restaurant patrons who shudder at the first note. These are they who habitually eat in restaurants. To them music with their food has become a terror, for they are forced to listen night after night to the same old tunes. These apparently seem to please strangers in town and transients, for they enthusiastically

applaud all "old favorites" and homard the leader of the orchestra with requests for the popular melodies of the hour. It would seem that the restaurant and café proprietors were more anxious to please this class of diners than their regular patrons.

Nelson's Ankyose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
September 10th....	76	60	.00	Clear
" 11th.....	76	56	.00	Clear
" 12th.....	66	56	.00	Clear
" 13th.....	66	54	.00	Clear
" 14th.....	75	54	.00	Clear
" 15th.....	80	52	.00	Clear
" 16th.....	82	60	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, September 16, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Bay Co. Power 5%	6,000 @ 101		103	
Cal. Central G. E. 5%	2,000 @ 103			
Contra Costa Water 5%	3,000 @ 102½			
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	4,000 @ 99		99½	100
Market St. Ry. 1st Con. 5%	2,000 @ 115½			115½
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%	5,000 @ 107½			
Oakland Transit 5%	6,000 @ 111			
Oakland Transit Con. 5%	4,000 @ 102-103		101	105
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	50,000 @ 110-110½		110	111
Park C. H. Ry. 5%	7,000 @ 103			
Park Ocean Ry. 6%	1,000 @ 115			
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%	1,000 @ 120½			120½
Sierra Ry. of Cal. 6%	3,000 @ 112		111½	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909	6,000 @ 108½			
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910	3,000 @ 109½		109½	109½
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1906	10,000 @ 107½			
S. V. Water 4%	7,000 @ 99½-100			100
S. V. Water 4% 3d.	2,000 @ 99			100

	STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Water.				
Spring Valley	45 @ 83½-84		83½	
Banks.				
American Ntl.	10 @ 125		120	126
Mercantile T. Co.	15 @ 230		230	
Street R. R.				
Presidio	25 @ 39½			41
Powders.				
Giant Con.	90 @ 63-65½		64	65½
Vigort	150 @ 5½			5½
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. & S.	315 @ 44½-45		45	
Honokaa S. Co.	365 @ 13½-13¾		13¾	
Hutchinson	10 @ 13½		13	
Makaweli S. Co.	10 @ 22½		20	23½
Onomea S. Co.	100 @ 30½-30¾		30	
Pauha S. Co.	195 @ 15½-16			16½
Gas and Electric.				
Mutual Electric	100 @ 13½		13½	13½
Pacific Gas	120 @ 53½-54½		54	
Pacific Lighting	25 @ 56½		55½	
S. F. Gas & Electric	145 @ 68-69½		67½	68½
Trustee Certificates.				
S. F. Gas & Electric	455 @ 68-69½		67½	68
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers	320 @ 150½-158½		155½	156¾
Cal. Fruit Cannery	25 @ 93		93½	95
Cal. Wine Assn.	100 @ 97		96½	97½
Oceanic S. Co.	70 @ 7		6½	7

The business for the week was small, with the exception of the Alaska Packers Association, 326 shares changing hands. The stock sold up to 158½, a gain of nine points, closing at 155½ bid, 156¾ asked.

The sugar stocks have been in better demand, making gains of from one-half to one and one-half points, the latter in Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar.

Spring Valley Water has kept steady, with no change in price.

Giant Powder was weak, selling off two and one-half points to 63, on sale of 90 shares.

The gas stocks have been quiet, with no change in prices.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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Any amount from \$1,000 up. Interest as desired. No loans made until investor is individually satisfied as to security.

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The FINEST COCOA in the World
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup
Forty Highest Awards in Europe
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Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1903

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Lellie's Weekly.....	5.50
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Critic.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West.....	5.25

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Sometimes an English idiom misleads the guileless Gaul, when he translates English phrases into French, as in the case of one who rendered "forty odd years" as "quarante années étranges." Even he, however, did rather better than Laplace, who, in the eighteenth century, translated "Love's Last Shift" into "La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour."

The other day a doctor met a man who was in the habit of accosting him in the street, and, in the guise of ordinary conversation, trying to extract free medical advice. "I hear fish is an excellent brain food," ventured the inquisitive man; "do you think so?" "Excellent," was the physician's reply, "hut in your case it seems a pity to waste the fish."

A missionary in China was endeavoring to convert one of the natives. "Suppose me Christian, me go to heaven?" remarked Ah Sin. "Yes," replied the missionary. "All right," retorted the heathen, "hut what for you no let Chinaman into Amelica when you let him into heaven?" "Ah," said the missionary with fervor, "there's no labor party in heaven."

Once, when they were talking literature, Mrs. Isobel Strong said to Robert Louis Stevenson: "At least you have no mannerisms." Whereupon Stevenson took a copy of his own "Merry Men," which she was reading, out of her hands, and read, "It was a wonderful clear night of stars." "Oh," he said, "how many, many times I have written 'a wonderful clear night of stars.'"

In 1885 an Englishman and his wife were being driven about Ireland by a rather melancholy jarvey, who could see no silver lining to the cloud overshadowing his country and his own particular trade. "Never mind, Pat," said the Englishman, "you'll have a grand time when they give you Home Rule." "Bedad, yer hanner, and we will—for a week." "Why for a week?" "Drivin' all the ginty to the boat," answered Pat.

At a banquet after the overwhelming defeat of *Shamrock III*, Sir Thomas Lipton said: "You Americans are hard to beat. You remind me of the Scotchman who came up to London and was set upon by two highwaymen, whom he so unmercifully mauled that by the time they had overcome him they were about ready to go to the hospital themselves. And they only found tuppence in his pocket, whereat one of them said: 'It's lucky, Bill, he didn't ave sixpence. If he 'ad, 'e'd a killed both of us.'"

It is related that on one cold night ex-President Cleveland, who used to fish and hunt a good deal in the Barnegat Bay district, got lost. He wandered through the mud and rain and darkness for more than two hours, but not a light nor a road could he see. At last he struck a narrow lane, and in due course a house appeared. Mr. Cleveland was cold and tired. So he banged at the door till a window on the second floor went up and a gruff voice said: "Who are you?" "A friend," said Mr. Cleveland, meekly. "What do you want?" "To stay here all night." "Stay there, then." And the window descended with a bang, leaving Mr. Cleveland no alternative but to move on.

The peons of Mexico are superstitious and credulous to the last degree. A writer in the *New York Tribune* recently had a curious proof of this last characteristic. He writes: "The planter with whom I was staying wanted to take me out for a day's hunting expedition. But he was afraid that the minute he left the plantation all his laborers would knock off work. Now it happened that he has lost one of his eyes in an accident, and the missing optic had been replaced by a glass eye. When all was ready for the hunting trip he went to the field where the peons were working. 'I shall be away to-day, my children,' he said to them in fatherly tones, 'hut I will leave my eye on guard in my absence. All the day it will watch you, and at night when I return it will tell me if any have failed in their duty.' After this little speech he carefully extracted the glass eye and left it on a stump, where it could apparently overlook the field. To say those natives were amazed is stating it mildly. They simply gasped, and one and all solemnly promised they would work with the utmost faithfulness until sunset. So my friend and I started on our hunting trip, confident that the peons would work even better than if he was there to watch

them. The scheme worked, but not to the perfection we expected. We returned from the hunting trip a little before sunset. Not a native was working in the field, although the appearance of the ground showed that they evidently had labored faithfully for several hours. Then they had retired to sundry shady, comfortable spots and slept. When my friend the planter looked for his glass eye the mystery as to how they had overcome their superstitious fears was explained. The glass eye was still on the stump, but it was carefully covered with a little tin pail. While the natives thought the eye was watching they had worked hard. Then the bright idea had occurred to one of them that if the eye was covered it could not tell anything to its owner. They had acted on this idea, and then promptly knocked off work."

The French papers tell of a thrifty Parisian who has hit upon a new system of safety deposit. A visit was recently made to a police station in the Faubourg Monmartre by a M. Samuel V., who came to claim a parcel of jewels which he had lost a month previously, valued at 300,000 francs. The commissary consulted his register. M. V.'s jewels had been found and taken to the station by M. Leon D. "It is very curious," said an employee, "these same jewels were lost on the same date last year, and brought here by a M. Leon D., and claimed a month afterward by M. Samuel V." "It is very curious! Too curious!" said the commissary; "explain this strange coincidence." After a slight hesitation, M. Samuel V. explained that, being afraid of burglars while away for a month's holiday, he thought it would be difficult to find a more secure place to put them.

In Tombola an amusing story is told of the present Pope and the mourners' candles. A wealthy resident of Tombola died, and his funeral ceremonies were the most elaborate ever known in that humble village. A great many mourners were hired, whose office was to bear the lighted candles beside the catafalque in its progress to the cemetery. The candles were of the clearest wax and immense in size, having been specially brought from Venice for the occasion. The like had never been seen in Tombola, their size exceeding even the large candles on the church altar. During the solemn procession the Don Giuseppe, now Pius the Tenth, noted how often the candles were extinguished. He could not account for it, as the day was a still one. He watched an old woman nearest to him, and saw her furtively blow out the candle which her right arm could scarce carry. "How did you come to put out that candle, Giacomma?" he queried sternly. The crone turned a properly sorrowful face to him, replying: "My tears have put it out—they fell so freely." The excuse caught Don Giuseppe's sense of humor. "Well," said he, relighting the fine taper, "see that your tears fall to the left of you after this." The old woman's light held out to the grave, though no doubt it seemed a pity not to save as much of the candle as she could use in her home.

In Provincetown.

We arose from the steps to let the old fellow in, and he stopped long enough to say: "This gettin' past you folks reminds me of the summer Squire Hopkins's three daughters was bein' courted all at the same time. Russell Jaspie was a-courtin' Samantha, the oldest girl; Frank Atwood was a-courtin' Mabel, and Susie, the youngest, was hein' courted by Jim Handy. One night, pretty late, the squire come back home from town meetin', and started to go in by the front door, but found Russell and Samantha a-spoonin' on the steps; so he went to the side door, and there was Jim Handy settin' close to little Susie. He hacked off again and went around the house to get in through the kitchen without disturbin' no one, and I'm jiggered if he didn't stumble onto Frank a-huggin' his other girl. Then the squire he up and says, says he: 'Frank, you let me in to-night and in the mornin' I'll have another door cut through!'"

—Life.

A line of action: "You see," said the young lawyer, "my client is accused of bigamy and he's guilty, so I hardly know how to defend him." "Why, that's easy," said the old lawyer; "defend him on the ground of insanity, and get a few henpecked husbands on the jury."—Puck.

Why Modify Milk

for infant feeding in the uncertain ways of the novice when you can have always with you a supply of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, a perfect cow's milk from herds of native breeds, the perfection of infant food? Use it for tea and coffee.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Science for the Young.

The kangaroo can jump a bit;
The flea's a jumper, too—
He'll jump, he'll bite, and then he'll fit,
And never leave a clew.
When either jumps, nobody tries
His jumplets to pursue—
We're glad the flea has not the size
Of the big kangaroo.

—Chicago Tribune.

The Seven Ages of Hair.

At first the baby's fuzzy crown,
Protected by its cap of down.
And then the youngster's curly mop
That's never known the barber's shop.
The schoolboy, next, his head must strip
To have a summer "fighting-clip."
No shears the football age profane—
The half-back wears a shaggy mane.
The first white hairs evoke a sigh:
The beau's convinced that he must dye.
Still vain, though older, he's appalled
To note that he is nearly bald.
Senile, yet sprightly as a grig,
He dons the undeceptive wig.

—Frank Roe Batchelder in Life.

Ballad of the Beauty Doctor.

All ye whose charms appear to fade,
Whose cheeks are sunken, lean, and lined,
On whom old Time has made a raid
And left his little marks behind,
If you will come to me you'll find
With my renowned May gathered dew—
Wise Nature's boon to womankind—
I make old faces into new.
You may be forty in the shade,
You may have dwindled, peaked, and pined,
And on the upper shelf be laid,
But if you are you need not mind;
I'll prove to all not deaf and blind
That, though their years are not a few,
With my rose cream and dew combined
I make old faces into new.
To put you back a full decade
My lilac lotion is designed,
My powder's of the finest grade,
My essence of pomegranate rind
And lilies, skillfully refined,
Imparts a blooming, youthful hue.
You may be young, if so inclined;
I make old faces into new.

L'ENVOI.

Princess, of course, you have divined
My offer is not meant for you.
The inference perchance might grind:
"I make old faces into new."

—Chicago News.

Our Slang Abroad.

They say that slang American has been
Adopted by the European dandies,
And that your French, your German Philistine
His fellow in the Yankee fashion bandies.
For instance, when in Dresden, Kiel, Berlin,
A chap has told a lurid tale—at hand is,
As ever, one whose heart is full of doubt
To bring at once, extremely pat and bang in:
(The German for—"And then your pipe went out!")

"Und dann ist deine Pfeife ausgegangen!"

In Paris, on the boulevard you'll find
Two dapper little Frenchmen, much excited,
Engaged, to the delight of gamankind,
In arguing ancient the sad, benighted
Condition of the country. Deaf and blind
They would be till the world was fully righted.
But one outells the other, who, at that,
Cries, of a sudden, with a gesture showy:
(The Gallic for "He's talking thro' his hat!")

"O, comme il parle à travers son chapeau, eh?"

Down in Madrid, a chappie's done his best
To win out of a dainty señorita's
Black eyes a glance of favor. Put to test
This chappie e'ry weapon of his wit bas,
But she has passed him by, all self-possessed,
As tho' he were as meaningless an "it" as
Some little fee—A friend was with him who
Remarked—of words he but a very few chose—
(The Spanish for "You're not so many, you!")

"Se puede que tu no estás tan muchos!"

Upon the Corso of the Caesars' town
Behold a handsome Latin greet another,
And tell him: "Fled have all the beastly
brown
And azure devils that my life did bother!
Ten thousand 'lire' they have paid me down
For a successful ticket! To my mother
I've given half. The other half 'tis right
That we should spend to start—by Gari-
baldi!"

(The Roman for "a hot old time to-night!")

"O, in la villa vecchia tempi caldi!"

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Too strenuous: "If I give you a dime
you will run straight to some saloon." "Not
me." "Will you promise?" "Yes'm; I never
run."—Indianapolis Sun.

Moore's Palsan-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all
druggists.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK-SOUTHAMPTON-LONDON.
Phil'delphia, Sept. 23, 10 am | New York, Oct. 7, 10 am
St. Louis, Sept. 30, 10 am | Phil'delphia, Oct. 14, 10 am
Philadelphia-Queenstown-Liverpool.
Noordland, Sept. 26, 1 pm | West'n'ld Oct. 10, 11, 30 am
Friesland, Oct. 3, 9 am | Belgeland, Oct. 17, 9 am

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH LINE.

NEW YORK-LONDON DIRECT.
Min'apolis, Sept. 26, 9 am | Mesaba, Oct. 10, 9 am
Minnehaha, Oct. 3, 3 pm | Min'et'ika, Oct. 17, 3 pm
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

BOSTON-QUEENSTOWN-LIVERPOOL.
Commonwealth, Sept. 24 | Columbus (new), Oct. 15
New England, Oct. 1 | Philadelphia, Oct. 22
Mayflower, Oct. 8 | New England, Oct. 29
Montreal-Liverpool-Short sea passage.
Canada, Sept. 25 | Dominion, Oct. 10
Southwark, Oct. 3 | Southwark, Oct. 17
Boston Mediterranean Direct
AZORES-GIBRALTAR-NAPLES-GENOA.
Cancouer, Saturday, Oct. 10, Nov. 21
Vambroman, Saturday, Oct. 31, Dec. 12

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK-ANTWERP-PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a m.
Kronland, Sept. 25 | Finland, Oct. 10
Zeeland, Oct. 3 | Vaderland, Oct. 17

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK-QUEENSTOWN-LIVERPOOL.
Cymric, Sept. 25, 8 am | Arabic, Oct. 2, 2, 30 pm
Victorian, Sept. 29, noon | Germanic, Oct. 7, noon
Teutonic, Sept. 30, noon | Cedric, Oct. 9, 7 am
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan
Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Daric, Wednesday, Oct. 7
Capric, Saturday, Oct. 31
Gaelic (Calling at Manila) Wednesday, Nov. 25
Doric, Tuesday, Dec. 22
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG
calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and
connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903
Hongkong Maru, Saturday, September 19
(Calling at Manila)
Nippon Maru, Thursday, October 16
America Maru, Tuesday, November 10
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, corner First
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

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S. S. Mariposa, for Tabiti, Sept. 20, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Afameda, for Honolulu only, Sept. 26, 1903,
at 11 A. M.
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland
and Sydney, Thursday, Oct. 8, 1903, at 2 P. M.
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FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTAB-
lished 1876—18,000 volumes.
LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED
1865—38,000 volumes.
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTAB-
lished 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223
Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.
PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED
June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

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SOCIETY.

The Flint-Apperson Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Anne Apperson and Dr. Joseph Marshall Flint took place at the Hacienda del Pozo de Verona, near Pleasanton, the country place of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, on Tuesday. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. N. B. Galloway. Mrs. Hearst gave the bride into the keeping of the groom, Miss Elsa Woodworth, of New York, was the maid of honor, and Mr. F. R. S. Balfour acted as best man. The bridal couple were also attended by four little children—Elizabeth Wheeler, Jean Wheeler, Edward Clark, and Randolph Apperson. The ceremony was witnessed by seventy-five guests, all relatives and intimate friends, and was followed by a wedding breakfast served in the hacienda patio. Later in the day, Dr. and Mrs. Flint departed for "Wynton," the Hearst country place on the McCloud, where they will spend some time.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Bernice Drown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Drown, and Mr. Samuel Boardman, son of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman.

The engagement is announced of Miss Estelle Splivalo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Splivalo, and Mr. Dave J. Martin. The wedding will take place in November.

The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Heppner, daughter of Mrs. C. H. Wilson, and granddaughter of the late Lazard Godchaux, and Mr. Milton J. Unger.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ada Catherine Stone, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Stone, of Oakland, and Mr. Robert Sibley, who left Berkeley on Tuesday for Missoula, Mont., to enter upon his new duties as head of the department of mechanical and electrical engineering at the University of Montana.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Eugenia Lee Thompson and Mr. Theodore Mansfield, the well-known cellist. The wedding will occur on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock at the Swedenborgian Church.

The wedding of Miss Bessie Godey, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. C. Frederick Kohl will take place at Cleveland Park, a suburb of Washington, early next month. Mr. Kohl's mother and sister and best man, Mr. Fred Moody, will leave for the East soon to attend the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Evelyn Laughton, daughter of the late Charles E. Laughton, who served as lieutenant-governor of Nevada and governor of Washington, and Mr. Girard Morris Barreto, of New York, took place at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Flora Laughton, at Belvedere, on Tuesday. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Dr. Hall, of San Rafael. Miss Elizabeth Laughton was her sister's maid of honor. After a wedding luncheon had been served, Mr. and Mrs. Barreto left for Monterey, where they will make a brief stay prior to their departure for New York, which will be their future home.

The wedding of Miss Edith Grace Chaquette, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Chaquette, and Mr. James W. Redpath took place on Monday afternoon at the Westminster Presbyterian Church. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by Rev. Dr. Logan. The bride and groom were unattended. Mr. W. H. Woolcock and Mr. Alexander Ross acted as ushers. After a wedding journey in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Chaquette will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Jessica Marion Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew M. Davis, and Mr. Arthur Charles Nahl, son of the late Perham Nahl, the well-known artist, took place at noon on Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents, 1722 Pine Street. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Nahl departed for a brief wedding journey, prior to their departure for Llano, Mexico, their future home.

The wedding is announced of Miss Georgia Sullivan, sister of Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence, Mrs. Reginald White, Miss Adah Sullivan, Miss Fannie Sullivan, and Mrs. Turner, and Mr. Lewis White, of Washington, D. C., which took place in New Jersey a fortnight ago. Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan and Miss Phelan went East a month ago in order to assist at the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haas have sent out cards for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Florine Haas, and Mr. Edward Brandenstein, which will take place Thursday evening, September 24th, at six o'clock at the family residence, 2007 Franklin Street.

Miss Maye Colburn gave a dinner at her residence on Hyde Street on Sunday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Beardsley (née Robinson). Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Mabel Toy, Miss Gladys McClung, Mr. Ralph

Hart, Mr. Philip Paschel, Major William Stephenson, U. S. A., and Captain Frederick Johnson, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman gave a dinner on Tuesday evening, at which they entertained Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Newell Drown, Mr. Samuel Boardman, and Mr. Philip Simpkins.

Mrs. Laura Roe will give a tea at her Ross Valley residence to-day (Saturday) from two to half after five o'clock. She will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. R. J. Davis, Miss Ella Morgan, and Miss Gertrude Wheeler.

Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla gave a tea at her home on Friday afternoon in honor of her guest, Mrs. Bacon, wife of Paymaster Bacon. The hours were from four to six o'clock.

Mrs. Philetus Everts gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. M. M. Estee. Others at table were Mrs. Charles Deering, Mrs. T. B. McFarland, Miss McFarland, Mrs. John Phillips, Mrs. Jerome Madden, Mrs. James Carolan, and Mrs. William M. Somers.

General and Mrs. Coolidge will give a farewell reception to their old regiment, the Seventh Infantry, on the evening of September 24th, at their residence on Lomhard Street and Van Ness Avenue.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Scheel Concerts.

The symphony concert which Fritz Scheel gave at the Grand Opera House on Tuesday afternoon proved a great treat to San Francisco music lovers, for the programme contained several real novelties—the most interesting being "The Bells and March of the Knights of the Holy Grail," from Richard Wagner's much-discussed "Parsifal." By request, Handel's "Grand Concerto" was requested, and among other numbers were Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and Brahms's beautiful "Symphony No. 2." The programme for next Tuesday includes Haydn's fifth symphony; Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture; Serenade Op. 7, by Richard Strauss for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, four horns, two bassoons, and one contra-bass; violin concerto, F-sharp, minor, by Heinrich W. Ernst; J. Massenet's prelude, "The Last Dream of the Virgin;" and E. N. von Reznicek's "Lutspil" overture. The last three numbers will be given here for the first time. The Ernest concerto, which was given here last winter by Kocian, will be played by Otto Spamer, who has performed with great success in the symphony orchestras of Berlin, London, and other European cities as soloist. He is in San Francisco at present seeking rest and recreation.

First Concert of the Loring Club.

The Loring Club announces its first concert of the twenty-seventh season for next Tuesday evening, at Native Sons' Hall. The important novelty in the programme will be a setting of Tennyson's "Break, Break," by the American composer, John Hyatt Brewer. This is for male-voice chorus, with accompaniment of piano, organ, string quintet, flute, two clarinets, and two horns, the composer having scored the accompaniments for these instruments in accordance with the desire expressed by the Loring Club that this should be done. The largest work in the programme is Heinrich Hoffmann's cantata, "Harald's Bridal Voyage," for male-voice chorus and baritone, which will be produced in its entirety, the exacting solos in this work being intrusted to Herbert E. Medley.

In addition to a number of smaller compositions for male voices, there will be produced a quintet for strings by Robert Volekman. The club will be assisted by Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, contralto, and Miss Ruth Loring, pianist. The concert will be conducted by David W. Loring, the director of the club.

Sacred Music at St. Dominic's.

The usual monthly programme of sacred music will be rendered at St. Dominic's Church on Sunday evening, under the direction of Dr. H. J. Stewart, when the following selections will be given:

Organ solo, Sonata No. 1, in D-minor, Guilman; soprano solo and chorus, "Hear My Prayer," Mendelssohn, Miss Camille Frank; tenor solo, "Ave Verum," Silas, Mr. T. G. Elliott; chorus, "Adoro te," Dethier; organ solo, air with variations (Septett), Beethoven; contralto solo, "The Holy Vision," Gounod, Miss Ella V. McCloskey; soprano solo, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Stewart, Verum, L. Snider Johnson; chorus, "Ave Verum," Walter Handel Thorley. At benediction: "O Salutaris," Wagner; "Tantum Ergo," Dethier; postlude, "Marche Triomphale," Guilman.

Princess Colonna, daughter of Mrs. Mackay, has decided to purchase a house in Paris, where she will reside the greater part of the year. Her decision was influenced by her desire to give a Parisian finish to the education of her daughter, now budding into womanhood. The princess's mother, Mrs. Mackay, intends to spend a considerable portion of the year with her.

The Tavern of Tamalpais is a popular destination point during these halmy summer days. The ride up the mountain side abounds in scenic surprises, and the views of the sunset and sunrise from the summit of the mountain are especially beautiful at this time of the year.

LADY, GRADUATE OF NORTH GERMAN Normal School, gives courses of German conversation and literature; 2130 Bush Street.

A. Hirschman, 712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the most important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

The will of David R. Jones, whose estate is valued at over \$650,000, has been filed for probate. The estate includes a large piece of land on Market Street, between Fifth and Sixth Streets, on which stands a valuable business building; a lot and four-story brick building on California Street, near Kearny; several other pieces of realty in this city; six acres and improvements at Redwood City; 300 shares of Giant Powder Company stock, 450 shares of Contra Costa Water Company stock, thirty shares of stock in a savings bank at Eureka, promissory notes for \$12,000, and cash amounting to \$35,000. The bequests of the deceased are as follows: To the testator's grandchild, Miss Beatrice Jones, of Eureka, daughter of David H. Jones, deceased, \$75,000; to his grandchild, Miss Mabel Dodge, of San Francisco, daughter of Mrs. Mary Jane Dodge, deceased, \$75,000; and the remainder of the estate to Charles C. Bemis, the executor, who is directed to hold it in trust and to pay the net income monthly to the testator's son and daughters, John R. Jones, Mrs. Lily Butterfield, and Mrs. Annie D. Cookson, one-third of the income to be given to each. On the death of the last survivor of these three children, the trust property is to go to their heirs.

When Ben Greet, under whose personal direction "Everyman" is now being played at Lyric Hall, attended the midsummer jinks of the Bohemian Club, he was greatly impressed with the play "Montezuma," written for the occasion by Louis Robertson. Immediately Mr. Greet saw in it material for what he calls "a great play," and forthwith wrote of his conviction to Charles Frohman. As a result, Robertson has been requested by Frohman to put the play in shape, and present it to him for consideration.

The Italian-Swiss Colony at Asti dedicated last Sunday the handsome Pompeian villa built by Andrea Sbarboro. It is a massive structure, with pillars and pavements and paintings which have cost thousands.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Wheaton in Oakland has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

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"Beauty is but skin-deep" was probably meant to disparage beauty. Instead it tells how easy that beauty is to attain.

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Artistic Advertising

OF

MARQUETTE WHISKEY

Xavier T. Martinez, one of the best-known of San Francisco's artists, is placing upon the billboards of the city the most artistic line of bulletin painting that has ever been shown in advertising pictorial art.

It is an almost unprecedented occurrence that an artist of such ability and reputation as Martinez should attend to the work of placing his artistic creations upon the boards. Rather than have the work that he had so carefully created copied by the hands of some sign-painter, Martinez is doing the actual work of original conception upon the boards.

These bulletins are the story, in pictures, of the life of Marquette, the famous explorer. They take him through the long voyages of discovery down the Mississippi River, and show him in the various scenes of adventure from the time that he started from the little Mission in Michigan to the day his bones were laid away beside the deep rushing waters of the Father of Rivers.

This is a rare treat for the lovers of the artistic in San Francisco. Martinez's work has been seen and appreciated in many of our galleries, but this is the first opportunity that has ever been given for the masses to view his work.

Grommes & Ullrich, the distillers of Marquette Whiskey in Chicago, have dedicated this series of beautiful paintings to the public of San Francisco, in the hope that they will be appreciated as has been that finest, purest, and costliest made whiskey in the world, Marquette.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Prince and Princess Poniatowski and their children departed for the East on Wednesday in the Crocker private car "Mishawauka." They will sail from New York for Europe on October 6th. Prince Poniatowski expects to return to San Francisco in about three months, but his wife and children will remain abroad about a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and family returned from Europe a fortnight ago, and are at Tuxedo Park, where they will spend the autumn.

Mrs. La Montagne has taken apartments at the Hotel Granada, after having passed some months in Napa County at the country place of her mother, Mrs. John Darling.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington have returned from Piedmont to their residence at 2840 Jackson Street. The Misses Huntington are expected home soon from Los Angeles.

Mrs. Downey Harvey and the Misses Harvey will spend the winter in France. Mr. Harvey will return to San Francisco about the middle of October.

Judge and Mrs. John F. Finn are traveling in Norway and Sweden.

Mr. Gouverneur Morris, of New York, Mr. G. L. Rathbone, and Mr. Knox Maddox were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hopkins are expected to return to town from their Menlo Park villa about the first of October.

Miss Leontine Blakeman has returned from her visit to Mrs. Silas Palmer at Menlo Park.

Miss Marie Louise Parrott has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Parker Whitney, at Rocklin. Mr. L. E. Van Winkle was a guest at Byron Springs last week.

Mr. John I. Sabin was in Los Angeles last week.

Colonel John C. Kirkpatrick, manager of the Palace Hotel, left for the East early in the week, with his son, who is to reënter college.

The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Macon have taken a house in Oakland on Caledonia Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Griffin, who have been spending some time at Catalina, have returned to San Francisco.

Bishop and Mrs. Nichols and Miss Mary Nichols will return to San Francisco from San Mateo about the first of October.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair were at Marienbad when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles James Welch have returned to New York from their summer place at Monmouth Beach. They will visit San Francisco in the early winter.

Miss Katharine Dillon and Miss Patricia Cosgrave arrived in New York early in the week from Europe.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt left for New York last Saturday.

Mrs. John W. Mackay is spending the month of September at Lucerne, Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grace have taken the Drexler house on Van Ness Avenue for the winter season.

Mrs. Eugene Casserly and Miss Daisy Casserly, who have been occupying the Beryl cottage at San Mateo this summer, will return to the city in a few days.

Miss Alice Bacon, of Santa Barbara, is the guest of Mrs. McCalla at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Landers, who have been spending the summer months at "The Gables," their San Leandro country place, have returned to town.

Mr. Harry I. Weil will return to Baltimore on September 29th to resume his work at the Johns Hopkins Medical School.

Mrs. George Elden Colby, Miss Phoebe Colby, and Master Elden Colby have returned from their visit at Applegate on the Hotchkiss Place. Mrs. Colby will be at home on the first and third Thursdays at Claremont Avenue, Berkeley.

Ex-Judge Edward A. Belcher has returned from his outing in the mountains of Trinity County.

Mr. and Mrs. William Magee were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Max C. Greenberg have returned from Honolulu, and will spend a month in San Mateo before occupying their new residence on Jackson Street.

Mr. Edouard Clerfayt, after spending several weeks in this city with his brother, has departed for his home in Belgium.

Among the recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Rowell, Captain and Mrs. Thomas Dowdel, Mr. and Mrs. Morton L. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph A. Grover, Mrs. N. J. Evans, Mr. W. A. Westington, Mr. S. Westington, Mr. William Marks, Mr. Louis Marks, Mr. G. A. Scheer, Mr. H. V. Ramsdell, Mr. W. J. Tabor, and Mr. John T. Bowler.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Wilcox, Miss Kain Wilcox and Mr. Allen Wilcox, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Nicholson, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Willis, of St. Louis, Miss Du Val, of Brooklyn, Miss Sheppard and Mr. G. B. Sheppard, of New York, Mr. Earle Scofield, of Alameda, Mr. B. F. Chapman, of Tahiti, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Toplitz, Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. Sperry, and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., Mrs. MacArthur, Captain Parker West, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur, U. S. A., have returned from their trip to Southern California.

Rear-Admiral Silas Casey, U. S. N., recently detached from the command of the Pacific

squadron, was retired on September 12th on account of age, after forty-seven years' active service. His retirement has resulted in the promotion of Captain Charles J. Barclay, U. S. N., commanding the Puget Sound Navy Yard, who now becomes a rear-admiral. Captain Benjamin P. Lambert, U. S. N., who is now ordered to command the South Atlantic squadron, now stands at the head of the list of captains, and will become a rear-admiral on the retirement of Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N., on October 11th.

General Robert M. O'Reilly and Major William C. Borden, U. S. A., have been spending a few days at Santa Barbara, en route to Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant John B. Murphy, U. S. A., has returned from his visit to his parents at Portland, Or.

Lieutenant William Nichols, U. S. A., who has been visiting his parents, Bishop and Mrs. Nichols, at San Mateo since his graduation from West Point, has been ordered to join his regiment at Fort Assiniboine.

Mrs. Owenshine, wife of Captain Alexander T. Owenshine, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., will spend some time at her old home in Columbus, O., while her husband is in the Philippines, where she may join him later on.

Captain Richardson Clover, U. S. N., is to be the commander of the new battle-ship *Ohio*, which will be launched early in the new year.

Major Francis P. Fremont, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the Philippines, and has been assigned to the Department of the Colorado for duty.

Colonel Samuel R. Whitall, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Third Infantry to the Twenty-Seventh Infantry, and Colonel Harry L. Haskell, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Twenty-Seventh Infantry to the Third Infantry.

Lieutenant-Commander Thomas D. Griffin, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Wyoming* for treatment at the Naval Hospital at Mare Island.

Dr. David O. Lewis, U. S. N., has been appointed fleet surgeon of the Pacific squadron.

Lieutenant Clarence M. Stone, U. S. N., of the *Alert*, has been ordered for duty at Yerba Buena Island.

Lieutenant U. S. Grant, third grandson of General U. S. Grant, has arrived in San Francisco to await Companies M and L, United States Corps of Engineers, with which he will sail for the Philippines. Lieutenant Grant stood sixth in his class at West Point, from which he graduated this year. General MacArthur's son, Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur, U. S. A., was first in the same class. They will probably sail for the Philippines together.

Lieutenant John D. Beuret, naval constructor, U. S. A., arrived from Manila on the *Hongkong Maru* last week.

The recently organized Claremont Country Club of Oakland has been considering the advisability of giving up the original plan of establishing itself at Claremont, on the lands owned by Edson F. Adams, and taking up its headquarters on the one hundred odd acres north-west of Mountain View Cemetery, known as Rock Ridge Park, and owned by the Realty Syndicate. Those who still favor the Claremont site justify their arguments by pointing out its superb natural attractions and its accessibility from street-car lines soon to be constructed, and objecting to the proximity of Mountain View and St. Mary's Cemeteries to the Rock Ridge Park. Those in favor of acquiring the latter site, however, claim that the Realty Syndicate's land involves a saving of many thousands of dollars to the club in purchase of lands, and is amply large for all the purposes for which the organization has been formed.

The Rev. Charles A. Buckbee, D. D., died at his residence, 2009 California Street, on Tuesday evening, at the age of seventy-nine. He leaves a widow and five children—Miss Annie Buckbee, Mrs. Robert Curry, and three sons, John, Samuel, and Spencer.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

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Two years ago this month, Theodore Roosevelt took the oath of office as President of the United States. This, therefore, seems an opportune time to glance at what the President's enemies have had to say about him. Have they dented his shield? Have they pierced his armor? Are there any ineradicable blots on the Roosevelt scutcheon? To those who say that the Argonaut, as a Republican paper, ought sedulously to refrain from publishing the objections to the President, we re-

ply that we try to print what is interesting. A column of eulogy would be deadly dull, but a column of virulent abuse—well, we think it would be read.

But what are the enormities with which the President has been charged? Here is the list:

Ate dinner with Booker T. Washington.

Appointed men to office without regard to color.

Refused to support boycott of people of Indianola against colored postmistress.

Is pressing investigation of postal and Indian land frauds: ergo is responsible for them.

Returned the gift of a certain silk flag.

Did not eulogize General Miles in letter of retirement.

Made Leonard Wood a brigadier-general.

Was a friend of Congressman Littauer, who is accused of selling gloves to the government while a member of Congress.

Recommended enforcement of anti-trust laws against protests of Wall Street.

Reinstated Bookbinder Miller against protests of labor unions.

Accepted a special train from the railway company on his trip through the West.

Used the government vessel *Mayflower* as a ship from which to review the North Atlantic squadron.

Interfered in and settled the great coal strike.

Probably countenanced dismissal of a Delaware fourth-class postmistress because offensive to a United States senator.

A curious list, is it not? And yet these are about all the official and unofficial acts of President Roosevelt which have so far been the subject of animadversions, though not many of his enemies contend that they will result in loss to him of the nomination to the Presidency, or cause his defeat at the polls. Still, some of them do talk of the government scandals as a political issue. Such a paper, for instance, as the Philadelphia *Record*, holds that the President can not genuinely punish all the guilty ones, high and low, in the public service, since to do so "would split the Republican party from top to bottom. Half of it can not expose the other half. This is a case where a clean sweep is the only remedy adequate to the extent of the disease."

In the same vein, though employing a peculiar figure, speaks the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. It says that "Cabinet officers are subservient, public prosecutors are blind, and the riot in plunder goes on under cover of fear lest if the putrid mass of corruption is stirred by the finger of public exposure and prosecution it should smell to heaven and lead to a cleaning out of the Augean stables." The Republican press replies that the President has shown every indication of a purpose to probe the scandals thoroughly, and is in no way responsible for them. "When a family moves into new apartments," remarks one paper, "and finds that the previous occupants, in consequence either of inadvertence or of blameworthy love of dirt, failed to leave the premises in proper condition, we do not blame the newcomer when he orders the scrub-brush into active operation." Which one of these two opposed views will ultimately prevail with the plain people will manifestly depend on the President's future course regarding the scandals. If nobody goes to jail, there may be some force in the Democratic contention. With stripes around and bars before an assorted collection of grafters, and a statement, say, from Bonaparte, the Democratic special investigator appointed by the President, that the bottom (and top) has been reached, there would seem to be not much left for the Democrats to say.

Another matter for future determination is the effect upon the President's chances of his anti-trust campaign. Outside of Roosevelt's particular newspaper

enemies in New York, nobody seems to take much stock in the idea that the Wall Street panic was all his doing. But humanity is notoriously prone to lay the burden of its sins on the shoulders of the other fellow. Suppose the panic in the Street should, during the next few months, widen into a general business depression (of which there are possibly some signs), might not the disgruntled ones throughout the country listen to the *Sun's* siren song about the President's having frightened capital by ill-considered words? Perhaps he was a wise statesman who said that the worst thing the President could do was to let the crops fail next year.

Certainly, however, it would be a curious state of affairs if the business interests should oppose Roosevelt because he is "hostile" to capital, and the labor unions should fight him because he is an "enemy" of labor. That is what the unions threaten to do. The Washington Central Labor Union, with the approval of the American Federation of Labor, has sent to each of the five hundred and twenty central labor unions in the country a copy of resolutions which declare that the President's action in the Miller case "can not be regarded in any but an unfriendly light." In an accompanying letter, this union asks all the affiliated bodies—said to be two million five hundred thousand strong—to petition the President to reverse his action. Thus all the supposed strength with organized labor, won at the time of the coal strike, seems to stand in danger of vanishing into thin air. But whether labor-union antagonism would be a hindrance or a help in the campaign may be a question.

In the case of the Delaware postmistress, Miss Todd, whose well-aided woes are now violently agitating the newspapers, the President appears to be the victim of his virtues. Why should the dismissal, after a five years' tenure, of the postmistress of a dinky office, excite the press of the whole country to virtuous spasms, except for the reason that the President is a Civil Service reformer? Words and deeds, it is argued, do not here agree. What McKinley might have done without comment, in the administration of Roosevelt is sharply criticised. The New York *Tribune*, for example, holds that Postmaster-General Payne shows in his utterances on the subject an "utter imperviousness to ideas of progress and a lack of conception of the higher standards of political life." This view is general, almost universal, and the President is asked not only to reinstate Miss Huldah Todd, but, in view of the postal scandals and this occurrence, to let out Mr. Payne. The dissenting voices come only from such old-fashioned, hard-headed, unsentimental journals as the *Oregonian*. That paper "positively declines to get excited over Miss Todd." It thinks she is of the same epicene set as the Miss Taylor who made existence burdensome to Secretary Root because she was fired. When Miss Todd got her place, she thought political pull a fine thing, "but it is everything unholy when somebody else's turn has come around." Moreover, this journal holds that women in politics should observe the rules of the game, or not play. They should learn to take their medicine, and not grumble in falsetto. "A national calamity" is what the *Oregonian* thinks the reinstatement of Miss Todd would be.

We suppose no one needs to be told that the President is not distinguished for tact. Possibly he is sometimes guilty of a breach of good taste. He is accustomed to move in a straight line toward a desired object, and whatever is in the way is apt to tumble, sometimes with a crash that shocks nervous individuals. Thus, when the President got ready, he said plainly and publicly that he was a candidate for a second term. The methods of McKinley, under similar circumstances, were perhaps more dignified and subtle. At least

President's hostile critics profess to think so. Again, when Roosevelt found that Hanna was opposing his indorsement in Ohio, the political wires did not work noiselessly and sure, but with what some people (among them certainly Senator Hanna) thought was brutal directness, the President wired, in effect: "I want the indorsement; please keep hands off." And Hanna did as bid. McKinley would never have made the mistake of taking lunch with Booker Washington. Probably he would have swallowed his wrath and written a few eulogistic phrases had it been his duty to retire General Miles. Doubtless there would have been no Indianola post-office squabble had he been in the executive chair. President Roosevelt, temperamentally pugnacious as he surely is, succeeded in ruffling tempers and exciting criticism in all these affairs. He seldom ceases to be the very centre and vortex of public interest. This leads David B. Hill to accuse the President of "spectacularism" and "egomania." But as *Collier's* remarks: "We should be glad if the President could do his work without unnecessary whistling, blowing, rumbling, and cinders; out, after all, he 'draws a heavy load,' and draws it fast, and thus far safely."

The catalogue of the President's infirmities would be incomplete did we fail to mention the *Sun's* poignant grief over the rebuff of the Gallic maid. A French girl, it seems, embroidered a silk flag, and sent it to Mr. Roosevelt. It was returned to her with a letter saying that the President had reluctantly made a rule to accept no gifts from strangers. And what a touching picture it is that the *Sun* draws of the beautiful maiden, filled with patriotic love, bending a golden head over the silken folds of the flag, day after day, to get for her pains only—a brief note from Mr. Loeb! And then, how damning is the contrast drawn between the refusal of the flag, and the acceptance, by the President, from the railways, of a special train for his Western trip. True, his predecessors have done the same thing, but what of that? King Edward pays his fare! Besides, Mr. Roosevelt not only rides free on trains, but he is small and mean enough to use one of the nation's warships to voyage to Oyster Bay.

No wonder, in view of all this, that even Republican papers are beginning to ask, How in Sam Hill does the government hang together?

The perils of acting as buffer between diametrically opposed opinions are exhibited in the English cabinet crisis. Premier Balfour has, heretofore, professed to be neutral in the matter of Chamberlain's preferential tariff scheme. But lately he has kept leaning more and more Chamberlain's way. The free-trade members of his cabinet have viewed their chief's tariff-tinged utterances with increasing alarm, and three of them, finding the gulf between his ideas and theirs impassable, have now resigned. These are C. T. Ritchie, chancellor of the exchequer; Lord Balfour, of Burleigh, secretary for Scotland; and A. R. D. Elliot, financial secretary to the treasury. So far so good. But that Joseph Chamberlain, colonial secretary, and Lord George Hamilton, secretary for India, who hold ideas exactly antipodal to those of the three officers mentioned, should also seize this time to quit the cabinet seems, as Balfour himself says, "paradoxical indeed." The alleged reason impelling Chamberlain and Hamilton to this move is a desire for "a perfectly independent position" from which to promote the ideas of national coöperation. Their action, and that of their political opponents, leave the ministry tottering. It is, however, idle, in the face of so complex a situation, to predict the outcome. The immediate interest lies in the reconstruction of the cabinet. It seems probable that Austen Chamberlain will be chancellor of the exchequer; Arnold Forster, secretary of war; W. St. John Broderick, secretary for India; Lord Selborne, secretary for the colonies. Two pregnant sentences from Balfour's late utterance on the tariff issue are bound to be often quoted before the matter is settled, and are of especial interest to Americans. "The most momentous, perhaps the most permanent, victory for free trade," he said, "was won when rather on national than on economic grounds interstate tariffs were forbidden in the United States." "Free trade," he remarks elsewhere, "was designed for a free-trade country in a world of free traders, and not for a free-trade country in a world of protectionists."

On Tuesday last, the Panama Canal treaty, ratified by the United States Senate at its last session, ceased to have any force or effect whatsoever. Whatever resolutions may be passed or action taken by the Colombian congress henceforward can only gain importance through their recognition by this government, transformation into a definite treaty form, and ratification by the United States Senate, with all the attendant difficulties. But that the Panama congress will take any further action at all seems doubtful. Supposing that it does not, the President may choose either of two courses. He may (1) turn to the Nicaragua route, or (2) he may "wait for something to turn up." If reports from Panama are to be

believed he would not have long to wait. The officers of the steamships *Colon* and *City of Sydney*, recently arrived here, say that the state is ripe for secession; that nothing can prevent a break for independence; that the people have long nourished grievances against the government; that the citizens of the two ports are progressive and energetic, while the Colombian authorities are weak and reactionary; and that secret meetings are being held all over Panama by the secessionists.

It should not be forgotten that the French company stands to lose forty millions of dollars if the canal is constructed at Nicaragua. It would not be strange if the Frenchmen were seeing to it that something shall "turn up" in Panama shortly. But in the opinion of the noted Paris journal, *Le Matin*, the United States need not wait for treaties, revolutions, or any thing else. It may go ahead at once and construct the canal. The *Matin* quotes in support of this belief Article 35 of the Treaty of 1846, which reads as follows:

The government of New Granada guarantees to the government of the United States that the right of way or of transit across the Isthmus of Panama by all means of communication that exist or may come into existence shall always remain open and free to the government and to the citizens of the United States and for the transport of all products, manufactures, and lawful merchandise whatsoever belonging to the citizens of the United States.

To this extract the *Matin* appends the following comment:

The right of way in the legal language of the United States is the right of passage in its highest sense; that is to say, not merely the right of bodily locomotion, but the right of making all the artificial works needed for locomotion in any shape whatsoever. The right of way is in reality the right of establishing the works needed for the passage of trains, if it is a matter of a railroad, and for the passage of vessels, if it is a matter of vessels.

The importance and bearing of this exegesis, if correct, will be apparent.

An instance of criminal precocity, so remarkable that it is worthy of note, is reported from Baltimore. A negro boy, twelve years old, has confessed to the murder, by clubbing, of a young woman, under circumstances of astounding brutality.

The crime was deliberately planned, the club—the prop of a peddler's cart—was secured the day before, hid in a cellar over night, wrapped in a newspaper the next morning, and thus carried by the boy to the store where the girl worked. There, he hid under a table, and when a good chance presented itself, crawled out and beat the woman to death—all this with the expectation of gaining only an insignificant sum of money. When caught the murderer showed no remorse. In court, he has appeared stolid and unconcerned. In the cell, he behaves naturally. Physical examination revealed curious malformations of the ears and arms, indicating atavistic tendencies. Young as he is, the boy has a criminal record. When eight years old he was arraigned for stealing. Twice in the following year, he was arrested. In 1901, he was once before a magistrate. Early this year, he was arrested on a charge of larceny, and at the present time, in addition to the murder charge, he is accused of stealing. He is a perfect type of the born criminal. Had trained criminologists examined closely into his case, when he was first arrested, this fact would have appeared. He would have been placed where he could have done no further harm to society. But under the lax methods that now prevail in Baltimore and elsewhere, the sore was permitted to fester in the flesh of the body politic. Foul murder is the result.

The eleventh National Irrigation Congress was held at Ogden last week, and was attended by delegates from nearly every State of the Union, many of the States of the Atlantic seaboard being represented, showing a realization of the fact that while, practically, irrigation is a local question, in a broader sense it is of national import. The congress had even a wider aspect, for representatives of the Mexican and French Governments were also present. A number of interesting addresses were delivered. Secretary Wilson told of the work being done by the Department of Agriculture. He said that it was generally admitted that, when all available sources of water supply have been used, only a small fraction of the arid land can be reclaimed. The problem is how to increase the area that can be reclaimed, and there are two courses that can be followed. One is to increase the available supply, the other is to increase the utility of what we have. Measurements show the loss from main canals and laterals of more than half the water diverted from streams. By more economic use by the farmers the duty of the water can be made double what it is under present methods. In both of these directions the utility of the water can be increased. The irrigation laws of the various States are also being studied from the standpoint of the farmer and not of the lawyer, to see if they tend to promote the best use of the water. Congressman Newlands spoke on coöperation between the State and national governments. In many cases there is now friction instead of coöperation. The Nevada laws place the entire streams in the hands of the national government while the work of construction is going on. The State administration works in harmony, so that when the national government turns the control over to the State, the State bureau will be thoroughly organized, and possessed of all the data, information, and plans necessary to go on with the work of administration, and even of construction, if it is necessary. The committee on resolutions presented a report favoring the conservation of the flood waters of the Columbia, Sacramento, Colorado, Rio Grande, Arkansas, and Missouri Rivers and their tributaries, and the subsequent extension of the irrigation projects, and the supplementing by the government of the present policy of levee construction by a comprehensive reservoir system. It also recommended the appointment of a commission by the President to investigate and report such extension or amendment of the land laws as may promote actual settlement and development of the pub-

lic domain. Over the land laws there was acrimonious discussion. The majority report favored the repeal of the desert land act, the commutation clause of the homestead act, the timber and stone act, the lieu land provision of the forest reserve act, and the purchase or condemnation of private lands within forest reservations. The minority report struck out all reference to the desert land act, the timber and stone act, and the commutation provision of the homestead act. After heated discussion, a substitute was adopted, simply recommending Congress to modify the land laws.

In the matter of bonds, to be voted on next Tuesday, the *Chronicle* has gradually come around from a position of doubt and negation, to a point where it favors the entire issue. The *Call* favors all but two propositions—\$1,647,000 for new public-library facilities, and \$741,000 for a public park. The *Examiner* favors all. The various improvement clubs of the city are unanimously favorable. The platforms of the three parties all have planks advocating the adoption of the various propositions. The postal-card vote of the Merchants' Association shows a majority in favor of all propositions except that providing for the conversion of a notorious district into a park. It is, therefore, a foregone conclusion that most or all of the bonds will be voted next Tuesday. A correspondent, however, asks us this question:

Is this the best time to borrow and expend the money, when unions have so cornered the market that lathers get \$11 a day, and brick-layers \$7, and the impossibility of obtaining, at any price, the number of men that should be employed on a building, together with the interruptions due to union interference, protract the period of construction to thrice what it should be?

This is something to think about, but the members of unions themselves will manifestly prefer that the various public works should be undertaken now, while wages are high, rather than wait for that time which our correspondent foresees, when "there will be abatement of building in this city, and the unions will be found more amenable to reason, . . . while the money of the taxpayer will bring far larger results." This seems to be a case where one man's good is another's ill. And we believe workmen are in a majority.

The board of supervisors has passed to print the franchise granting the Southern Pacific Company the right of way for its Bay Shore line for a period of fifty years. After a delay of ninety days, as required by the charter, the franchise will be put on its final passage on December 21st, just before the present board goes out of office. The decision to grant the franchise was not reached without some opposition. The chief point in dispute was the number of tracks the company might lay, crossing Sixteenth Street. Sixteenth Street in this locality offers the only route to the water-front, and property owners protested against its being so obstructed as to interfere with traffic. Under franchises heretofore granted, the company has a right to maintain eight tracks across Sixteenth Street, between Pennsylvania Avenue and Kentucky Street; it asked for twelve new switching tracks. Upon protest being made, the company consented to the number being reduced to six new tracks, making fourteen in all. The property-owners tried in vain to have the total number reduced to twelve. An amendment to the ordinance provides that the company is to station flagmen and gates at the crossing when requested to do so, and, further, that no engines are to stand upon the crossing, and no cars are to be loaded or unloaded there. In response to a request that grooved rails be placed at the crossing, and that the company be required to keep the roadway level and easy to cross, the representatives of the company agreed that the work would be done in accordance with the requirements of the board of public works. It is also proposed that the sidewalks on Sixteenth Street, between Seventh and Kentucky, shall be done away with, thus widening the roadway by thirty feet.

The *Gilroy Telegram*—a paper of which we had never before heard, but which shall henceforth and forever be enshrined in memory's fond embraces—prints part of the *Argonaut's* editorial on the action of labor unions in forcing their members to quit the militia, and appends thereto some comment. The *Gilroy Telegram* avers that the San Francisco *Argonaut* "caters to the predatory rich"; that we, the editors thereof, are "cringing poltroons"; that we are "dead and insensible" to the violations of law "when the opulent are interested"; and that we are "sychopants" (*sic*). Naturally, by these cruel words, we were very much grieved. But as we sat, shrouded in impenetrable gloom, bathed, as it were, in unutterable woe, mournfully musing on a shattered reputation, our eyes fell upon five cheering words among the *Telegram's* remarks. They were: "Mendacious individuals constituting the government." So! Well, come to think of it, we are quite content to be called a "sychopant" by one who in the same breath calls Theodore Roosevelt, John Hay, the legislative branch, the judiciary, and everybody else "constituting the government," liars. Yes, quite content.

The supervisors have accepted Attorney Lane's opinion in the matter of the tax levy, and this week fixed the rate at 84.4 cents on every \$100. The old rate was \$1.076 on every \$100. But since the State Board of Equalization raised San Francisco's assessment roll from \$427,641,648 to \$545,855,324, and every man's realty assessment is thirty per cent. higher than before, the 84.4 rate was supposed to equalize matters exactly, and to result in preservation of the *status quo*. However, there is a hitch in this programme. The State Board of Equalization is prohibited by law from raising the assessment of "any mortgage, deed of trust, contract, or other obligation, by which a debt is secured, money, or solvent

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credits." Therefore, since \$33,596,159 of San Francisco's roll came under this head, that amount was subtracted by the board from the total sum, and only on the balance was the thirty per cent. raise made. Thus, with the new rate of 8.4, the holders of the \$33,596,159 of mortgages, money, etc., will be required to pay about \$75,710 less of taxes than under the original levy, while the holders of realty will pay that much more. Another unimportant effect of the change is that the city library will receive a revenue of \$81,000 instead of one of \$63,000, since the minimum rate is 1.5 cents. Suit will be begun at once by a taxpayer to determine whether the recent action of the supervisors is legal. It is expected that many persons will defer payment of taxes until the supreme court decides the case.

Besides nominating Franklin K. Lane for mayor, as expected, the Democratic convention, on Tuesday night, adopted a lengthy platform praising the administrations of all the Democrats in office; charging the mayor with "subserviency to corporate influences" and various other things; condemning the administration of the county clerk's office "as scandalous in the extreme"; advocating the acquisition of the Geary Street railway; pledging its supervisory nominees to make substantial permanent improvements from the regular taxes within the dollar limit; advocating the acquisition by the city of its own water-works; and opposing the granting of railway franchises through the Mission. The convention was a turbulent one, and the vote on the mayoralty nomination of 23½ to 114½ showed that the sentiment for Lane was far from unanimous. As Lane, in his letter to the convention, said he would not accept the nomination for mayor unless it came as a "demand from the united party," and as several days have passed without formal acceptance of the nomination by him, doubt is expressed that he will do so, unless, before the convention finally adjourns, all factions are harmonized.

In conspicuous contrast with the turbulence of the Democratic convention was the Republican harmony on Wednesday night. The nomination for mayor of Henry J. Crocker—a prominent and successful man of affairs, a citizen who has labored long and earnestly for the upbuilding of the State and city, and a man of great personal popularity, a lover of sports, the head of a family, a Native Son—was unanimous. So, also, were the renominations of Auditor Baehr, Sheriff Lynch, Tax-Collector Smith, and Treasurer McDougald to the positions they now hold. The platform praised President Roosevelt; commends Governor Pardee; advocates street-improvement by appropriation from the annual revenue; favors city ownership of "such public utilities as are beneficial and necessary for the common good"; demands the abolition of cobblestone pavements; recommends measures for better fire protection; favors an improved system of public accounting; pledges the candidates to uphold the civil service; and favors the bond-issue.

On Thursday night, the convention completed the ticket without serious disagreements and adjourned *sine die*. The nominees are as follows: County clerk, John J. Grief; public administrator, William E. Lutz; recorder, Louis N. Jacobs; assessor, Charles S. Laumeister; city attorney, Percy V. Long; district attorney, General Edward S. Salomon; coroner, Dr. T. H. Morris; police judges, H. L. Joachimsen, Edwin M. Sweeney; supervisors, Charles Boxton, Horace Wilson, Fred N. Beut, L. A. Rea, Fred Eggers, George Alpers (incumbents), W. W. Sanderson, Dr. J. I. Stephen, Thomas C. Duff, M. L. Asher, Theodore Lunstedt, Robert Vance, Maxwell McNutt, Edward H. Aigeltinger, George R. Wells, William Barton, George Dietterle, and Joseph S. Nyland.

No more bodies may be buried within the city limits. The supreme court has finally decided the question. It is now several years since the westward growth of the city filled the gap between the residence part of the city and the cemeteries around Lone Mountain and Laurel Hill. Even before that had been accomplished, it was apparent that it was only a matter of time when it would no longer be possible to permit bodies to be interred in those cemeteries. But considerable money had been invested in the cemeteries, and sentimental reasons also contributed to the postponing of action. A few years ago, however, the board of supervisors enacted an ordinance providing that after August 1, 1901, no more burials should take place within the city limits, except on government land. The question was immediately taken into the courts. The superior court decided in favor of the validity of the ordinance, and the case was appealed to the supreme court. Now the supreme court also has upheld the ordinance. The court holds that the ordinance comes within the police powers of the city, and that the city may make prohibitive or restrictive laws when the future health of the community may be endangered. It was claimed that the act forbidding burials in San Francisco in any places other than existing cemeteries had the effect of legalizing interments in the localities designated, but the court holds that the law had no such purpose or force.

A few weeks ago, a young man, a painter by trade, left his home in Placerville, and went to make his home in Sacramento. In the latter city, he sought affiliation with the Painters', Decorators', and Paperhangers' Union, but he had been a member of the State militia in Placerville, so he was told that he could not join the union until he resigned from the militia. He could not work at his trade in Sacramento without joining the union, so he returned to Placerville and resigned from his militia company to make himself eligible. The president of the painters' union in Sacramento, one Nicolaus, admits that this is the rule of his union. The

constitution of the organization provides that no member of the union shall be connected with the constabulary, the militia, or in any way serve as an officer of the law. The constitution is framed by the national, not the local, organization, and the local body seeks to clear itself of blame by saying that the Sacramento delegates to the last convention of the union were instructed to work for a change in the constitution in this particular, but were outvoted by the Eastern delegates. It is asserted that this is the only union whose constitution contains this provision.

FROM A BALCONY.

By Jerome A. Hart.

Did you ever take part in amateur theatricals? They are extremely amusing—at least, to the performers. I am sorry that I can not say the same for the auditors. Their fate, at times, has struck me as much to be deplored. Who that has attended an amateur performance has not gazed with secret wonder at his fellow-auditors? Who has not marveled at their fixed and rigid grins? Who has not doubted whether his own mental anguish was decorously concealed beneath a polite and mechanical smile?

Once—for my sins—I was inveigled into being one of such a troupe of amateurs. Or, perhaps, it was for the audience's sins that I was chosen. Poor creatures! They never did me any harm. But your amateur is merciless. I can see the sufferers now, across the footlights' glow, their risor muscles, flex and reflex, ready to go off into a laugh at my feeblest jest.

But we on the hither side of the footlights enjoyed ourselves extremely.

I think the rehearsals were even more amusing than the performance. They were controlled by a board of stage-managers called "The Cabinet." As on the professional stage, the stage-manager generally disagrees with the manager, the business manager, the orchestra leader, and all the actors, we simplified matters by having a number of stage-managers, who not only disagreed with all the actors, but with each other as well.

At the rehearsals, the Cabinet ladies, being quicker-witted and nimbler-tongued than the men, speedily got possession of the floor—and kept it. One of them flashed forth an idea which was unanimously approved. But like all the ideas which were unanimously approved, it was condemned with equal unanimity at the next meeting.

The idea was this: That a programme of cosmopolitan songs, dances, and living pictures should be arranged; that they should include many costumes and many countries; that a sort of illustrative paper should be prepared—a thread of comment, as it were—a species of vocal placard, saying to you, "These be Brazilian beauties," or "Odalisques from the Seraglio of Pasha McFadden," or "Now we are in Senegambia."

Having no histrionic ability, I was the person selected to prepare this paper. I was told that I must see these things from a balcony, and that the paper should be entitled "From a Balcony." Despite my feeble remonstrances, I was forcibly seized and placed in a balcony, where I remained.

"What you have to do," the Cabinet ladies said, "is simply to write up something illustrative of our tableaux and dances. For example, you are supposed to be in Naples looking from a balcony. You see the tarantella dancers flash in with Neapolitan costumes, mantillas, tambourines—ah, when the gay guitars—and all that sort of thing—*ta ra ra, ta ra ra*."

"But," said I, feebly, "I never saw the tarantella from a balcony in Naples."

"Never mind," replied one of the Cabinet ladies, "you can imagine you did."

"But I only saw it in a theatre," said I, more feebly, "and the women in Naples do not dance the tarantella any more. They spend their time cooking macaroni, frying fish, and spanking the little Neapolitans—all in the public streets."

"Oh, pshaw, you have no imagination," cried another Cabinet lady; "now don't be foolish—you saw the tarantella from a balcony in Naples, and you have got to describe it."

I have always secretly entertained a fear of lovely woman when she talks in a certain tone of voice. This lady talked in that tone. I at once climbed up into my balcony.

There I remained. Amid all the cataclysms of the Cabinet, my paper alone was undisturbed. It was not written, but it was frequently and confidently referred to as "that balcony paper." The cosmopolitan dances faded away; the international tableaux perished; the tarantella dancers were unanimously turned down. Comedies were read, approved of with enthusiasm, and then forgotten. Dialogues were discussed, determined upon, and died. The ruin after each Cabinet meeting brought to mind the lines:

"These our actors,
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

So it was after each meeting of the Cabinet. Not a wreck nor a rack was left behind. In the midst of the earthquakes, catastrophes, and cataclysms, as the Cabinet rocked beneath us, I sat a trembling spectator, still ensconced in my balcony.

Amid this wreck of matter, this crush of worlds, I had hoped that my paper too would be forgotten. But it was not to be. It was put down on the programme so often (when there was nothing else to put there) that it became imbedded in the Cabinet members' minds. When I had prepared it, and the dances and tableaux which it was supposed to describe had passed into the always-time, I thought that it had lost its reason for existence. Not so. The dances were so buried in the ruins of rehearsals that it was treated by the Cabinet

ladies as a series of thumb-nail travel sketches, viewed from a balcony—therefore entirely independent, and a distinct entity.

Looking at it indulgently from this point of view, I have ventured to reproduce it here, with this explanation of its scrappy nature.

* *

My Roman balcony was the topmost gallery of the Colosseum.

FROM THE COLLOSSEUM. I was standing on the lofty terrace, idly gazing toward the Forum, while our cicerone was pouring his guide-book gabble into my wearied ear. Suddenly a long line of vehicles appeared, wending their way under the arch of Titus, not far from the Colosseum. Among them were numerous carts gayly bedecked with ribbons and roses, some of them drawn by oxen, and all filled with laughing girls—pretty girls—peasant girls—girls from the Campagna—girls with clean gowns and fresh kerchiefs. These things, together with the further fact that they had their faces washed, showed plainly that it was a festival. As I looked down upon them, Macaulay's lines sung in my ears:

"And in the vats of Luna,
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome."

I asked the guide where they were going. "It is a feast," said he, "the *fiesta* of the Divino Amore."

"What is that?" I inquired.
"Oh, nobodda know," replied the intelligent guide, "once every year, in de mont' of Maggio, everabodda be go out on de Via Appia to de feast of de Divino Amore—what you call in English a peek-a-neck. Everabodda be getta drunka."

I reflected that the Colosseum would be there for some time, while I, the peasant girls, and the feast of the Divino Amore would pass away, so my companion and I at once descended, took our carriage, and started to follow up the feasters.

We drove for several miles along the Appian Way, which was clogged with a continuous stream of vehicles. Among them were many patrician ones, such as those of Princess Borghese, Princess Pamphili Doria, Princess Torlonia, and others of that ilk. In fact, it seemed, for the first three or four miles, as if half the population of Rome on foot had turned out to see the other half go by in vehicles. At last we reached the place, and found, as our guide had told us, that it was a picnic. Around the stones of a ruined temple, almost completely buried beneath the green Campagna, were some scores of thousands of the Roman populace, laughing, chatting, eating, drinking, and love-making.

I was utterly unable to find out what the feast of the Divino Amore was about. Not until I reached my hotel that evening, and took out of my trunk that treasury of oddities, "Roma di Roma," by Story, the American sculptor, was my curiosity quenched. There I found that the feast of the Divino Amore was a vestige of the ancient Feast of the Floreali, an old pagan festival, which had slowly ebbed into a Christian ceremony. On the spot to which the Roman populace repaired there once had stood, many centuries before, a temple vowed to Venus, and these people, blindly following tradition, had gone out, as their forefathers had gone two thousand years before, to celebrate the Floreali Feast. For it was the middle of May—the Roman Rose Easter—and the Roman girls believe that by going to this feast and decking themselves with flowers they will win husbands. But with that also goes the superstition that marriage in the month of May is unlucky—a superstition which has extended to their sisters throughout the world.

It was by a lucky accident that I stumbled on the feast of the Divino Amore—just by looking down on a troop of laughing peasant girls from a balcony.

* *

To Gibraltar there come the people of all the races of all the

FROM A MOORISH WINDOW. countries in the world. It is the great half-way house around the world. It is said that if you want to catch a scoundrel you will always find him, if you wait long enough, at Port Said on the Suez Canal. But it is my belief that you would find him sooner at Gibraltar. Next to Gibraltar in point of polyglot peoples, I would place Algiers. Not only all races are there, but all colors. Once while I was gazing from the Moorish *musharabiyeh* window of a hotel balcony I saw a gigantic negro seated on the ground beneath, counting out a large quantity of coins, mostly copper. He was probably a peddler who had sold his stock and was counting up his gains. The idea flashed upon me that I might make a collection of coins from him for the benefit of my Idiot waiter on the steamship. So I descended from my balcony and effected a money-changing act with him, in which I think he did not rob me of more than fifty per cent. I subsequently collected other coins while floating around Algiers, and as a result I succeeded in making a curious collection.

My dining-room steward was a poor little creature with a rudimentary brain. He never got anything right, and could not remember more than one thing at a time. His efforts to try and memorize a breakfast order of coffee, toast, and omelette were at once amusing and pitiable. We called him "The Idiot." He did not speak English very well, for he evidently regarded this title as eulogistic, and responded to it with the utmost gravity.

He was such a poor creature that I resolved to give him his regular tip, although he owed me money for mental wear and tear, indigestion, and ruined clothes. His regular tip was ten marks—about two dollars and forty cents.

So when we were nearing our port, I counted carefully into The Idiot's hand the following collection:

One escudo of the time of Charles the Third of Spain.
One piece of two pectas of the time of Isabella the Second of Spain.
One piece of two francs of the time of Louis Philippe of France.

One piece of four reales of the time of the Spanish Provisional Government of 1870.

One piece of one peseta of the time of the Queen Regent of Spain.

One hattered sixpence of the time of Queen Victoria, by the grace of God, Queen of England and Empress of India.

Several halfpence and a lot of unidentified Spanish copper coins from the time of the Moors down.

"Danke schon," said he; "aber ist das gut geld?"

"Oh, ja," said I, "das ist ganz gut—count it."

"Aher," said The Idiot, "Ich kann nicht."

"You can not?" (neither can I, I added mentally). But I told him kindly to get pencil and paper, and go to work.

When this mass of metal was poured into The Idiot's hand, his eyes bulged out so that his receding forehead seemed to shrink within his occiput. He overwhelmed me with thanks, and retired to his den behind the cabin stairs to count his gains. But his weak brain began presently to reel. Over and over The Idiot counted the coins, and then pulled out a stub of a pencil and a greasy piece of paper, and began to make what he evidently believed to be calculations. But the task was too much for him—it had been nearly too much for me—and his mind clicked and stopped. Over his countenance there came its normal vacuous look, and his eyelids slowly closed. Sleep, which knits up the raveled sleeve of care, had come to him. His head fell forward on his bosom. As I left the dining saloon I saw that The Idiot was wrapped in slumber, a peaceful smile upon his face, while firmly clutched in his hand was my Algerian joh-lot tip.

An affray witnessed from a café balcony in Paris—or as they say in Paris, a "café terrasse"—has imprinted itself on my memory. With a group of friends I was seated at a café table on a terrace of the Grand Boulevard. It was about an hour past midnight. The Boulevard was semi-dark. The shops were all closed. Only cafés were open. Many of the electric lights were extinguished. The Paris municipality has grown economical of late years. Suddenly from the darker side of the Boulevard, under the trees across the roadway, there came a sound of angry colloquy, hot words, and then loud voices. "What's that?" asked one in our group. "Oh, only two Frenchmen quarreling," replied another, "they never do anything but abuse one another." But in this case they did—there was the grunting sound of a blow, a hoarse cry of pain, and then the *clap-clap* of flying feet as one of the combatants disappeared in the darkness.

We rose and hurried across the street. There we found a man lying on his back, bleeding to death from a knife-thrust in the heart. Two police agents were on the scene almost as rapidly as we. "What is the trouble?" I asked one of them. "Oh, monsieur, ce sont des souteneurs," he responded, indifferently, "il n'y a qu'eux qui portent des couteaux." ["A fight between a pair of procurers. They are the only ones who carry knives."] And the body was carried away.

San Francisco is doubtless looked upon in Europe as being a wild and lawless place; I have seen a few affrays in San Francisco—some in which the pistol was used, but never the knife. It was reserved for me to see, half a block from the centre of a great European city, a hundred feet from the Place de l'Opéra, in the heart of Lutetia, whose boast is that she is the centre of civilization, a man stabbed to death.

I recall another experience, looking from a balcony in Paris. It was the evening of the Grand Prix. We were dining on the balcony of the Café des Ambassadeurs. As always, there was a great demand for tables on that night, and we secured one in the first row, where we could overlook the brilliant scene below. The place was crowded, and the gayly dressed people, the lantern-hung trees around the garden, and the many-colored lights of the Champs Elysées made a picture to remember. A performance was in progress on the stage, and I remember that both Judic and Yvette Guilbert sang. But what most amused me was this: There was a certain spectacle then being played at the Café des Ambassadeurs about which all Paris was talking. It was called "Le Coucher d'Yvette." I will not enter into its details, but it was delightfully improper. Immediately under our balcony was a box containing a Spanish or Spanish-American family. There were Papa, Mamacita, Lolita, Conchita, and little Manuelito. Just before the curtain was to rise upon the improper spectacle, I saw the Spanish Papa hastily gathering up his domestic tribe and bundling them out. "Aha," I said to myself, "here is a prudent Papa. He wishes his family to enjoy the Café des Ambassadeurs, but does not want them shocked by improper plays. Here is a good man lost in Paris." A few minutes elapsed, and presently the door of the box opened again, and a man appeared. It was Papa. He had packed his family home, and then had come back to see the improper spectacle himself. And he seemed to enjoy it extremely.

We had just finished doing up a portion of the ruins of Pompeii. I think we struck work at noon at the House of the Dramatic Poet, and repaired like the British workman to a hostelry for food and beer. At the gates of the buried city of Pompeii is a tavern called the Villa Diomed. There we got food and drink, and seated on the terrace we gazed out over the smiling country which lies around the base of Mt. Vesuvius. As we sat there smoking, two bandits came to the foot of the balcony, one armed with a mandolin, the other with a guitar, and demanded to know if they should not make music for the signore. "What can you play?" said I; "do you know the intermezzo from the 'Cavalleria Rusticana'?" No, they did not know the intermezzo, and they had never heard of the "Cavalleria Rusti-

cana." "Have you never heard of Mascagni?" I asked. No. "Not of Mascagni?—Pietro Mascagni—Mascagni Pietro?" I asked again, for the Italians have the peculiarity of repeating their names either way. A man is called either John Smith or Smith John, Francesco Giannini or Giannini Francesco. No, they had never heard of the "Cavalleria Rusticana," or of Pietro Mascagni, or of anything he ever wrote. But they were so good-humored, withal, and they smiled so pleasantly, and showed their white teeth as they said they would play anything for the signore, that I relented and bade them play. So one said they would play *un canto novello*—something new—and they struck up. And what do you think they played? There, amid the ghosts of eighteen centuries, outside of the ruins of Pompeii, with the smoke from the great cone of Vesuvius wind-blown over our heads, they played "Funiculi Funicula," "The Washington Post March," and followed them up with "Daisy Bell."

Another view I had from a Paris balcony. It was from the Gallery of the Trocadero Palace the day that a memorial service was held in honor of the composer Gounod. I watched with interest some fifteen thousand Parisian women pour in, attired in sombre colors in honor of the dead maestro. The very next day I looked down from the terrace of the Longchamps race-course, and saw some scores of thousands of Parisiennes, this time in all the glory of their new spring frocks and new spring bonnets.

Another balcony in Paris from which I gazed was far up on the Tower of Notre Dame, amid the grinning gargoyles of stone. And another was from those lofty heights which from afar look like lace or cowwebs—cowwebs made from massive beams of steel—the balcony of the Eiffel Tower.

But a truce to balconies. One might talk indefinitely of views from terraces and towers, such as the great cathedral at Milan and the vast square beneath it; or looking at Florence down the winding Arno from the bridge which spans the river between the Pitti and Uffizi Palaces; or gazing from the balcony of the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo upon the square beneath; or from the terraced rock on which the Casino stands, on the beautiful gardens, the blue Mediterranean beyond, and the scum of humanity from every quarter of the globe pouring into the gilded doors of the great gambling hell; or to look from the balcony of the Schweizerhof at Lucerne upon the magnificent esplanade which horders the cruciform lake of the Four Forest Cantons; or one might tell of gazing down from the balcony of one of crazy King Ludwig's palaces in Munich upon the Frauenkirchen or the Maximilaneum. But I will refrain.

Still I would like to tell of an episode which happened beneath my balcony at the quaint old town of Lindau, on the Bavarian shore of Lake Constance, or the Boden-See, as they call it. I was seated on the terrace of that comfortable hostelry, the Bayrischer-Hof. I had finished an excellent luncheon. I had polished off a pint of excellent Rhein wine. I was smoking an excellent cigar. I rang the bell, and had the waiter bring me a telegraph-blank and pen and ink, which he did. Then I leaned back and did not write the telegram, but did nothing at all, which in itself was agreeable. Instead of writing I gazed out on the beautiful lake, the queer little light-house tower, and the fussy little steamer lying with steam up at her pier, where the passengers were beginning to gather. As I smoked reflectively, suddenly footsteps crunched upon the gravelly ground in front of where I sat, and two young people stopped immediately in front of me. They were talking—they were talking very earnestly, indeed—they were talking in English.

I did not want to play the eavesdropper, so I coughed and modestly looked down at my telegraph-blank. They looked up at me without much attention, and went on talking. They evidently took me for a German tourist writing "reise-notes." Americans abroad often converse very freely under the impression that no one around them understands English. They are frequently mistaken.

These young people were evidently at the fag-end of a scene—what kind I could not tell. Was it a quarrel? Was it a proposal? Heaven—or the particular demon who presides over the feminine mind—alone can say. But should I leave my comfortable seat, quit my cup of coffee, because two young people were having a comedy—or, perhaps, a tragedy—beneath my balcony? Perish the thought! Let them go on, and ruin one another's lives, if they wanted to, but why should I be disturbed? Had I not coughed? Had I not sneezed? I had complied with all the usages of polite society. If two young people wanted to come and fight in my front-yard, let them. So I sat, and smoked, and listened.

He was pleading with her—not abjectly, but manfully. She was silent. At last he said:

"Unless I much mistake you, if I remain with your party after this, it will give both of us needless pain. If you say the word, I shall remain. But if you do not, I shall take the boat. You are going around the lake. I shall go across it to Roman-shorn, and there take the train for Paris. Shall I go or shall I stay?"

But still she was silent, and stood there making holes in the sand with the ferule of her sunshade.

"Then I shall say good-by," he said, firmly, and he walked away. In a few minutes I saw him on the pier, followed by a servant, hearing his luggage. There he made his farewells to a party of people, who seemed much surprised at his departure, one matron particularly so, whom in my fancy I picked out as the mother of the young lady who still stood before me punching holes in the sand.

I felt like going and tapping her on the shoulder, and saying: "Young woman, you'd better call him back. He'll come—now—but not later. You'll see."

But this is the twentieth century; there are no good Samaritans any more—and then, she might have turned me over to the police. So I did nothing but smoke.

The little steamer tooted her whistle, and her wheels began to revolve. Upon the deck were so many Bavarians, who were leaving their native village to go clear across to Switzerland—some twenty or thirty miles. Through their tears they smiled upon friends who had gathered to see them off, and waved large handkerchiefs in token of farewell. Upon the deck stood also the young man who had been one of the players in the little scene before me. But he waved no handkerchief—he made no sign of farewell.

As the little steamer cleared the mole and the light-house tower, she rounded a headland, and speedily disappeared from view.

And as she did so, the young woman who had followed the steamer with her eyes, turned to go back to the hotel, and I saw that she was weeping bitterly.

If her eyes had only been "suffused with tears," as they say in novels, it might have been merely a faint, lady-like interest in a nice young man whom she had refused. But she was fairly shaken with her sobs. Had she refused him? Or had they had a quarrel? Who can tell?

I remember feeling a sense of intense irritation at this young woman. If she cried so bitterly, she must have wanted him to stay. Why did she not tell him so? What demon of the perverse possessed her? I remember that I let my cigar go out. Thus do the love-tragedies of foolish young people interfere with the comfort of sensible men.

But I think she made a mistake, and I think that she is sorry—yet. For he was a determined-looking young chap, with kind but resolute brown eyes, firm lips, and a square jaw. He was not made of the skimble-skamhle stuff, as Shakespeare says, out of which foolish young women make play-things to play the game of hearts.

I never saw either of them again. But I sometimes think of them, and wonder whether he ever did go back to her. But I do not think so. It was her fault, too. She could have brought him back to her there, with a word, a look, or a sign. But she did not make it, and he did not come. I do not think he ever came. I hope he never came. It will do her good.

But I often think of the young couple who parted there as I looked down at them at Lindau—from a balcony.

On Receipt of the Latest Mail from Finland.

(Done into English verse by Montague Donner.)

Hark to that cry from the forest far north
Across the gray Bothnian flood,
O'er which the hoarse ravens wheel back and forth:
There's sign of some deed of blood!
Glorious song in those woods used to wake
At the first spring zephyr's breath:
Now, shrieking and wailing, long discords make,
As of thousands done to death!

How surely the dire lamentation doth swell!
Far more than a thousand call—
More than mere figures of millions tell—
Shall a National Spirit fall?
Those dead in its honor have part in the cry.
Those still in the future's womb
All cry, yea, the dead, the unborn, those to die:
"Our Fatherland save from the Tomh!"

And know ye the import, at core, of this wail?
There's murder done! Yea, of the calm
And the light of the will that together prevail
To make nations. The murderous palm
Stifes hope and—would th' Butcher hut knew it—
The innermost thread and supernal
Of the twist skein of Life—they shall rue it—
God thought of as Goodness Eternal.

They murder the high-minded thinking of yore,
That e'en from days heathen degraded
Has built up the land. Now the structure no more
Is upright, for the sloughs have invaded.
They murder sweet trust in the heart of the child,
Who learns the sad doubts of the old;
They teach all there is to be loathed and reviled,
All youth and all joy they turn cold!

Alack! that this wretch would a people destroy
(Though in this he shall never succeed!)—
Should ever have been a Northwoman's boy,
Or have played in a Danish mead!
But, Denmark, should ever the Butcher return,
Forbid him an entrance, and see
Thou hid him, as Judge, full indignant and stern,
Begone! this Northland for the free!

—Björnstjerne Björnson.

The resignations in the United States navy show no abatement, and it is likely that some law will be passed by Congress to curtail this practice. There have been eleven resignations since January 1, 1903, namely, three lieutenants, one junior lieutenant, one ensign, two passed assistant surgeons, two naval constructors, one assistant constructor, and one second lieutenant of marines. The resignation of the eight Naval Academy graduates is especially serious. The aggregate cost of these officers for education and salaries approximates two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for which they have rendered but little service, and at this particular time, when every one of the lower grades is short of officers, the resignations are rather embarrassing to the Navy Department. Thus, the constructors' corps, which on January 1st consisted of forty members, still remains at the same strength, and it will be utterly impossible to increase it to seventy-five during the next six years, as contemplated by the law of last March. It requires more training to make an efficient builder of vessels than is demanded of a junior deck officer.

Fat people are less able to resist the attacks of disease or the shock of injuries and operations than the moderately thin. In ordinary every-day life they are at a decided disadvantage (points out the London *Hospital*). Their respiratory muscles can not so easily act. Their heart is often handicapped by the deposit on it, and the least exertion throws them into a gasp. A person whose limbs and body are covered with adipose tissue is in the position of a man carrying a heavy burden and too warmly clothed.

After an experience of almost twelve years in the Arctic region, Robert E. Peary has obtained another three years' leave of absence from the Navy Department to enable him to make one more attempt to reach the North Pole.

THE KID'S HOME-COMING.

How Hangtown Got Its Name.

When the usual quantity of bacon and beans had been consumed and the leavings cleaned up by Yank, the men lit their pipes and proceeded to review the details of the recent murder at Rattlesnake Bar. This subject stimulated thought and loosened tongues as nothing else could possibly have done.

"You can see the whole business was a tenderfoot job," opined Pike, the cook, sousing his kettle into the creek, "or he'd never 'a' left them pigeon-toed tracks."

And thereupon arose a spirited discussion as to what the object of the shooting might have been—theft or revenge. Each man urged his own argument, until the discussion waxed hot, handled in the hard, brutalized manner that comes from the mind inured to such occurrences in a community where might makes right and the crack of a revolver is undisputed law.

With a deeper disgust than ever for everything about this camp life, the Kid pushed back from the circle, and slipped away. Into the ravine he struck, then straight up the mountain where tier upon tier the tall pines girded the hillside till the sharp, black outlines of the topmost row stabbed the burning sky.

Jamison was called the "Kid" by his companions only from custom. His weather-beaten, haggard countenance bore no suggestion now of immature youth. Yet this same gaunt, hairy fellow was the fair-skinned, ruddy young tenderfoot who had cast his lot with them a few years before, and been ever since the butt of every practical joke and low, cunning trick their idleness might devise. For the Kid could not cook "sock-eye," or wield a crow-bar, or drive a pack-train, or carouse, or even swear, worth speaking of; and the things he could do, and do well, were not the accomplishments needed in prospecting and panning.

Still pulling himself up by the stubby chaparral, the Kid climbed, leaving the camp and its associations as far behind as possible. At last the world was lost below him, the distant cry of a mountain lion and the thick flat track where a rattler had slid through the red dust were the only reminders of a fellow-inhabitant. When safe from the intrusion of bacon and tobacco fumes, and the suggestions of camp life that came with them, he drew from the bosom of his flannel shirt a bulky little packet, and the next blissful moment was thousands of miles from the sordid life about him. He closed his eyes to see a stately colonnade of tall white hollyhocks leading up to a vine-clad porch, the air grew heavy with the breath of honeysuckles, and on the steps, under the clustering yellow roses—

A sharp, fierce yap from Yank smote his ear and broke the spell. With a bound he was on his feet and off again, in search of a still rarer atmosphere, for he was reading in a precise little schoolma'am hand:

I have read your letter over and over till I know it all by heart, and all day long I tell myself you will be home next month, and all night long I dream of our meeting, but even then it seems too good to be true.

And so on to the middle of the fifteenth page, confessing the pain of the long weary waiting she had never spoken of until the end was in sight.

A great wave of pity rose in his heart for the fellows down at the camp. There had never been any sympathy between them, for he had felt their inimical attitude, and had let them alone as much as he could. But his luck had greatedened his heart, and the poor devils at the camp seemed for the first time a good-natured, hard-working lot. Many of them, he knew, had left their homes with the same hopes and promises that had hallowed his life, and been less fortunate than he. He had seen men, whose every hope was staked on some claim, working early and late in a frenzied determination to wrench a fortune out of the earth, grow bent and old in disappointment and despair. He had seen men who were "making it," and whose prospect of going home with a goodly pile was growing surer every day, through the might of John Barleycorn lose fortune, hope, manhood. He had seen men, single-minded as himself in making a stake and returning to make a home for some waiting one, die of exposure and overwork in their zeal to accomplish their end. While he, although his stake was too modest to be called a strike, was now able to go home and claim his reward.

Again the breath of honeysuckles seemed to blow strong upon him as he read, at the end of the twenty-seventh page:

And I shall meet you where we parted, at the turn of the lane, where you shall give your whistle as you did when we were children, and I will answer back. We will go home together, you and I, under the willows along the stream, and if it should be twilight when you come, it will not matter if for once we loiter a little on the way.

The yap of Yank was now too far below to reach him, but Yank was doing his best to make himself heard, and the smoking and talking in the camp had taken on a new energy. An excited posse had ridden over from Rattlesnake Bar and stopped in front of the Round Tent saloon.

"The tracks were the freshest along the creek," the spokesman of the posse was saying as he dismounted, "and if he didn't come through this camp he'd 'a' had to go all the way 'round by Jintown," eying the group of idlers as if they might all have a charge of which to clear themselves.

"And it was a turrible bungling job, anyways," chipped in Pike, thereby exonerating himself from sus-

picion, for he had a reputation for adeptness in that line.

"Unless he done it that way a purpose to throw 'em off," suggested a bystander with more meaning in his tone than was wholesome for Pike.

The spokesman of the posse noticed this insinuation, and Pike, under his beard, went white about the gills.

"If it's a tenderfoot you're lookin' for this camp ain't a likely place to find one," Pike said, pridefully. "We've only got the Kid, but I wouldn't say a word agin him."

"We tracked the man a good way from the cabin," the speaker continued; "we know the size of his boot and that he toes in," keeping an eye on Pike, "and it's a pretty safe guess he came from this direction."

Pike's mention of the Kid had seemed so preposterous no one had taken it up, but when toeing in had been suggested, several of the miners exchanged glances, for the Kid's pigeon-toed gait had been one of their oldest gibes.

"Where's this here kid?" demanded one of the Rattlesnake men.

"He lit out when he heard you comin' and struck into the woods," Pike hastened to say. And nobody remembered he had gone half an hour before the posse arrived.

"Oh, now don't you go to sayin' the Kid would do a thing like that," Pike continued, generously. "You see he has just struck a little pocket, leastways, he says he's struck a pocket," with a grin, "and he's hustlin' lickety-split to get the next steamer. Lord, I wouldn't never suspect the Kid of such a thing," added Pike. Nice, kind Mr. Pike, driving the first nail securely into the Kid's coffin.

"Who is this fellow," the Rattlesnake men then asked. And the information was pieced together that nobody knew much about him; that he kept a good deal to himself, and had been seen to strike out into the woods on the day of the murder; that he worked his own claim, and didn't have a "pardner"; that lately he had seemed to have more money than usual; that he had told several of the boys he was about to pull up stakes. Yes, on the whole, now you come to look at it that way, a rather suspicious character!

And Jamison, the while, saw nothing but the tall white hollyhocks, the moonlight filtering through the rose-thatch on the soft hair of the girl whose clear deep eyes answered his steadily, thought for thought. A merciful purple mist arose in the ravine below, wrapping the colony of tents in a temporary oblivion, and shutting him in with his lost paradise. A baby grosbeak fluted a drowsy call above his head, and from under the log on which he sat a sly little woodrat sallied forth for a nocturnal raid. The crimson glow in the west was spent, and a stealthy twilight gleamed over the tree-tops. Jamison strained his eyes to read the last few lines on the thirtieth page:

This is the last letter I will have to write you, and the gladness of our meeting makes these long years of waiting almost worth while, for every thought has been with you, every hope has been for you, and every day has seemed an eternity until I shall see you. But now that the suspense is almost over, I can be patient, and our meeting, when it does come, will be the sweeter for its long postponement.

Never before had she made such a full confession to him. Her staid New England tongue had never known how to frame impassioned words. He closed his eyes to shut away the intrusive objects about him, and tried to close his ears to the intrusive sounds of hoofs on the trail below. Knowing he was safely out of sight, he waited impatiently, but, as he listened, instead of dying away the sounds came nearer, straight up the hillside, for those were the days when El Dorado County was young and trails were scarce, and any pony that couldn't cling like a fly to a rocky embankment and jump over fallen trees was not worth a load of buckshot.

Jealous of his solitude and impatient of this interruption, the Kid rose again and started for the other side of the mountain, but the pine needles made such a thick carpet he had miscalculated the distance of the horsemen. Before he had taken a dozen steps a volley of shots struck the trees around him, and "Hold!" the ringleader of the posse shouted. This intrusion seemed almost a desecration to the presence of his precious letter, and before turning to face the crowd he thrust it hastily into his shirt.

"Throw up your arms!" the voice again commanded. Then "Walk ten paces!"

The original Rattlesnake posse, augmented by as many more excitement-seekers from the camp in the ravine, lined up in a double column, leaving a space for the Kid to walk between them.

"Gentlemen," the spokesman announced, solemnly, "you kin all see he is pigeon-toed."

Jamison, looking at the familiar faces in the crowd wondered if this were some clumsy joke, and admitted cheerfully enough the incontestable fact that he did toe in.

"Now don't make up your minds too quick about this, boys," Pike spoke up; "I reckon them papers he hid in his shirt when we come up will prove his innocence." Pike's ferret-like eyes had been the only ones to detect that move.

His precious letter in the hands of this gang of ruffians! Never! "No, boys," the Kid said, positively, "whatever you may want with me can have nothing to do with these papers."

This stand on the Kid's part seemed to make the chain of circumstantial evidence complete in the minds of his pursuers.

"If them papers ye sneaked out o' sight when we

caught ye is straight, I guess ye won't mind handin' 'em over," Pike taunted.

"I tell you, you are not going to see these papers," the Kid repeated, fiercely.

"We won't, hey?" said Pike, and before Jamison had a chance to duck, Pike's brawny right had landed him a soothing blow.

"Here now, boys, be peaceable," interposed the ringleader from Rattlesnake, "all we want is to see justice prevail in these parts, and we want to be peaceable about it."

It was growing late; the pursuing party had had a long ride, and they were in a hurry. Lawlessness had been running riot long enough, they were all agreed, and summary justice wreaked on the head of the first available miscreant would be a wholesome example for a long time to come.

"Wall, now, whoever would 'a' thought that of the Kid?" exclaimed Pike, in well-feigned surprise, drawing an incriminating bank-note from somewhere, and displaying it to the crowd. And the boys from the camp, who had known him best, looked sorrowfully at this proof of the Kid's guilt.

Jamison rode back to camp at the head of the party, while the ringleaders dropped back, and weighed his case. From the testimony gotten from the men around the Round Tent he was recognized as a suspicious character. "Yes, a turrible dangerous feller," Pike ventured, seeing the scales turning against him. He had certainly been caught running away; the papers hidden in his shirt were, of course, one of the missing rolls of bank-notes known to have been in the murdered man's cabin; he was pigeon-toed, as were also the tracks leading from the cabin.

There was no guard-house at the camp nor secure tent even, so as a matter of expediency the men lined up into a hollow square. A gnarled old oak stretched its gaunt arms across the creek that babbled down the hillside, and under this the party stopped. The grinning moon hung low over the ghastly scene, and a few faint stars peeped out and shivered with the horror of it all.

Time was pressing. The Rattlesnakers had a night's ride ahead of them, so no time was lost on preliminaries.

When the rigid body of the Kid was cut down next night, Pike, honest, justice-loving Mr. Pike, still fearful lest the murder might be traced up to him, managed to secure the dead man's much-treasured papers which still were concealed in his shirt. Later, when he stealthily consigned the letter to the camp-fire, he glanced hurriedly at the thirtieth page, still bearing the imprint of Jamison's hand, and chuckled as he read: "Our meeting, when it does come, will be all the sweeter for its long postponement."

MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1903.

New York's Famous Flatiron Building.

A great deal of fiction has been printed about the fifteen-story building in New York known as the Flatiron Building. A fortnight ago, when the metropolis was swept by a furious gale, an evening paper declared that the storm had broken every window in the building, and the tenants were moving out. As a matter of fact, the building weathered the storm in great shape, the actual damage done being the breaking of two plate-glass windows, eight ordinary window panes, and four fanlights—less harm than that suffered by many other skyscrapers. "But," says the *New York Sun*, "while there was so little doing in the Flatiron Building during the storm, there was all sorts of trouble outside the building. The policemen at the crossing say the wind never blew so hard before. Not only were men, women, and children lifted from their feet, but wagons were overturned and horses thrown. A crowd stood about in the three sheltering corners and watched things happen. Only a few pedestrians had the nerve to walk on the Fifth Avenue and Broadway sides of the Flatiron. Those who did kept their eyes skyward, as if they momentarily expected the building to topple. The Twenty-Third Street crossing, however, was braved by many, to their sorrow. Women and children were tossed about like ninepins, and many a man was bowled over, too."

James Huneker, the dramatic critic, says that not long ago he met George Moore, the author, in London, walking along the street. He describes him as "a tall slender man, with sloping shoulders and narrow chest, and with a long neck, well covered by a high collar; the arms long, the feet listless and slow. His eyes are pale blue, and darken when he becomes animated—which is not often. The coloring of hair and complexion is a kind of lemon-yellow, while about the temples are modulations into gray. At first glance he gives the impression of youth, so blonde is he; at a second you see a man of forty-four, slightly disillusioned, very gentle, and very incurious. That is, until one says 'Boer' or 'Irish,' and then his languor vanishes and he becomes a dealer in affirmations."

Another world's record went by the board, the other afternoon, at the Glenview track at Cleveland, O., when Lou Dillon, driven by Millard Sanders, broke the trotting record to high sulky of 2:08¾, established by Maud S. in 1885, by negotiating the distance in 2:05. The fractional time was 32¼, 1:04, 1:35, 2:05.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

The Man, the Poet, and the Critic.

Much of the vast amount of comment which has appeared in the English press since the death of William Ernest Henley seems to have been written by personal friends and admirers, whose reminiscences and appreciations, even though a bit fulsome in their praise, carry far more weight and authority than the critical articles printed in our papers and magazines, and based solely on Henley's output. For, as Arthur Morrison remarks, in *T. P. O'Connor's Weekly*: "Nobody knew Henley, nobody could know him, who had not talked with him face to face. I should go further, indeed, for I believe that only they truly knew him—and to know him more was to love him more—who had worked and fought by his side onward from the gallant old days of the *National Observer*; who had seen him in the joys and sorrows of his own life—sorrows enough were his, God knows—and had lived under that amazing personal influence that surprised and commonly puzzled the observer from without. The like of that influence I never saw elsewhere, and never expect to see again. It moved not only his nearer friends, not a man of whom but would give his last breath in Henley's service and memory to-day, but every honest man who came near it."

The London *Spectator* comments on the remarkable courage with which Henley bore a painful malady, and adds: "Not only did it never break his spirit, but it did not even dim his poetic vision." In illustration, it cites his last poem, "A Song of Speed," as expressing "a rapture and vitality which made it seem more like the work of a youth than of a middle-aged invalid—so complete is the triumph of the true poetic inspiration over personality and circumstance."

H. B. Marriott Watson, a disciple of Henley, compares him in the *Athenæum* to Samuel Johnson, and says:

Both must, in all likelihood, owe their reputation rather to personality than actual performance. Henley was built on a scale designed for exercise and a vigorous life. Unkindly fate chained him to his desk and his crutch. His broad face shining like John Silver's, hearded like the pard, he was a modern representative of the Viking—in design. Nature unhappily marred what she should have made to the design. His nature was simply composite. He breathed fire with all the fury of his haresark ancestors one moment, and he was capable of weeping like a child at the next. This feminine or emotional trait entered into that strange and virile nature.

A writer in the *Academy and Literature* adds:

Wherever he lived he was always at home, for as all the world knows he was crippled, dependent upon crutches, and even in his own room always trying to get ease by change of position. To that room, from time to time, came everybody, and the talk was unforgettable. His rolling figure filled the eye, the great red man as he was before his hair and heard whitened, with the large, sensitive, kindly face, puckering into amusement, or expanding with a great, shaking laugh. So Dumas must have laughed. He was no toyer with Dead Sea fruit, no pretender that what he did was unimportant. He loved praise, and it did one good to share his pride in his poems, and hear him purr when some young admirer sat at his feet and placed the great ones, living and dead, in their places. It did one good to be in his company, for he truly dwelt in a hill-city where winds blow and men go forth to battle shouting. He really meant, the following passage in the preface to his "Lyra Heroica": "To set forth, as only art can, the beauty and the joy of living, the beauty and the blessedness of death, the glory of battle and adventure, the nobility of devotion—to a cause, an ideal, a passion even—the dignity of resistance, the sacred quality of patriotism, that is my ambition here." He inspired many books, and in the right way, for his cry was always—"Take yourself seriously! Do your best! Overcome!" And no man of our time had so many books dedicated to him. But to the larger world, as we have said, it is as a poet that he is best known; it was when he was an inmate of the Edinburgh Infirmary, thirty years ago, attracted there by the fame of Lister, that his muse first became articulate, and there it was, this week, that the managers met to record their deep regret at his death.

If he was hard and exacting as an editor, says Vernon Blackburn, in the *Fortnightly Review*, he included himself in his severity:

The greatness of William Ernest Henley will be realized later in the recognition of the fact that he was the most magnificent artist in preparation that modern times in England have seen. His personal output, as so many have been at pains to remind us, was somewhat small; but the influence that brought him as an enormous power for good to many a more verbose, many a more continuously inspired, artist than he himself could ever have been, was unexpected in these latter days. He was, for a few years, the doorkeeper to fame in the literature of England. Henley, standing at the postern, went so far as to reject at times even Henley the man of letters. His sense of perfection, so far as his own work was concerned, was guarded by a perpetual scruple. His self-denial in literature touched the line of asceticism; his renunciation, his withdrawal, became almost extravagant. There is no poet, as great as he, who so limited his lines as did Henley, and of set purpose.

Francis Thompson, writing critically of Henley's style, says:

It is a style artificial, after its kind, as that Goliath of the Philistines, Macaulay; yet so pulsating with impulsive energy that want of nature is the last thing you think of. A world of cultured study has gone to the forging of the weapon: hickering with epigram and antithesis, glittering with the elaborate research of phrase which betokens his poetic discipline, poised shapen in its sentences with the artful and artistic hand of a consummate master; yet the fire, the off-hand virility of the man enable him to wield it with all the ease and nature imaginable. It glances with the swift and restless brilliance of a leaping salmon in sunlight. Mr. Henley's style has almost every quality, in fact, except repose and the powers dependent on repose—dignity, for instance, or simplicity; just as his criticism misses the crowning excellence of sympathetic completion and the balance which comes of calm judgment. But he'd be these qualities we should not have our Henley; they are scarce compatible with the arrowy scintillation and reifless élan of his writing. In his most characteristic and high-brought passages, antithesis, epigram, audacious paradox fly like scud on the racing wave of the sentence. With all this, though Mr. Henley learned many of his arts from France,

he is ever male, sinewy, and English in essential quality, hearing his British heritage in the bones of his style.

Sidney Low, in the *Cornhill*, points out one weak side of Henley's character:

I believe he had come to regard himself as the "inventor" of various distinguished men of letters of this era, who would assuredly have attained success if there had been no Henley to encourage them, and no *National Observer*. He vastly overestimated, and so I note have many other people since his death, his share in the making of Stevenson's literary fame. It is absurd to say that "R. L. S." owed anything substantial to such advertisement and opportunities as it was in Henley's power to give him. The great reading public of England and America, who were first attracted by "Treasure Island," and then found themselves captivated by one masterpiece after another, till the splendid series ended with the broken column of "Weir of Hermiston"—these people, for the most part, had never heard of Henley, and of the journals and articles he produced for the benefit of a minute literary coterie in London. No *National Observer*, no journalistic fly-posting, was needed to spread the fame of the man who could write "Dr. Jekyll" and "Kidnapped." But I do not think Henley ever quite understood this. In his later days especially, worn and old, and drifted into a backwater, he was apt to magnify the importance of his editorial career.

Sidney Colvin also writes to the London *Times* to correct what he conceives to be a widespread error as to the credit due Henley in "launching" Stevenson in literature. When Stevenson wrote "The New Arabian Nights" for Henley's *London* in 1878, he had already been contributing essays and tales, "some of them now classical," for four years to various magazines, including the *Cornhill*. And when the *Scots Observer* was started, ten or eleven years later, Stevenson's fame had already been well established by "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Memories and Portraits," and "A Child's Garden of Verses." Indeed, Stevenson's contributions from the Pacific to Mr. Henley's paper were rather for the purpose of helping the undertaking of his "former friend"—so Mr. Colvin styles him—than of being helped by him.

In the London *Daily News*, C. F. G. Masterman explains Henley's famous attack on Stevenson by saying that the writer of it was, and remained, a child:

More even than most men of genius the child survived in Henley. As a child he was wayward, capricious, vain; never reconciled with the limitations of life; difficult to satisfy. He had all the child's passionate loves and hatreds, the sudden transitions of temper, an almost fierce affection, with the occasional inexplicable impulses to injure those he loved. The famous attack on Stevenson, which caused the scandal of a day, was but an example. It was one of the great friendships of history, with depth and intimacy not yet fully revealed.

Professor Peck considers Henley's services to mankind in "revealing" the "true Stevenson" to be as notable as any achievement in his career. "Posterity," he says, "will be grateful to Mr. Henley for the unflinching courage with which he exposed the egotism, the selfishness, and the miserly meanness of a character which was typically Scotch in its blend of sentimentality and slyness."

In several places in this country, especially in the West, experiments are being made with the hope of curing tuberculosis by concentrating the sun's rays upon the chests of the sufferers. The reflector is generally a concave mirror, about three feet in diameter, sometimes overlaid with blue glass. All the light reflected from it is concentrated upon an area six inches in diameter. Thus an intense blue light is obtained, which, it is asserted, is sufficiently strong to pass entirely through the body, and even to reproduce a picture placed upon the back. The patient's chest is bared, and he is seated in front of the reflector. The intense light is thrown upon his chest for two hours or more each day. It is asserted that the light penetrates the lungs and destroys the bacilli.

There have been eighty convictions of German sergeants for abuse of privates during the past three months, and about two hundred courts-martial are pending. The administration of the army is making the most determined efforts to stop these brutalities, which Herr Bebel, the Socialist leader, detailed in a ferocious three-hours' speech in the Reichstag last spring. The weak reply of General von Gossler on the following day probably cost him his place as minister of war. It has long been the theory of German military men that a little rough treatment was good for privates, and cultivated manhood in them.

A crocodile was recently killed on the banks of the Teluga River, in Cutch, and the following inventory was made of the contents of the brute's stomach: A half-digested little calf, a human skull, a silver bangle, some brass ornaments, a little tin box containing tobacco, a lime case, a nutcracker, a railway ticket, a horn case containing twelve annas, six-pice in copper, and a soda-water bottle containing some mustard oil.

A discussion in *Public Opinion*, inspired by the recent discovery of the size of families, in which the President of the United States has borne no inconspicuous part, "calls attention to the low birth rate in novels and plays," which, he says, will, when taken in connection with the high death rate, "inevitably lead to the rapid extermination of the hero and heroine."

Of the 250 persons in Prussia who were bitten last year by dogs, cats, horses, and other animals suspected of hydrophobia, 227 were vaccinated by the Pasteur method. Of these, only 1.34 per cent. died, while in the non-vaccinated cases the mortality was 13.04 per cent.

ANOTHER LUCKY ENGLISH DUKE.

May Goelet, the Latest American Heiress to Exchange Her Fortune for a Coronet—Her Fiance, the Duke of Roxburghe—His Attempt to Win Pauline Astor.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss May Goelet to the Duke of Roxburghe—pronounced Roxburgh—recalls the fact that not so long ago, the duke was accredited with aspirations for the hand of Miss Pauline Astor. Indeed, it was looked upon as a sure thing. What put an end to the negotiations nobody exactly knows. For my own part, I believe that Mr. Astor simply preferred a husband for his daughter who was above bartering his coronet for a wife with a fortune. Whatever people may say of Mr. Astor as an anglo-maniac, he is a man of the most stalwart independence of character. He may like the society of people of title because he finds them refined and well-bred. He is a refined and well-bred man himself, and this is natural. But he has the courage of his opinions, and does not hesitate to express and act upon them without fear or favor. The comparatively recent Berkeley-Milne incident, for example, proved that.

At any rate, Roxburghe's title didn't win him Astor's daughter. He thought he had only to throw the handkerchief. It was rather a sell for him when it wasn't picked up. And the disappointment must have been bitter, for Miss Astor's fortune would have been quadruple that which he is getting now. After this, he was free to seek pastures new. The retirement of the Duke of Manchester from the field left him a walk-over for the Goelet millions. Besides, he was now the only duke left. Practically, he had nothing to do but take up the running, and in due time declare himself. Mrs. Goelet kindly gave him the opportunity to do this, and now sentimental people are calling it a love match.

In many respects, however, the duke is a big catch for Miss Goelet. He is not only the Duke of Roxburghe, but he is the Marquis of Bowmont and Cessford, the Earl of Roxburghe, Viscount Broxmouth, and Baron Ker, all in the peerage of Scotland, for he is not an English duke like Manchester, and does not sit in the House of Lords as a duke. He sits there on the earl's bench only, as he has but one English title, that of Earl Innes. He has really such a lot of titles that you'd think he wouldn't need to be a baronet also. Yet he is one, all the same, a Scotch title also. Then he is a captain in the Royal Horse Guards, one of the Household Cavalry regiments known as "The Blues." It is the same regiment in which Lady Hesketh has a son who is a lieutenant, and is one of the swiftest regiments in the army. It is not what you'd call a fighting regiment, for as a corps it never goes to the wars. If its officers want to see active service they must get temporarily attached to some other fighting regiment. It is true that portions of the three Household Cavalry regiments were amalgamated into one body during the South African War, and saw some service against the Boers. However, no one ever quite looks on these regiments as part of the army; that is, seriously. They are only meant to escort royalty through the streets of London, and furnish the mounted sentries at the Horse Guards in Whitehall, which are the wonder of foreigners and the delight of nursemaids.

The duke owns about sixty thousand acres of land in Scotland—moor and deer forest most of it—and has two "places," viz: Floors Castle near the town of Kelso in Roxburgh County, and close to the border; and Broxmouth Park, in Haddingtonshire. He used to have a town house in London, in Chesterfield Gardens, if I am not mistaken—but whether he has one now I am unable to say. Doubtless, he will build one to beat the Duke of Marlborough when he gets the Goelet millions to do it with. He is really a very great swell in London society, for apart from his own position he is very highly connected, his mother being a daughter of the sixth Duke of Marlborough, and a lady who was for many years Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria. Indeed, the Innes-Kers (the family name) have been much about the court always. The duke himself is a great favorite at King Edward's court, perhaps not so much of the king as of Queen Alexandra. She constantly has him as a guest at Sandringham, or on the royal yacht, and no royal function seems complete without him, and in this respect reminds one of poor Oliver Montague, Lord Sandwich's son. The resemblance ceases here, for Oliver Montague was the handsomest man in the 'eighties, while Roxburghe can hardly be called good-looking. However, he is better looking than the present Dukes of Norfolk, Portland, Devonshire, Marlborough, Manchester or Sutherland, for whom you wouldn't turn your head to look, if you didn't know who they were.

The good people of Kelso town are making a big fuss over the prospect of the American gold that is coming their way so soon, and are preparing to give the duke's American bride a hearty welcome to Scotland. London society, too, looks with favor on the match, for what better employment could American dollars be put to than the brightening up of dingy coronets? Look at the Marlborough marriage—and the Manchester alliance. Besides, this one will add another Yankee duchess to the already long list, which began years ago with the Duchess of Leeds. Just now there are four American duchesses extant.

LONDON, September 8, 1903.

COCKAIGNE.

TELEPATHY AND HYPNOTISM.

Scientist's Denial That Telepathy Has Been Proved—Morality of Hypnotic Experiments—Dr. Melvor-Tyndall's Views.

Telepathy, hypnotism, and kindred subjects, whether discussed in print or practically demonstrated in public, always appeal to the alert attention of a tolerably large proportion of the intelligent public, as has been shown by the interest felt in a series of lectures being delivered in San Francisco by Dr. Melvor-Tyndall, which deal with these subjects. These branches of metaphysics, invested in earlier days with the forbidden fascination attached to dabbings in the occult sciences, have in the present epoch of prose and materialism the charm of the unexplored and the unsolved. For even the rigid scientist, who rejects everything the actual existence of which is not practically demonstrated, accepts hypnotism, and does not positively deny the existence of telepathy.

Science, speaking through the lips of Professor John Trowbridge, the eminent physicist of Harvard, says: "There is at present no evidence of telepathic communication which would be accepted in a court of law . . . or in a scientific laboratory." The professor, however, explicitly disclaims any idea that he denies the existence of telepathy. He merely considers it unproved, and that, "if it should be ascertained to-morrow that it is possible, it will be the first instance in the history of science of the discovery of a new manifestation of energy, or of a new law of nature, which had not been preceded by the patient study of repeatable phenomena."

The existence of its sister science, hypnotism, since it has been avowedly employed as a curative agency by eminent physicians, seems now to be firmly established. The great question concerning it is, whether or not its indiscriminate use is not likely to degenerate into abuse. Whether, in fact, since the operator is enabled to induce in the subject a mental and physical responsiveness to outside suggestion which, for a time, prevents the latter from being completely responsible for his action, its use should not be forbidden.

This subject has also been considered from a judicial and dispassionate point of view by Dr. Leon Meunier, a French physician, extracts from whose article, originally published in the *Cosmos*, were partially translated and printed in the *Literary Digest*. Dr. Meunier says: "Is hypnotism immoral? In itself, evidently not. A hypnotized subject is for the time being deprived of his liberty, but it is right he should consent to his if he does it that he may in the end recover his liberty, and his reason, which have been more or less enslaved by his malady."

The doctor, however, after pronouncing medical and therapeutic hypnotism to be moral, condemns its use in public exhibitions, since frequent repetitions of the hypnotic state tend to induce spontaneous, or easily provoked hypnosis, or convulsive crises.

Dr. Alexander Melvor-Tyndall, in considering these subjects, has, in some cases, accompanied his lectures with demonstrations ending to prove the correctness of his beliefs. He is an uninspiring lecturer, but a good demonstrator. He is not too violently advanced in his beliefs, adhering, to a certain extent, to the theories of the cautious and conservative in these special branches of metaphysics. Like the French doctor already quoted, he deprecates the indiscriminate use of hypnotism, considering that the hypnotizer is not held sufficiently responsible for the acts of the hypnotized. In his preliminary address, last Sunday evening, Dr. Melvor-Tyndall considered the possibility of hypnotized subjects being influenced to commit evil under suggestion, asserting his belief that, in spite of previous arguments adduced to the effect that the instinct of self-reservation prevents the commission of acts dangerous to the safety of the subject, it can be and has been done. The lecturer mentioned an instance an hypnotic influence exerted by himself on a criminal in Los Angeles, as related in the Los Angeles daily press of February, 1892, who, his tongue unloosed by hypnotic suggestion, confessed his criminal act, and indicated the location of stolen articles, the finding of which established the truth of his confession.

The lecturer considers that the dangers of hypnotism are best coped with by openly recognizing them, and deprecates the employment of such a dangerous agency for social display.

At the close of the lecture, several demon-

strations were given, but not of a nature anticipated by the audience, who had expected to see the lecturer exert a hypnotic influence, or induce hypnotic slumber on subjects who volunteered from the audience. The experiments or demonstrations given were confined to telepathy, and were interestingly carried out, although lacking in novelty, since they had been already witnessed by those who had followed Dr. Melvor-Tyndall's public career in this city. The telepathist, after assembling a voluntary committee, retired from the stage in company with one or two drawn from their ranks, and was blindfolded, while the remaining members pointed out some person, bid some object, or went through a series of acts, all of which were either to be indicated or imitated by the demonstrator. He then issued, blindfolded, from his retreat, and, holding the hand of one who had witnessed what had been unseen by him, was apparently enabled, through the sense of touch to project his mind into that of his companion, view the mental image depicted there, and act accordingly. In some instances, he held the hand of one who, like himself, was blindfolded, and unaware of what has been done by the committee in sight of the audience. At such times, a third member would hold the hand of the uninformed one, and a chain of communication was thus speedily established between him and the demonstrator through the intervening medium of the ignorant member.

Dr. Melvor-Tyndall makes his living through his intimacy with the psychic sciences, and as a natural consequence is given to repeating the usual jargon about "laws of harmony," "mastery of fear," "our relation to the universe," etc. But in the main, he impresses one as an earnest and reasonable young man, whose demonstrations are sufficiently convincing to startle the believer and confound the doubter. His topic for Sunday evening will be "What Is Clairvoyance?" and will be supplemented with further experiments and demonstrations.

The Laureate on Salishury.

Lay him in this quiet spot,
Shadowed by his stately home;
Pompous rite he needeth not,
Underneath cathedral dome.
Simplest, in his life, of men,
Leave him now as he was then.

Humble heart, majestic mind,
In him grew from self-same stem:
He but proffered to mankind
Weighty words to counsel them.
But who fain would learn to steer
Ancient Realm, may learn it here.

"Ayes loud and vehement"
Never were his quest or choice;
All he cared for was assent
Whispered by the still small voice,
And being loved and understood
By the just, and wise, and good.

Death hath cloistered now his lips,
Hushed his voice, and sealed his eyes,
Think of how much wisdom sleeps
In the churchyard where he lies!
Who will guide us now? . . . Alas!
One by one the Sages pass.

Chanting then above his hier,
Under overarching sky,
Prayer and hymn he loved to hear
In ancestral sanctuary.
Bring him, for funeral crown
Reverence rather than Renown.

Both the lordly and the great
Here may learn how Virtue far
Outsoars din and dust of State,
And what tinsel Honors are.
Acclamations have their day;
Quiet Fame is fame for aye.
—From the London Standard.

It was recently announced that Jules Verne had become blind. *Le Temps* of Paris prints the following note just received by M. Duquesnel, which will doubtless be found interesting to the many American admirers of the famous French story-teller:

I can not bring myself to believe that I am blind, notwithstanding the statements in the newspapers. I accordingly take up the pen for the purpose of letting you know that there is no truth in such statements. There was a beginning of cataract on the right eye, and no more. But if I were obliged to read all the letters sent to me on this subject assuredly my sight would be weakened, and in all likelihood blindness would result. Thanks for your remembrance and a warm grasp of the hand from one of your oldest friends.—JULES VERNE.

Clifton Johnson is following his enjoyable little volumes, "Among English Hedgerows" and "Along French Byways," with a book of the same sort, "The Land of the Heather." It will be published this month by the Macmillan Company.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Duke of Manchester, who in 1900 married Miss Helen Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, has purchased for \$315,000 Kylemore Castle and its estate, comprising 13,000 acres, situated on Lough Kylemore, Connemara. The place formerly belonged to the late Mitchell Henry, M. P., who built the castle and improved the grounds at a cost of \$2,000,000.

It is said that Andrew Carnegie is negotiating for the purchase of the famous battlefield of Bannockburn, near Stirling, Scotland, in order to save it from falling into the hands of builders. At Bannockburn, on June 24, 1314, the Scots, under Bruce, defeated the English, led by King Edward the Second. The site of the battle is marked by a block of granite, called the "Bored Stage."

President Roosevelt now tips the scales at two hundred and twenty pounds. The President has been trying to reduce his weight, but his flesh is as hard as a knot, and steadfastly refuses to yield to ordinary methods. When he was sworn in as President, Roosevelt weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds, so that he seems to thrive on the hard work connected with the administration.

D. M. Walker, of Kirksville, Mo., holds a record that really should bring him an appointment of some kind from President Roosevelt. He is a great-grandfather at the age of fifty-nine years. At nineteen he was a father, and at thirty-eight a grandfather. He is the father of fourteen children, the eldest being thirty-nine, and the youngest four years. He has twenty-five grandchildren. His one great-grandchild is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Watts, of Pana, Ill.

Honoré Palmer and his bride had quite a number of mishaps in Switzerland during their recent automobile trip. They intended to proceed in their automobile to Chur, by way of the Upper Rhone Valley, but were stopped by the Swiss authorities at Brig. They, however, hitched four horses to their automobile, and three days were thus required to reach Chur. When they arrived at the Italian frontier the automobile was set going under normal conditions, and the party proceeded to Argegno, a few miles from Como, where the road came to an abrupt end, and the automobile had to be left in a stable.

The reports of the poor health of the Grand Duke Michael, the heir-apparent to the Russian throne, again attracts attention to the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Vladimir, who is next in the line of succession. It is said that the Russians would be glad to see Vladimir on the throne. He is big and handsome, over six feet tall, a splendid soldier, brave and reckless. He is at present commander-in-chief of the army. His wife, the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna, as she is known, was a German princess of the House of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and when she married the son of Alexander the Second of Russia she refused to become a member of the Greek church. She still has her Lutheran chapel in her palace.

Otto Sarony, who for nearly thirty years had an international reputation for his work in portrait photography, died in New York last week of consumption, at the age of fifty-three. He was the son of Napoleon Sarony, who first initiated him into the mysteries of photography. Old Napoleon possessed a strong personality. He had a long mustache and imperial, like Napoleon the Third. He was very bald-headed, and always wore a skull-cap. He was a great favorite with actors, actresses, and musicians, and had known several generations of them in Italy and France and America. His studio was crowded with all sorts of daguerreotypes and photographs, and his mind was crammed with anecdotes of all sorts of celebrities. When he died, in 1896, he was sincerely mourned, and his son Otto reigned in his stead.

Léon Hayard, better known as "Napoleon Hayard, Emperor of Hawks," is dead, and all the Paris "camelots" are in mourning, for their sovereign was a charitable man and never turned a deaf ear to an appeal for help. On August 15th last he was knocked down by an automobile, and he died the other day from the results of the injuries he then received. It was Hayard who supplied all Paris "camelots" with their wares; he was both an inventor and an editor. Lampoons and cartoons, songs and satires on the topic of the moment were his specialty—the "last will and testament" of dead celebrities, songs on Boulanger, Krüger, King Edward, and the Humberts. Everything gave him a text, and

his knowledge of the fads of the public was unerring. Besides he supplied "applause" and "cheers" at public meetings. On one occasion a debate had been organized, and both candidates came to Hayard for the support of his "camelots." Hayard booked both orders, and paid his men twice the usual fee. When the meeting took place they cheered the ministerial candidate for the first hour and his opponent for the second!

William Waldorf Astor's son, who calls himself Waldorf Astor, has recently evinced some literary ability, and his father is very anxious that he should cultivate it. Waldorf Astor is the president of the Bullington Club and the captain of the Oxford University polo team. He intends to play at Hurlingham next year, and it is said that he is a welcome addition to the selection there, as it has been largely due to his energy and skill that it was possible to revive last year the inter-university polo match, which had fallen through for years. The match took place at Hurlingham, and resulted in an easy victory for the Oxford team, which included Mr. Astor, the Maharajah Kumar of Kooch Behar, Lord Helmsley, and Mr. Wade. Mr. Astor captained the Oxford team this year. When at Eton he was captain of the boats, which is considered a very excellent position. He is rather slender and dark, and resembles his mother's family—the Pauls, of Philadelphia.

A life of the late Senator James McMillan is to be prepared for private circulation by his confidential secretary, Charles Moore.

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TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN

By JEROME HART

A number of the recent letters written to the *Argonaut* from Southern Europe—principally from Spain—have been collected in a volume. The book makes nearly 300 pages, and is now going through the press. It is very handsomely printed on costly laid paper from new type. About two-score illustrations accompany the text, from photographs taken by the Two Argonauts.

The book will be bound in a handsome cover emblazoned with the emblems of the various provinces of Spain—castles for Castile, lions for Leon, pomegranates for Granada, chains for Navarre, etc.

Only a limited edition will be printed. Mr. Hart's recent book of travel, "Argonaut Letters," also a limited edition, was out of print three months after publication. Those desiring the present volume will do well to apply at once.

The net price, which depends on the number of pages, will be fixed next week—it will probably be \$1.35. Address

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LITERARY NOTES.

Another Story of the Bluegrass.

"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox, Jr., has been running serially in *Scribner's* for the last six months, and is now brought out in book-form. The story is the longest that Mr. Fox has as yet written, and the entire work has a quaint charm quite distinctive.

It is the story of a boy, Chad, the little waif of the Cumberland, who does not know his first home, and but dimly remembers the many others "where they were kind to him," is found, when the story opens, with his dog in the cabin of a gaunt old mountain woman who had been a "mother" to them. Jack was a famous sheep-dog. But now, partly because of the dog, and partly in payment of a debt, Chad is to be bound out. In terror, he gathers together some food and takes from above the door an old flint-lock rifle that the "old man" had in days past promised him, and with his dog starts down the mountains.

This is Chad's first journey into the world, and he descends to the valley with longings and dread. The first settlement he comes to is Kingdom Come, where he and his dog fight their way into a place of honor and confidence. Here a few years are spent in watching the sheep and going to the "blab school." Perhaps one of the strongest influences in Chad's life is that exerted by the Master, who, on winter evenings, reads to him tales from "Ivanhoe," "The Talsiman," and the Bible, all brought from the "Bluegrass." Thus Chad learns the "conscious scorn of a lie, the conscious love of truth and pride in courage."

Winters, the men and big boys of Kingdom Come go up into the hills and cut the timber that is to be rafted down the river in the spring, and on one of these rafts Chad and his beloved Master go to see the "settlements." The quaint little figure in coon-skin cap, carrying the old flint-lock over his shoulder, caused much merriment in the capital, but here, finally, through a "hoss deal," Chad finds his kinsman, Major Buford. And were it not for that troublesome matter of birth, over which the "settlement" is more particular than the rugged mountain folk, his future would have been one of assured ease and honor. But for all the efforts of Major Buford, doors are closed to him, and the negroes look on him as "poor white trash."

As a youth, Chad's affections are divided between Melissa, of the mountain home, and Margaret, the daughter of a proud Southern family. War times come and he must choose between North and South. He enlists with the North. From this point, the story looses much of its real charm, and Chad becomes the well-known war-hero, with the many perilous rides and heroic adventures. Aside from the development of Chad, there is a strong underplay of characters and incidents that gives the book a specific historical value. It is, however, the development of the character of a lovable, clean-hearted boy that holds the reader fast.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.00.

Bret Harte's Later Manner.

A last collection of Bret Harte's short stories has been published under the title "Trent's Trust," the name of a tale of novella length, which begins the volume. These stories are all in Bret Harte's later manner, in which still linger some of the graces of style, but little or none of the inspiration, of his earlier work.

The originality, the idyllic quality, and the Dickensian humor which brought fame to the Bret Harte of the 'sixties, have all but evaporated during the routine work to which this once so famous author condemned himself during the closing years of his literary productiveness, and which consisted of careful but pallid and ineffective imitations of his most notable works.

It was doubtless the spur of necessity that impelled Bret Harte thus to dim the lustre of his early fame, but from those laurels with which he was crowned during the years of his highest achievement, not a single leaf can ever be stripped away. The stories and poems written by him thirty years ago are a permanent contribution to literature. Those written during the last ten or twelve years of his life, of which "Trent's Trust" is a good example, are mere ephemera, and doomed to speedy extinction.

There are seven stories in the volume, in some of which the old familiar figures—Jack Hamlin, Colonel Starbottle, the honest illiterate miner, the mysterious and fascinating widow, the profane but chivalrous

stage-driver—go sadly and with chastened mien through the old familiar paces.

"Trent's Trust" has gained a slight touch of novelty in having the action carried over to England, but the tale is devious and lacking in interest. Of the remaining six, only two—"Dick Boyle's Business Card" and "Prosper's Old Mother"—are capable of rousing a more than listless interest. The former, indeed, is a capital story of an Indian attack, holding those elements of suspense which stimulate and keep up the interest to the end, and warmly colored with the dusty glory of frontier life.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A biography of Zola, the work of Ernest Alfred Vizetelly, translator of his novels, is to be published this month by John Lane. The work is said to be a very thorough one, critical as well as biographical. It will be fully illustrated with portraits of Zola, facsimiles of letters, etc., and will contain bibliography and index.

Three long short stories by Joseph Conrad, the brilliant author of "Youth" and "Heart of Darkness," will be published in book-form soon under the title "Falk."

Bliss Carman's first book of prose—a volume of essays entitled "The Kinship of Nature"—is almost ready for publication, and will be followed immediately by "Sappho, One Hundred Lyrics."

The last work of the late Paul du Chaillu, "In African Forest and Jungle," has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons. As the title indicates, the book is one of travel and adventure.

"The Two Little Savages," Ernest Thompson Seton's new book, tells everything that boys of any age want to know about woodcraft, our native animals, and the joy of country living.

The "Life of Bret Harte," in the American Men of Letters Series, will be written by Henry C. Merwin, the author of a life of Aaron Burr and of the life of Jefferson, in the Riverside Biographical Series.

The elaborate work called "World's Children," which Mortimer Menpes and his daughters have together prepared, is announced definitely for this month by the Macmillan Company. The one hundred child pictures in color are by Mr. Menpes, the work of reproducing them has been done by Miss Maud Menpes, while the text is by Miss Dorothy Menpes.

A volume of reminiscences which will doubtless prove of unusual interest is "Recollections, Personal and Literary," by Richard Henry Stoddard, edited by Ripley Hitchcock, with an introduction by Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Rufus S. Zogbaum has made all the illustrations for Mrs. Edith Elmer Wood's new story of the new navy, "The Spirit of the Service," which the Macmillan Company will shortly issue.

"Vacation Days in Greece," by Professor Rufus B. Richardson, late head of the American School in Athens, and "The Development of the Drama," by Professor Brander Matthews, are announced by Charles Scribner's Sons.

New editions of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Agnes of Sorrento" and "The Pearl of Orr's Island" will be brought out this week.

William le Queux has just published a novel entitled "The Tickenote Treasure," a readable yarn of adventure.

"Venice and Its Story" will be the title of one of the most elaborately illustrated of the autumn books. It is by Thomas Okey, and will contain fifty-two superb colored illustrations by O. F. M. Ward, member of the Institute of Water-Color Painters, and fifty full-page drawings in line by Nelly Erichsen.

Henry C. Sturges has compiled, and will publish this month through D. Appleton & Co., "Chronologies of the Life and Writings of William Cullen Bryant," with a bibliography of his verse and prose. The volume will contain also a memoir of the poet by Richard Henry Stoddard.

As the late Phil May left enough sketches to fill four volumes of his well-known "Annual," its publication will not cease with his death.

Henry Frowde announces that he has secured a series of drawings made by George Cruikshank nearly fifty years ago to illustrate

the "Pilgrim's Progress," which in the interval have not been published. They are being used in preparing a special edition of Bunyan's book shortly to issue from the Oxford University Press.

Little, Brown & Co. have decided to give a new title—"An English Village"—to a new edition of Richard Jefferies' "Wild Life in a Southern Village." The twenty-five illustrations are to be from photographs taken in Wiltshire by Clifton Johnson. Hamilton W. Mabie will contribute an introduction.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Drudge.

Repose upon her soulless face,
Dig the grave and leave her;
But breathe a prayer that, in his grace,
He who so loved this toiling race
To endless rest receive her.

Oh, can it be the gambles ajar
Wait not her humble quest,
Whose life was hut a patient war
Against the death that stalked from far,
With neither haste nor rest;

To whom were sun and moon and cloud,
The streamlet's pebbly coil,
The transient, May-bound, feathered crowd,
The storm's frank fury, thunder-browed,
But witness of her toil;

Whose weary feet knew not the bliss
Of dance by jocund reed;
Who never dallied at a kiss?
If heaven refuses her, life is
A tragedy indeed!

—John Charles McNeill in the *October Century*.

Be Sweethearts Now as Then.

Alas! that vows should broken be,
And hearts disdainful grow,
That love should from the cottage flee,
Or bitter winds should blow;
Her once kind words should sting like whips,
And he should never see
The winning smile on tiny lips
Of children at his knee.

But years of youth are all too fleet,
The fires of love grow cold,
And winter with its snow and sleet
Bedims the summer's gold.
The raven locks are streaked with gray,
And brows are seamed with care—
O, thou whose heart is changing! pray
Think once of springtime fair.

What though the years have left their trace,
And sorrows thick and fast
Have clouded thy once beaming face?
Life's storms will soon be past.
What though thy load seems hard to bear,
And griefs thy pathway strew?
Remember—she—the woman's share
Of burden bears with you.

Recall the half-forgotten tunes
That once she used to sing;
Remember now the dear, dead Junes
When life was blossoming.
Let no day's sun set on thy wrath—
Each hour with kindness fill;
'Twill smooth the end of life's rough path
When those dear hands are still.

Remember now the wicket gate,
Where purple lilacs grew;
The robin chose his russet mate—
He won thy love from you.
And thou, in all thy manly pride,
Thy youth renew again,
Recall the days of life's spring-tide—
Be sweethearts now as then.

—George N. Lowe in the *Bookman*.

Reality.

Is this the love she dreamed of, that should rise
Like some great, unknown flame in midnight skies,
Alive, illumining, by whose vast light
Her soul might read the book of Life aright?

Is this the love she dreamed of, this poor thing
That wakes no fear, no joy, no wondering?
Failing her star, she needs must sit to-night
And turn a dreary page by candlelight.

Is this the love she dreamed of—for whose sake
Her heart with too much bliss or pain should break?
Nay, the gods jest when this their gift appears,
Too dull for laughter and too weak for tears.

—McCrea Pickering in *Smart Set*.

Cyrus Townsend Brady is certainly a prolific author. Three new stories are due from him this month. A new novel, "A Doctor of Philosophy," and a new work for the Boys of the Service Series entitled "In the War With Mexico: A Midshipman's Adventures on Ship and Shore," are to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons. The third book, which will be published by the G. W. Dillingham Company, is the story of a true pirate—"Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer." Mr. Brady writes in his preface: "I have tried to exhibit him as he was; great and brave, small and mean, skillful and able, greedy and cruel; and, lastly, in the final and awful punishment for his crimes, a coward."

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LITERARY NOTES.

An Important Historical Work.

The late Lord Acton, so James Bryce tells us in his admirable study of the great man, in his mature years found it increasingly difficult to write fluently from his vast store of historical knowledge. He had almost a mania for collecting every available fact about a subject upon which he desired to write, and this often led to putting off the writing from day to day, and from year to year, till, finally, in the great majority of cases, the proposed work was never written at all. Thus it happens that the actual output of one who knew European history better than any man of the time was so small.

But, perhaps, as valuable a bequest to the world as anything he wrote will be the "Cambridge Modern History," which he conceived and planned, and of which Volume I, entitled "The Renaissance," and Volume VII (the second in point of publication), entitled "The United States," are before us. This work, under the editorship of A. W. Ward, Litt. D., G. W. Prothero, Litt. D., and Stanley Leathes, M. A., will be complete in twelve octavo volumes, each of about eight hundred pages. Each will be the product of several writers, who, in accordance with Lord Acton's plan, will confine themselves to some special subject or to some special phase of a subject. The complete work will have, however, a certain unity. "By a universal modern history," say the editors, "we mean something distinct from the combined history of all countries—in other words, we mean a narrative which is not a mere string of episodes, but displays a continuous development. It moves in a succession to which the nations are subsidiary." "The two main features of modern history," writes the Bishop of London in the introductory note, "are the development of nationalities, and the growth of religious freedom. The interest which above all others is its own lies in tracing these processes intimately connected as they are with one another." These sentences are the keynote of the monumental work, final judgment on which must await its completion. We have room here but to list the articles in the two volumes, leaving it for the mostly well-known names of the writers and the fame of Lord Acton to serve as sufficient commentary.

The articles in the volume called "The Renaissance" (\$3.75) are:

"The Age of Discovery," by E. J. Payne, M. A.; "The New World," by E. J. Payne, M. A.; "The Ottoman Conquest," by J. E. Burg, Litt. D., LL. D.; "Italy and Her Invaders," by Stanley Leathes, M. A.; "Florence (I)," by Savonarola, by E. Armstrong, M. A.; "Florence (II)," by Machiavelli, by L. Arthur Burd, M. A.; "Rome and the Temporal Power," by Richard Garnett, C. B., LL. D.; "Venice," by Horatio Brown, LL. D.; "Germany and the Empire," by T. F. Tout, M. A.; "Hungary and the Slavonic Kingdoms," by Emil Reich, Dr. Jur.; "The Catholic Kings," by H. Butler Clarke, M. A.; "France," by Stanley Leathes, M. A.; "The Netherlands," by A. W. Ward, Litt. D., LL. D.; "The Early Tudors," by James Gairdner, C. B., LL. D.; "Economic Change," by the Rev. William Cunningham, D. D.; "The Classical Renaissance," by Sir Richard C. Jebb, M. P.; "The Christian Renaissance," by M. A. James, Litt. D.; "Catholic Europe," by Rev. William Barry, D. D.; "The Eve of the Reformation," by Henry Charles Lea.

The contents of the volume on the United States (\$4.00) are:

Four chapters by John A. Doyle, M. A., on "The First Century of English Colonization," "The English Colonies," "The Quarrel with Great Britain," and "The War of Independence"; "The French in America," by Miss Mary Bateson; "The Conquest of Canada," by A. G. Bradley; "The Declaration of Independence," and "The Constitution," by Melville M. Bigelow; three chapters by J. B. McMaster on "The Struggle for Commercial Independence," "The Growth of the Nation," "Commerce, Expansion, and Slavery"; two chapters by H. W. Wilson on "The War of 1812-1815," and "Naval Operations of the Civil War"; "State Rights," by Woodrow Wilson; three chapters on the Civil War and one on "The North During the War," by John G. Nicolay; "The South During the War," by John Christopher Schwab; "Political Reconstruction," by Theodore Clarke Smith; "The United States as a World-Power," by John B. Moore; "Economic Development of the United States," by Henry Crosby Emery; and "The American Intellectual," by Barrett Wendell.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

Funny Mr. Ford.

When the reader who loves his laugh opens "A Few Remarks" and reads: "I was raised in the State of Connecticut, but it was no fault of mine," he is pretty sure to read on. And as he turns the leaves he will discover that Simeon Ford, the author of the book in question, is a most prolific humorist, who

turns out a joke for every sentence with an ease that is calculated, to quote Mr. Ford himself, "to have a benign and mellowing effect upon the liver" of the reader.

Mr. Ford has evidently figured as a speech-maker upon all sorts and kinds of occasions, and it is evident that he is pretty sure to please his audience. Some of his speeches need the inspiration of the moment, and all the good-fellowship and mellowness of mood that follows the pledging of toasts, to bring out the fullness of their humor; but all told, the collection is very amusing, with the ready, rattling, surface humor of the funny column in the newspaper.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.00.

A New California Poet.

We take keen delight in being able to present to the readers of the *Argonaut* the following beautiful example of contemporary Berkeley poetry. It occurs on the sixty-sixth page of a thin volume, by Frederick Milton Willis, uniquely entitled "The City of Is [pronounced Iss, so a foot-note says] and Other Poems" Let the poem speak eloquently in its own behalf:

EXCESS.

(Song from an unpublished romance.)
Bury me deep in a grave, oh,
And cover it over with snow, oh,
For—a ha, ha, ha, and a ho, ho, ho—
This is too merry a world, oh!
Carry me up on a cliff, oh,
And off of it heartily throw, oh,
For—a ha, ha, ha, and a ho, ho, ho—
This is too jolly a life, oh!
Drop me into the sea, oh,
And religiously let me be, oh,
For—a ha, ha, ha, and a ho, ho, ho—
I am too happy entirely, oh!
Build me a funeral pyre, oh,
And burn me up in the fire, oh,
For—a ha, ha, ha, and a ho, ho, ho—
This glee will be fatal to me, oh!

Published by the Mercury Press, San Francisco.

New Publications.

"San Francisco and Its Environs," a guide-book, is published by the California Promotion Committee; 25 cents.

"Travellers' Colloquial Spanish," a hand-book of idiomatic Spanish phrases, by Howard Swain, is published by Brentano's, New York.

A little hook entitled "Dogs: How to Care for Them in Health and Treat Them When Ill," by E. P. Anshutz, gives homeopathic remedies only. It is published by Boericke & Tafel, Philadelphia.

"Prince Hagen: A Fantasy," by Upton Sinclair, tells the story of a conscienceless young man from Nibelheim who comes up to New York to be educated in the ways of civilization. As he has gold galore, and, as we say, no conscience, he has a very devil of a time. The story lacks that imagination and humor which would make it interesting. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

A rather "foote" juvenile book is Oscar von Gottschalk's "Innocent Industries," containing pictures and verses. We utterly fail to comprehend how the infant mind can find it either instructive or amusing. It seems rather a pity that so much real talent for vigorous drawing should be wasted on a hook which children will surely find merely perplexing. Published by R. H. Russell, New York.

"The intelligent believer of our own day, . . . instead of accepting Christianity on the ground of the miracles, accepts it in spite of the miracles." This saying of Professor Adeney's, James Morris Whiton, Ph. D., takes as the text for a reverent little hook entitled "Miracles and Supernatural Religion." Some of the Biblical "miracles" this writer finds not supernatural but natural. He even admits that the immaculate Conception and the Resurrection were subjective considerations in the minds of pious believers rather than objective fact. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 75 cents.

The special summer number of the *International Studio* is described as the "first serious effort to do some measure of justice to the work of J. S. Cotman, of David Cox, and of Peter de Wint. Hitherto, in all articles and books, these masters of the brush have been represented only by black-and-white illustrations, whereas the present volume contains numerous plates in color, which have been reproduced by an elaborate process, in which every combination of tint has been closely imitated." Three essays on these noted painters are from the respective pens of Laurence Binyon, A. L. Baldry, and Walter Shaw Sparrow. The work contains in all

twenty-five colored plates and one hundred and fifty-eight fine illustrations in half-tone. Published by John Lane, New York; \$2.00.

People who do not hold the opinion to which we confess, that photographs of strenuous scenes from plays are wooden and disillusionizing affairs, will be pleased to get the "Illustrated Popular Edition" of Kipling's "The Light That Failed," with portraits of Forbes Robertson, Gertrude Elliott, and other illustrations. The volume is nicely printed and bound, and is "the story as it was originally conceived by the writer," though a note carefully explains that the "happy ending" is the one used in the dramatization. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

"Rational Home Gymnastics" is the title of a little hook by Hartvig Nissen, a bewhiskered gent, whose numerous portraits in various interesting and graceful postures form about a third of the volume. The Baroness Rose Posse contributes the illustrations of exercises for women, and the remainder of the hook is letterpress, giving directions how to exercise and thereby keep well and strong. We should think the volume would prove useful to those rare spirits of miraculous will who are able to keep their good resolutions "to exercise regularly." Published by E. H. Bacon & Co., Boston.

Cirillo was a poor, but handsome, Italian tenor. Alina was a rich, but beautiful, Virginia girl. They loved. But the Virginia pater was Gibraltarian. He dragged Alina from Italy—and Cirillo. But presto! Behold Cirillo in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, singing divinely to five thousand rapt American souls. What could the harsh father do but yield? So he does. The last lines in the hook are: "A little heaven upon earth." The story, which is entitled "Cirillo," is told in pleasing, poetic fashion by Effie Douglass Putnam. The hook is luxuriously bound in scarlet leather, with gilt top and gold tooling, and is published by the Life Publishing Company, New York.

While Victoria Claudel, along with many other art students, was in Brittain witnessing the curious medieval processions they have there, she saw Valdeck, a shrewd and handsome criminal, fleeing from a house he had robbed of priceless jewels. She gave the alarm, but he escaped. Later, in New York, she again saw Valdeck, posing in high society as a Polish patriot, and the object of the blind infatuation of Philippa Ford. Valdeck recognizes Victoria, and tries to blacken her character before she shall his, and so a merry social war rages for a time, though finally it all ends right. This frankly melodramatic, but rather vigorous, story by Edith Watts Mumford is, crisply entitled "Whitewash." Published by Dana Estes & Co., New York; \$1.50.

A keen recollection of the merits of Roscoe Lewis Ashley's "American Federal State" in advance disposes us favorably toward "American Government: A Text-Book for Secondary Schools" which has just appeared. Examination justifies the pre-judgment. Students will find the essential facts regarding our government, State, national, and municipal, here admirably set forth. A system of marginal notes, paragraph headings and numbering, "Practical Questions" at the end of each chapter, general references to standard works, a number of well-chosen illustrations, and an adequate index, all enhance the volume's usefulness. The work should shortly come into use in the schools of California. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.00.

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In "King Dodo," San Francisco had a previous opportunity to judge the work of Frank Pixley and Gustav Luders, who wrote "The Prince of Pilsen," which, without possessing any particular originality to distinguish it from its numerous predecessors in the comic-opera line, is, nevertheless, a melodious and spectacular success. Some of the musical numbers had already become somewhat familiar to theatre-goers, but there are many prettily jingling and sentimentally murmuring melodies in the score that still have the charm of novelty. "Pictures in the Smoke," the Heidelberg Stein song, and the "Song of a Sea-Shell" make tuneful appeal to the ear, and will probably have an era of popularity.

The hook, like the music, will please, through its safe adherence to tradition. Neither author nor composer has struck out a new path in these well-trodden fields, having guided themselves by their thorough knowledge of what the public likes. The result is the usual light, bright *mélange* of fun, nonsense, sentiment, and spectacle; the latter, it is unnecessary to say, being comprised in groups of prettily costumed girls engaged in a sprightly exhibition of dancing, concerted pantomime, coy flutterings of silken draperies to display daintily shod feet, the outer wearing of gay-colored ribbons in the dance, and all the usual panoply of witchery plied by these nimble priestesses of stage display.

"The Prince of Pilsen" was not built for the exaltation of the star, there being four female rôles with but little individual prominence in one to distinguish it from the others. Trixie Friganza, who has the chief claim to distinction, is a handsome, stylish brunette, with a pretty figure and, oddly enough, just the least lingering suggestion of stiffness in her manner; a quality which in general is easily extinguished in this kind of frisky, dignity-upsetting entertainment. This little air of formality, however, was not out of place in several scenes, particularly in that during which she acted as cicerone to the girls that were typical of various cities.

This song and act is one of the most popular in the piece, and one which shows up individual prettiness among the girls. The brightest, best-looking, and most graceful are chosen, and while they fall short of displaying the physical splendors of Anna Held's "Sadie girls," they are an attractive group, and do their handsome costumes credit. The girls indeed are handsomely costumed all through; more and more money seems to be lavished on this sort of stage embellishment nowadays, the least conspicuous members of the chorus having as much thought and money expended upon their get-up as was formerly bestowed upon the prima donna. There is no doubt that there is money in it to the managers, for the chorus is always fully as important an attraction as the principals. It is surprising how universally popular is this form of entertainment; one, by the way, for which San Francisco shows a steady preference. One would scarcely think, upon seeing the rear rows of the parquet circle well filled at the Columbia this week, that but a month since had seen the closing of a successful season at the Grand Opera, during which entertainments of a similar nature were enthusiastically patronized by a never-surfeited public.

There are no voices there to speak of among the principals, although their mild little warblings are sweet and pleasing. But neither Trixie Friganza nor the lesser three can pipe a note loud enough to soar above the chorus. Miss Lockwood's voice, though sweet, is as light as the tripping of her feet; Ruth Peebles sings faintly, rolls her eyes in a fetchingly timid manner, and clings bewitchingly to the paternal coal-collar. Idalene Cotton is just Idalene Cotton; pert, Frenchy, self-possessed, and a dancer whose twinkling foot flights are as exactly regulated as the movements of machinery.

A man named Arthur Donaldson, with a German cast of features and an accent to match, is the real Prince of Pilsen, and triumphs over this handicap on his imperfect

English by the intelligence both of his delivery and acting; added to which, his good looks, foreign appearance, and fine deportment lent *vraisemblance* to his rôle.

The comedian, Jess Dandy, plays the part of the Cincinnati brewer and pretended prince with the unctuous humor required for the part. He has that absolutely correct take-off on the German accent which these dialect comedians get down to such a fine point, and a bronchially breathful laugh that you would almost swear was the genuine article.

Nick Long plays a good second as a funny man, representing a French *concierge* with a redundancy of exclamatory and gesticulatory Gallicisms that makes his contribution quite a finished little sketch of its kind.

A very English lord is aptly represented by Walter Clifford, and Henry Taylor, although a little disposed to choke off some of his notes, sings in a light and agreeable tenor the love-ditties of the young lieutenant.

There is considerable variety in both score and action, and with marches, decorative dance figures, and novel effects in stage embellishment, the spectator can comfortably give his mind a rest, while eye and ear surrender themselves to the delectations of pleasing color, motion, and sound.

The Orpheum has a good bill this week, principally through the merits of the hold-over attractions from last week's programme. Glenroy, the monologist, has a lot of funny sayings that are helped out by the broken-hearted voice and lugubrious sniffs which he offers, but the man himself is not intrinsically humorous. No one is who is obliged to eke out his native humor with rank vulgarities. The humor that often lies in the sudden and accidental letting down of decorums has the spontaneity of the unpremeditated, but deliberate grossness of allusion always leaves a bad taste behind, and causes one to look askance at the methods of those who are obliged to have recourse to such means of provoking laughter.

The comedians, Ray and Falke, in their respective scenes had almost nothing to work with, the slender structure of amusing nonsense which they reared during their ten or fifteen minutes' turn, leaving nothing more behind it than so much froth. But while it lasted people were continually being surprised into laughter over the merest nothings by the innate humor of the two men. Ray, in particular, has a turn for burlesque which perpetually finds expression in his bunch of disconnected nonsense, but his talent needs something more to feed on.

Frederick Bond has a new playlet this week, called "Rehearsing a Tragedy," which is reminiscent of "The Pantomime Rehearsal," and has a similar vein of humor. Mr. Bond gives an amusing sketch of the strenuous stage-manager, whose moods alternate between profound absorption in the matter in hand and exasperation at the conspiracy directed against his peace of mind by poor players, scrub ladies, and stage carpenters.

The pretty, rippling soprano of the East Indian princess can be heard again this week, the face and figure of the singer striking an odd, *bizarre* note amid the preponderance of prosaic American types. The princess commits the usual error of dusting her clear brown skin with white powder until it acquires an ashy tint, but she is nevertheless pretty and picturesque, in spite of the bead-trinketed cheapness of her costume.

"In Paris" is a purely spectacular number, showing on models of such familiar structures as the Eiffel Tower numerous striking effects with colored electric lights, and casting on painted landscapes the varying degrees of light and shade that accompany dawn, sunset, and stormy weather.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Sarah Bernhardt is very much displeased with her Paris public. During her provincial tour, she determined to keep her Paris theatre open with a revival of "L'Aiglon," in which her latest protégé, young Max, was to play the hero. But Sarah has worn L'Aiglon's breeches so effectively that the Parisians refused to accept any mere man in the rôle. One of the critics wrote: "After the remarkable non-success which has greeted Mr. Max's appearance as L'Aiglon, we have no doubt that next season, out of the goodness of her heart, Mme. Bernhardt will promote him to her other great rôle, Marguerite Gauthier."

The students of Stanford University are making great preparations for their night at Fischer's Theatre, on November 14th, the day of the football game.

The Longest Spree on Record and Other Things.

Appletons are publishing an interesting series of new editions of minor works popular in England during the early years of the last century. One of these is "Memoirs of the Life of John Mytton," by "Nimrod"—a pseudonym, we believe, for Charles James Apperley. Mytton was an eccentric, joke-loving, pugnacious, violent, jolly, sporting old English squire, of Shropshire, whose is the distinction of having been "drunk for twelve successive years," and yet of being able with a rifle "to hit the edge of a razor at a distance of thirty yards, and occasionally to split his ball!" He was deaf, and therefore not being much of a conversationalist he made it up in exploits that endeared him to the yokels of country side, but were of a sort like to fright the ladies. Among the scores of anecdotes that "Nimrod" tells with a comrade's gusto is this one: One evening, Mytton had been out with some roistering fellows in London town, and returned late somewhat "sprung," in the slang of the day, and with a violent hiccup. The hiccup annoyed him. Finally, to quote from "Nimrod," "'Damn this hiccup,' he shouted, as he stood undressed on the floor, apparently in the act of getting into his bed: 'but I'll frighten it away'; so, seizing a lighted candle, applied it to the tail of his shirt, and—it being a cotton one—he was instantly enveloped in flames." When, through the prompt exertions of his friends, the blazing shirt was torn off him, and the fire put out, the battered squire got unsteadily on his feet and gazed about him. "'The hiccup is gone, by—', said he, and reeled into bed." Truly, a robust old gentleman was John Mytton!

The present edition contains many illustrations in color by contemporary artists—H. Alken and T. J. Rawlins—and is based on the second edition of 1837.

Two other books in the same series are "The Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque," with three colored illustrations, by Thomas Rowlandson, and "The History of Johnny Quæ Genus, the Little Foundling of the Late Doctor Syntax," also with twenty-four of Rowlandson's inimitably humorous drawings in color. Since neither of these works, as now issued, has a word of explanation beyond the statement that they are reprinted from the editions of 1817 and 1822, it may be interesting information that both were written by one William Combe, a Grub Street hack-writer, who flourished between 1760 and 1823, and who was the author of some four-score books, of which "Doctor Syntax" was the most famous in its day. It is in rhyme—very dull rhyme it now seems—and is said to have been written around and for Rowlandson's pictures. Its chief present interest is in showing what the pre-Victorians thought funny.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York: \$1.50.

A sobering corrective of the exalted notion many people have as to the salaries paid on the legitimate stage is found in some recent legal testimony over a broken contract. The actor in question is Tyrone Power, whose Tudas in Mrs. Fiske's presentation of "Marv of Macedonia" was among the most admirable and striking achievements in acting seen on the American stage last season. It created a profound impression, brought Mr. Power vards of enthusiastic notices, and moreover was a very trying part, and yet he received only one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week, less than many vaudeville actors are supposed to receive. The court judged the contract such a one-sided affair that it released the actor from it. Mr. Powers has just secured another hit in the title-rôle of "Ulysses," Stephen Phillips's poetic drama, which is crowding the Garden Theatre, New York. It is described as "a bewildering spectacle, a drama of uncommon beauty and merit, strong in emotional interest, and not devoid of spiritual episodes."

"I see that old Closefit has begun to wear glasses." "Yes. I think he's injured his eyesight looking out for number one."—Puck.

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To-night, Sunday night, and for one more week only. Second and last week begins Monday. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Henry W. Savage announces the greatest of all musical comedy hits,
PRINCE OF PILSEN
By Pixley and Luders, authors of "King Dodo."
October 5th—**Florodora**, by a star cast.

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Regular matinees Thursday and Saturday. Commencing Monday evening next, September 28th, FLORENCE ROBERTS in
—ZAZA—
Evenings, 25c to 75c. Saturday matinee, 15c to 50c.
GIOCONDA, by D'Annunzio, will be repeated at the matinee, Thursday, October 1st. Night prices, October 12th—The New Alcazar Stock Company in Pinero's **Lady Bountiful**.

CENTRAL THEATRE.

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Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.
Beginning Monday, September 28th, matinees Saturday and Sunday, **CHARLES A. HOYT'S**
A TEMPERANCE TOWN
Special engagement of L. R. Stockwell.
Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, 25c.
Week of October 5th—**My Friend From India**.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Regular matinees Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.
Week beginning with to-morrow (Sunday) matinee, **JAMES NEILL** and the incomparable Neill Company in
A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE
Prices—Nights, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Matinees, 15c, 25c, and 50c.
Week of October 6th—**Last of Mr. Neill in Under Two Flags**.

Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, September 27th. Vaudeville Dazzlers! Myles McCarthy, assisted by Miss Aida Woolcott; the Great Alexius; Carlton and Terre; Paula and Dick; Falke and Semon; Charles Ernest; Marlo and Aldo; moving pictures showing "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; and last week of E. Rousby's spectacular novelty, "In Paris."
Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c; Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Florence Roberts as "Zaza"

Next week Florence Roberts is to revive David Belasco's much-discussed play, "Zaza," at the Alcazar Theatre. Her impersonation of the fiery, impetuous music-hall artist is remarkably strong, especially in the famous *dénouement* scene in the fourth act, where she acts with a fever and excitement which carries the audience away as completely as did Mrs. Leslie Carter. "Zaza" will probably run for a fortnight, when Miss Roberts's very successful engagement comes to a close. "Gioconda" will be repeated at the two Thursday matinees. The regular Alcazar stock company will open its season on October 12th, when "Lady Bountiful," by Arthur W. Pinero, will have its first San Francisco hearing. The important new members of the company will be Adele Block, leading lady; James Durkin, leading man; Frances Starr, ingenue; and John B. Maker, character comedian.

Last Week of the "Prince of Pilsen."

On Monday next the "Prince of Pilsen" enters upon the second and last week of its stay at the Columbia Theatre. The next attraction will be the big star cast production of "Florodora," with Isadore Rush, R. E. Graham, Philip H. Ryley, Thomas A. Kiernan, Donald Bine, Joseph Phillips, Edith Verrington, Harriett Merritt, Lillian Spencer, in the leading rôles. With such a cast, "Florodora" is sure to draw crowded houses again during its run, for its libretto is amusing and its music is tuneful, the most popular numbers being "The Shade of the Palms," "The Queen of the Philippine Islands," "The Fellow Who Might," "Tact," "Phrenology," "I Want to be a Military Man," "The Silver Star of Love," "I've an Inkling," and the gem of the whole production, the "Tell Me Pretty Maiden" sextet.

Return of James Neill.

James Neill will begin a brief engagement at the Grand Opera House on Sunday afternoon in the romantic melodrama, "A Gentleman of France," Harriet Ford's dramatization of Stanley Weyman's novel. The play opens with Gaston de Marsac suing at the court of Henry of Navarre for a chance to show his prowess, and ends with his attracting the attention of the handsome Mlle. de la Vire, who gives him a rose. In the next scene, Navarre and Baron Rosny come to Marsac's poor apartments to offer him the dangerous mission of rescuing Mlle. de la Vire from the castle of Chize, whither Turenne, Navarre's rival in the favor of the Huguenots, has contrived to banish her. De Marsac accepts the mission, and accomplishes the rescue. In the fourth scene, Fresnoy asserts that De Marsac boasted of Mlle. de la Vire's favor, and convinces her that he, and not De Marsac, was deputed by Navarre to rescue her. In the end De Marsac wins the good will of Navarre, who, by the death of Henry the Third, becomes King of France. The new leader loads him with riches and honors, and Mlle. de la Vire, whose imperious love has been won against heavy odds, gives him her heart and hand. Mr. Neill will appear as De Marsac, and Edythe Chapman as the haughty court beauty, Mlle. de la Vire. The other characters will be played by Donald Bowles, Clifford Dempsey, George Bloomquist, Jean de Lacey, Reginald Travers, Robert Morris, John W. Burton, Robert Siddle, Elmer Bloomquist, W. H. Harkness, Morris Cytron, Roy Davis, Robert Banks, Edward Whitcomb, Lillian Andrews, Edith Campbell, Ruth Hickstein, Gertrude Keller, and Dorothy Sidney. During the Neill engagement, there will be matinees Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

The Fischer Burlesques.

Only another week remains of the present double bill at Fischer's Theatre. "The Glad Hand" is composed of the best selections from the Weber & Fields successes, and the fun is kept up from start to finish. The songs of Maud Amerson, Eleanor Jenkins, Winfield Blake, Harry Hermsen, Miss Vidot, and the Misses Hope and Emerson, are especially catchy and popular. "The Con-Curers," a travesty on the play, "The Conquerors," is also full of mirth and melody. One of the most taking features is the quartet, "Honey, Will You Miss Me When I'm Gone?" which gets several encores nightly. "It was the Dutch," by Kolb, Dill and Bernard; "My Pauline," by Miss Amber; and the song and dance, "Honey, Send Home for Money," by Flossie Hope and Gertie Emerson, are also great favorites. On Monday evening, October 5th, the new burlesque, "The Paraders," will be given.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

The young Irish singing comedian, Myles McCarthy, will make his vaudeville debut in this city at the Orpheum next week, assisted by Miss Aida Woolcott, when he will present his sketch, "The Race Tour's Dream." Another notable new-comer will be Alexius, who gives a startling bicycle act. He turns somersaults from a bounding pad, while his feet and legs are strapped to a unicycle, and he turns a complete somersault over a table, while mounted on a safety. His crowning feat is the mounting of a stairway with about thirty steps, which he accomplishes by short leaps on his wheel. Other new specialties will be Al Carleton and Willard Terre, in a skit entitled "A String Town Yaw"; and Paula and Dika, Parisian singers and dancers, who are both capital entertainers and are assured a hearty welcome after an absence of five years. Those retained from this week's bill are Falke and Semon, the musical comedians, who will vary their act; Charles Ernest, in new songs and stories; Marlo and Aldo,

in their remarkable triple horizontal-bar performance; and E. Rousby's electrical spectacular novelty, "In Paris." A great innovation in biograph pictures will be introduced for the first time in this city, when the principal scenes from the drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be reproduced in most realistic style. There are several thousand feet of film in this striking series of animated tableaux.

Stockwell at the Central Theatre.

At the Central Theatre, on Monday evening, the popular comedian, L. R. Stockwell, will appear in Charles A. Hoyt's "A Temperance Town." Mr. Stockwell originally created the part of Launcelot Jones, better known as Mink, the town drunkard, a rôle which affords him plenty of opportunity to show his powers as a comedian. The play is filled with amusing character parts, which have been entrusted to capable hands—Gentleman Jack, "who might be somebody if he was a mind-to-"; the bombastic country squire, "who once tried a case in Boston"; the druggist who shouts for temperance, but sells liquor on a prescription; the clergyman who leads the crusade against rum; and the interesting females of his family, including a daughter with a "smattering of law."

Grand Opera at the Tivoli.

Bizet's "Carmen" never seems to lose its hold on San Francisco music-lovers, and this week there has been such a brisk demand for tickets for this opera that it is to be continued next week, alternating with "The Barber of Seville," which will be presented on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights. The cast for "Carmen" will be the same as that of the present week, except that Tina de Spada will replace Adelina Tromben as Michaela. Cloe Marchesini has made a distinct hit as Carmen, despite a cold, and will be heard at her best now that she has almost recovered. Ischierdo and Zanini do excellent work as Don José and Escamillo. In the "Barber of Seville," Adelina Tromben will sing the rôle of Rosina, and Figaro will be entrusted to Adamo Gregoretti, who is considered one of the best Pizarros on the Italian stage to-day. Alfredo Tedeschi, the young tenor, is cast for the part of Count Almaviva.

"Twelfth Night" at the Lyric.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings, Ben Greet's English company will act Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" at Lyric Hall in old Elizabethan fashion. The comedy will be given in its entirety. A stage will be especially constructed for its representation, and upon this the company, which has received such encomiums for its work in "Everyman," will act the merriest of Shakespeare's comedies. The costumes will be copies of those in vogue in 1603. The music, which will be of the sixteenth century, consisting of such selections as "Oh, Mistress Mine," "Come Away, Death," will be rendered by musicians seated in a balcony over the stage. The cast will be as follows: Duke Orsino, John Sayer; Sebastian, Beatrice Whitney; Antonio, Olive Currie; Valentine, Mildred Jones; Curao, Cecilia Griffith; Sir Toby Belch, Robert Smiley; Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Robert Halford Forster; Malvolio, Ben Greet; Fabian, C. Arthur Collins; Feste, a clown, Dallas Anderson; a priest, S. H. Goodwyn; Olivia, Alys Rees; Viola, Constance Crawley; Maria, Margaret Bucklin. The prices for the performances will be \$1.50 and \$1.00. Students and teachers will be allowed special rates.

It is now definitely settled that Nance O'Neil will be seen in New York in January in a new classical play. The theatre has not yet been decided upon. Meanwhile, the actress has contracted to open the new Cleveland Theatre, in Chicago, on October 31st. She will appear in a repertoire of four plays.

Paul Gerson will give one of his afternoon dramatic entertainments at Fischer's Theatre on Friday, October 9th.


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Charles Warner's Remarkable Hit.

Charles Warner, for nearly forty years one of the foremost actors on the English stage, who for nearly a generation has been identified with the character of Coupeau in Charles Reade's "Drink"—dramatized from Zola's novel, "L'Assommoir"—made his first appearance in America at the Academy of Music in New York last week, and scored what Acton Davies terms "an electric success." The critic adds: "In a long experience of New York's first-night receptions to strange stars, we have never seen a more spontaneous demonstration than that which greeted Mr. Warner after the fifth act of 'Drink.' A large audience, almost frightened out of their skins by the horror of his death scene, literally rose to the actor and proclaimed him great. After seeing this performance it is easy to comprehend the hold which Mr. Warner's Coupeau has taken on the English-speaking world. It is a more minute, graphic, and terrible study of character than any which Sir Henry Irving ever gave; it makes Richard Mansfield's dual creation of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde seem like a babe in arms. In fact, in the marvelous way in which he piles horror upon horror during that awful fit of delirium tremens, Mr. Warner, in this rôle at least, stands alone. It is a creation to be seen once and remembered forever."

Cléo de Mérode appears to have had a complete triumph at Stockholm, where her dancing has created such excitement that, on leaving the theatre one evening, and objecting to have the horses taken out of her carriage, the police were obliged to interfere, in order to keep the crowd back and enable the dancer to reach her hotel.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Martha Washington Hotel in New York, which was built exclusively for women and receives no men guests under any circumstances, is the only hotel of the kind in the world, although the St. James in London, the Franklin Square in Boston, and the Marie Louise on Sixteenth Street, New York, are also exclusively for women. At each of them, however (says William E. Curtis), there are certain rules and restrictions and more or less of religious influences and motives. About twenty-five years ago, the late A. T. Stewart built the Park Avenue Hotel in New York exclusively for women, but it was a failure. There were too many rules. He attempted to make it an Adamless Eden. No men were admitted except to certain parlors between certain hours of the day; no pianos, or cats, or dogs were allowed, and every guest had to be in, with the light out, at a certain time every night. It was run like a boarding-school, and self-respecting women who were old enough to take care of themselves would not stay there. So Mr. Stewart had to abandon his plan, and the hotel was opened to the general public.

The Martha Washington Hotel is a handsome fireproof building, twelve stories high, and furnished with every comfort and convenience at a cost of about \$750,000. It is the result of a movement organized by several philanthropic ladies, who thought that in the metropolis there ought to be at least one hotel where women can go without escort and feel perfectly safe and at home. It is owned by a stock company incorporated two years ago, and most of the shares are held by women. The hotel can accommodate 500 guests, and at present there are about 350 in the house. Of these about 200 are regular boarders—teachers, bookkeepers, stenographers, musicians, artists, newspaper writers, students, cashiers, head-saleswomen for big mercantile houses, designers, and other professional women. They can hire a small room on the European plan as low as \$9 a week, which is the minimum, with meals; \$17.50 a week being the maximum, which pays for a sitting-room and a little bedroom. Most of the transient guests are from New England, New Jersey, and other localities around New York, who come to town to shop. The hotel has been open only a few months, and has never been advertised.

Mr. Curtis points out the fact that the Martha Washington Hotel is wide open. There are no rules or restrictions whatever. Guests of the house may receive men visitors whenever they like as freely as if they were in any ordinary hotel, and no questions are asked. They are not allowed to receive men callers in their bedrooms, but if they have a parlor or sitting-room it is permitted. There are two dining-rooms. One on the ground floor, opening from the office and from the street, is run on the European plan, and the other on the first or parlor floor is run on the American plan. Both are open to men as well as to women, and several men who have business in the neighborhood are in the habit of taking their meals there. Boarders can invite gentlemen friends to lunch or dine with them in either dining-room. Those who are accustomed to ordinary hotels complain that the portions are small, but the prices correspond. The manager says that his women guests do not want large portions, and he tries to furnish as much as they need at a reasonable price. The charges are about one-half what they are at the other first-class hotels, and the room rates correspond. An ordinary room on the European plan costs \$1 a day, and with a bath \$2.50. On the American plan similar rooms cost from \$2.50 to \$5. There is no bar or cigar-stand, but there is a news-stand kept by a good-looking young lady.

Since its opening, the manager has been having a great deal of trouble with his help. He can not keep bell-boys. They will not stay with him more than two or three days, and the entire force is changed nearly every week. The boys complain that the women are unreasonable, and give no tips, while at other hotels they almost invariably duplicate their wages, and sometimes make two or three times as much in dimes and quarters. The manager of the woman's hotel tried girl "bell-boys," but the guests of the hotel did not like them, and they were found to be incompetent. When the institution opened every employee under the roof, except the manager, the porters, the engineer, the firemen, and elevator conductors, were women. There were only about a dozen men about the place, and they were necessary for work

which women could not do. There was a woman bookkeeper, a woman cashier, and all the waiters in the dining-rooms were women. The first innovation was a man for head-waiter, because the woman who occupied that position could not enforce discipline among the girls; and then it became necessary to employ robust youths to carry the soiled dishes from the dining-rooms to the kitchen, because some of the tender-hearted guests declared that the work was too heavy for girls. Recently, all of the girl waiters struck, and their places have been filled with men—ordinary, cheap, professional hotel waiters, secured at the employment agencies on Fourth Avenue. It is not believed, however, that they will remain long, because they will doubtless make the same complaint as the bell-boys that women do not give tips. Thus far the kitchen has been run with women cooks without the slightest difficulty.

Some surprise has been expressed owing to the announcement that Lewis Iselin, of New York, who is to marry Miss de Neufville, is to have the ceremony performed in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Incarnation, because it was generally supposed that he was a Roman Catholic. It has been explained that, although Mr. Iselin's father, Columbus O'Donnell Iselin, is a member of the Roman Catholic Church, his wife, who was a Miss Jones, was a Protestant, and that the young man who is to wed Miss de Neufville was brought up in that faith. Several hundred years ago (points out the New York Tribune) the ancestors of the young couple, who were Huguenots, fled together from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and settled in Switzerland. Miss de Neufville's great-grandfather, Abram de Neufville, founded a banking-house at Frankfurt, and afterward became a business associate of members of the Iselin family. Intimate friendship has existed between the two families for more than two hundred years. Miss de Neufville's mother was Marion Parker.

An eminent Berlin nerve specialist, who had his attention attracted to the chronic nervousness of many pianists, has been studying the piano from the pathological point of view. Out of one thousand young girls whom he examined, each of whom had begun to study the piano under the age of fourteen, no less than six hundred had some nervous malady, while out of one thousand who had never studied that instrument, only one hundred were afflicted. The Berlin specialist has promulgated the theory that no child should be allowed to learn the piano before the age of sixteen.

Commenting on the fact that Governor Alexander Monroe Dockery has just divested his countenance of a celebrated and almost immortal set of whiskers, the New York Sun says: "The twentieth century is beginning somewhat as the nineteenth century began, though, of course, not so strictly and universally smooth, but it is doubtful if it will run parallel through all its quarters with its predecessor. There were no mustaches, no beards, when the nineteenth century dawned. Side whiskers began to curl and sprout before it had run far in its course, and they grew bolder after a time and encircled the throat and chin, leaving bare the upper lip. The lip was submerged about 1860, and in the later years of destruction was last to yield to the assaults of the barber. The human countenance began to exhibit itself again not long after the war, and from that time down to the very recent past the unsupported mustache was the prevailing mode. Now fashion is changing again, so that the young men are commonly completely shaved, and their fathers have covered lips. The youth of to-day have the weight of civilized precedent with them. An examination of the family albums of the last four centuries will demonstrate that the unwhiskered have had by far the better of it. For nearly two hundred years of that time the beard was not permitted to sprout. A great deal of encouragement for the shaven but ambitious young man may be found in the Presidency of the United States. From the beginning with Washington down to Lincoln's time whiskers found lodgment in the White House only three times, and in every case they were of the remote variety known as sideboards, which offered no considerable obstruction to the observation of the faces to which they were linked. John Quincy Adams presented a stubborn pair, Martin Van Buren's were amiable in their moods, and Zachary Taylor's were evidently the unobtrusive expression of a fancy for trimmings. Lincoln inaugurated the bearded era, which was carried on by Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur

(with Dundrearys), and Harrison, though Harrison yielded not a little of his expanse before he retired from office. Cleveland was the first mustached President, and Roosevelt the second, while McKinley preserved the tradition of the smooth face.

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SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
September 17th....	50	57	.00	Clear
" 18th.....	56	50	.00	Cloudy
" 19th.....	68	50	.00	Clear
" 20th.....	58	50	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 21st.....	60	54	.00	Cloudy
" 22d.....	62	52	.00	Clear
" 23d.....	66	50	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, September 23, 1903, were as follows:

		BONDS.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Cal. Central G. E.	5%	8,000 @ 103		103 1/4	
Los An. Ry 5%		5,000 @ 115 1/4		115 1/4	117
Market St. Ry. 6%		7,000 @ 118		118	
Market St. Ry. 1st					
Con. 5%		6,000 @ 115 1/4		115 1/4	
N. R. of Cal. 5%		2,000 @ 119			
North Shore Ry 5%		6,000 @ 99 1/2-100		100 1/4	
Oakland Gas 5%		5,000 @ 108 1/4			110
Oakland Transit 6%		10,000 @ 121			121
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%		5,000 @ 110-110 1/4			
S. F. & S. J. Valley					
Ry. 5%		2,000 @ 120 1/4-120 1/2		120 1/2	
S. P. R. of Arizona					
6% 1909		4,000 @ 107 1/4		107 1/2	108
S. P. R. of Arizona					
6% 1910		2,000 @ 109 1/4			
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%					
1912		5,000 @ 117 1/4			
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%					
1912		15,000 @ 108		108	
S. V. Water 6%		5,000 @ 106			106
S. V. Water 4%		12,000 @ 100		100	
		STOCKS.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Water.					
Contra Costa		35 @ 49		49	50
Spring Valley		275 @ 83 1/4-84 1/4		84 1/4	84 3/4
Street R. R.					
California St.		35 @ 200			
Powders.					
Giant Con.		220 @ 64 1/2-66		65 1/2	67
Sugars.					
Hawaiian C. & S.		275 @ 45 1/4		45 1/4	46 1/4
Honokaa S. Co.		215 @ 13 1/4-14		13 1/4	14
Hutchinson		150 @ 13-13 1/2		12 1/2	13 1/2
Kilauea S. Co.		5 @ 5			
Makaweli S. Co.		100 @ 20 1/2-21		21 1/2	
Onomea S. Co.		220 @ 31-32 1/2		32 1/2	34
Paauhau S. Co.		815 @ 16-16 1/2		16 1/2	17
Gas and Electric.					
Mutual Electric		5 @ 12 1/2		12 1/2	14
S. F. Gas & Electric		210 @ 67 1/4-68		67 1/4	68 1/4
Trustee's Certificates.					
S. F. Gas & Electric		245 @ 67 1/4-68		67 1/4	68 1/4
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers		200 @ 154-156 1/2		154	156
Cal. Fruit Cannery		30 @ 95-97		96 1/2	
Cal. Wine Assn.		80 @ 96 1/4-97		96 1/2	97 1/4
Oceanic S. Co.		10 @ 7			
Pac. Coast Borax		20 @ 107		107	

The sugars have been active, and on sales of 1,730 shares made gains of from one-quarter to two and one quarter points; Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar selling at 45 1/4; Honokaa at 14; Hutchinson at 13 1/2; Makaweli at 21 1/2; Onomea at 32 1/2; Paauhau at 16; closing in fairly good demand at 45 1/4 bid for Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar; Honokaa Sugar Company, 13 1/2 bid; Hutchinson, 12 1/2 bid; Makaweli, 21 1/2 bid; Onomea, 32 1/2 bid; Paauhau Sugar Company, 16 1/2 bid.

Giant Powder was strong, and on sales of 220 shares sold up one and one-half points to 66, closing at 65 1/2 bid, with no stock offered.

Spring Valley Water was in good demand, and on sales of 275 shares sold as high as 84 1/4; closing at 84 1/4 bid, 84 3/4 asked.

Alaska Packers was weaker, selling off to 154 on sales of 200 shares.

The gas stocks have been inactive, without change in quotations.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At a dinner in London, the other day, Bernard Shaw remarked to an American guest: "What a lot of you Americans come over here every summer!" "Yes," replied the fair American, "England has come to be a favorite summer resort for Americans." "Well, we won't complain of that," said Shaw; "but for heaven's sake, don't make it a winter resort also."

A very interesting and racy character, according to Senator Hoar, was Judge Theron Metcalf, who used to say of himself that he "was taken to fill a gap in the court as people take an old hat to stop a broken window." He hated statutes, and on one occasion when he asked to have the legislature pass a law simplifying court proceedings in certain cases, and was told that a statute to that effect already existed, he replied, with great disgust: "I have said, sir, that if they did not repeal that thing I would read it."

While in England, Henry Ward Beecher was entertained by a gentleman who believed in spiritualism and was himself a medium. One day he asked if Beecher would like to talk with the spirit of his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher. Mr. Beecher replied that it would please him immensely. After the séance was over, he was asked how it had impressed him, at which, with the twinkle in his eye, Beecher responded: "All I have to say is that if I deteriorate as fast for the first ten years after I am dead as my father has, I shall be a stark-naked fool."

The Manila *American* has discovered "the champion circulation liar." He is acting as editor of the *Thundering Dawn*, a Buddhist organ just started in Tokyo. Here is his greeting to the public: "This paper has come from eternity. It starts its circulation with millions and millions of numbers. The rays of the sun, the beams of the stars, the leaves of the trees, the blades of grass, the grains of sand, the hearts of tigers, elephants, lions, ants, men, and women are its subscribers. This journal will henceforth flow in the universe as the rivers flow and the oceans surge."

It is related that when he first visited Ireland, Thackeray took a drive on a Dublin car some distance into the country. Milestones had recently been erected along the roads, and on each was printed the number of miles, with the letters "G. P. O.," distances being measured from the general post-office. Thackeray was unaware of this, and in his thirst for information asked the carman what the letters meant. The prompt reply was: "God preserve O'Connell." Thackeray believed what he was told, but the incident only appeared in the first edition of his book.

When a boy in Smyrna, Justice David J. Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, once paused to speak to Adjib, a scribe of Smyrna, on the highway. Adjib's robe was as white as snow, but there was a hole in it. "There is a hole in your robe, Adjib," Justice Brewer said. "I know it," Adjib replied. "If you know it why don't you darn it?" Brewer asked. "For the sake of appearances," Adjib answered; "a hole may be an accident of the most recent happening. A hole will pass upon a king, a noble, or the most rich and powerful person. But a darn is the sign of poverty. There is no getting around it, no misunderstanding it. I can not afford to wear a darned robe."

In his "Rossetti Papers," William Rossetti says that when Shelley was staying in the villa of the Gisbornes a most droll incident occurred. It appears that his servants, Giuseppe and Annunziata, who were man and wife, quarreled; and Shelley, hearing Giuseppe abusing his wife very savagely, and also ill-using her, rushed upon him with a pistol, shouting, "I'll shoot you! I'll shoot you!" The startled fellow ran for his very life, Shelley after him, till the servant, coming to a shrubbery of laurels, managed to slip under them. Shelley in his eagerness darting past him, he in a few minutes found it possible to dodge back into the house unperceived. Shelley, seeing him no more, at last went back to the house, where, to his utterable surprise, he found Giuseppe and Annunziata sitting together in the most amicable manner, addressing each other as "Caro" and "Carissima." "But were you not quarreling even now?" exclaimed the perplexed poet. "Quar-

reling," gasped Giuseppe, in amazement; "no, signor, we never quarreled." "But I have been running after you in order to shoot you." "No, signor, you never ran after me, for I have been sitting here for the last hour or more. You must have fancied all this." And Giuseppe and Annunziata (who had both been considerably frightened) continuing to assure him that they had had no quarrel, and Mary Shelley, whom they had let into the secret, saying the same, Shelley was at last utterly mystified, and inclined himself to believe that he must have fancied it."

It was the custom of a certain minister, when dining at the home of one of his best friends, to consume a glass of milk, and then, without more ado, fall to and enjoy the spread, which was always elaborate when he was expected. One day when the minister was scheduled to appear, instead of the foamy glass of milk, delicious and creamy, his friend placed beside his plate a good, stout rich glass of milk punch, so clearly and cleverly prepared that it resembled nature's concoction to a nicety. The dinner hour duly arrived, and after a short blessing the minister seized his glass and quaffed. Not a tremor, not a move, not an exclamation, did he make, until the heverage was consumed, and then he exclaimed, as he pushed the glass from him, closed his eyes and smacked his lips: "Ah! a glorious cow!"

In Arizona, when a man buys a thousand head of steers, it is customary to allow him a ten per cent. cut. Old Colonel Gray was selling a train load to a young Californian who knew his business, and, though nothing had been said about the cut, the buyer was making the accustomed selections, when the colonel happened along in an ill humor, and forbade any further choice; whereupon the young man refused to take the cattle. The irate colonel swore a great oath, loaded his steers, and started for Nevada; but finding no sale for them there, he swore some more and took his train to Colorado, then to Kansas, and then to Nebraska, until he had spent the worth of his cattle in transportation, and had loaded and unloaded until they looked like a famine in a dry land. At last in desperation he began selling a few at a time. An old farmer from the plains came in to buy a band. "Can you load 'em on the kears?" he asked. "Oh," said the exasperated colonel, "when those steers hear the toot of a locomotive you can't hold 'em. They'll run forty miles and climb aboard themselves."

Royalties Who Didn't Look Royal.

According to Hrolf Wisby, in the *Independent*, an incident which King Christian of Denmark never tires of telling as a good joke on royalty occurred when he and his oldest son, the Crown Prince Frederik, accompanied the late Czar Alexander the Third of Russia on a pedestrian tour in Denmark. Weary of walking, they asked a peasant to give them a ride home, to which he assented. It was evident from the peasant's manner that he had no knowledge who were his august passengers. The king made up his mind to play a practical joke on the man, but as it happened the man turned the joke on the king. Nudging the Czar with his elbow, the king said to the peasant: "Good man, tell me have you ever seen the Crown Prince of Denmark?" "Crown Pete?—No," responded the man, his answer being a vernacular pun on the Crown Prince's title; "but I know he lives up there in the castle."

"Well, I am the Crown Prince of Denmark," announced the holder of that title, restraining himself from laughter with great difficulty.

"And I am the King of Denmark," supplemented King Christian, impressively.

"And I am the Czar of Russia," broke in the late Czar with his barbarous pronunciation of Danish, which on the tongue of the present Czar, Nicholas, sounds like that of a native.

The peasant looked them over slowly, one by one, with a mischievous eye, and barely removing the pipe stem, he said in a slow, crooning voice: "Weel-a-weel! If you're the Crown Pete, and you're the King Bee, and that is the Czarri o' Russialand, then—I am the Emperor o' Chinah!"

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Lay of the City Pavement.

They took a little gravel,
And they took a little tar,
With various ingredients
Imported from afar.
They hammered it and rolled it,
And when they went away
They said they had a pavement
That would last for many a day.

But they came with picks and smote it
To lay a water main;
And then they called the workmen
To put it back again.
To run a railway cable
They took it up some more;
And then they put it back again
Just where it was before.

They took it up for conduits
To run the telephone,
And then they put it back again
As hard as any stone.
They took it up for wires
To feed the 'lectric light,
And then they put it back again,
Which was no more than right.

Oh, the pavement's full of furrows;
There are patches everywhere;
You'd like to ride upon it,
But it's seldom that you dare,
It's a very handsome pavement,
A credit to the town;
They're always diggin' of it up
Or puttin' of it down.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Mule and the Man.

The mule he is a gentle beast;
He's satisfied to be the least;
And so is man.
Like man he may be taught some tricks;
He does his work from 8 to 6;
The mule—when he gets mad he kicks;
And so does man.

The mule—he has a load to pull;
He's happiest when he is full;
And so is man.
Like man he holds a patient poise,
And when his work's done will rejoice,
The mule—he likes to hear his voice;
And so does man.

The mule—he has his faults, 'tis true;
And so has man.
He does some things he should not do;
And so does man.
Like man he doesn't yearn for style,
But wants contentment all the while.
The mule—he has a lovely smile;
And so has man.

The mule is sometimes kind and good;
And so is man.
He eats all kinds of breakfast food;
And so does man.
Like man he hawks at gaudy dress
And all outlandish foolishness.
The mule's accused of mulishness;
And so is man.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Lost Golfer.

[The sharp decline of ping-pong, whose attractions at its zenith seduced many golfers from the nobler sport, has left a marked void in the breasts of these renegades. Some of them from a natural sense of shame hesitate to return to their first love. The conclusion of the following lines should be an encouragement to this class of prodigal.]

Just for a celluloid pillule he left us,
Just for an imbecile ballet and ball,
These were the toys by which Fortune hereft us
Of Jennings, our captain, the pride of us all.
Shopten with clubs to sell handed him rackets,
Rackets of sand-paper, rubber, and felt,
Said to secure an unplayable service,
Pestilent screws and the death-dealing welt.
Oft had we played with him, partnered him,
Swore by him,

Copied his pitches, in height and in cut,
Hung on his words, as he delved in a bunker,
Made him our pattern to drive and to putt.
Benedick's with us, the major is of us,
Swiper the county bat's still going strong,
He alone broke from the links and the clubhouse,
He alone sank in the slough of Ping-Pong.

We have "come on"—but not his example;
Sloe-gin has quickened us—not his cash;
Holes done in 6 where a 4 would be ample
Vexed him not, busy perfecting a smash.
Rased was his name as a decadent angel,
One more mind unhinged by a pitulgent game,
One more parlor-hero, the worshiped of school-girls,

Who once had a princely "plus 5" to his name.
Jennings is gone; yet perhaps he'll come back to us,
Healed of his hideous lesion of brain,
Back to the links in the daytime; at twilight
Back to his cozy club-corner again.
Back for the Medal Day, back for our foresomes,
Back from the tables' diminishing throng,
Back from the infantile, ceaseless half-volley,
Back from the lunatic lure of Ping-Pong.

—Punch.

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.
St. Louis...Sept. 30, 10 am | Phil'delphia...Oct. 10, 10 am
New York...Oct. 7, 10 am | St. Louis...Oct. 21, 10 am
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Friesland...Oct. 3, 9 am | Belgenland...Oct. 17, 9 am
West'n'd Oct. 10, 11:30 am | Haverl rd. Oct. 24, 11:30 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Minnehaha...Oct. 3, 3 pm | Min'et'nka...Oct. 17, 1:30 pm
Mesaha...Oct. 10, 9 am | Min'apolis...Oct. 24, 8 am
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
New England...Oct. 1 | Commonwealth...Oct. 22
Mayflower...Oct. 8 | New England...Oct. 29
Columbus (new)...Oct. 15 | Mayflower...Nov. 5
Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Southwark...Oct. 3 | Kensington...Oct. 17
Dominion...Oct. 10 | Canada...Oct. 31

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.
Vancouver...Saturday, Oct. 10, Nov. 21
Canhroman...Saturday, Oct. 31, Dec. 12

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a. m.
Zeeland...Oct. 3 | Vaderland...Oct. 17
Finland...Oct. 10 | Kroonland...Oct. 24

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Victorian...Sept. 29, noon | Germanic...Oct. 7, noon
Teutonic...Sept. 30, noon | Adriatic...Oct. 9, 7 am
Arabic...Oct. 2, 3:30 pm | Armenian...Oct. 13, 10 am
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Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Doric...Wednesday, Oct. 7
Coptic...Saturday, Oct. 31
Gaelic (Calling at Manila) Wednesday, Nov. 25
Doric...Tuesday, Dec. 22
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
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Nippon Maru...Thursday, October 15
America Maru...Tuesday, November 10
Hongkong Maru...Thursday, December 3
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

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S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Oct. 26, 1903, at 11 A. M.
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MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1852—50,000 volumes.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

POSTER PICTURES.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Harrington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, of Colusa, and Lieutenant-Commander Albert P. Niblack, U. S. N.

The engagement is announced of Miss Caroline Stetson Ayers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor P. Ayers, and Mr. Dennis Searles.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Marjorie Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Moore, and Mr. Hugh H. Brown.

The engagement is announced of Miss Adelaide Deming, daughter of Mr. E. O. Deming, and Mr. Robert Mein, of Oakland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Daisy Burns, daughter of Captain A. M. Burns, and Mr. Jason Gould.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jones have sent out invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Marion Jones, to Mr. Robert D. Farquhar, in New York, on Tuesday, September 29th. The ceremony will be performed at Grace Church at noon. A wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's parents on East Seventeenth Street, Stuyvesant Square, will follow.

Invitations have been sent out for the wedding of Miss Therese Morgan, daughter of Mrs. William P. Morgan, and Mr. Norris King Davis, which will take place at the home of the bride's mother, 2211 Clay Street, on Wednesday evening, October 7th, at nine o'clock.

The wedding of Miss Marion Coffin and Mr. John Shepard Eells will take place to-day (Saturday) in the Episcopal church in Ross Valley. The maid of honor will be Miss Natalie Coffin.

The wedding of Miss Marion Holden, daughter of Mrs. S. P. Holden, and Mr. Charles Stockton Pope took place on Monday in Trinity Episcopal Church. Bishop Nichols officiated, assisted by Rev. Frederick Clappett, rector of the church. Miss Milward Holden was the maid of honor, and Miss Anna Holden and Miss Luitie Collier acted as bridesmaids. Mr. William Knowles was best man, and Mr. Gustavus Pope, Dr. Saxon Pope, Mr. James Keith, and Major Julius Penn served as ushers. Mr. and Mrs. Pope left later in the day on their wedding journey, and on their return, in a fortnight, will occupy the former residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Irwin on Russian Hill.

The marriage of Miss Adelaide Fairbanks, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Fairbanks, and Ensign John W. Timmons, U. S. N., took place in Washington, D. C., last Saturday afternoon, the ceremony being performed by Chaplain Clark, U. S. N.

The marriage of Miss Jessie Scott Easton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Easton, and Mr. Loren E. Hunt will take place at noon, Tuesday, October 6th, at the home of the bride's parents, 109 Fell Street. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. William Kirk Guthrie, and only relatives and intimate friends will be present.

The wedding of Miss Sara K. Robertson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Robertson, of Honolulu, and Mr. James Donahue Dougherty, son of Mrs. Joseph Spear, took place on Wednesday evening at "Punahoe," the home of the bride's parents in Honolulu.

Invitations are out for the first Assembly, to be given at the Palace Hotel on November 23d. The patronesses of this club are Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. W. H. McKittick, Mrs. William Irwin, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. McClung, and Mrs. Bowman McCalla. The dates of the two other assemblies will be December 31st and January 29th.

Mrs. William C. Van Fleet will give a tea next Friday in honor of her cousin, Mrs. Sloat Fassett, of New York, and Miss Margaret Fassett. Those who will assist in receiving are Mrs. F. H. Green, Miss Margaret Bender, Mrs. H. J. Crocker, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, Miss Marion Huntington, Miss Katharine Dillon, and Mrs. Herrin.

Mrs. Laura Roe gave a lawn tea at her residence in Ross Valley last Saturday, and many San Francisco ladies crossed the bay to be present. The hours were from half after two o'clock until half after five. Mrs. Roe was assisted in receiving by Mrs. R. J. Davis, Mrs. Charles Belden, Mrs. H. E. Bothin, Miss Gertrude Jones, Miss Ethel Valentine, Miss Clara Rice, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Elsie Marsh, and Miss Gertrude Wheeler.

Mr. James D. Phelan gave a luncheon at his residence on Valencia Street on Wednesday, at which he entertained Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. McLean Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grace, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss Joliffe, Mrs. Oxnard, Miss Kipp, Miss Marie

Wells, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Mr. William Greer Harrison, Mr. Enrique Grau, Mr. Thomas Magee, and Captain Robert Fletcher. Mrs. J. H. Jewett gave a luncheon on Tuesday in the Palm Garden of the Palace Hotel in honor of Mrs. M. M. Estee. Others at table were Mrs. Charles Deering, Mrs. T. B. McFarland, Mrs. Mann Wilson, Mrs. Alfred H. Voorhies, Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. North, Miss Carrie Ayers, and Miss McFarland.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Marriage of Kubelik.

Accounts are just coming to hand of the marriage of Jan Kubelik, the famous Bohemian violinist, and the Countess Marienne Csaky-Szell, at Debreczin, Hungary, on August 26th. The happy pair are almost the same age. Kubelik was born at Miehle, near Prague, in 1880, the son of a market gardener, and the daughter of the late Countess von Szell Bessenyei. She was born at Debreczin. At the age of 16 she married a Hungarian count, but the union was of short duration, the countess securing a divorce after a few weeks of wedded life.

It was at Kubelik's initial appearance at Debreczin, in 1900, that he first set eyes on the lovely countess, with whom he fell immediately in love. But he resolved not to be swayed by a momentary impulse, and postponed his proposal for three years, during which he kept up a correspondence with her. The feminine enthusiasm lavished upon him in America and England, and the offers of marriage he received did not estrange him from his "ideal," as he termed the countess. It was on February 27, 1903, in Vienna, just before a concert which he gave, that Kubelik formally offered his hand to the lovely Hungarian and was accepted. That evening she appeared in one of the boxes, and the brown-haired and brown-eyed beauty divided with him the attention of the audience. Her relatives opposed the match, but her persistence and determination ultimately converted them to her side. Their wedding trip is to be a sort of triumphal journey, for during October and November Kubelik will give concerts in England, Scotland, and Ireland. For December he is engaged in Russia; for January, 1904, in the large towns of Austria; Italy, the South of France, and the Riviera will be visited in February; March will be spent in Paris; April and May in Belgium and Holland. In June and July Kubelik returns again to Great Britain, and then he will rest in Hungary. It is said that the unhappy dispute which broke out last year between Kubelik and his family, owing to investments he had made, is now finally settled, and that peace is restored between himself, his mother, and his brothers and sisters.

Lillian Nordica has the distinction of being asked to sing Isolde in "Tristan und Isolde" at the Wagner festival now in progress in Munich, over all the available prima donne. She had been engaged to sing in the cycle of "The Ring," and one presentation of "Tristan," but she was so triumphant in that one that Director von Possart asked her to sing in both the remaining presentations. Failing to secure her for the second, Von Possart wrote: "Will you not at least give us your highly artistic assistance in the third and last presentation of the work, which takes place on September 5th? Your extraordinary success leads me to beg you to give the international public, and the people of Munich in attendance at the festival, another opportunity to witness your masterly interpretation." Mme. Nordica acceded to this humble request.

Owing to the fact that many of the Tivoli Opera House musicians who have been playing at the symphony concerts find the Scheel rehearsals and the grand-opera rehearsals too taxing on their time and strength, it has been decided to give them a week's rest, and the concert announced for next Tuesday will be abandoned. The final Scheel concert will take place at the Grand Opera House on Tuesday afternoon, October 6th, when the principal novelties of the programme will be the "Rustic Wedding" symphony of Goldmark, and the music of "Montezuma" (music drama), by Dr. H. J. Stewart.

Manager Will Greenbaum announces for the opening of the concert season at the Lyric Hall, the young American pianist, Augusta Cottlow, who created an immense sensation here some years ago when she appeared as a child. Natopur Blumenfeld, a talented young violinist, has been especially engaged for these concerts, which will take place on the nights of October 13th and 15th and Saturday afternoon, October 17th.

A splendid programme will be given in the musical service at Trinity Church on Sunday evening, September 27th, at eight o'clock, when Edward Elgar's masterpiece, "Lux Christe," a short oratorio, will be rendered by Trinity choir, under the direction of Louis Eaton, organist.

Mme. Schuman-Hink, the famous contralto, who was such a favorite here with the Grau Grand Opera Company, will shortly give several recitals in this city under the direction of Will Greenbaum.

Among other plays which Mrs. Patrick Campbell hopes to bring out in the course of her autumn season is "Tristan and Isolde," by Joseph Comyns Carr.

Damages Awarded Marriott.

The jury in the suit of Frederick Marriott against Thomas H. Williams and Truxton Beale for \$100,000 damages, returned a verdict in favor of Marriott and against Williams alone for \$16,780. Judge Sloss instructed the jury that it might find a verdict against one of the defendants if it did not wish to decide against both. The jury was polled, and the verdict was found to be unanimous. It is understood that the attorney for Williams will ask for a new trial. He contends that error was committed by the court in admitting in evidence statements made by Mrs. Marriott the night of the shooting. In the event that Judge Sloss should deny the motion for a new trial, an appeal will be taken to the supreme court. In the verdict of the jury \$6,780 were fixed as the amount of the actual damages suffered by Marriott. This was the sum he asked for in payment of his doctor's bills and the other expenses of his illness. The other \$10,000 was added as exemplary damages. The jury was composed of George R. Armstrong, William Rayhill, William D. Ball, Charles W. Chapman, John Tonningsen, Charles Oberdeener, John R. McGuffick, William J. Evans, John Stokes, C. H. Ingerson, James G. Boobar, and Samuel Isaacs.

For a New City and County Hospital.

The urgent necessity for a new City and County Hospital is recognized by all who are acquainted with the existing conditions. The following committee earnestly request all citizens of San Francisco to inquire into this matter and vote for the appropriation of a new City and County Hospital at the bond election next Tuesday: Mrs. William Crocker, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. George Gibbs, Mrs. M. H. Hecht, Miss Elizabeth Ashe, Miss Kohl, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. C. P. Pomeroy, Mrs. H. M. Sherman, Mrs. William Smedberg, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Mrs. Frank L. Symmes, Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. Norman McLaren, and Mrs. Lovell White.

Maxine Elliott's girlish figure on her return from Europe, a few weeks ago, astonished her friends. Miss Elliott had faded away to the proportions of a sylph. The fact was that while her husband, Nat Goodwin, was enjoying an outing in Yosemite Valley, she had been preparing for her first season as a star not by a summer of rest, but by one of starvation. In her determination to lose all the flesh possible in three months, she neglected as far as she dared the necessary formality of eating. Now she is suffering the consequences of her excess, but as the doctors have decided that she needs only a few square meals to make her well again, there is no real alarm over her condition.

A movement is on foot to organize a new social club in San Francisco, to be composed exclusively of members of the railroad, steamship, and electric railway fraternities. It will incorporate when it attains a membership of one hundred, and an effort will be made to secure the top floor of the new Flood Building at Powell and Market Streets for club-rooms. It is expected that all the prominent railroad and steamship officials in San Francisco will identify themselves with the new organization.

The first open meeting of the Outdoor Art League since the summer vacation will take place at Sorosis Club-Rooms, 1620 California Street, on Monday afternoon, September 28th, at three o'clock. The Rev. Father Caragher, the public-spirited priest, will speak on "The Necessity of Preserving Telegraph Hill." Miss Ina D. Coolbrith will read a poem, and Mrs. Fassett will give her impressions of the hill cities of Europe. All interested in the preservation of Telegraph Hill are urged to be present.

The municipality of Carlsbad, the celebrated health resort in Bohemia, is taking a loan of about two million five hundred thousand dollars, to be expended in improvements and new structures, among the latter being a bathing-hall and an assembly building, and the extension of the water-works and of the electric plant.

—CORRECT, NATTY, ARE THE LADIES' SHIRT Waists designed by Kent, "Shirt Tail or," 121 Post Street, San Francisco.

—"KNOX" CELEBRATED HATS; FALL STYLES now open. Eugene Korn, Hatter, 746 Market St.

The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space, over a quarter of an acre has been added to the addition of very handsome modern chandeliers, and tropical plants, by converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—THE LARGEST ROOM, furnished in the latest style and Pool tables for the guests. THE LUXURY PARLOR—THE LARGEST, with the LUXURY ROOM, and numerous modern improvements, together with a skilled Cuisine and the most comfortable location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this magnificent hotel.

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Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps, as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it. Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow have returned to San Francisco, after a stay of several months East.

Mrs. Harriet Kittle and Miss Kittle returned to San Francisco last week, after an absence of several months.

Prince and Princess André Poniatowski, who have arrived in New York, will sail for Europe on October 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett will spend the winter at their cottage at Burlingame.

Mr. Charles Rollo Peters came up this week from his country place at Monterey. Mr. Peters contemplates going to England in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott have taken the Loughborough house on O'Farrell Street for the winter season, and expect to occupy it next month.

Mr. Theodore Wores when last heard from was in Granada, Spain.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, who left town some weeks since for the mountains, have returned to the Coast. Mr. Hopkins will leave for the East on Sunday.

Mrs. C. T. Deane has just returned from a trip to Lake Tahoe.

Dr. Henry Gibbons and Miss Florence Gibbons were among the visitors at Santa Barbara last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale were at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Miss Katharine Dillon and Miss Patricia Cosgrove returned to San Francisco on Sunday last, after an extended stay abroad.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., after a short visit to New York, has entered Yale College.

Miss Daisy Van Ness has returned from Calistoga, where she has spent the summer.

Mrs. Herbert Gee, of Reno, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Albert Redding, who has been quite ill.

Miss Lucie King was the guest of Mrs. Schwerin during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. David McClure Gregory (*née* Lohse) have returned from their wedding journey in Southern California.

Mrs. A. P. Hotelling and Mr. Frederick Hotelling have departed for Europe.

Mrs. Clinton Jones will close her country residence at Ross Valley on October 1st, and spend the winter at The Colonial.

Miss Elizabeth Huntington and Miss Marion Huntington have returned from their visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear have taken a house on the corner of Pacific Avenue and Octavia Street for the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Ellinwood and Miss Charlotte Ellinwood will spend the month of October in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Allen and family, who are to occupy the Mills residence on Jackson Street during the winter, will return to town from Ross Valley next week.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Starr and Miss Starr have taken apartments for the winter at 1812 Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Morton Gibbons is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Sunderland, of Reno, at her residence on Franklin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Umhens will spend the autumn and winter at The Colonial.

Mr. James D. Phelan left for the East on Thursday.

Mr. Harry Mendell and family are guests at the Hotel Richelieu.

Miss Mary Harrington and Miss Louise Harrington have returned from their visit to Mrs. McCalla, at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk arrived from the East early in the week, after an absence abroad.

Mrs. A. H. Loughborough, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Loughborough, will leave for Europe about the middle of October. They expect to spend the winter in Rome.

Mr. Athole McBean was a guest at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page will spend the coming winter in San Francisco, having taken a house on Octavia Street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller expect to spend the fall months in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, after passing the summer at the Hotel Rafael, are occupying their new residence on Broadway.

Mrs. M. M. Estee, after a month's stay in San Francisco, will sail for Honolulu (to-day) Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and the Misses de Young have returned to town, after spending the summer in San Rafael.

Mrs. Melvor, of Portland, Or., is the guest of her parents, Colonel and Mrs. Smedberg.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. D. J. Bonsfield, of London, England, Mr. George C. Holtherton and Mr. A. G. Whittemore, of Cedarville, Mo. and Mrs. J. H. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older, Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Sasso, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Levy, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hamilton, Miss John Weiglein, Miss Hazel Weiglein, Miss Marie Wells, Miss L. Swanberg, Mr. Francis J. Hency, Mr. Charles E. Stokes, Mr. George W. Heintz, Mr. P. B. Auspacher, and Mr. H. C. Brundy.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

General Robert L. Mead, U. S. M. C., Mrs. Mead, Miss Mead, and Miss Henrietta Mead are registered at The Colonial.

Colonel William S. Patten, U. S. A., arrived from the East last Monday, and on Tuesday assumed the duties of chief quartermaster of the Department of California. Colonel and Mrs. Patten have been the guests this week of their son at Alcatraz Island.

Colonel Thomas C. Woodbury, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has gone to Angel Island,

where he will remain in charge of the depot of recruit instruction.

Colonel Charles H. Noble, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., arrived with his regiment from Manila last week, and, being the senior officer, is in charge of the post.

Miss Jennie Miller, daughter of Rear-Admiral Miller, U. S. N., has returned from her extended Eastern trip, and has joined her parents at The Colonial.

Major Benjamin H. Randolph, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been in the East for several months, returned to his duty in California a few days ago.

General G. B. Dandy, U. S. A., Mrs. Dean, and Captain J. F. Dean, U. S. A., have taken apartments at The Colonial for the coming season.

Major James B. Aleshire, quartermaster's department, U. S. A., who arrived from the Philippines on the transport *Sherman* last week, has proceeded to Washington, D. C., where he will be on duty in the office of the quartermaster-general.

Major Hobart K. Bailey, U. S. A., who has been inspector-general of the Island of Luzon returned from the Philippines on the transport *Sherman*.

Colonel C. A. Booth, U. S. A., and M. Booth are at The Colonial.

Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., will sail for Manila on the transport leaving here next Thursday.

Craze of the Alaska Indians for Alcohol.

Florida Water, containing ninety-six per cent. of wood alcohol, has decimated the Ketchikan Indians on Prince of Wales Island, Alaska. It was sold to them last spring by Zumlock and his wife, who keep a store at Ketchikan. Three Indians died, after suffering great agony, and many others were made very sick. One of them has been rendered permanently blind. The grand jury indicted Zumlock and his wife for selling liquor to Indians, but they have just been acquitted, after admitting that they sold Florida Water, but denying knowledge of its composition. United States Marshal Shoup brought down samples of the Florida Water for analysis at the university, and ascertained that it consisted chiefly of wood alcohol. The Alaskan Indians are in the habit of buying anything which contains alcohol. The Florida Water offered them a new opportunity, which they embraced, with deadly results. The result of the acquittal of the Zumlocks will be to place in jeopardy the lives of white prospectors in that part of Alaska. This is due to the Indian custom that the life of a white man shall be taken in revenge for every Indian killed.

Postmaster Hawley, of San José, has been notified that his request made to the superintendent of the railway mail service here for a mail by the theatre train has been approved, and that it will be put on as soon as the necessary authority for the messenger service is received from Washington. By the new arrangement letters mailed in San Francisco between 6 and 10 p. m., as well as the Eastern mails due here early in the evening, will be received in San José and distributed for delivery by carriers on the first morning delivery—a net gain of several hours. An additional mail connecting at San Francisco for Northern California, Oregon, and Washington points has also been allowed. This mail will close at San José at 5 p. m. Heretofore, the last connection for these points was at 3:45 p. m.

While playing polo at Onwentsia field last Saturday, Nathan Swift, son of Louis N. Swift, the Chicago packer, was hit by a polo ball. Mr. Swift did not appreciate his danger until too late, the glare of the sun preventing him from following the ball in its flight. When the ball hit him he did not fall from his saddle, and when his companions galloped to his side he was at first inclined to make light of the injury. He was induced to dismount, and walked without aid from the field. Arriving home, he complained of dizziness, and later went into a delirium. During the night an operation was performed to relieve a ruptured blood vessel near the brain. This gave only temporary relief to Mr. Swift, who later died.

During the run of "Ben Hur" at the Grand Opera House, excursions are to be run to this city from San José, Santa Cruz, Sacramento, Santa Rosa, and Stockton in order that people from all over the State may have an opportunity to see this elaborate spectacle. "Ben Hur" is not to be presented in any city in California outside of San Francisco, owing to the magnitude of the production and the lack of stage facilities.

There is no more delightful way of enjoying a day's outing than in making a trip up Mt. Tamalpais. In addition to the pleasant journey up the bay to Sausalito you have an opportunity to admire the beautiful scenery of Mill Valley, while the panoramic views from the veranda of the Tavern and the summit of the mountain are glorious.

Kyrle Bellew is starring this season in a dramatization of E. W. Hornung's "Tales of an Amateur Crackman," the leading character being Raffles, the gentleman burglar, who sadly abused the hospitality of his aristocratic friends and even aspired to the hand of a beautiful heiress.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The third annual convention of the California Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will meet on Monday morning, October 5th, at 2111 California Street, at ten o'clock. The following day (Tuesday, the sixth), the convention will be held in Century Hall, 1215 Sutter Street, at 10 A. M. There will be given in connection with the convention two receptions under the auspices of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C.—the first to Confederate veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy on Wednesday evening, October 7th, at the residence of Mrs. R. E. Queen, 2212 Sacramento Street, San Francisco; and the second on Thursday afternoon, October 8th, at the residence of Mrs. W. A. Clark and Mrs. W. O. Minor, 2719 Dwight Way, Berkeley. This last reception will be given in honor of the retiring and the incoming officers of the division, and to all delegates, alternates, and executive committees as well as to all members.

It is announced that after all claims against Augustin Daly's estate are met there will be a balance of \$184,194. Litigation in England involved the ownership of the lease of Daly's Theatre in London. The ownership of the lease was not determined until after Daly's death, but the judgment of the court was in favor of the estate. In this country Ada Rehan's claim for \$60,000 was admitted and paid in full. Since then she has begun action against the estate for the payment of \$6,000, which she asserts is due to her for salary. The executors are disputing her right to this money. The executors say the London theatre has been continued at a profit, and it is added that the lease of Daly's Theatre in New York, together with the scenery, properties, costumes, and furnishings, has been sold for \$50,000.

The San José *Mercury* says: "James W. Rea recently presented Santa Clara College with a beautiful Holstein heifer. It is one of the finest in the State, and is greatly admired. The college faculty is very thankful to Mr. Rea for the valuable gift, and as a token of grateful remembrance the heifer will be named 'Beautiful Rea.'"

Jerome Hart's Letters.

Ready in a few weeks, "Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart. A number of the recent letters written to the *Argonaut* from Southern Europe—principally from Spain—have been collected in a volume. The book makes nearly three hundred pages, and is now going through the press. It is very handsomely printed on costly laid paper from new type. About two-score illustrations accompany the text, from photographs taken by the Two Argonauts.

The book will be bound in a handsome cover emblazoned with the emblems of the various provinces of Spain—castles for Castile, lions for Leon, pomegranates for Granada, chains for Navarre, etc.

Only a limited edition will be printed. Mr. Hart's recent book of travel, "Argonaut Letters," also a limited edition, was out of print three months after publication. Those desiring the present volume will do well to apply at once.

The net price, which depends on the number of pages, will be fixed next week—it will probably be \$1.35. Address the Argonaut Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

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They are the only first-class grounds in California available to the public. The greens are always green. Sunshine and cool breezes from the sea are always present and refreshing, the weather never interfering. You can play winter and summer, the year round.

Play golf at Del Monte, the ideal retreat for all golfers.

GEO. W. REYNOLDS,
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AS PRESCRIBED BY A LAW, enacted by the last Legislature, the State Board of Commissioners of Optometry has ISSUED CERTIFICATES TO THE UNDERSIGNED FIRMS, entitling them and their employees to practice the fitting of spectacles and eye-glasses:

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CHINN-BERETTA OPTICAL CO.,
991 Market Street.

CALIFORNIA OPTICAL CO.,
205 Kearny Street.

GEO. H. KAHN,
201 Kearny Street.

HENRY KAHN & CO. (The Ocularium),
642 Market Street.

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211 Post Street.

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Trains leave Union Ferry Depot, San Francisco, as follows:

7.30 A M—BAKERSFIELD LOCAL: Due Stockton 10.40 a. m., Fresno 2.40 p. m., Bakersfield 7.15 p. m. Stops at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives 8.55 a. m.

9.30 A M—THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED: Due Stockton 12.01 p. m., Fresno 3.20 p. m., Bakersfield 6.00 p. m., Kansas City (third day) 2.35 a. m., Chicago (third day) 2.15 p. m. Palace sleepers and dining-car through to Chicago. Second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives 11.10 p. m.

9.30 A M—VALLEY LIMITED: Due Stockton 12.01 p. m., Fresno 3.30 p. m., Bakersfield 6.00 p. m. The fastest train in Valley. Carries composite and reclining chair car. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 11.10 p. m.

4.00 P M—STOCKTON LOCAL: Due Stockton 7.10 p. m. Corresponding train arrives 11.10 a. m.

8.00 P M—OVERLAND EXPRESS: Due Stockton 11.15 p. m., Fresno 3.15 a. m., Bakersfield 7.35 a. m., Kansas City (fourth day) 7.00 a. m., Chicago (fourth day) 8.47 p. m. Palace and Tourist sleepers and free reclining-chair cars through to Chicago. Also Palace sleeper which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6.25 p. m.

* Daily. † Monday and Thursday. ‡ Tuesday and Friday.

Personally conducted parties for Kansas City, Chicago, and East leave on Overland Express Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p. m.

TICKET OFFICES at 641 Market Street and in Ferry Depot, San Francisco; and 1112 Broadway, Oakland.

California Northwestern Railway Co. LESSEE SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY. Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael. WEEK DAYS—7.30, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.35, 2.30, 3.40, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30, and 11.30 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.30 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.30, 8.00, 9.30, 11.00 a. m.; 1.30, 2.30, 3.40, 5.10, 6.30, 11.30 p. m.

San Rafael to San Francisco. WEEK DAYS—6.05, 6.50, 7.35, 7.50, 9.20, 11.15 a. m.; 12.50, 1.30, 3.40, 5.00, 5.20, 6.25 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.45 p. m. SUNDAYS—6.50, 7.35, 9.20, 11.15 a. m.; 1.45, 3.40, 4.50, 5.00, 5.20, 6.10, 6.25 p. m. †Except Saturdays.

Leave San Francisco.	In Effect May 3, 1903.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.
Week Days.	Sun-days.		Sun-days. Week Days.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.		7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		8.40 a. m.
8.30 p. m.	9.30 p. m.	Ignacio.	10.20 a. m.
9.00 p. m.	9.30 p. m.		6.00 p. m.
9.30 p. m.	9.30 p. m.		6.20 p. m.
10.00 p. m.	10.00 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.		7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		8.40 a. m.
8.30 p. m.	9.30 p. m.	Novato, Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.20 a. m.
9.00 p. m.	9.30 p. m.		6.20 p. m.
9.30 p. m.	9.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
10.00 p. m.	10.00 p. m.		7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		8.40 a. m.
8.30 p. m.	9.30 p. m.	Fulton.	10.20 a. m.
9.00 p. m.	9.30 p. m.		6.20 p. m.
9.30 p. m.	9.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.		7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		8.40 a. m.
8.30 p. m.	9.30 p. m.	Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	10.20 a. m.
9.00 p. m.	9.30 p. m.		6.20 p. m.
9.30 p. m.	9.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
10.00 p. m.	10.00 p. m.		7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		8.40 a. m.
8.30 p. m.	9.30 p. m.	Hopland and Ukiah.	10.20 a. m.
9.00 p. m.	9.30 p. m.		6.20 p. m.
9.30 p. m.	9.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
10.00 p. m.	10.00 p. m.		7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		8.40 a. m.
8.30 p. m.	9.30 p. m.	Guerneville.	10.20 a. m.
9.00 p. m.	9.30 p. m.		6.20 p. m.
9.30 p. m.	9.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
10.00 p. m.	10.00 p. m.		7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		8.40 a. m.
8.30 p. m.	9.30 p. m.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.20 a. m.
9.00 p. m.	9.30 p. m.		6.20 p. m.
9.30 p. m.	9.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
10.00 p. m.	10.00 p. m.		7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.		8.40 a. m.
8.30 p. m.	9.30 p. m.	Stenopol.	10.20 a. m.
9.00 p. m.	9.30 p. m.		6.20 p. m.
9.30 p. m.	9.30 p. m.		7.25 p. m.
10.00 p. m.	10.00 p. m.		7.45 a. m.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altruria and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hultville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Compote, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Ukiah, at Willits for Fort Bragg, Westport, Sherwood, Caho, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Garberville, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

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NORTH SHORE For SAN RAFAEL, ROSS, MILL VALLEY, ETC., Via Sausalito Ferry. DEPART WEEK DAYS—6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 11 A. M.; 12.20, 1.45, 3.15, 4.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.45, 9, 11.45 P. M. 7.45 A. M. week days does not run to Mill Valley. DEPART SUNDAY—7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 11, 11.30 A. M.; 12.20, 1.45, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.45, 9, 11.45 P. M. (Trains marked * run to San Quentin. Those marked † to Fairfax, except 5.15 p. m. Saturday. Saturday 5.15 p. m. train runs to Fairfax. 7.45 A. M. week days—Cazadero and way stations. 5.15 P. M. week days (Saturdays excepted)—Tomas and way stations. 3.15 P. M. Saturdays—Cazadero and way stations. Sunday 5.15 A. M.—Cazadero and way stations. Sunday 5.15 A. M.—Point Reyes, and intermediate. Legal Holidays—Boats and trains on Sunday time. Ticket Offices—626 Market St.; Ferry, foot Market.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She (reproachfully)—"Before we were married you used to say you couldn't live without me." He—"A man never knows what he can do till he tries."—Life.

Fond mother (who is sure the visitor would like to hear her infant prodigy on the violin)—"Johnnie is so far advanced that now we can almost tell whether he is tuning or playing."—Punch.

His guess: "Well, I think I made an impression on her anyway," said the automobile enthusiast, as he glanced back at the fair young woman lying in the road.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Doctor—"Ah! out for a constitutional?" She—"Yes; I walk two miles before breakfast every morning for my complexion." Doctor—"Is the drug store so far as that?"

And it swallowed the hook: "So you caught a catfish that weighed 38 pounds." "Hook and all, that wuz its weight." "Hook and all?" "Yep; the hook I was using weighed 37 pounds."—Indianapolis Sun.

Medium (at spiritualistic séance)—"Is Mr. Keezicks present? His deceased wife wishes to communicate with him." Mr. Keezicks (in an agitated voice)—"Tell her I'd rather not. I'm married again."—Chicago Tribune.

The visitor—"Why are you here, my misguided friend?" The prisoner—"I'm the victim of the unlucky number, thirteen." The visitor—"Indeed; how's that?" The prisoner—"Twelve jurors and one judge."—Sporting Times.

A useful attaché: "Why should I give this man a position?" said the Sultan of Turkey. "Because he may be very useful in an emergency," answered the grand vizier; "he knows how to say 'We apologize' in every modern language."—Washington Star.

Promoters of courage: *Spartacus*—"Women are a great incentive to manly courage." *Smarticus*—"That's right. Since I've been married and had a few tilts with my wife, the prospect of a scrap with the meanest man on earth seems like mere child's play to me."—Baltimore American.

"Fine, wasn't it?" exclaimed Citiman, after the trombone soloist had finished his star performance; "that was really clever, eh?" "Oh, shucks," replied the Milpitas country cousin; "he didn't fool me a little bit. That's one o' them trick horns. He didn't really swell it."—Ex.

Class amusements: "Don't you think the amusements of many society people are very nonsensical?" "Sometimes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but not as nonsensical as the amusements of those people who amuse themselves by imagining how society people amuse themselves."—Washington Star.

The order of precedence: *First citizen*—"We shall have to have these resolutions of thanks about the new library of ours done all over again." *Second citizen*—"What's the matter?" *First citizen*—"Why, by a clerical error, the name of the Lord was placed before that of Andrew Carnegie."—Ex.

Like father: *Rangle*—"What were you punishing your boy for this morning?" *Angle*—"For lying. He said he saw a fish in the millpond as big as the one I've been telling about that got away from me there last week." *Rangle*—"But maybe he did see it." *Angle*—"Nonsense! There isn't a fish that big in the pond."—Philadelphia Press.

He had risked his life to rescue the fair maid from a watery grave, and of course, her father was duly grateful. "Young man," he said, "I can never thank you sufficiently for your heroic act. You incurred an awful risk in saving my only daughter." "None whatever, sir," replied the amateur life-saver; "I am already married."—Chicago Daily News.

Economical: *First farmer*—"Did they hev fire-escapes at the hotel where ye slept, Zeke?" *Second farmer*—"No, hut it was the most eckernomical tavern I ever seen." *First farmer*—"In what way, Zeke?" *Second farmer*—"Why, they had a rope hanging in every room, so that you could commit suicide without wastin' the gas."—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Easy and effective: "Before I consent to let you have my daughter," said the square-jawed captain of industry. "I want you to answer a question. What would you do if I were to give you one million of dollars?" After the coroner had viewed the remains and decided that death was due to heart failure, caused by a sudden shock, the old man lit another cigar and murmured: "That's worth tryin' again some time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Steedman's Soothing Powders for fifty years the most popular English remedy for teething babies and feverish children.

His failure: "Do you know anything about flirting?" "No," he replied, sadly; "I thought I did, hut when I tried it, hanged if the girl didn't marry me."—Chicago Post.

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9:45 A.	8:00 A.	12:00 P.	12:15 P.	9:15 A.	12:50 P.
1:45 P.	9:00 A.	12:50 P.	3:30 P.	3:30 P.	5:50 P.
5:15 P.	10:00 A.	3:30 P.	4:35 P.	4:35 P.	8:00 P.
11:30 A.	11:30 P.	8:00 P.	11:30 P.	11:30 P.	11:30 P.
Saturdays only, leave Tavern	9:30 P.	arrive	11:30 P.		

TICKET: 626 MARKET ST., (North Shore Railroad) OFFICES: and SAUSALITO FERRY Foot Market St.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. (Main Line, foot of Market St.)

LEAVE	FROM SEPTEMBER 2, 1903.	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, Elmhurst and Sacramento.	7.25 P.
7.00 A.	Vacaville, Winters, Rumsen.	7.25 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Knights Landing.	6.25 P.
7.30 A.	Niles, Livermore, Lathrop, Stockton.	7.25 P.
8.00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, connects at Marysville for Gridley, Biggs and Chico.	7.55 P.
8.00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.	10.25 A.
8.00 P.	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.	4.25 P.
9.00 P.	Port Costa, Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield.	6.25 P.
8.30 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Davis), Williams, Williams, Fruto, Red Bluff, Portland.	7.55 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.	4.25 P.
8.30 A.	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tiburon and Angels.	4.25 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez and Way Stations.	6.55 P.
10.00 A.	Vallejo.	12.25 P.
10.00 A.	El Paso Passenger, Eastbound—Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Sacramento, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and El Paso. (Westbound arrives via Coast Line.)	1.30 P.
10.00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.	6.25 P.
12.00 A.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.	3.25 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	11.00 P.
3.30 P.	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Williams, Colusa, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and way stations.	10.55 A.
3.30 P.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.	7.55 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Niles, Livermore, Sacramento, Lodi.	4.25 P.
4.30 P.	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore.	11.55 A.
5.00 P.	The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.	8.55 A.
5.00 P.	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Los Banos.	12.25 P.
5.30 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.	7.25 P.
6.00 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.	10.25 A.
6.00 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East. Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Elmhurst, Davis, Sacramento, Rock Hill, Auburn, Colusa, Truckee, Boca, Reno, Washoe, Winnemucca, Battle Mountain, Elko.	4.25 P.
6.00 P.	Reno, Truckee, Sacramento, Davis, Suisun, Benicia, Port Costa.	7.55 A.
6.00 P.	Vallejo, daily, except Sunday.	7.55 P.
7.00 P.	Vallejo, Sunday only.	11.25 A.
7.00 P.	San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations.	11.25 A.
8.05 P.	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Astoria, Coos Bay, Truckee, Boca, Reno, Washoe, Winnemucca, Battle Mountain, Elko.	4.25 P.
9.10 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only).	11.55 A.
11.25 P.	Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Raymond (to Yosemite), Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield.	12.25 P.

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street)

7.45 A.	Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only).	8.10 P.
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A for morning. P for afternoon. S Saturday and Sunday only. † Sunday only. ‡ Stops at all stations on Sunday. § Sunday excepted. ¶ Saturday only. * Via Coast Line. ** Via San Joaquin Valley. †† Reno train eastbound discontinued. ‡‡ Only trains stopping at Valencia Street south-bound are 6:10 A. M., 7:00 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 2:30 P. M., and 6:30 P. M.

THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Telephone, Exchange 53. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 5, 1903

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An interesting and anomalous condition of affairs has recently existed at Cripple Creek, Colo., where a strike of miners is in progress. The governor of the State, in pursuance of his duty of preserving law and order, sent several companies of militia to the scene of threatened sedition and insurrection. Martial law was, however, not declared. The militia officers arrested several persons on various charges, and *habeas-corpus* proceedings were at once instituted in the district court

to secure the release of the men so held. The position of the generals in command of the State troops was that, although martial law did not exist in Cripple Creek, still the military ruled, and that the court had no right to interfere with their prisoners by *habeas-corpus* proceedings. The court held that there was no force in this contention, and ordered that the men be released, which, after some delay, has been done, and the men are now at large. Governor Peabody, commenting on this decision, says:

Judge Seeds has decided against the military, and, as the national guard is in the district for the purpose of aiding the courts and civil authorities generally, there was nothing left for me to do except to order that the prisoners be turned over to the civil authorities.

This is undoubtedly the only correct position to take, and it answers completely the questions of a correspondent who asks the *Argonaut*, among other things, "if the officers of State militia have authority either under the Federal Constitution or the laws of Colorado to arrest and imprison American citizens."

But the correspondent also inquires if the action of the military in holding prisoners "does not partake of despotism," and to this we answer, No. The violation of statutes, either by individuals or officers of a State, hardly constitutes despotism, and, as a matter of fact, the affair has been peaceably settled by due and proper recourse to the courts.

But why are men so quick to talk of "despotism" where the State's guards are concerned? Why is it that the "soldiers-is-pizen" doctrine is now so popular? Why is it that in labor-union councils the epithets "hirelings" and "trust servants" are so often applied to the State's troops?

Can these things have come about because of an imperfect realization by people of the absolute power of the State? Has the burden of citizenship rested so lightly upon men since the Civil War that they have at length come to resent any intervention whatsoever of government in their affairs? This would seem to be the truth. How else shall we explain the fact that, though the United States has relatively the smallest standing army of any nation in the world, yet a movement exists so to weaken, if not to destroy, the militia forces upon which each State relies to preserve order that insurrection, riot, anarchy may prevail and the State have no power to suppress it?

If the labor-union campaign against the militia should unhappily succeed (which we think it will not), the government, of necessity, would be obliged to employ an increased number of Federal troops in its place. As the governor of New York pointed out in a recent speech, we have now no large standing army solely "because, in the repression of disorder and the enforcement of law, every citizen is clothed with police power, which it is his duty to offer in defense of our rights and our liberties."

It is Herbert Spencer, we believe, who speaks of the curious fact that "the more things improve the louder become the exclamations against their badness," and "as the evil decreases the denunciation of it increases." So in America. Here a man may go whithersoever he please. In European countries, no denizen may leave his city without notifying the police; he must carry with him his papers; he must report to the police in the city where he stops; he may at any time be brought before police officials and exhaustively interrogated; if he refuse to answer, he may be arrested; if the answers be not satisfactory, he may also be arrested; in short, every person is constantly spied upon. In the chief Continental countries, also, of every male citizen military service is required; this service takes the best years of each man's life; in or about every city, are garrisoned large bodies of troops—in large towns as

many as one hundred thousand men; these soldiers are liable to be called upon at all times to suppress riots; they do not hesitate to shoot to kill; they are maintained at vast expense, so that it is said that every workman carries a soldier on his back. Yet despite all this, as we have said, some millions of citizens of the United States are endeavoring to impair the efficiency of the inexpensive citizen soldiery, few in numbers, and certainly in no way oppressive. And, what is more, the measure employed to achieve these ends verge on treason. "Any action which may tend to discourage enlistment by either an employer or a fellow-laborer," says Governor Odell, "is a distinct crime against the State."

This is one of the worst phases of the whole matter. For is not this a republic? Are there not ballot-boxes? Has not every male citizen a vote?

The apathetic citizen is the torpid liver of the body politic. His inactivity permits the system of government to become an easy prey to the encroachment of disease and the maladies of misrule.

The *Argonaut* has no quarrel with the bonded debt that makes for municipal progress, but it has a distinct dislike and antagonism for the bonded debt that commits this city to the doctrine of municipal socialism. Municipal socialism means something in the world. It has proceeded far enough in England at last to awaken the apathetic citizen, and now, while the mischief is at its height, the heretofore complaisant Britisher who permitted the crime, is out shaking his tax bill in one hand and a bludgeon in the other.

Municipal ownership of tramways has not proved a success. This is a broad statement, but the records demonstrate it to be the fact. Take Glasgow—for that city is paraded before the American voter most frequently as an example for us to follow—a recent financial report boasts that the Glasgow municipal tramway paid into the city in relief of rates (taxes) the beggarly sum of £12,500, or about \$62,500, for a year's work. One San Francisco railway system alone pays into the city treasury of San Francisco over \$365,000 per annum in taxes, licenses, and franchise percentages. One private corporation pays to San Francisco six times as much as the entire municipal system of Glasgow.

Harper's Weekly of March 14, 1903, in an article on American municipalities, while not advocating the craze, said: "As regards municipal ownership, we are a hundred years behind Great Britain."

Sidney Brooks, *Harper's* London correspondent, showed this paragraph to an English member of Parliament, who has been twice mayor, and for over ten years a councillor, or alderman, of one of the largest cities in England. "His comment," says Mr. Brooks, "was startling."

"Happy America," he exclaimed; "long may she remain so!" He then proceeded to denounce the excesses of municipal socialism in these words:

Our local governing authorities have gone crazy over municipal trading. . . . The municipalities are the socialism of the future in embryo, and the men who compose them, whether they know it or not, are playing the game of socialism to perfection. If municipal speculation goes on at its present rate, it is my opinion we must either end in a sort of local bankruptcy, or else in such a widespread atrophy of private initiative as will work our commercial ruin. That is why, as a life-long friend and admirer of America, I am glad to hear she is a hundred years behind us in the matter of municipal ownership. That is why I say: "Long may she remain so."

In England, municipal socialism has led to a doubling, tripling, and even a quadrupling of municipal indebtedness.

The great danger to San Francisco lies in this direction, and it is a grave and serious danger.

world recognizes that out upon this West Coast there is to grow up a great seaport—a Western New York. The world knows that we have a harbor unmatched in all of the world. In the race for that commercial supremacy that is ours by right of geographical position and natural advantages, we are far ahead of all rivals. But we must bear this fact well in mind: An advantageous business location does not insure an exacting merchant a large volume of business. The intelligent world now knows, thanks to the experiments of England and Australia, just what municipal socialism means. If owning a street railroad on Geary Street began and ended with a loss of \$710,000, the city could bear the loss without much discomfort. Upon the figures submitted by the city engineer, although they are altered and doctored in an attempt to cure the vices of last year's figures, they show a loss to the city of nearly \$40,000 per annum. But the money loss is the smallest item that will tell against us as a city. We can only grow to greatness through the coming of people from the outside world. We must attract outside capital, not repel it. And once we serve notice on the world that we as a community are committed to municipal socialism of the rank character that begins with operating street railways, that moment we stamp this community as "Unsafe." This city has already suffered immeasurably through Kearneyism and other vicious forms of agitation, and it would be little short of criminal at this hour to run up the flag of socialism and make capital give pause before entering here.

It is idle to say the road will pay, idle to say we are only trying the experiment, idle to apologize or attempt to gloss over the socialistic features—the facts remain that it is socialism, and that it does not pay and has never paid anywhere on earth.

Charles Francis Adams, writing recently to a correspondent in Kansas City, in expressing his opposition to municipal street-railway lines, says the municipal system in use in Glasgow would lead to a riot in twenty-four hours if tried in Kansas City, and he adds: "Please don't talk to me of doing business through governmental machinery. It is one colossal exhibition of waste, extravagance, and incompetence."

Let the merchant and taxpayer remember this: To our north is Seattle, with the millions of Jim Hill, tugging and straining to strip us of trade; to the south are Los Angeles and San Pedro, where the government is putting millions of dollars into a harbor. We may sneer at these rivals because of our unique position. We did that some years ago to our loss.

Vote to make San Francisco a safe place for capital to seek investment.

If municipal socialism and high taxes will operate to keep out new capital and drive out movable money, how may the taxpayer who is now permanently located here secure relief? There will be no relief for him. He will discover that his property has been mortgaged for a something he does not want, but must pay for, so that a small minority may purchase a something they want and can not pay for.

There are about 72,000 registered voters in San Francisco. At the last municipal railway bond election only 26,615 votes were cast. The bonds received 15,120 votes. A handful more—2,624—could have carried the election, and so we would have witnessed the spectacle of 17,744 votes, less than one twenty-eighth of the population of the city, fastening upon the municipality the stigma of ultra-socialism with all of its attendant ills.

This is no time to say "we will vote for a municipal railway so that the socialists may make a failure of it and put an end to the movement." The moment is too critical for any such loose procedure. If you are one of the forty-six thousand voters who failed to cast a ballot at the last Geary Street election, you are urged to assist toward swelling the majority vote against municipal socialism to such a figure as will forever bury it beyond resurrection.

The very name "republic" is repugnant to socialism. Where absolutism reigns; where the frown of a Czar sends a shudder of fear through a broad empire; where one look of disapproval from a nation's War Lord bids the discontented murmurings of a million people change to smiles of satisfaction; where the government, lodged in a single hereditary ruler, is greater than the governed millions; where the individual effort is crushed and restricted; where liberty and freedom of action are stifled and restrained, there is the fecund field where all the dreamy hopes of so-

cialism must thrive, there is the land that gave it birth, there the wrongs that gave it inspiration. In such an environment was socialism born. The lean hand that rocked its rudely fashioned cradle was manacled to a thousand years of serfdom and oppression. Stunted and dwarfed in mind, yet sore and chafed in spirit, it rebelled against the tyranny of years. Its creator did not dare to dream of a republic where successful individual effort without governmental interference would be possible. He did not dare to dream of a tanner of hides as a nation's chief magistrate. He did not dare dream that a poor, unlettered apprentice lad, a tow-boy, or a hewer of wood, would grow to be the ruler of millions of freemen. His people had been governed since governments began—governed harshly, governed cruelly, but always governed by an aristocracy. They were the unhappy children of feudalism and fate. The thing that oppressed them, and generations before them, typified all power. It could and it must, according to this very pretty theory, now father them and house them, care for them, and feed them, and, putting aside the iron hand of despotism, kindly lead and guide them from the cradle to the grave.

Republics are founded upon broader, manlier lines. Their ideals are loftier, and their purpose is to raise, not to lower, mankind; to bring out the best, not the worst, in man.

In a nation of intelligent freemen, in a land like this, where the citizen of to-day is the chief executive of to-morrow, socialism has no place and is repugnant to the true spirit of a progressive, intelligent, and free people.

The executive council of the American Federation of Labor called on President Roosevelt at the White House on September 29th. Among them were Samuel Gompers, president of the federation, and John Mitchell, president of the Miners' Union, and protagonist of the anthracite coal strike. These labor leaders called to urge the President to dismiss Foreman Miller, of the government printing-office, because he had been expelled by his union. The President had reinstated him, but these labor leaders wanted Mr. Roosevelt to dismiss him again. The President did not mince matters, but replied in part as follows:

"I am dealing purely with the relation of the government to its employees. I must govern my action by the laws of the land, which I am sworn to administer, and which differentiate any case in which the government of the United States is a party from all other cases whatsoever. These laws are enacted for the benefit of the whole people, and can not and must not be construed as permitting discrimination against some of the people. I am President of all the people of the United States, without regard to creed, color, birthplace, occupation, or social condition. My aim is to do equal and exact justice as among them all. In the employment and dismissal of men in the government service I can no more recognize the fact that a man does or does not belong to a union as being for or against him than I can recognize the fact that he is a Protestant or a Catholic, a Jew or a gentile, as being for or against him. In the communication sent me by various labor organizations protesting against the retention of Miller in the government printing-office the grounds alleged are two fold. First, that he is a non-union man; second, that he is not personally fit. The question of his personal fitness is one to be settled in the routine of administrative detail, and can not be allowed to conflict with or to complicate the larger question of governmental discrimination for or against him or any other man because he is or is not a member of a union. This is the only question now before me for decision, and as to this my decision is final."

We are glad to see that Mr. Roosevelt has the courage of his convictions. He has been accused by the New York *Sun*, *Harper's Weekly*, and other hostile journals of coquetting with the labor vote. They have accused him of striking a blow at the Federal Constitution, at property rights, and at law and order, by his action in the anthracite coal crisis. But from his present action, it is evident that if Mr. Roosevelt can be bold in espousing the cause of labor, he can also be bold in attacking it when it is wrong. The President has voiced the sentiments of all intelligent and reasonable men in the foregoing expression of his views. Workingmen have a perfect right to combine. They have a right to form labor unions. They have a right to elevate their wages and to improve their conditions. But they have no right to prevent other men from earning a living, even if they do not happen to belong to the labor unions. We are glad that President Roosevelt has spoken in so unmistakable a manner.

The political campaigns this fall in the several States holding elections are decidedly dull. The reason is that in every State but one the result is already known. The politicians confidently predict that Ohio, Iowa, and Massachusetts will go Republican. They are equally confident that Kentucky will go Democratic. Maryland alone is doubtful. She has four Republican congressmen out of a total of six, but a Democratic governor; and last year a legislature with a Democratic majority of fifteen elected Gorman senator. In 1900, McKinley had only a plurality of 13,941 out of a total vote of 264,511. What the result will be this fall is therefore sufficiently uncertain to give the campaign interest.

In Ohio, it is chiefly interesting because Senator Hanna and the perpetually picturesque Mr. Johnson (otherwise known as Three-Cent Tom) are taking the stump. "Let well enough alone," "stand pat," "continue to stand pat," "hands off," "for God's sake keep letting well enough alone"—these are

the injunctions of Mr. Hanna to his constituents. He holds that to take the tariff off all articles manufactured by trusts, as urged by the Ohio Democrats, would result in "shutting up seventy-five per cent. of the industrial institutions of the United States until labor came down to European standards." His opponent, John H. Clarke, the Democratic candidate for United States senator, has challenged Hanna to joint debate, but Hanna has declined to engage in any such contest. Clarke's campaign speeches are devoted to the propositions that the present Wall Street panic has been largely brought about by high-tariff taxes which have locked up millions of the people's money in the Treasury; that the tariff should, therefore, be removed; that the capitalization of corporations should be limited to the value of the property; and that the Filipinos should immediately be given their independence. Tom Johnson, the candidate for governor, is making his campaign on local issues. But that he will win his fight is very doubtful, indeed.

There is a great uproar in England over the report of the South African War Commission. This report makes four large volumes, and it shows that Great Britain went into the war in an even more unprepared condition than our own before the Spanish war of 1898. It has developed, since that time, that President McKinley moved heaven and earth to hold back Congress from declaring war for a few months, in order to enable the War Department to secure more powder. It seems that we lacked not only the guns, and the bullets to fire out of the guns, but we lacked the powder with which to shoot them off. In war, even if cannon-balls and bullets be not propelled with accuracy against the enemy, it is necessary to make a loud noise, and we had no powder with which to make a loud noise. Hence, Mr. McKinley's praiseworthy (and successful) efforts at delay.

So, in Great Britain, it has now been discovered that during the Boer war there was practically no commissary, no transports, no reserve supply of guns or ammunition, no horses, no maps, and no plan of campaign. It will be remembered that Great Britain had to charter a number of transatlantic liners for the transport service, and that she had agents all over our Southern States, buying horses and mules.

This astounding condition of affairs seems to leak out after every war. After the Franco-Prussian campaign, it was discovered that France entered upon the war in a condition so unprepared that it was appalling. In the legislative chamber, before war was declared, the opposition one day asked the minister of war if the army was ready; he arose in his place, and said, solemnly: "There is not a hutton missing from a gaiter." It was soon discovered that he was right, the reason being that there were no gaiters. In fact, before a fortnight many of the French soldiers not only had no gaiters, but they had no shoes. The officers had no maps, except maps of German territory, and lost their way in their own country.

These developments make a non-military person wonder whether there is a "science" of war. A military campaign, to a layman, seems a series of blunders, and the general who makes the least blunders is called the successful one.

In his famous book on Napoleon's Russian campaign, the "Physiologie de la Guerre," Count Tolstoy gives a version of that military fiasco which is well worth perusal by those who have never read any but the accounts of French and other historians. Tolstoy says that Napoleon never had any plan of campaign; that the Russian generals never had any plan of campaign; that Napoleon apparently expected that the Russians would give him battle; that the Russians apparently intended to do so, but were prevented by internecine dissensions and jealousy among the corps commanders; that as Napoleon advanced toward the eastward, the Russian army was ordered by the Czar to stand and fight; that the Russian army wanted to fight; that Koutousoff, the commander-in-chief, distrusted the generals commanding the army corps; that, doubting their loyal adherence, he was afraid to give battle; that some of these generals determined to bring about a battle, thinking that the result would be a success for the French armies, and hoping thus to ruin Koutousoff; that while these intrigues were in progress, a battle was brought on by the impetuosity of the soldiers in the ranks; that the Battle of Borodino was not expected by Napoleon, and not intended by Koutousoff; that after the battle was over, the Russians had whipped the French and did not know it; that the Russians retired in good order, not knowing what terrible disasters had been inflicted on the French; that Napoleon, although his army was a mere military mob, immediately claimed the victory, because the Russians had retired; that the Battle of Borodino broke the back of the Grand Army, but the Russians did not suspect it then; that when Napoleon entered Moscow he knew not why he entered, and never could tell why he remained; that when the city was burned the French claimed the Russians did it; the Russians claimed the French did it; the Russian governor first denounced the French as barbarians for causing the fire, and then subsequently boasted that he had himself fired his own house with his own hands; that if anybody was the cause of the burning of Moscow it was God; that any large wooden city, suddenly occupied by a force of dissolute and careless soldiery, is bound to be consumed; that when the French left Moscow and started to retire they did not know where they were going; that Napoleon had no plan of campaign, either marching east or retiring west; that he took his army back over the same road, wasted and worn by their journey of a few months before; that he might easily have traveled a few score miles south, through fat and juicy provinces, where food and forage abounded; that the sole end of himself and his generals seemed to be to get to Smolensk; that they had nothing to go to Smolensk for; that when they got there they did not not know the reason of their haste; that Smolensk, empty of food and forage, was nothing but a smoking ruin; that as the French continued their march toward the frontier the Russian army continued to march on a parallel line to the northward; that historians have said that

the Russian army continued to "hang upon and harass" the French army; that as a matter of fact the official documents prove that the Russian army never knew where the French army was, till near the frontier; that all of the "harrying" of the French army was done by the outraged peasantry, the Cossacks, and other irregular guerrilla forces; that the Czar was urging Koutousoff to take the French army prisoners; that Koutousoff had not food enough for his own men, and the few French prisoners he had nearly all starved to death; that subsequent Russian historians have praised him for his cunning in driving the French to the frontier without giving them battle; that in reality the reason Koutousoff did not give them battle, as ordered by the Czar, was because he could not catch up with them, they traveled so fast; that in regard to praising him for his wisdom in doing no more than driving them to the frontier, it was ardently urged among the Russian generals to cross the Beresina and pursue them beyond the river; that the only reason this pursuit into foreign territory was not attempted was because the Russian army had no commissary and no transportation department.

These astounding statements Count Tolstoy makes and backs up with citations from official documents in the Russian archives. Very likely they are true. What a remarkable story! And yet this aggregation of colossal blunders was performed under the direction of the man who was admittedly the greatest soldier that the world has seen for two thousand years. What a stinging indictment on the science of war!

Again we ask, is war really a science? Or is a military campaign a game of blind-man's-buff in the dark? Is it a series of stumbles and blunders, in which the man who makes the least blunders and falls the least, is the one who apparently wins the game? Or is war a "science"?

If war is a science, then going into the Boer war as the British did, without any commissary or transports, or into the Spanish war as we did without any powder, is certainly unscientific war.

When we read such a statement as that the shrinkage in the market value of Steel Trust securities for one day amounted to \$30,000,000—enough money to buy every small boy in the United States a new suit of clothes—we realize faintly how vast is the disaster that has overtaken Wall Street, and especially Mr. Morgan. For, in the reports of the liquidation at the end of last week, it is stated that "the Morgan stocks were the weakest on the list." How different this from the conditions of a year ago, when the publishers of Wall Street hand-books listed the Morgan stocks separately, "as possessing special elements of strength!"

On Monday, Steel Trust common stock sold at 15 and preferred at 59 1/4. Since then, it has rallied and Wall Street hopes that the worst is over. Yet the enormous slump in securities, so long continued, so all-embracing, can only be viewed with great uneasiness. Will Wall Street's disease infect the country at large?—that's the question.

In New Jersey, since the first of the year, forty-four corporations have gone into the hands of receivers. Their total authorized capital was \$80,340,000, their liabilities \$17,272,333, their assets (estimated), \$1,564,684. In 1901, New Jersey received filing fees from corporations of \$887,439. In 1902, she received \$465,089. This year, they have amounted so far to \$228,892. In May, they were \$58,208. Last month, they were only \$10,000. These figures show that the business of forming trusts, which was at its height in 1901, has now shrunk to almost nothing. What is more, the existing trusts are floundering.

Take the case of the Lake Superior Consolidated Company. It is a striking one. According to the figures printed in the New York Evening Post, the market valuation, which seventeen months ago was \$50,000,000, on September 21st was \$885,000. The \$28,000,000 of preferred stock fell from 80 to 2 1/2, its \$74,000,000 of common stock from 36 to a quarter of one per cent. "At the stockholders meeting," says the Post, "the remarkable spectacle was presented of a corporation with \$102,000,000 nominal capital, and with a recent market valuation of \$50,000,000, preparing to close its works and see its belongings sold at public auction, because it has not the credit, with its shareholders or the public, to raise \$5,000,000."

So far, these disasters have had little effect upon the country in general. The "crop scare" of a few weeks ago has not been encouraged by later advices. Still, merchants are beginning to be cautious. A prominent California business man, who recently returned from the East, is quoted as saying that "this depression is creeping on slowly, but it is increasing surely." He attributes the trouble to three distinct causes. First, "the pricking of the Wall Street bubble of inflated values." Second, the great cotton corner. Third, widespread labor troubles. "Merchants," he is reported to have said, "are not buying so freely as formerly, and the tendency seems to carry smaller stocks of goods. In short, business is depressed, and trade is slow and uncertain. There is a lack of confidence, and buyers of all kinds of merchandise are cautious. The future outlook is not flattering."

The one cheering note among his depressing statements is the assurance that "this feeling of uncertainty is not as yet felt in California."

The political fight in the city this year is a triangular one, and the result of a triangular fight is always difficult to forecast. It is hard to tell from which of the old parties the Union Labor will draw the largest portion of its vote. Ordinarily, it would draw from the Democrats, but matters at present are so complicated by faction fights that this rule may be reversed.

To begin with the Republican ticket: the nominee for mayor, Henry J. Crocker, is a man of the highest character, and ordinarily would command the full strength of the Republican vote. But our short-sighted local leaders have for years encouraged so many "non-partisan" and other side-

show tickets that the Republican party in San Francisco never polls its full strength on a municipal ticket. The Argonaut has always labored for regularity in Republican municipal politics, but has usually labored alone. This so-called "non-partisanism" has generally seemed to us to mean more Democratic mayors. The last two elections, the Republican nominee has been defeated—one by treachery, the other by faction fights. The treatment of Horace Davis, a stainless Republican, by the Republican party of San Francisco was an ineffaceable stigma upon the party.

Now there is another breach in the party ranks. The advisory committee of the Republican League has just demanded the resignation of A. Ruef, who has hitherto been its leader. Mr. Ruef is a personal and political friend of Mayor Schmitz, and desired to bring about the endorsement of his friend by the Republican convention. Failing in this, he concluded to abstain from active participation in the campaign. Would it not have been the part of wisdom in the Republican League committee to permit him to do so? They could scarcely expect him to work actively to bring about the defeat of his friend Schmitz. Now, however, by their action they may force Ruef into an attitude of semi-hostility to the Republican ticket, and of covert if not open assistance to the Union Labor ticket. Ruef certainly has much influence with a powerful wing of the Republican party, which is largely made up of labor votes. The Republican League's action seems inclined to divert these Republican workingmen's votes into the labor-union camp. The aim of politics is to keep votes, not to lose them.

The Democratic nominee, Franklin K. Lane, is a man of high standing, of ability as a lawyer, and has an excellent record as city attorney. His popularity is shown by the fact that in the last gubernatorial election he polled in San Francisco 33,743 votes as against 24,109 for Pardee. It was this sweeping victory that led the Argonaut to warn the Republican leaders that Lane was a candidate to be feared, and that they must put up a ticket that would poll not only the full Republican vote, but other votes as well. But the action of the Republican League's committee seems inclined to drive the labor voters out of the Republican ranks and into the ranks of the Union Labor party. However, Mr. Lane will poll no such vote this year. Many of his adherents in the gubernatorial election will be found in the Union Labor ranks. Then there is a bitter fight in the Democratic ranks between the McNab and O'Brien factions. It is so bitter that some political quidnuncs opine that the O'Brien faction intend to support Crocker. Although we hope so, we doubt it. When election day comes it is difficult to make a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat poll a Republican ballot.

Mayor Schmitz, the nominee of the Labor Union party, has also got a faction fight on his hands. Michael Casey, the leader of the teamsters' strike, was appointed to a fat office by Schmitz, and seems now to have become a political Frankenstein. In the battle between the Casey and Parry factions of the labor party, however, Mayor Schmitz carried off the honors, and it seems as if he would poll the entire vote of the Union Labor party except the negligible Casey quantity.

But what is the total vote of the Union Labor party? That is the question. Doubtless Messrs. Crocker, Schmitz, and Lane would all be glad to know.

Governor Pardee this week made public the report of the prison directors on the Folsom break, accompanying it with a long letter in comment. The governor says that he "most sincerely agrees" with the directors that the prison force showed "a total want of capacity and efficiency"; that if the officers and guards had shown the same daring and nerve as the convicts, the latter would never have left the prison grounds alive; that henceforward guards must fire whatever the danger of injuring fellow-officers; that "orders given by officials in the hands of convicts are not the orders of officials, but are the orders of the convicts themselves." He also "hopes the directors will not put off very long" the work of thoroughly reorganizing Folsom, with the necessity of which they affirm they are impressed. The substitution of the present congregate system for the cellular system is approved by the governor, and it may be inferred from what he says that he will present recommendations along this line to the next legislature. We hope he will do so.

A dispatch from Woodland, Cal., tells us that last week two children died there "from ptomaine poisoning, due to eating green almonds." This is news, indeed. It is remarkable how rapidly technical, scientific, and learned slang is picked up and understood of the common people—even by telegraph operators and reporters. It is a number of years since the medical profession first demonstrated the existence of leucomaines, ptomaines, and other toxic organisms which irritate people's insides, and sometimes send them into the other world. The most common form is that resulting from changes in milk, an article of diet used by all, and by children more than by adults. Another deadly form is that once known as "tyrotoxin," which is merely one of the many toxic products of milk, but found in its deadliest form in ice-cream. It has been frequently known to knock out an entire Sunday-school picnic. Ptomaines are found in canned "boned turkey," "lunch tongues," sardines, *pâté de foie gras*, and the plainer but equally deadly *leberwurst*, or liver sausage of the Germans, and all the various forms of refuse meat and offal which are put up in tins with handsome labels to be sold to unsuspecting consumers. On this coast the favorite medium for poisoning people scientifically is canned salmon. Doubtless Pacific Coast canned salmon—when it was overripe—has sent more people into the sweet by-and-by than any variety of canned ptomaines known to the trade.

But we should give the devil his due—he is never so black as he is painted. People who have picked up the word "ptomaine" should use it understandingly. The ptomaine

never comes from vegetable matter. It is the result of the decomposition of animal organisms, and is a toxic albumenoid, therefore identical with those toxic alkaloids which are the result of cadaveric decomposition.

In short, it is about the same as a decaying human body, and that is what people eat who consume animal foods that are not sound. But vegetable foods that are too green, or too ripe, or far gone in fermentation, do not develop these deadly albumenoids. They have their own types of poisons, but they are similar: they frequently kill children, but rarely compass the destruction of adults, who have tougher gastro-intestinal tissues. They only make them sick and sorry.

There are vegetable as well as animal albumenoids, and it is theoretically possible that their degeneration might lead to the generation of ptomaines. But it is practically impossible. The vegetables made up most largely of vegetable albumens, such as the bean and the pea, keep the longest, the best, and the soundest.

The deaths at Woodland may be set down not to ptomaine poisoning, but to the plain intestinal inflammation which little boys in less scientific days used to get from eating green apples, and which in those days used to be called either colic or cholera morbus.

It is indisputable that there was a good deal of inharmony in the Democratic convention, but the action of the Democratic Municipal Nominees, in moving the appointment of a committee to wait upon Mr. Lane and ask him to accept the nomination, brought about at least a semblance of political peace, and permitted Lane, without inconsistency, to accept the nomination "from the united party." One statement in Lane's address was notable—that he will make no pledges of patronage during the campaign.

The nominees of the convention are as follows: For mayor, Franklin K. Lane; for assessor, Dr. Washington Dodge; for district attorney, Lewis F. Byington; for coroner, Dr. T. B. W. Leland; for recorder, Edmond Godchaux; for public administrator, M. J. Hynes; for city attorney, Crittenden Thornton; for sheriff, Peter J. Curtis; for county clerk, W. W. Wehe; for treasurer, William M. Hinton; for auditor, William Broderick; for tax collector, Edward J. Forest; for police judges, George H. Cabanis and Edmund P. Mogan; for supervisors, James P. Booth, Henry U. Brandenstein, Samuel Braunhart, A. Comte, Jr., John Connor, A. A. d'Ancona, Henry Payot, Robert J. Loughery, John A. Lynch, George B. McClellan, Frank J. Grace, T. Cary Friedlander, Dr. Fred A. Grazer, Oscar Hocks, John Barnett, Edward R. Rock, Carl Westerfield, Edward H. Gleason.

Our daily journals are now pretty well lined up on the political situation. The Chronicle seems to have taken a brief for Crocker, and is attacking Lane and Schmitz with unction. The Call, notwithstanding the rumored antipathy of John D. Spreckels to the Republican mayoralty candidate, is following the lead of its Republican contemporary, though it managed to report the Democratic convention with some degree of fairness, and in its news columns did not substitute for Lane's really good speech a mixture of a few garbled quotations and adverse comment on the same, as did the Chronicle. De Young's paper also makes out that Lane's reception by the convention was only mildly enthusiastic, which was plainly not the case. The Examiner so far has showed no disposition to attack Mayor Schmitz in its news columns, and reported both Union Labor and Democratic conventions with equal fairness. It looks as though the bulk of its energy would be directed toward discrediting the Republican nominees, while leaving Mayor Schmitz strictly alone. The Bulletin, on the other hand, has come out for Lane with that suddenness peculiar to it, and will undoubtedly champion his cause till the campaign is over, and then resume the pleasant task of writing editorials on women's fashions and men's morals.

In the bond election, Tuesday, 27,234 persons voted. For governor, last fall, the total vote was 60,067. Accordingly, a little less than half the regular voters turned out this week. In the Mission, the largest proportional vote was cast; in the wealthy resident district, the smallest. The total bonded debt incurred by the election is \$17,771,000. Ten of the propositions carried, two were lost—\$159,000 for establishing a public park in the Twin Peaks tract, and \$205,000 for the establishment of St. Mary's Square Park. Following is the list of propositions carried, with approximate proportional vote: City and county hospital (\$1,000,000) 10 votes for 1 against; new sewers (\$7,250,000) 5 to 1; school-houses and play grounds (\$3,595,000) 7 to 1; repairing streets (\$1,621,000) 5 to 1; new county jail and improving hall of justice (\$697,000), library (\$1,647,000), children's playgrounds (\$741,000), connecting Golden Gate Park and Presidio (\$330,000), Mission Park (\$293,000), all three votes for 1 to one against. The proposition to issue \$597,000 in bonds for acquiring land for Telegraph Hill Park barely carried by a margin of 466 votes.

As clearly foreseen last week would be the case, two taxpayers have begun friendly suit against Auditor Baehr in order to determine what is the right and proper method of procedure in view of the raise of thirty per cent. in the assessment of San Francisco by the State Board of Equalization. Two suits have been brought by employees of the Hibernia Bank, acting under its direction. One suit will compel the auditor to show cause why he should not collect taxes on the new valuation at the old rate of \$1.07 instead of at \$4.4. The other suit will compel him to show why he should not collect taxes at \$1.07 on the valuation fixed by Assessor Dodge. The third possible course—the one taken by the supervisors—will be outlined by Baehr in his answer, and the supreme court will decide which of the three is the correct one.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN SAN FRANCISCO.

GREEN APPLES AND GREEN ALMONDS.

THE VERGE OF SCANDAL.

The Story of a Tenor and a Society Girl.

One midnight, rich Oliver Scranton, caustic of mood, tramped into the library of his handsome home in the aristocratic Westlake District of Los Angeles. His daughter was just come from a musicale, and looked tired and dreamy. Oliver's face was red, and upon the back of his neck were folds of flesh that squirmed.

"Who is the insufferable person that stuck that little chicken-coop of a house on the fourth of those vacant lots next door? Outrage! A cottage on this street is a disgrace to a locality of such pretensions. There were building restrictions!—not less than two stories and four thousand dollars!"

Mabel looked startled. "Some think the cottage artistic," she protested.

"The devil they do!" fumed Scranton. "Who gives a pancake for artistic? It's bigness that goes in America!"

She arose impatiently, and said, half proud, half timid: "Anyhow, he sings beautifully."

"Thunder," swore Scranton. As she floated upstairs, he stood in wrath. "Gad, if the girl isn't an idiot!"

When she came into her enchanting bedroom she turned on electric lights, and sighed. "I am tired of society," she murmured. "I want something else."

She put out the lights again after awhile, and sat at her open window; the moon floated over the distant park; the city was still. Below her were three vacant lots, and beyond them on the fourth stood the stranger's new cottage, its Oriental outlines barely visible. Across her cheek the Pacific, greatest of lovers, sent his night-kiss. She began to sing to herself notes that nestled in her throat, and flew out, trembling fledglings:

"I am not lost to thee."

She laid her head down in the moonshine, and in her eyes were idle tears. Now the night answered; over the vacant lots came a tenor voice, clear, passionate: "Although my wanderings bear my earthly life and hopes away from thee."

Silence again.

She stared out, startled. There was nothing to be seen but the moon and vague outlines. Heart in a flutter, yet touched with resentment, tenderly outraged, she rose and closed the inner shutters. How beautiful it had been! She opened them a crack again. She would give worlds to sing once more! But her father might hear, although his bedroom was distant. She would slip out to an upper balcony-like porch that opened from her room, and was quite removed. Music made her madcap, and out in the moonlight she came like a silver fish darting into view in the crystal bowl of night. She half opened her lips.

What! She on the verge of a deed so scandalous? She couldn't! The moon saw her creep away; how foolish had her heart been, and what an insolent neighbor!

Oliver owned business blocks on Broadway, and pompously drove forth every day to look after his income and other matters. Oliver was quite a big thing in Los Angeles, but, just like a poor man, he ate ham for breakfast; while, droopy from loss of sleep, she sat guilty-eyed, casting up furtive yet defiant glances at him. What if she had actually let those answering notes out last night!

"I'll inquire about that insufferable party and his chicken-coop," announced Scranton. "Some low being. I've seen the kind of men that come to see him. I passed one, pah! He smelled of oil!"

Mabel laid down her spoon; Mabel ate not one bite. And Scranton drove away.

In the afternoon she came home from a reception, where society ladies flattered her voice.

"Unsatisfying," said Mabel, and went slowly upstairs, as though there were no particular interest up there at all. Languid and moody was she.

The windows toward the insolent neighbor were up, but the shutters were closed. She looked at the slats. She took off her hat and dropped it on a chair. She looked at the slats. All of a sudden she went quickly like a thief who snatches things, and turned the slats edgewise to look through.

The owner of the vacant lots had raised oats on them. Think of it. Oats in sweldom. Over grain, nodding in the evening sunlight, she, hidden, gazed.

The cottage was a gem. Stupid American ideals of bigness! How exquisite its lines. It shone like liligree work. To the rear was a space, half garden, half court, surrounded by walls over which she could see. It had trellises, and new vines started, and potted palms. Under a magnolia-tree sat a man. Her hands rose and fell on her bosom.

"A very handsome one," she sighed, after a time. "His face has a sad look."

Maybe it did; but her thinking so would never have proved it. She could not see what he was doing—and she longed to! Her opera-glasses were within reach.

"Surely," she murmured, "nothing is wrong that nobody in the world ever finds out!"

Boudoir philosophy! She took her opera-glasses in eager hands, and looked at the man through them, having a tremorous and guilty feeling.

Why, the man was writing music, composing! Romantic truth, smiting her heart amidst ships. He was very near-sighted, and leaned close to the paper. Having written a phrase he sang it in tenor, like gentle

swells of ocean. Yes—his music was a fluid poured wave-like on her heart-sands; and sank into them like water.

He wrote more, and she stood fixed as he sang again; and after that she sighed. When he had finished, she knew the song by heart, so thirstily had her heart-sands drunk it up. She laid the opera-glasses down, leaned her head against the shutters, and closed her eyes. Now he began to sing again, and her spirit rose on the wings of what he sang. So maddening was it, therefore, to have him stop near the end, and go to writing again, that before she knew what she did her own voice floated out in answer over the nodding grain, over the wall, completing that which he had failed to finish.

When she knew what she had done, she grew stiff, then melted in hot blushes. He had glanced up. She could not but shut the sight away, and went downstairs all a-tremble as fast as she could, her prudence dinning in her ears, "Are you a flirt? Are you a flirt?"

In the library, she stamped her foot. "I am not!"

she cried, angrily, but her lips were trembling and her eyes were wet.

The next morning Mabel washed her golden hair. She always came out on the upper balcony-like rear porch to dry it. There the sun poured warmly, and breezes helped. But to-day how could she? Yonder he was fooling with plants, and sometimes writing and singing. He would see her—consummation to be approached not without agitation. But when you get grand opera into your blood you do anything. She knew that she was most beautiful with her hair down (that is, after it was partially dried; goodness knows it looked ratty enough while it was wet!). She longed to do that wild thing. Oh, tame society, caging convention! His voice had made her mad.

So she half-dried it elsewhere, and then, just at the time when it had begun to crinkle all up, and curl all round, and cling, and wave, and take tender hold upon her cheek and neck, and flutter like love's wings upon her bosom, and shine, and glisten, and ripple round her shoulders—at that bewitching moment she stepped out on the upper porch—innocent, unconscious!

She sat in the sun, tremulous, and blushed so violently that she must hide her face by letting the hair tumble all over it. Thus she was blinded, tented in it for one long, delicious half-hour. And the strangest result was this: Though the neighbor had occasionally been singing before, during all that time he sang never a note.

She longed to look up. Was he looking at her? How angry she grew at his possible insolence—how mean it would be if he didn't! Oh, what did he do all that half-hour during which she sat tented in gold?

She could bear the suspense no more; if she died for it she would find out what he was doing; though she was no flirt, all the same. She lifted her hand, put it under the cascade of hair, and flung it from her face, which was revealed to the wandering kisses of ocean, and to the bright eyes of the morning.

A terrible shock! Yonder stood the man in his little court looking through immense field-glasses which, resting upon the top of the wall, were apparently trained upon her!

Her blushes fled. Monumental impudence! "It's what you get!" hoarsely grated the voice of prudence in her. Ay, that is what she got. Yet—was he any worse than she? She had trained opera-glasses on him. Her boudoir philosophy died. Instead of secrecy making her act lawful, it made it more pusillanimous. He, at least, was honest! Also, near-sighted, which was more to the point. Had she not secretly wished him to see her openly? And how could he see her without glasses when he was near-sighted?

"Justice is the greatest of qualities," cried she, wrought up and fleeing. "I will be just!"

She buried her face in pillows, and had an upheaval. Horrid man! Excusable man! Eccentric genius! Shame went trooping through her heart with a dozen other things that blush as red.

After two hours came his song, seeming to plead forgiveness. She arose; the affair was becoming serious; and stood at the shutters, but would not look. He stopped at the phrase which she had taken up before. She could not, she could not refrain! She sang it—sang it with all her heart.

"Flirt!" shrieked prudence in her.

"I don't care," she cried, wretchedly; and then looked out over the oats.

There, plumped upon her like rude insult, were those field-glasses. These two hours he must have been staring. Insufferable man! But at all events he could see only the shutters. She was in a mixed condition of heart all day, bewildered, mortified; for, fact fraught with danger from Oliver, there those glasses remained the live-long day, and every few minutes till dewy eve the neighbor came and looked, and looked, and looked.

The secret of her wounded heart made its way into Oliver's suspicious skull. In the evening when he saw those field-glasses trained in the direction of her window, his anger was awful, but at first he concealed it, seeking a way to crush the thing. He glowered on his uneasy yet defiant daughter, and abused the furniture till eleven o'clock.

"I'll sue the owner of that lot for violating building restrictions. I'll show him!"

She, in tragic anguish, fled to bed. So strong was the feminine instinct to defend the abused that it canceled all resentments. Her grand-opera mood was on again.

Round the corner of his house at midnight, Oliver Scranton crept in pajamas, and stood under her window. Flute-like, loaded with longing, her notes came forth:

"Ah, I have sighed to rest me."

"Perdition; she might at least have sung something new," swore Oliver, under his breath.

Now the answer came:

"Deep in the silent grave."

The night was lonely; the breath of the Pacific fanned Oliver Scranton's pajamas. "Oh, you villain!" he roared.

Dead silence. Oliver went charging round his house, upstairs, and into her room. She lay in profound slumber! He turned on all the lights, banged down all the windows, clattered to all the shutters, and proceeded to make a terrible row.

"Oh, I'll fix you! Shame!" raged he; but he fixed nothing.

The stunned and miserable maid heard, yonder in the night, the song die down, sorrowful:

"My Leonora, fare you well, farewell."

So disgusted with life did that inappropriate sentiment make Scranton, that his anger forsook him, and in flabby mood he went forth, slamming the door.

"What in the dickens can you do with 'em?" muttered he throughout the night.

The next day was a distressful one for her; all morning there were the field-glasses aimed hither. She dared not stir out; really, that was too much! At noon Oliver Scranton came into her room, gray.

"If those glasses stay there one hour more," cried he, vicious, while she flung herself upon his breast, "I'll go there and smash his skull."

"Oh, father, don't! Oh, don't make so dreadful a scandal. Maybe he doesn't mean anything!"

"Lord have mercy on us," said Oliver, mopping his brow and glaring out of the window, while she sobbed on his commodious bosom. "Mean anything? I give him one hour!"

One hour she clung to him; and he sat with watch in hand. At its end, there were the glasses still, and the composer, looking through them, began to sing:

"I am not lost to thee."

Scranton gnashed his teeth and, flinging her off, strode out.

Through the oats he went with devastating tread. And over his shoulder, once turning his red eye, he beheld his daughter on the balcony-like porch, flung down a tragic spectator, her hands clasped.

An artistic spot was the composer's court, shady, full of books. His face was intellectual, abstracted. Calmly he went from field-glasses to work. His expression, as he looked through those instruments, was calculating, watchful.

A stupendous pounding on his garden door; a voice: "Let me in!"

He did.

"What do you mean by staring at my daughter through that telescope!" roared Scranton. "Impudent scoundrel. Was your singing insolence not enough but that you must glare at her for two days at a stretch, through that infernal telescope—heh?" And Scranton dashed the glasses to earth.

"Father!" cried Mabel, yonder, stretching forth tragic hands.

"It is false," said the composer, rather coolly. "I used the glasses for no such purpose."

Scranton walked at him. "Aimed at my house for forty-eight hours!"

"Not so," the musician answered, as coolly as before. Right there Scranton hit him a terrible blow on the jaw, a blow answered by a piercing shriek from Mabel.

"You call me a liar, eh?" said Scranton.

The musician had staggered, yet kept remarkable control of himself. He saw the distress of the girl, and determined to reward it; he said: "I will not fight you. Look where I point; over your roof. See. At those I looked through the glass; not at your daughter."

Scranton looked; over his roof, a mile away, rose the hills that bound Los Angeles on the north and west, covered, disfigured, by their forest of oil-well derricks.

"I can just see my twenty wells from here, through those glasses," said the composer, sarcastic amusement on his face. "I am expecting a strike. The workmen have threatened. I watch to see if the engines are working. The moment they strike—and leave me—I could know it, had it not been for your little indiscretion just now with my field-glasses. I regret that the young lady so misinterpreted my aim!"

Scranton stood dull. "You own twenty?" he muttered.

"Certainly," answered the composer.

"Who in the devil are you?" blurted Scranton.

"The interior of the devil is less familiar to me than I fancy it to be to you," said the other. "But I am Theodore C. Barclay."

Scranton opened his red eyes wide. "Perdition! They call you a millionaire!"

"They will talk," said Theodore.

"Gad," said Scranton. "You owned this block when I bought my lot of your agent."

"The same," said Theodore.

Scranton grew hearty, overflowing. He seized the other's hand. "A terrible mistake! A terrible mistake! But it was only to protect my daughter."

"Don't mention it," said Barclay.

His tone was cold; and Oliver lost color. Gad—

what a match it would have been! And he had spoiled it. The scramble in the old gentleman's brain was pitiful. He would have given half his fortune to bag this game for Mabel. Thus thinking he grew cunning. "See here," he said (Barclay was clearing up debris). "Of course, it's all right; but since my daughter still thinks that you were insulting her, don't you think some—some reparation—"

Barclay thought that he comprehended. They looked at each other significantly, and Theodore's face showed humor. "Sir," he said, infinitely gallant, "for the fearful wrong which I unwittingly did your daughter I beg permission to walk over and apologize!"

"Sir," said the exultant old fraud, "you should!" Sedately they entered the Scranton library, and Oliver brought his pallid daughter down. Pompous in false wrath was he.

"Mabel," he said, hands on stomach, "this is Mr. Theodore Barclay. Sir, I leave you; you will pardon an irate father's abruptness. Though the cause is removed I can not, sir, be otherwise than angry still. I can not bear, sir, to be present at this painful scene. I could not stand it, sir!"

And the old fraud marched out. Beautiful she was, but miserable—half the apologies came from her.

To the rear of the house Oliver Scranton was tramping up and down, saying to himself, with pomp: "Woman of extraordinary discrimination—extraordinary discrimination!"

The cards are out. CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.
SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1903.

SHALL THE WOMAN MAKE LOVE?

[The Outspoken Heroines of Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw.]

Talking with a friend, the other day, about the defects of "The Devil's Disciple," we both agreed that one of the main ones was the unattractive and uncalled-for proffer of affection that the parson's wife makes to Dick Dudgeon. Had Dick done anything to provoke this tender admission no one would have caviled at it, though there is still a large percentage of respectable folk who find the sight of a woman making love to a man an unseemly one. But the Devil's Disciple had only spoken to the lady twice (the first time in a very cavalier strain), had never breathed word of tenderness or flirtation to her, had not even paid her the compliment of an attentive survey of her features, which were well worth it. It was therefore somewhat of a shock when the hitherto immaculate wife of the minister suggests to the indifferent stranger that he escape from prison and elope with her. The Devil's Disciple, though he was an obliging and kindly man, had no such idea in his head, and told her so.

All this was completely destructive to interest and sympathy in the heroine of the piece. Nobody liked her any more. She had not only forgotten herself—which is often a very dramatic thing to do, and provocative of sympathy in spectators who would never have the courage to do it themselves—but she had thrown herself at a man who did not want her, had never asked for her, and never suggested to her that he had the slightest intention of ever doing so. She not only stepped off her pedestal, but she and the pedestal came down together with a crash.

Modern audiences and the modern people who make them up, have an ineradicable prejudice against the love-making woman. She is like the well-bred child at table—must wait until she is asked. Of course, the minister's wife in "The Devil's Disciple" was a fantastic creation of the Shaw mind. If there ever was any woman like her she was certainly not of the right texture to put in a play. But she who, with decent intelligence and dexterity, stalks her game, rounds him up, and drives him into the corral, is still held in low esteem by the men who have lost their liberty by just these manœuvres, and the women who have conducted precisely similar chases with probably only a little less skill.

Ask nine people out of ten and they will tell you no well-bred, self-respecting woman ever made an advance in a love-affair. She flees, and the enamored one pursues, like Hermia and her swain in the enchanted Athenian wood. And it is not a fictitious flight during which she keeps a vigilant backward glance on the pursuer to see that she doesn't leave him too far behind. She is really flying from her future spouse with the distinct intention of escaping him. Arsthusa was not more determined to elude Alpheus than the modern young lady is to shun the advances of her adoring suitor.

This is what the high-minded and sedately respectable like to think. This is the man's ideal. Perhaps he has formed it from having had so many hair-breadth escapes from infatuated females. One of the peculiarities of men is that they are so prone to imagine their capture is being planned when no one is thinking of it; and when it really is being adroitly and skillfully accomplished, that they are besieging the capturer who is making a spirited fight at the last ditch.

The blindness of men on this point is one of their most endearing young charms. It is so instructive and interesting to have them tell you about some love-affair where the dear girl was so coy and retiring, and you happen to know that she was lying awake nights planning the campaign, and borrowing your best clothes for crucial occasions. And, on the other hand, how engaging it is to be the recipient of confidences "about a

fellow I once knew—call him Jones," who was beloved by a lady who quite embarrassed Jones by the persistence of her addresses. You know who the lady was, and who Jones is, and you have recollections of the former describing the latter as "a queer, silly man who lets you see he thinks every woman who is civil to him is trying to marry him."

It would be interesting to get the opinion of a progressive, intelligent, thoughtful modern as to how far a modest, well-behaved woman may be permitted to assist in her own courtship. The average man will tell you not at all. She should hang back and at the utmost merely permit herself to be wooed. There are a good many women (versed in the subtle deceptions in which their sex are experts), who frankly admit that in many cases the girl has conducted the campaign with a high hand. Among the normal, domestic majority this feminine taking of the initiative is regarded with scant approval. "She met him half-way" is a sentence very damning to the dignity of a bride.

Yet we know that numerous charmers of fact and fiction have done just this thing, and lost none of their feminine fineness. When Longfellow made Priscilla take her courage in both hands and suggest to John Alden that he should plead his own cause instead of that of his friend, he did not intend to take from her a shade of her maidenly daintiness. He loved the way she modestly and yet forcibly grappled with the occasion. She had a very stupid man to deal with, and also one rendered particularly bashful by his own undeclared passion. And nothing could have been more direct and yet more delicate than the way she suggested to him that she would rather he proposed for himself than for the captain of Plymouth.

Nearly all the Shakespeare heroines have been inclined to meet their lovers half-way. There was nothing shy or retiring about Juliet. Like Pamela, in Richardson's novel, her main concern was to know whether Romeo's purpose was marriage. Once assured of this, she flung caution and reserve to the winds. She had qualms that she had been too ready to confess her love, but Romeo very soon dispelled them. Look at Desdemona! Flattering the simple, artless soldier till she flattered an offer of marriage out of him. There was literally nothing else for him to have said after Desdemona observed that if he had a friend who could talk as he could, and had had such interesting adventures, to bring him along and she would marry him. "Upon this hint I spake," remarked the modest Moor. It was very gentlemanly of him to call it "a hint."

Viola, who was one of the immortal bard's most gently lovely heroines, confesses her love to the duke in that favorite old form that it was her sister's story she was telling. Rosalind, masquerading in her boy's clothes, suggests to Orlando that they pretend she's a girl and he her lover, and that he declare himself and court her in the approved manner.

Some of the subsidiary heroines institute a pursuit fully as enthusiastic and spirited as that of the minister's wife in "The Devil's Disciple." Olivia is hardly backward in her attempts to win Cesario, and when she meets the twin Sebastian and finds him in a melting mood, she loses no time in leading him to the adjacent chantry where there is a holy man all ready to marry them. And nobody ever thought or suggested that Olivia was not a perfectly charming and well-bred person. Helena's infatuation for Bertram is of an equally determined kind. She marries him against his will by a royal command, follows his fleeing steps into strange countries, and finally accomplishes his capture by a trick, which was not just what one would expect of a lady. But even so, we can see that Shakespeare thought Helena a fine woman, and that her passion for Bertram excused the persistence with which she camped on his trail.

We see by this that the master of Anglo-Saxon romance had but small respect for the woman who, once in love, thinks it her duty to pretend she is not, and draws back from the addresses of the object beloved. Shakespeare evidently regarded the chilly coyness which most women assume as false and contemptible. To his large and fervid brain the great passion made for absolute sincerity, and where the woman loved she was ready to admit it as soon as she was asked, and sometimes before she was. To his mind there was nothing to be ashamed of in it, and the only thing to be dreaded as a misfortune was that the man might not be worthy of it, or might have it in him to change.

It will take more than Bernard Shaw to educate the average man and woman of to-day up to this point. Every now and then some daring being of advanced views unfurls his banner to the breeze, and says that women have the right to propose. Then a hush falls upon the face of Nature, and each woman looks at her neighbor, waiting to see if she is going to take the initiative. But nobody does. The general argument against the offer coming from the woman is that the woman could not survive a refusal. The thought of doing the proposing is, by itself, not fraught with such horror. But the thought of being refused is too intolerable to be contemplated. Women of all ages and conditions will tell you that. As the faltering "no" fell from the beloved one's bearded lips, the lady would suffer a blow to her pride unlike anything known to the most conceited of men. Rather than have this happen, she would die a spinster, or marry one she hated, so far are we yet from the emancipated days of Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw. GERALDINE BONNER.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Rev. Dr. Edmund Dowse, who has been nearly sixty-five years in the pulpit, celebrated his ninetieth birthday, a fortnight ago. He has been pastor of the Pilgrim Church in Sherborn, Mass., since 1838, and is said to be the oldest Congregationalist minister in active service in this country. He was born in Sherborn, and there has held his only pastorate.

Gustave Larroumet, who died on August 25th, went to Paris as a young man, after having risen rapidly through a brilliant academic career. His work on Marivaux obtained the praise of the Academy, and in 1888, when M. Lockroy became minister of public instruction, Larroumet was appointed as his *chef de cabinet*. He subsequently published a number of historical and critical works, among others a study of Lord Brougham. He succeeded Sarcey as art and dramatic critic of the *Temps*, and it is probable that his work for this journal will presently be collected in a volume.

Italian journals announce that Ricciotti Garibaldi, the younger son of the eminent warrior, is planning an extensive trip of exploration in Patagonia. His brother Menotti, who died recently, took little interest in politics; although he accepted the place of a deputy for a time, he soon resigned and devoted himself to agriculture in the Campagna Romana. His death recalls the fact that in 1840, a few months before he was born, his mother followed her husband into the midst of a battle, and fought her way, revolver in hand, until her horse was shot. She was captured, but managed to escape three days later.

A souvenir of an unpleasant experience the late Lord Salisbury once had is preserved in a cabinet at Hatfield House. It is an ugly looking stone, of over a pound in weight, with which a window of a carriage containing his lordship and his two daughters was smashed at Dumfries, on the evening of October 21, 1884. The marquis had delivered the last of a series of political speeches in Scotland, and there was a riot in the streets at the close of the meeting. The occupants of the carriage were fortunately unharmed, and Salisbury's daughters secured the missile and took it with them to Hatfield, to show to the marchioness. A card tied to the stone bears its history in the handwriting of Lady Salisbury.

Mrs. Little, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, says that recently a little American girl was among the guests at one of the Chinese empress's parties, and the emperor at once took her up and kissed her, till the child, looking at her mother, said: "He does like me, mother, doesn't he?" In commenting on this incident, Mrs. Little is at a loss to explain how the very idea of such a thing was ever suggested to the emperor. No Chinese man throughout the whole length and breadth of the vast Chinese Empire ever kisses wife or child, unless he has been taught to do so by a foreigner. No Chinese mother even kisses her child; the nearest she gets to it is lifting her child's face up to hers. Who, Mrs. Little wonders, taught Emperor Kwang-su to kiss?

When President Roosevelt jumped to the wharf at Ellis Island from the immigration cutter *H. B. Chamberlain*, the other afternoon, and ran forward to shake hands with Commissioner-General Frank P. Sargent, a powerful gust caught the skirts of his frock-coat and whirled them against the back of his head. Those New Yorkers, who stood behind the President, saw a sight that evoked much comment. Sticking out of his right-hand hip-pocket was the handle of a revolver. One of the secret-service men quickly restored the skirts of the President's coat to their proper place. The President, it is said, has carried a pistol ever since he took the oath of office. He has the greatest faith in the ability of the dozen or more secret-service agents who guard him, but prefers to be armed himself in case of emergency.

Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, who has consented to undertake the investigation of the charges affecting the administration of Indian Territory, has been an enemy of the professional politician for over twenty years. He has done more fighting against rings and ringsters than any dozen reformers in the State of Maryland, and, from the bosses down to petty ward executives, all dislike him as much as the devil is supposed to dislike holy water. One reason why he has been requested by the President to assist in these investigations is because he has a reputation for never letting up after he has once become engaged in a fight, when he believes it to be against wrong. Mr. Bonaparte's income from his law practice is about thirty thousand dollars annually, but he is also a large owner of real estate in and around Baltimore, and one of the heaviest taxpayers. Several years ago he purchased a home in the suburbs of Baltimore for about fifty thousand dollars, located, as he thought, far enough away to be free from the noise of the street cars; but the track-layers followed him, and the surveyors laid their lines directly in front of his residence. The story goes that he offered the street-car company a small fortune to go in another direction, but the offer was refused. He accordingly sold the house, upon which he had made a number of improvements, for about half of what it cost him, and bought a high hill nearly twenty miles from the city, on which he has erected one of the finest residences in Maryland.

MAX MÜLLER'S LIFE AND LETTERS.

His Courtship and Marriage—Some Caustic Comments on Oxford—
Attacks on Him by the German and American Press—
Lecturing Before Queen Victoria.

Mrs. Max Müller has followed the two books written by her husband, "Auld Lang Syne" and the "Autobiography," with two new volumes entitled "The Life and Letters of the Right Hon. Friedrich Max Müller," her object being to let his correspondence reveal to the world the real character of the man, as distinguished from the scholar. "Auld Lang Syne" gave recollections of Müller's large circle of distinguished friends and acquaintances in every walk of life, while his "Autobiography" is incomplete, death having cut short his account of his life at the very threshold of his career. Mrs. Müller has pursued the plan of permitting the letters of her husband, and a few of those addressed to him by his friends to speak for themselves, contributing herself only a slight thread of explanatory narrative. It seems that a great many letters that might have proved interesting have been lost, including some to Emerson and Oliver Wendell Holmes, to Carlyle and Froude, to Humboldt, to the brothers Curtius, and to Mommsen. The respondent letters, however, from some of these famous men have been included, and make interesting reading.

Müller rose from poverty, not to riches, but to the distinction of being one of the really eminent men of his day. To his mother's self-sacrificing devotion he owed much—a debt which he never forgot; to his own unflagging industry and dogged determination he owed more. Penniless, he contrived to secure a university education, and eventually, when but twenty-one years old, made his way to Paris, where was first suggested to him the great work which was to bring him wide renown—the collection and correction of the Hymns of the Rig-Veda, together with a perfect text of Sayana's Commentary. The priceless help given to the young stranger by Professor Bunsen is attested in scores of letters that were scattered along the course of a life-long friendship. If it had not been for Bunsen the Rig-Veda would never have been published in England. The magnitude of the undertaking is indicated by the fact that Müller worked almost daily for twenty-five years on the first edition before it was completed. And yet, shortly after Müller's death, the New York *Nation* published an attack upon him containing these words: "What Max Müller constantly proclaimed to be his own great work, the edition of the Rig-Veda, was in reality not his at all. A German scholar did the work, and Müller appropriated the credit for it." Mrs. Müller takes pains to refute this slander in detail. She says:

The German scholar alluded to is Dr. Aufrecht, for many years professor of Sanskrit, in Edinburgh, and then in Bonn. The passage in the *Nation* is as insulting to him as to Max Müller. Dr. Aufrecht would be the first to acknowledge that the first volume of the Rig-Veda had been published three years before he and Max Müller ever met, and that when he arrived in England to work under Max Müller the second volume was already nearly finished. In the prefaces to the second, third, and fourth volumes, Max Müller fully acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr. Aufrecht.

Mrs. Müller introduces many of the letters which passed between her husband and his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached. Shortly after his arrival at Oxford, she amused herself in recommending a wife to her son. In replying, Müller writes in one letter:

That you are so anxious to find me a wife is very good of you! But I am afraid there are difficulties, and in such things we must take life as God sends it. A happy marriage must be a great blessing, but how few marriages are happy. I have no opportunity of really knowing and observing young girls, as one can if one lives at home, and where families know each other, and live much together. I should not fall in love with a merely pretty face, and for a *mariage de convenance* there is plenty of time. Elise, who delighted you so much in Karlsruhe, seemed to me pleasant enough; but, as I had no opportunity of knowing her better, I have never thought more about her. If you are writing, greet her kindly, but don't make any proposals for her hand! Perhaps if Krug sends you this year to Karlsruhe, you can tell me if she is the sort of daughter-in-law you would like.

In November, 1853, Müller met his future wife, Miss Georgina Grenfell, for the first time at the house of her father, Rivesdale Grenfell. Mr. Froude, her uncle by marriage, had often spoken of his clever young German friend, and his brother-in-law asked him to bring Müller for a Saturday to Monday visit. Years after, he told her that as soon as he saw her, he felt, "that is my fate." Mrs. Müller adds:

The party assembled at Ray Lodge was a pleasant one, and he at once fascinated all present by his brilliant, lively conversation and exquisite music. He was very dark, with regular features, fine bright eyes, and a beautiful countenance full of animation, and it was difficult to reconcile his youthful appearance with his already great reputation. Two days later they met again, this time at Oxford, where the family from Ray Lodge went for a meeting of the leading church choirs of the diocese. Max Müller was their constant guide, and Magdalen, Merton, Christ Church, the Bodleian, etc., were visited in his company. He was asked to spend Christmas at Ray Lodge, but fealty to Bunsen and the work he was engaged in kept him at Oxford.

Six long years passed before the brilliant scholar was able to claim his bride. The day after the announcement of his engagement, Müller wrote to his fiancé's uncle, his friend, Charles Kingsley:

Can you believe it? I can not. I knew not that the world contained such happiness. You know what we have suffered, and now think of us, and pray for us to God, that He may help and teach us how to bear such joy and blessing. The past was so dark and awful, and the world now is so happy and bright. We shall meet on Tuesday, I long to see my new dear aunt, my old

dear friend, Mrs. Kingsley. Oh, this world of God is full of wonders, but the greatest of all wonders is love.

His devoted mother wrote, on receiving the news of his engagement from her son:

CARLSBAD, June 16, 1850.
MY DEAR, MY HAPPY MAX: I write to you a few lines in the greatest excitement of body and mind, so that my most ardent wishes and blessings may reach you even before I seem to be able to take in all the happiness. Yes, I thank God with all my heart for my son, who is the pride and happiness and blessing of my life! I thank God with all my heart for my son to whom He has given his heart's desire, and I ask God that it may be for His children's blessing!

A being whom you have chosen and whom you have known and loved for such a long time, must be worthy of you, and I will love her with you, as long as I live. My dear, dear Max, if I could but throw my arms round you and press you to my heart! Here I am all alone, so far from you, and I have nobody near who could calm and understand my over-full heart.

Think what all those who love you so will say to it! And soon you will have a wife, and the happy time of your engagement will be very short, and I am to see you in your great happiness with your wife!

I can not write any more, my dear, good Max, the excitement has been too much for me; and you know all I should like to say to you, you know how I love you! And for this my love's sake, your wife will love me a little! God's richest blessings be on you both! I press you to my full heart in deepest love, and I thank God with you.

If you can, write to me soon again. You can imagine how much I should like to know everything. Farewell, my dear, good Max, and bring your G. to see me as soon as possible. With truest love,
YOUR FAITHFUL MOTHER.

On August 3, 1859, Max Müller was married at Bray Church. A week was spent at Eversley Rectory, lent by the Kingsleys, a spot that was very dear to both of them, in wandering about the lovely moors of beautiful Bramshill, when they were not occupied with the papers of the examinations, on which Müller had been busy almost up to his wedding day. Then two or three days were given to Heidelberg, to the fatherly friend, whose affection for her husband made a deep impression on the young wife. From there they went on to Dresden, where the meeting with the mother took place, and the three went together to Chemnitz to the sister, and then to Dessau. After a happy wedding journey, they settled down in a modest home at Oxford, some years later occupying a pretty place in Northam Gardens, where many notable guests were entertained.

Müller spent some fifty-four years in England, but we are told that for all that his heart was German, and until his last years he never gave up the hope that some way would open by which he could wisely go back to Germany to live and work. Max Müller admired England immensely, and appreciated in a remarkable way the points in which she was superior to his own land, but he was always more or less homesick in Oxford. His comments on that famous seat of learning are especially interesting. For example, he writes to Bunsen:

Here in Oxford everlasting quarrels and squabbles, and lies and slander, and nowhere courage and faith, and no one can speak the truth, and any one who tries to do it brings a perfect hornet's nest about his ears. Can you believe that they have refused an excellent Orientalist, Dr. W. Wright, for the place of under librarian at the Bodleian, because he has dared to affirm that the language of the Phœnician inscriptions is Semitic and not Hamitic, because he doubts that Ham was the father of the Canaanites, and denies that Moses wrote the account of his own death?

Elsewhere he speaks of Oxford as being "more a high-school than a university," and in another letter to Bunsen, written amid much discouragement as to his own work, he bursts forth with, "And what is to be done here? here in England? here in Oxford? Nothing but to help polish up a few ornaments on a cathedral which is rotten at the base."

Müller has sometimes been accused of exhibiting snobbish characteristics. There is no particular evidence of them in these letters, though one can-hut notice with what impressiveness his recognition by the royalty and nobility of England is chronicled. For example, here is his account of his first lecture delivered at court at the command of Queen Victoria:

My first lecture is over, and from all I can hear it has not been a failure. Yesterday, in the afternoon, I had a very pleasant walk with Princess Helena and Mrs. Bruce. Princess Helena showed me their private museum, which they keep in a Swiss cottage, full of curious things which have been given them, or which the princes have collected in their foreign travels. There were the queen's former playthings, and a kitchen where the princesses cook and bake, and kitchen gardens, one for each of them, and the Princess Royal every year gets her green peas from her own plot sent to Berlin, and enjoys them greatly. Everything is full of recollections of the prince, and they all talk about him as if he were still among them. This is thoroughly German, and it always struck me in England how carefully all conversation on those who have gone before us is avoided, and how much of comfort and good influence derived from the memory of those we loved is thereby lost. After we came home from our walk, I had just time to prepare for my lecture, and to get my diagrams mounted. At six all the people assembled in the Council Chamber, and after a time came the queen and the princesses. The queen had not attended a lecture for more than ten years, and everybody was surprised at her appearing. She listened very attentively, and did not knit at all, though her work was brought. After the lecture, the queen conversed with me for a long time, asking many shrewd questions, as did her sister, Princess Hohenlohe. It was then time to dress for dinner, and then to bed. This morning I had an interview with Princess Beatrice, who, however, was a little shy at first, but became after a time very amusing. She talks English, French, and German.

At the earnest request of Prince Christian, Müller undertook, early in 1900, to defend and uphold the correctness of the British Government's view of England's rights in the Transvaal. The article which he sent to the *Deutsche Rundschau* was rejected by that periodical, but subsequently appeared in the *Deutsche Revue*. Professor Mommsen wrote a reply for the same review, and Müller sent a rejoinder. The epistolary warfare did not in the least affect the friendly feeling which had existed for many years between Müller and

Mommsen, but so angry were the German public at the former's article in the *Deutsche Revue* that the Leipzig branch of the Pan-Germanic League drew up a solemn protest against Müller's *apologia* for England. The protest closed with the words, "You have no longer the right to call yourself a German," and one newspaper expressed the wish to see Max Müller "hanging on the same gallows with Chamberlain and Rhodes, and the vultures picking his naked bones." Even after his death, in many of the foreign obituary notices vituperative paragraphs appeared in connection with this subject, and a German in England did not hesitate to speak of the "cloud of obloquy, which thus suddenly overshadowed his name and dimmed the lustre of his renown near the end of his laborious life."

Mrs. Müller takes pride in narrating how devoted were the Hindoos to her husband, who, although his life was largely given to a cause that was wholly theirs, never saw India. When he was young and able to take the long voyage, he was too poor to afford it; when he had the means, he was too old to venture on the journey. But the Hindoos never forgot him, and it was a source of the liveliest joy to the aged professor, when his life was slowly fading away, to know that in the far off country, in a temple where prayers had never before been chanted save for a Hindoo by birth, a priest was appealing to his God to restore the great white Pundit to health.

The volumes are supplemented with an elaborate table of contents, an index, and several interesting appendices, including a chronological list of works, and six illustrations, showing Müller at the age of forty, fifty, and seventy-four, and views of his home and library at Oxford.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; \$6.00 net (two volumes).

GEARY STREET RAILWAY BONDS.

Ten Good Reasons for Voting Against Them.

1. It will retard the growth of the city by increasing taxes and frightening outside capital away.

It will increase taxes in this way:

(a) We must pay \$1,420,000 in bonds and interest on the bonds.

(b) When the city owns the road it will not be taxable, so that it will cut out \$19,000 per annum in taxes, which the present company pays, and which for the forty-year right of the bonds would amount to \$760,000 (more than the road originally cost) in additional taxes spread over the tax bills of other unfortunate taxpayers.

2. It will prove a constant loss to the city. The figures of the city engineer show estimated earnings per year, \$200,000. As against this it shows:

Operating expenses	\$148,000
Maintenance of plant	30,000
Interest payments	24,850
Annual sinking fund for bonds required by law	17,750

Total cost per year	\$220,600
Engineer's estimated earnings	200,000

Loss	\$20,600
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A private corporation would annually pay in taxes ...	\$10,000
In licenses	450
In percentages of receipts	8,400

Total	\$18,850
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Loss in operating	\$20,600
Loss in taxes	18,850

Total loss per year	\$39,450
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In the life of the bonds, forty years, this would mean a loss of \$1,576,000 to the taxpayers.

3. Wherever municipal socialism has taken root an army of tax-eaters has been created. One brings on another until the tax-eater governs instead of the taxpayer. The tax-eaters combine and squeeze the man who pays the taxes. It will set up a new crop of tax-eaters and encourage bossism.

4. It will help political bossism and give a setback to reform. The only power a boss may use to secure votes is the giving out of positions. Patronage makes bossism. Municipal socialism would create patronage.

5. It will prevent the construction of new lines of railway by private capital.

6. It means socialism of a most obnoxious character.

7. The Geary Street road as proposed will constitute only a fragment of a road, beginning at Kearny Street and ending at the Park. In the absence of special arrangements it will have no transfer privileges, and passengers will take the competing lines, where these privileges are free.

8. If the municipal ownership of the Geary Street road will be a benefit to any section, it will be confined to the route of the Geary Street road itself, yet the people all over the city will be taxed for the questionable benefits of a few.

9. Municipal ownership will practically deny all hope for compensation for injury to person or to property.

10. The bonded indebtedness will be a mortgage on every home in the city. Bonds should be based on the road itself. If the city can operate the road at a profit, these bonds would be safe. If it can not make a profit, the bonds should not be issued. The official estimates put before the people show a loss to the city.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Romance of a Hack-Writer.

"Good-Bye, Proud World" is a story of journalism in general, and, in particular, of a woman hack-writer at the head of the "Hearth and Home Department" of a metropolitan daily. To this department all the odds and ends of information were sent, all the chit-chat and society gossip; even the poet found his way there. This heroine of pad and pencil, says the author, "knew her place; she was there to round off the corners, to save the time of the real workers on the paper, to take the many-sidedness of things."

For nine years, Milicent Waldo (that is the name of the hard-worked young lady) labored on the *Dawn*, turning out a column each for morning and evening editions, double that amount for Saturday, and on Sunday a whole page. "I have written reams on reams of paper full," she exclaims in one rebellious moment. "I have written all day and all night. I have written sitting, standing, lying down. I have written all I know. I have written all I have seen, and felt, and heard, all that ever happened to me or to any of my relations. All was fish that came to my net, all was grist that could be ground in my mill." We think all newspaper people will sympathize with Milicent, whose conception of happiness finally came to be "just to sit still and see the grass grow."

But good luck befalls her. At thirty-four, Miss Waldo came into possession of a small estate as "sole next of kin." This turn of fortune found her just when she could best appreciate the really good things of life, for she was a woman, we are told, whom disillusionment had not embittered, but who looked from her vantage-point of experience and knowledge, with charity and calmness upon the world.

The house she inherited had been in the family for many generations, and was the pride and glory of a little New England town on the coast of Maine. The characters in this conservative old village are very quaint and lovable: Mr. Ransom, the lawyer, whose loyalty to the family he had served so long resulted in establishing the claim of Milicent Waldo, is particularly interesting, and full of whimsical philosophy. Of the domestic relation, he says: "What a man likes in the woman who is to pour him out his coffee at breakfast, morning after morning, is a consistent attitude of adoration."

In all that Ellen Olney Kirk has written there is a wholesome tone, with a sense of humor that is neither obtrusive nor yet blunted. "Good-Bye, Proud World" is not without its "love theme." Just as the puritanic severity of the old house was relieved by the presence of a secret niche in the hall, with its sliding panel, and a romantic, overgrown garden, with its sundial, so the harsh lines of Milicent's life were softened in the glow of a pretty, if somewhat belated, romance. As the author finds it best, for artistic reasons, to keep the secret of the story hidden until the proper moment, we certainly shall not be so rude as to reveal it here.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Winston Churchill's new novel will make its appearance late in November, under the title "The Crossing." Apropos of a certain historical anniversary, the background of the story is the Louisiana Purchase, and those stirring scenes along the Mississippi in the early years of the last century. The book naturally takes its place as the second novel in the series in which an attempt has been made to trace the development of the Cavalier and Puritan in this country, the first of which was "Richard Carvel" and the fourth of which was "The Crisis."

The third novel of Francis Charles is to be published this month. It is entitled "The Awakening of the Duchess," and tells of a mother's love which for a long time is withheld from her only child.

F. Hopkinson Smith has consented to relate further incidents in the career of Colonel Carter, of Cartersville, which will appear in the form of a story entitled "Colonel Carter's Christmas." The book, which Charles Scribner's Sons have just put to press, will have eight illustrations in color by F. C. Yohn. All the old characters are met again—the inimitable Chad, Nancy, Fitz, Klutchem—together with two new ones.

Mrs. Zella Nuttall will shortly publish her second volume on the anonymous Spanish-Mexican codex in the National Central Library of Florence, "Libro de la Vida que los Indios

antiguamente hazian." She will follow up her facsimile with the Spanish text, an English version, and a commentary, the labor of ten years.

"The Nemesis of Froude," the reply of Sir James Crichton-Browne and Alexander Carlyle to Froude's posthumous statement on the Carlyle controversy, is to be brought out this month.

The late Stephen Crane, it will be remembered, was at work, just before his death, on an Irish romance, "The O'Ruddy." Two-thirds of the writing had been done before his fatal illness began. After that he discussed the novel at length with his friend, Robert Barr, and expressed the wish that in case of his death Mr. Barr would bring the book to completion. After several years, in which he has been wholly occupied with his own work, Mr. Barr has found time to finish the story, which is to be published in a short time.

Hermann Klein, a musical critic in London for some thirty years now, has recorded many of his recollections of musical folk in a book which is being published under the title "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London." Patti, the De Reszkés, Wagner, Beethoven, Harris, and others appear in the author's anecdotes.

Norman Duncan has written another volume of stories of Newfoundland fisher folk, which will be brought out this month under the title "The Way of the Sea."

Lilian Whiting, the author of "Boston Days," has written a book entitled "The Life Radiant," which she will publish through Little, Brown & Co. It will be, in a manner, a companion volume to her "The World Beautiful."

The English "Who's Who" and the Chicago "Who's Who in America" are to be supplemented by "Who's Who in New York."

"The Despised Sex" is the title of W. T. Stead's lately published extravaganza. He describes a visit paid to London by a stateswoman of the Xanthians, a mid-African tribe in which women rule, and devotes much space to her opinions concerning her "oppressed" Anglo-Saxon sisters.

H. C. Beeching's "Life of Jane Austen" is one of the volumes to be issued this fall in the English Men of Letters Series. Before it, however, will come Canon Ainger's "Life of Crabbe," and other books are soon due in this series—"Lowell," by Dr. Henry van Dyke; "Emerson," by Professor Woodberry; "Franklin," by Owen Wister; and "Hobbes," by Sir Leslie Stephen.

The volume of correspondence between Bismarck and Emperor William the First and various other dignitaries and rulers, will probably be the last Bismarck book to be published for a long while. The contents of this volume cover a long period, from 1852 to the close of 1887. The letters of William the First were selected and carefully arranged for publication by Bismarck himself, and they reveal clearly the intimate relations between the Chancellor and the emperor.

Eden Phillpotts's new story, "The Golden Fetich," which has just been published, is a tale of adventure. It tells of a young man who, on the death of his father, is left penniless, but comes into possession of the "Golden Fetich." He goes in search of the treasure to which it points, and has many adventures in the heart of Africa.

There is to be a new edition, in two volumes, of Mr. Meredith's "Poems," uniform in style with the pocket edition of his novels published in this country by the Scribners. That edition, we may note, is a boon for convenience of form and reasonableness of cost.

F. Berkeley Smith's new volume will describe "Budapest, the City of the Magyar."

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. will shortly publish a little volume representing the poetic talents of a family. "The Ballads of New England" contains verses written during leisure moments of a good many years by Edward Everett Hale, Arthur Hale, Edward E. Hale, Jr., Herbert D. Hale, Robert D. Hale, and others of the family, members of which have also contributed the ten full-page illustrations.

"Those who follow the light fiction market with interest," states the New York *Evening Post*, "must be impressed with the exceedingly high ton of the 1903 midsummer output." It is all but impossible to turn the leaves of the August magazines that specialize on "hammock reading," we are told, "without lighting upon an earl, the Waldorf-Astoria, or, at the lowest, a girl with a million dollars."

THE NEW AMPHITHEATRE.

William R. Hearst's Gift to the State.

On Thursday afternoon, September 24th, in the presence of an audience of eight or nine thousand people, there was formally dedicated, as a gift from William Randolph Hearst to the University of California, the first Greek amphitheatre that has been built since the days of "the glory that was Greece."

This impressive structure is erected in a hollow in the Berkeley hills that in itself forms a natural amphitheatre, having been utilized for that purpose on many previous class-days by the addition of temporary stands and seats. The edifice, as it now stands, is built of concrete, modeled on ancient lines, but adapted to modern use. It has the ancient circular orchestra at the lowest level of the natural depression in which it is built. Sweeping up to an imposing height some forty odd feet above, are the great concentric tiers, which are at once seats and stairs; and facing this imposing multiplication of benches in stone rises a lofty sounding-board, below whose pillared walls is an elevated stage some hundred and twenty feet in width. The whole effect of this classically beautiful structure is in harmony with the architect's hopes and ideals: "warmly pure in its detail, generously free in its proportions, delicate in finish, bold in modeling."

The occasion of its dedication was made notable by the presence of the donor and his friends, the discoverer of the site, and the architect who designed the theatre, and by a dramatic performance given by members of the student body of Aristophanes's comedy, "The Birds," in the original Greek.

Preceding the presentation of the comedy, brief addresses were made to the interested multitude assembled by President Wheeler, by Mr. Ben Weed, of the class of '94, who first discovered the site, by John Galen Howard, the university architect, and finally by Mr. William R. Hearst, the giver of the gift. These speeches were the means of making remarkable demonstration of the wonderfully perfect acoustic properties of the edifice. Both naturally and artificially they are flawless, auditors in the highest tiers of seats being as advantageously placed for hearing as those in the lowest, and absolutely no echoes being audible to blur the sound.

Thousands of people crossed over the ferry from San Francisco on the day of the dedication, and a whisper went around the boat that left the slip at one-thirty that William R. Hearst and his bride were present. Enterprising passengers finally identified the latter through her proximity to her husband, and the ladies scanned her costume with lynx eyes, and subsequent gasps of amazement.

The bride only needed a Red Riding Hood cloak to be attired in the primary colors. Her hat was bright blue velvet, with a violent eruption of California poppies on its crown. Her wrap, which reached to the hem of her gown, was green. The bridegroom had made a festive addition to his usual toilet of a high hat and a beaming smile. Later, an immense wave of relief surged through feminine bosoms when young Mrs. Hearst appeared at the amphitheatre minus the green wrap, and gowned prettily in white lace, whose tasteful simplicity softened the oriflamme on her head, and made obvious its graceful purport—the wearing of the university colors.

The rooters, who were assembled in a compact mass in the main body of the amphitheatre, under the leadership of their chosen yell-master, did honor by means of the college cries to Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mr. William R. Hearst and his wife (whose upward look and smile of acknowledgement revealed her to be young and pretty), President Wheeler, Dr. David Starr Jordan, Mr. Weed, Mr. Howard, the architect, the day, the college, the colors, and everything appropriate to the occasion that was cheerable.

President Wheeler, Mr. Hearst, and Mr. Weed faced the audience, seated on stools without backs, in one of which Mr. Hearst subsided under his high hat in an apparently crushed and dejected heap, while the three who preceded him made graceful, feeling, and interesting addresses.

The multitude, when they saw the hero of the day mournfully perusing the gravel, nervously wiggling his toes, and hugging his knees, thought pityingly, "Poor fellow, he has stage fright!" and gave a concerted sigh of sympathy when his turn came. But not the New York statesman. Mr. Hearst rose, removed his hat, showing the sleek head of hair made familiar to the public in caricatures, hesitated a moment, and, while the rooters burst into "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," put his hands in his pockets and resumed his de-

jected contemplation of the gravel. It was at this auspicious moment that the camera fiend to the delight of the audience, snapped a portrait of the future Presidential candidate. The sympathizers, however, were obliged to tuck their sympathies away when the speaker began, for, although his voice is flat and lacks sonority, he revealed at once his familiarity with the useful art of speech-making, and his readiness and ease before an audience even of the size of that assembled. Mr. Hearst's address, made without notes, was brief, but well conceived and well expressed. It was enlivened by an apt funny story, the point of which was creditable to the speaker's modesty concerning his gift. In fact, his speech, like his wife's hat, justified its existence.

Following, came a very creditable representation of the promised comedy in Greek, in which both actors and costumes were worthy of high praise.

Dr. Albert F. Sawyer, who died in San Diego on Tuesday, was a forty-niner, and figured in the pioneer history of the State. He was born at Medford, Mass., and, years ago, was one of the most noted physicians of the country. He had been an invalid for a long time prior to his death.

The "Memoirs" of the late M. Henri de Blowitz, Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, will be published next week.

Ready about Oct. 20th

A NEW BOOK

— ON —

SPAIN IN 1903

A number of the recent letters written to the *Argonaut* from Southern Europe—principally from Spain—have been collected in a volume. The book makes nearly 300 pages, and is now going through the press. It is very handsomely printed on costly laid paper from new type. Over a score of illustrations accompany the text, from photographs taken by the Two Argonauts.

A rich rubricated title, in pseudo-Arabic, framed in a Moorish archway copied from

TWO
ARGONAUTS
IN
SPAIN
BY
JEROME
HART

the Alhambra, begins the book. A colored map of Spain will be found a very useful addition to these travel sketches.

Only a limited edition will be printed. Mr. Hart's recent book of travel, "Argonaut Letters," also a limited edition, was out of print three months after publication. Those desiring the present volume will do well to apply at once.

The net price, which depends on the number of pages, will be fixed in a few days—it will probably be \$1.35. Address

THE ARGONAUT COMPANY,
246 Sutter St., S. F.

LITERARY NOTES.

Wellington's Looks, Loves, Drinking Habits.

A truthful and entertaining picture of army and civilian life in India and England at the beginning of the last century is contained in a wordy volume entitled "The Memoirs of George Elers, Captain of the Twelfth Regiment of Foot." Captain Elers is revealed by the narrative to have been only a fairly brave soldier, prudent, indolent, unimaginative, generous, not very patriotic, a sober wooer, a safe friend, a lover of good company and of a fine horse, always a gentleman, but in his maturity rather a disappointed man.

The Duke of Wellington figures prominently in the book, and is thus described as he appeared at twenty-seven while, as Arthur Wellesley, he was a colonel in India:

In height he was about five feet seven inches, with a long, pale face, a remarkably large aquiline nose, a clear blue eye, and the blackest beard I ever saw. He was remarkably clean in his person, and I have known him to shave twice in one day, which I believe was his constant practice. . . . He spoke at this time remarkably quickly, with, I think, a very, very slight lisp. He had very narrow jaw bones, and there was a great peculiarity in his ear, which I never observed but in one other person, the late Lord Byron—the lobe of the ear uniting to the cheek.

At this time (1796) Captain Elers was intimate with Colonel Wellesley, often dining with him. That those were days of hard drinkers is somewhat amusingly shown by this remark of our military author: "He [Wellesley] was very abstemious with wine: drank four or five glasses with people at dinner, and about a pint of claret after." Though this statement may not be doubted, the captain, we fear, sometimes draws the long bow, like some others of his profession, perhaps. "I could leap both backward and forward eighteen feet," he coolly remarks in one place, and caps this with the statement that a private of his company could beat him by five feet! He also tells of a journey by a small boat from Calcutta to Diamond Harbor, during one night of which his craft lay off Sangor Island—a spot "full of jungle and infested with royal tigers" which he heard "roaring all night long," evidently is very unsoldierly trepidation, for he solemnly avers that "it is not unusual for them, when they are very hungry, to swim off to the boats and endeavor to get on board, which is not a very difficult thing to do if the boats are small, as was the case with mine." Passing along from the subject of aquatic tigers we find another amusing reference to Wellington who, says Elers, "had at that time a very susceptible heart, particularly toward, I am sorry to say, married ladies, and his pointed attention to a Mrs. F— gave offense, not to her husband, but to the colonel's own aid-de-camp, who considered it highly indecorous and immoral." Naturally, this officious person got himself disliked, and we are not surprised to hear that he and the Iron-Duke-to-be "did not speak" for a long time. At this Elers is constrained to remark: "For my own part, I abhor the seduction of innocent girls, and I think it wrong to intrigue with married women; but if I witness anything going on between two people, and the husband does not see or choose to take notice of it, I think none but a father or a brother has a right to interfere. You are sure to get into a scrape, and make enemies of all parties." Plainly, this warrior is also a philosopher!

Some letters, both amiable and curt, from Wellington, and lady-like epistles from Maria Edgeworth, the novelist, who was a relation of Elers, form an appendix to this naive and entertaining narrative, the editors of which are Lord Monson and George Leveson Gower.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$3.00 net.

A Book to Make Good Citizens Better.

A high place among young and progressive American economists belongs by right to Professor Richard T. Ely, of the University of Wisconsin. His books on the various phases of his science are distinguished by lucidity of thought, clearness of expression, and an application to the problems of the hour that make them as interesting and intelligible to the eager laymen as they are stimulative and valuable to the special student.

His latest work is "Studies in the Evolution of Industrial Society," and belongs to the Citizen's Library. It lacks homogeneity, due to the fact that several chapters have heretofore appeared as separate papers, one, even, being a book-review; but that is the sole serious objection, and a fault that may readily be overlooked by searchers after meaty exposition of some of the vast economic questions that confront Americans.

Professor Ely is not a Socialist, but an optimistic believer in the soundness of our present social system. He holds that competition is the life of society, but he strenuously insists that one of the greatest functions of government is to regulate and control competition, while preserving the great economic-judicial institutions of society, such as private property and vested interests. He believes that mankind to-day is healthier, happier, physically and mentally stronger than at any time in the world's history. Upon the growing social demand that the pauper and the criminal shall not be permitted to perpetuate their kind, he bases confidence in the future of the race. In the extension of an inheritance-tax system, he sees a method of taxation less oppressive and more just than any other form. "Could any claim be more monstrous," he pertinently asks, "than to hold that a man may establish certain regulations for the use of property after he is dead and gone, and that these regulations must be binding upon all future generations? It is in itself the extremest radicalism." Public ownership of railways, telephones, and telegraphs he favors as the lesser of two evils. As to trusts, he thinks the laws enacted by Congress this year excellent, so far as they go, and has but little confidence in the efficacy of tariff-reform as a remedy.

From this sketchy outline of some of the main points it will be seen that Professor Ely's work is eminently practical. It is the sort of book that business men will like. It is much too reasonable and far to fair to offend those who differ from it. And, finally, it is imbued with sane optimism that inspires the reader to renewed effort toward making his city, State, and country a better place in which to live.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25 net.

Women and Marriage.

"Compiled by an old maid, and approved by a young bachelor. Illustrated by an ex-bachelor. Published by a young married man"—thus runs the title-page of "Bachelor Biographies," a little book of quotations for every day in the year. Each page is attractively decorated with marginal designs in black and red, and there are, besides, several clever illustrations by A. F. Willmarth. A few quotations will suffice to give a taste of its quality:

All my friends who have embraced Popery have done better than those who have embraced wives.—*Houghton.*

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage: half-shut afterwards.—*Poor Richard.*

Women admire the brave, but they prefer the audacious.—*Edgar Saltus.*

Love burns as long as a lucifer match. Wedlock's the candle.—*George Meredith.*

A second marriage is the triumph of hope over experience.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Wedding is destiny and hanging likewise. Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.—*Colton.*

Published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco; 75 cents.

Stevenson's Portraits of Women.

In an appreciative article on Robert Louis Stevenson, in the September *Fortnightly Review*, H. B. Marriott Watson says:

A point which has been often brought against Stevenson is his alleged inability to draw a woman. I believe that this criticism originated with himself, for, at any rate, he was wont to say that he was afraid of essaying the sex as "they invariably turned to barmaids on his hands." But here I maintain he did himself injustice, if, indeed, his remarks were anything more than an extravagant expression of discontent with his own handiwork. He did not (it is true) adventure many portraits of women, but those either elaborated or suggested by him are full of fidelity. Mrs. Henry, in the "Master of Ballantrae," is, to my mind, a conspicuously successful representation of an honest, narrow woman of a certain class. Seraphina is delightfully and annoyingly feminine; Providence von Rosen alone should redeem her author from his own charge; while Catriona and Miss Grant are in their several ways attractive young women. They have only one demerit that I know—which is, that they have inspired a veritable legion of young women on the same lines by inferior writers. It is possible indeed to overdo the arch and the playful young woman even in fiction. Nevertheless, it is clear that Stevenson himself distrusted his own power in delineating women; for not only did he avoid them when he could, but when they were indispensable features of his tale, he preferred to thrust them in by suggestion. I have already referred to the admirable portrait of Mrs. Weir, and to that may be added Kirstie in the same story, as well as sundry smaller personages in the shorter tales.

It has just been announced that William Winter is the dramatist who prepared the English version of Paul Heyse's "Mary of Magdala," made familiar to the American public by Minnie Maddern Fiske.

AUTUMN VERSE.

When the Hounds are Out.

High in a hirc, like a carved bird,
A gray grouse stands—for he has heard;
Even the squirrel does not stir,
Crouching, a frightened tuft of fur;
Glad of its wings the wood-hawk soars,
The sheldrake leaves the forest shores,
Along the brook no young mink play,
Black bear has heard and hurried away,
Splashed through a pool and leaped to a spruce—

'Tis hush and hide when the bounds are loose!

Far back in the spruce a pond lies brown
And by it a deer had lain her down,
A slender deer who wakes to hear
The cry that crazed the bear with fear,
That turned the grouse to a carved thing,
That drove the hawk to take to wing—
The cry of hounds that howl their way
Fierce on her trail of yesterday,
No hope for her in thicket to hide;
Lithe limb must tire and her throbbing side
Must tell of a long race bravely run
If she be alive at set of sun.

In brush-filled valley, on heechy hill,
The life of the forest is strangely still,
And waits to hark with straining ear
Till fades afar the hunt of the deer,
And the wood, unweaved by hounds and men,
Takes heart and breathes and smiles again.

—F. S. Palmer in *Harper's Weekly*.

The Hunt.

Ough! Ough! The hounds are away,
They are out and abroad, on the dunes to-day:
And the crows are still,
On the tree by the hill:

And the wildcat shrinks, and cowers, and blinks,
And peers through the woven pine bough's
chinks;

And the black snake slides, and slips, and glides
From the hot south slope where he suns his
sides;

And the blue jay hushes his peevish note,
And the catbird's warble dies in his throat,
As he darts to a snug oak spray.

But the fox—the fox is stealing away,
Silent and swift,
With an ear to lift,

For the sound of the distant bay;
Noiseless and fast as the sea-fog drifts
Through the winding dunes, when the shore
wind shifts;

By hog, and thicket, and path he creeps,
And over the fallen log he leaps;
Bold in the blow-hole his eye has scanned—
For he knows the lay of the wind-heaved
land—

His quick feet dimple the tawny sand;
By the Deep Bog ditch and along the ridge,
Where a cat may cross on the grapevine
bridge,—

Over the ridge; and he dives at last,
Safe and fast,
In his burrow deep,
On the northern steep,
Under the dune,
Where no August noon
Can crumble the wall away—
Where the first frost catches
The ivy patches,

And the woodhine reaches its blazing lines,
Wreathing the stems of the leaning pines,
And hiding the lichens gray;

While the Horseneck lies in a mute surprise,
Waiting and wise, till the tumult dies;
For the hounds are abroad to-day.

—Mercy E. Baker in the *October Critic*.

Autumn Song.

Wrap us round, O mother Autumn, with a silence
all unbroken,

With the royal purple semblance of a passion all
unspoken,

While the bird of life wings backward, with the
reddening, waning day,

To a thrill of long-lost laughter, to a love that
could not stay!

Now the spirits of all lost things, softly, silently
have found us,

Stealing through the gold and grayness, through
the prisoned flame around us,

And the weary heart within us wakens fearfully
again,

To the old, exquisite measure, to the long-forgotten
pain.

Now the savage child within us leaps the thicket,
flying faster,

Barefoot through the voiceless forest, treading
fern and leaf and aster,

Leaping brook and laughing upward, where the
broken blue beguiles,

Speeding on—O heart, fly faster!—down the light
of memory's isles!

Now the scent of grape and hollow stirs the sense
and fans the ember,

And wind above the waiting sheaves is whispering
"Remember!"

O now, the heart of memory's rose burns reddest
'gainst the gray,

And the bird of life wings backward to the love
that could not stay!

—Virginia Woodward Cloud in "A Reed by the
River, Poems."

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THE STORY OF A BOOK.

In Three Chapters.

CHAPTER I. THE MEN WHO MADE IT.

One hundred years ago Noah Webster—journalist, scholar, patriot—was brooding a great undertaking. He had worked with Jay and Hamilton for the adoption of the constitution and the support of Washington's administration; freedom and order were established; now for a science and literature worthy of the young republic! At the foundation of all is language. Webster had already made a Speller which speedily became and long remained a text-book for the entire people, training to uniformity of spelling and pronunciation, and yielding the author a maintenance which enabled him to carry on the vast and uncompensated work of "An American Dictionary of the English Language." In the exposition of that language no real advance had been made since Johnson's dictionary sixty years before. The new age and the new country had produced a flood of new words and usages for which there was no interpreter or arbiter. Webster essayed to cover the whole literature and the living use of the English-speaking race, with special inclusion of the new nationality. He brought to the task a natural genius for language, a special aptitude for lucid, exact, and terse definition, a ripe scholarship, and a tireless industry. With his work well begun, he stopped to broaden his knowledge, and mastered the main vocabularies of twenty languages. He studied for a year in Europe. Johnson worked intermittently for eight years on his dictionary; Webster spent twenty years on his. He gave it to the world in 1828—a splendid monument of scholarship, and in its substance fitted to every-day needs. But it was in two bulky volumes, its price was \$20, it contained a few eccentricities of spelling, and the American public was not yet emancipated from deference to English authority. The first edition of 2,500 copies was enough for thirteen years. Webster stood to his guns, bated no jot of his peculiarities even where most unpopular, revised the work on its original lines, and brought out a new edition, at \$15, in 1841. That, too, found little sale; and in 1843 Webster passed away, after a full and happy life, but with his *magnus opus* lying stranded like Robinson Crusoe's boat, a vessel too big for the builder to launch.

One hundred years ago, to a country printer in Western Massachusetts was born his first son, George Merriam. The second son was Charles, and then came a flock of brothers and sisters. The boys were educated in the district school and the printing office; they toiled early and late; when their father died they gave their slender patrimony to their mother and sisters, and pushed their own way; and in 1831 G. & C. Merriam began business as retail booksellers in Springfield, Mass. They gave to business every hour not given to their families or their church. They began publishing in a modest way, notably an admirable series of school-readers—the "Child's Guide," "Village Reader," etc.—compiled by the elder brother. When at Dr. Webster's death, his book came into the market, they discerned something of its potential value, and bought the unsold edition and the publishing right. That purchase marked an alliance of business and scholarship which has borne fruit for sixty years. The new publishers' first care was to fit the scholar's wares to the public's want. They employed Professor Chauncey A. Goodrich, Webster's son-in-law and literary heir, to recast the book; the eccentric spellings were dropped and the reasonable changes retained; such scientists as Silliman and Dana were employed as contributors; and in 1847 the full work was brought out in one volume for \$6. The public favor was instantly won and never was lost. Webster's executors had appraised the copyright for the unexpired ten years at \$3,000, and the Merriams bought it for that. They so increased its value that when the copyright was renewed for fourteen years they made terms with the Webster family by which during that period they paid to them, for the large book with its Abridgments and the Speller, a quarter of a million dollars. The Merriams leased the Abridgments and the Speller to other houses, and concentrated their whole energy on the large book.

In 1850 it was proposed in the Massachusetts legislature, unsuggested by the publishers, that a copy of Webster's large dictionary be placed in every district school. Before the legislative committee the advocate of a rival book sneered at Webster as an ignorant pretender. Professor Noah Porter, of Yale college, replied with so eloquent a vindication of Webster's scholarship and services that local prejudice was con-

quered. The schools were offered their choice, and 3,035 took Webster and 105 its competitor. Soon after, New York State placed 10,000 copies of Webster in its schools, and thus began its acceptance as a school standard which to-day extends over the entire country.

When in England the Imperial Dictionary was made almost bodily from Webster (in the absence of international copyright), and, soon after, the enlargement of Worcester to an illustrated quarto was announced, the Webster publishers made a prompt counterstroke. They put into a supplement a large number of classified illustrations—a new feature in an American dictionary—added a supplement of new words which had long been accumulating; appended a valuable table of synonyms by Professor Goodrich; and brought out their enlarged work well in advance of the new Worcester, which never approached it in popularity.

Then they set to work on a radical and thorough revision. Under Dr. Porter's supervision, with the aid of a group of eminent scholars, the advances in linguistic science and in popular usage were inwrought with Webster's solid groundwork. The period of this revision was that of the Civil War; business fell off; the Southern market was lost; the income from the Speller was intermittent, and payments to the Webster family were by amicable arrangement postponed; war taxes were heavy; but the three brothers (Homer Merriam being now included) pushed steadily the revision, while they supported the war, and looked for the return of peace and prosperity. So came to birth the great book of 1864, known familiarly as "The Unabridged."

A battle of pamphlets turning largely on the question of spellings; the general prevalence of the Websterian practice, and an eclipse of all rivalry in the commercial field; a fresh supplement of new words in 1879; the gradual addition of biographical and geographical tables—these were incidents preliminary to the next great revision. To this revision—a work covering ten years and costing over a third of a million dollars—were given the fuller elaboration, the larger permanent staff, the freer employment of specialists, and the exact attention to every detail, which accord with the advanced methods of modern scholarship and business. In a work carried on thus through generations, there has developed a special art of dictionary-making, with an invaluable tradition of experience, yet progressive and always expanding to meet the new conditions. The result appeared in 1890 in a work whose title marked the supremacy won throughout the English-speaking world, WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

Its improvement has never ceased for a day. New matter has been added; tables have been scrupulously brought up to date; the accumulation and sifting of new words and meanings has gone steadily on. A supplement of new words in 1900; tables of biography and geography substantially made over in 1902; a steady accession of improvements with no special announcement—this has been the later history of the book. To the chief editorship, so long and ably filled by President Porter, has succeeded Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education and a scholar of the highest repute.

It is to the alliance of scholarship and business sagacity that Webster has owed its success and growth. From that alliance has sprung a harmonious aim and a comprehensive plan of work. Before setting forth that ideal, a word more may be given to the personnel of the combination, past and present. On the publisher's side the force was strengthened in 1877 by the addition of Mr. O. M. Baker, trained as an educator and a school superintendent; an experienced and able bookseller. Mr. H. C. Rowley, came in two years later; the change by incorporation to "The G. & C. Merriam Company" in 1892 was a change of form only, the same hands still manning the ship; to the directors was added Mr. K. N. Washburn, who had been long engaged in the company's service; and while the first two Merriam brothers have passed away, the directorship includes two of the family name, and Homer Merriam still presides in a hale old age.

At the head of the editorial force have been in succession three scholars of high repute: Dr. Goodrich, the heir of Dr. Webster in mental acumen; President Porter, with a rare combination of original intellect, acquired knowledge, and practical sagacity; and Dr. Harris, officially the first man in the American educational world, and eminent in a wide variety of studies. Next to these have been a group of contributors of the highest standing in general scholarship or special branches, such as Dr. Mahn, of Germany, Professor W. D. Whitney, President D. C. Gilman, Professors

Hadley, Lounshury, Sheldon, Remsen, Verrill, Justice Brewer—the list could be indefinitely prolonged. Of highest practical service have been men perhaps less famous who have through arduous years perfected themselves in the technical art of dictionary-making: as chiefs of staff should be named, among the departed, William A. Wheeler and Loomis J. Campbell, and, among the living, F. Sturges Allen. With these have been scores of faithful and serviceable workers, whose lot has been "to widen knowledge and escape the praise."

This of the men who have made the book; the ideals they have followed and the methods they have used will be given next week.

New Publications.

"The Monarch Billionaire," a violently socialistic novel by Morrison I. Swift, is published by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York; \$1.00.

Among recent novels of passing interest is "Johanna," a story of Ireland, by Bertha M. Croker. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.00.

"The Fairies' Circus," by Neville Cain, is a verse-picture book for small children, "where elves and sprites, with one another vie, in feats of most unique agility." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

"Signora, a Child of the Opera House," by Gustav Kobbé, is a story of a little girl who was the pet of an opera company on its tour, and who herself achieved a great triumph. The book gives an interesting picture of "life behind the scenes," and many of the characters are but thinly disguised. Published by R. H. Russell, New York.

The virile sea-stories of several writers, which have appeared of late, rather spoil one for such a mild and prosy book as Charles Protheroe's "Life in the Mercantile Marine." The author, evidently enough, knows the sea and has sailed in many a ship, but he lacks the gift of visualizing his experiences, and we are compelled to vote him a bit dull. Published by John Lane, New York; \$1.25.

The new edition of works of Charles Kingsley, with introductions by the author's son, Maurice Kingsley, is approaching completion. "Two Years Ago," the latest addition, is in two well-bound volumes, and it strikes us that the illustrations made by Lee Woodward Zeigler are much superior to those that have gone before. Indeed, they are praiseworthy. Published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York (two vols.); \$2.00.

We have received "Edwin Drood" in a biographical edition of the works of Charles Dickens in twenty volumes. The biographical introduction occupies some twenty pages, and there are sixteen illustrations in black and white by Luke Fildes and F. Walker. The binding is of red buckram with ornamented back, and the volumes measure eight by five and a half inches. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.25.

W. H. Van der Smitten, M. A., author of a compilation entitled "Shorter Poems of Goethe and Schiller," claims for his volume that it is "the first attempt not only to treat the two greatest of German poets conjointly in this way, but to weave together the biographical sketch and the poems in chronological order." Besides the biographical sketch, there are exhaustive notes to the poems, and a number of illustrations. The poems are, of course, in German, and the notes, etc., in English. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

In response to the vociferous clamor for "more of the same" from some thousands of readers, W. Clark Russell puts forth his twenty-ninth story of the sea under the title "The Captain's Wife." There's a hairy, spidery villain in it, a treasure of forty thousand golden sovereigns sunk deep in the sea, and, of course, the captain's wife, who is a spirited and altogether admirable creature. Admirers of Mr. Russell's melodramatic romances will gravitate irresistibly toward this new one. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Mrs. Pendleton's Four-In-Hand, the story of which is told in Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's novelette of that title, was composed of four men who each, in all seriousness, sent letters of proposal to Mrs. Pendleton on the same day. Mrs. Pendleton thought it a very bad joke. Subsequent events are amusing, though rather painful. The book belongs to Macmillan's Little Novels by Favorite Authors Series, and contains a fine portrait of Mrs. Atherton, as well as several other illustrations. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 75 cents.

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Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," given on the same lines as performances by the Elizabethan Stage Society of London, was acted by the "Everyman" company at Lyric Hall the first of the week, under the direction of Ben Greet. The performance was one of scholarly merit, the dramatic or moving element being pitched in a comparatively subdued key.

The principals of the company are fine and finished readers, rather than excellent actors, Mr. Greet's impersonation of Malvolio being, in fact, the fullest of character and abandon of any presented on that occasion.

The greatest interest, naturally, centered in Mrs. Crawley's Viola, general admiration having been expressed for her Everyman. Her beautiful contralto voice is peculiarly well fitted to deliver Shakespearean lines, and she carries her boy's dress with graceful unconsciousness. Both Mrs. Crawley and Alys Rees—the Good-Dedes of the "Everyman" cast, and Olivia in "Twelfth Night"—gave refined, intelligent, and most pleasing renderings of their parts.

Neither, however, gave sufficient roundness and vitality to these two characters. There was a sort of pictorial flatness of effect in those few scenes of delicately modulated sentiment which come like delicious interludes of poetry between the prolonged revelries of Olivia's unruly household. We are accustomed to this in the Olivias of the stage, to the generality of whom Miss Rees is infinitely superior. But Viola, with her youth's gallant bearing, disguising the womanly, maidenly heart within her, drowned in a losing love for the duke, should move the imagination to the purest, most romantic, most exquisite sympathy. Up to a certain point, Mrs. Crawley was most satisfying. Past that, she left us comparatively unmoved.

John Sayer Crawley, who gave the impressive performance of Dethe in "Everyman," was a duke of dignity, and, although lacking in physical advantages, of some distinction of manner.

The young doctor, or messenger, of "Everyman" was the clown, and gave to the part by means of his songs, his attractive appearance, and his quick, light, graceful antics, something of the picturesqueness attached to the character in romances of older days. The unction of the ordinary Shakespearean clown was absent, and not unpleasantly so, but some natural humor was lacking as well. In externals, Mr. Anderson's fool was admirable, but in nature he is cut out for more serious parts, his physiognomy not being that of a natural comedian.

The comedy scenes are given with much zest, and an admirable simulation of the animal spirits of the thoughtless crew who planned Malvolio's undoing. Yet, in spite of all the loyal praise of all the commentators, who declare the humor of the piece to be unfading in its power to awaken delight, I can not but realize, when I see an audience confronted with this tragic-comic phase of the play, that we sensitive moderns have grown too squeamish to enter with any zest into the "sportful malice" of the joke that so delighted our forefathers. The cruel baiting of Malvolio, whose real worth and devotion to his lady's interests make his unduly excited vanity and aspiring folly merely a superficial offense, partially quenches the humor of the situation, and denies gentleness and point to the satire. That is, perhaps, why the laughter of the lookers-on so seldom rivals in volume that of the performers.

Just which were the dramatic students who assisted in the representation is difficult to say. I recognized several of the blonde-wigged quartet from "Everyman," Maria, of the realistic smile, among the number, and Clive Clunie, who played an excellent Antonio, I knew to be Goodes, from a peculiar flatness of tone that was recognizable. Sir Andrew Aguecheek was probably Felawship, Sir Toby I could not place, Sebastian, I am uncertain. If she is one of the company, then she would do well to hie her straight to a physical-culture class and take lessons in correct carriage of

the body. Even non-professionals, in these beauty-loving days, are careful to suppress the abdomen, and an actress assuming this male part is unforgivable for making Sebastian look as if he had put on his breeches hind side before.

The play was given without scene-shifting of any kind, a state of things to which the audience grew speedily accustomed, so quickly does the imagination, under appropriate suggestion, come into play.

Some years ago, an ancient, partially ruined Roman theatre in the South of France, somewhere in the neighborhood of Marseilles, was restored, and for the first time in many centuries put to its original use. One of the famous tragedies of the ancients, "Antigone," perhaps, was there enacted by members of the Comédie-Française before a distinguished audience which had assembled to celebrate the restoration of the theatre to its former purpose. The performance took place at night, and there were beautiful illustrations accompanying articles published in some of the magazines relating these facts, which showed how strikingly the classically draped figures of the players were thrown in relief against the thick night shadows of the hoary stone walls which encompassed them. No doubt, thousands who read the article longed for an opportunity to witness so unique and picturesque a spectacle.

And now, here on the westernmost edge of the New World, in a community whose traditions have scarcely half a century behind them to give them dignity and vitality, there has been erected a model, simple in design but perfect in proportion, of the old Grecian amphitheatre, within whose walls used formerly to assemble the valor, strength, and beauty of Greece. What a rare opportunity the possession of this unique monument to antique art offers for the aesthetic development of the students who, from its banked tiers, shall gaze upon their mates interpreting to their eager minds the wonders of ancient art. It will be to them a perpetual incentive to spirited endeavor, to successful achievement, whether its walls shall witness a Greek tragedy or a celebration of the merry rites of class-day.

On the occasion of the dedication of the theatre last week, the students chose Aristophanes's comedy of "The Birds" for representation, attracting many thousands of auditors, besides the usual number that are wont to assemble as spectators to college celebrations. I, in common with many others, had never seen a Greek play, and went there resolved to see it out, even if I missed my dinner hour, and thereby forever forfeited the regard of my cook. And, again in common with many others, I discovered that to witness a Greek play with sustained interest, one must either be an enthusiastic college student, or a relative of one, or a member of a college faculty, or an antiquarian, or an archaeologist, or a philologist, or a linguist, or a classic authority, or bound by ties of friendship, duty, or affection to any one of the learned species mentioned. Being none of these, I tried the translation, but excellently as it is done, only to confront again that good old truth that the drama to reach our interest must be a mirror reflecting popular thought. The drama of the ancients is a mine of riches for the student, whose eager mind and unjaded imagination ardently strive to bridge the gulf between the prosaic present and the picturesque past of antiquity. But to the idle observer it is merely a dramatic curio of transitory interest.

One can never pass a wholly intelligent verdict on dramatic representations in an unknown tongue, and therefore the popular judgment of the performance must be of necessity superficial. The assembly of birds, their costumes, and their grotesque movements were mere spectacle, and as such cleverly planned and carried out. The principals, whose work was limited to long

colloquies, with comparatively little action, were as self-possessed as professionals, and easy both in demeanor and gesture. Perhaps the athletic college sports conducted to bodily ease under such unfamiliar conditions, but they showed no consciousness of their classic dress, and nobody's arms and legs had the slightest tendency to get in the way.

One of the ancient authors has described a contrivance, habitually used by Greek actors in addressing an audience of some thirty thousand, which increased the stature, added to which a mask with a mouth-piece for emphasizing the vocal volume, greatly assisted the multitudes in seeing and hearing. The young voices of the students, however, were round, sonorous, and perfectly audible, and the Greek tongue fell musically from their lips. The lines of their features were touched up, which gave them a more manly air, and added character and strength to their general appearance.

The lyrics in the play were agreeably sung at intervals by a chorus on the great stage, concealed behind a screen of green branches, the performance proper taking place in the circular orchestra below, in accordance with the traditions of Aristophanes's time.

As a spectacle, the play was interesting, but being just a *lettle* bit rusty in the spoken Greek, I confess without shame that I was an early and enthusiastic attendant at the dinner-table, and the cook and I are still friends. And yet, I would not willingly forego my recollection of the scene; the players in their antique garb, the monster birds flapping their wing-like draperies, the great peristyle towering above them, and the stone-like structure rising tier on tier to the highest confines of the amphitheatre, from whence the blue sky of California, ringed round with a mighty curve of dark-green foliage, looked down with the unchanging smile loved by the ancient Greek.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Mascagni's New Opera.

An Argonaut correspondent writes us from Leghorn, Italy, under date of August 24th, stating that Pietro Mascagni had produced, with great success at the Theatre Goldoni, his new opera, "William Ratcliff." The audience received the new work with enthusiastic plaudits. However, Mascagni belongs in Leghorn, and it is barely possible that local pride may have had something to do with the success of his new work. We will await the verdict of other cities of Italy and elsewhere before making up our mind as to its merits. San Franciscans will be interested in knowing that Marie Pozzi, who appeared at the Tivoli, and was a great favorite here, played the leading rôle of Margherita in the new opera.

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Week commencing Sunday matinee, October 4th, Radiant Vandyke, Clayton White and Marie Stuart Company; the Pantzer Trio; Arthur Cunningham; Golden Gate Quartette and Fanny Winfred; Alexius; Carlton and Terre; Paulo and Dika; new Motion Pictures; and last week of Myles McCarthy, assisted by Miss Adia Woolcott.

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Tuesday Night, Oct. 13th, dedication of the new hall. Cotlow, Blumenfeld, Weiss, and Maurer. Thursday Night, Oct. 15th, Cotlow in grand recital. Saturday afternoon, Oct. 17th, Cotlow, with Blumenfeld.

Reserved seats, \$1.50, \$1.00, and 75c; at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Wednesday, Oct. 7th.

Friday night, Oct. 16th, Miss Cotlow, with Mr. Blumenfeld, at Unitarian Church, Oakland. Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"Florodora" at the Columbia.

The final performance of "The Prince of Pilsen" will take place on Sunday evening at the Columbia Theatre, and next week the ever-popular musical comedy, "Florodora" will be revived on an elaborate scale. The leading members of the company this year are Isidore Rush, Robert E. Graham, Philip H. Ryley, Greta Risley, Donald Brine, Harriett Merritt, Joseph Phillips, Lillian Spencer, and Thomas A. Kiernan. There is a chorus of seventy, six stunning "pretty maids" and as many handsome youths for the double sextet, and a special orchestra of twenty-five. Miss Rush will wear some very fetching gowns as Lady Holyrood, and Dolores, the sextet, the Spanish girls, and the chorus will be decked out in a bewildering array of gorgeous new costumes, which, it is promised, will prove a "treat to the eye and set a mild feeling of envy in motion among the women in the audience." "Florodora" will run for two weeks, and then comes Robert Edeson in "Soldiers of Fortune."

Last Week of Florence Roberts.

For the farewell week of her engagement at the Alcazar Theatre, Florence Roberts will continue to present David Belasco's "Zaza," in which she has been repeating her great success of last year in the title-role. On Monday evening, October 12th, the new Alcazar stock company will open its season in "Lady Bountiful," a Pinero play which has never been given here. Among the new members in the company will be Adele Block, who was the original Iras in "Ben Hur," and leading lady for E. H. Sothern and Henrietta Crossman; James Durkin, who has scored hits in "Faust," "The Middleman," "Secret Service," and "Resurrection"; Frances Starr, for three years ingénue of the Murray Hill stock company in New York; and John B. Maher, the comedian, who recently has been connected with the Pike stock company, of Cincinnati.

The New Fischer Bill.

"The Glad Hand" and "The Con-Curers" will give way on Monday night at Fischer's Theatre to a new musical comedy, "The Paraders," by Raymond W. Peck and Robert Hood. The piece ran through nearly an entire season in Chicago, and is said to abound in catchy songs, choruses, and new specialties. It is in two acts, the scenes being laid at Coronado Beach and on the battle-ship Oregon. Many novel mechanical effects are to be introduced, and the chorus will appear in some pretty dances and striking marches arranged by Stage-Manager Charles H. Jones. All the favorites will be in the cast, and as the company has had ample time for rehearsal, the first performance will be a smooth one. The house is practically sold out for the opening night.

"My Friend From India."

L. R. Stockwell has attracted large audiences to the Central Theatre during the week to see his amusing performance in Hoyt's laughable comedy, "A Temperance Town." Next week he will appear in another mirth-provoker, "My Friend From India," the rôle of A. Keene Shaver being especially suited to his droll personality. The play is full of humorous situations, and tells how a barber got mixed up with a missionary from the land of the Mahatmas, and how his dilemma involved the whole family of a rich Chicago pork-packer determined to break into New York's Four Hundred. Others in the cast will be Eugenia Thais Lawton, Genevieve Kane, Myrtle Vane, Marie Howe, Georgie Woodthorpe, and Messrs. Mayall, Shummer, Emery, Howell, Booth, Nicholls, and Whipple.

New Specialties at the Orpheum.

Arthur Cunningham, the well-known operatic baritone, who made many friends here during his long connection with the Tivoli Opera House, will doubtless receive a hearty welcome when he makes his vaudeville début at the Orpheum next week. Among the other new-comers are the Clayton White and Marie Stuart Company, in a sketch called "Paris"; the Golden Gate Quartet, assisted by Fanny Winfred; and the celebrated Pantzer Trio, assisted by Mrs. Carl Pantzer, in a new comedy acrobatic act entitled "A Gymnast's Parlor Amusement." Those retained from this week's bill are Carleton and Terre, who have made an emphatic hit with their "String Town Yap"; Alexius, the wonderful acrobatic bicyclist; Myles McCarthy, who has set the city laughing at his "Race Track Taut"; and Paulo and Dika, in their amusing comedy and singing concoction, "A French Frappé."

The Neill Company in "Under Two Flags."

James Neill and his clever company will devote the second and last week of their stay at the Grand Opera House to a dramatization of Ouida's novel, "Under Two Flags." The play is in five acts, and tells the story of the unrequited love of Cigarette, the vivandière and pride of the regiment, for a handsome soldier, an Englishman, who remains indifferent to her adoration. The opening scene at Rouen discloses the plot laid by the Marquis de Chateauroux, colonel of French cavalry, called by his intimates the "Black Hawk," to defraud his cousin, Bertie Cecil. From Rouen to Algiers the scene shifts to show the wine-shop of the "Ace of Spades," where the soldiers of the army of Africa are assembled. The other scenes represent the Casbah, or citadel of Algiers, the Castle of Cigarette, the Villa Aiyussa, Blidah Fort, a military outpost,

and Chellala Gorge, a seemingly inaccessible mountain of rocks. Here Bedouins are concealed, lying in wait for Cigarette, who escapes upon her horse in a wild ride up the cliff. In the last act, Cigarette saves Cecil, whom, unwittingly, she has betrayed to her superior officer, now married to Lady Venetia, formerly betrothed to her adored. As Cecil is about to leave the garret he is fired upon, the shots entering the bosom of Cigarette, who has flung herself before him and intercepted them. Very gently the soldiers bear the girl to her room, and there, in the arms of the man she vainly loved, Cigarette, the pride of the regiment, breathes her last. Edythe Chapman will play the title-rôle, and Mr. Neill will appear as Bertie Cecil. On Monday, October 12th, the Bothwell Brown Juvenile Company will present the burlesque extravaganza, "Cleopatra."

Grand Opera at the Tivoli.

At the matinee at the Tivoli Opera House this (Saturday) afternoon and on Sunday night Bizet's ever-popular opera, "Carmen," will be given with Cleo Marchesini in the title-rôle and Ischierio as Don José. This (Saturday) evening Rossini's comic opera, "The Barber of Seville," will be repeated, with Gregorotti as Figaro. Next week Verdi's "Otello" and Puccini's "La Bohème" will be sung. The latter will be given on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights, with Tina de Spada as Mimì, Adeline Tromben as Musette, Agostini as Rudolph, Zani as Marcel, and Dado as Collini. Lina de Benedetto will appear as Desdemona in "Otello," to be given on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday nights, and at the Saturday matinee. She first sang the part with the great Tomagno, who created the title-rôle at La Scala, Milan. Ischierio will be the Otello; Gregorotti the Iago; Tedeschi, the Cassio; and Miss Eugenie Barker, who made so good an impression as Siebel in "Faust," the Emelia.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Augusta Cottlow at Lyric Hall.

Augusta Cottlow, the eminent pianist, who created such a furor here as a child wonder some years ago, when she played a Chopin concerto with the Bauer Symphony Orchestra at the Tivoli, will open the concert season at Lyric Hall. Since her appearances here, Miss Cottlow has been working diligently with the best masters in Europe. She was engaged three times in one season as soloist with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and afterward toured Holland with that organization. In Russia she has also won success. Natrop Blumenfeld, a talented young German violinist, and Arthur Weiss, our local cellist, will be heard with Miss Cottlow. The dates of her concerts here will be Tuesday and Thursday nights, October 13th and 15th, and Saturday matinee, October 17th. Seats will be on sale on Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store, where complete programmes may be obtained.

The Final Scheel Symphony Concert.

The last symphony concert to be given under the direction of Fritz Scheel will take place at the Grand Opera House on Tuesday, when, for the first time in public, H. J. Stewart's music from the musical drama of "Montezuma" will be given. This music made a deep impression upon all who listened to it at the Bohemian Club jinks this year. The other numbers on the programme will be "Leonora Overture," No. 3, L. von Beethoven; "Symphony in C-major," No. 10, Franz Schubert; and "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 2, Franz Liszt.

Isabel Morgan will give a lecture at her studio, 218 Haight Street, on Tuesday evening, on "Song Interpretation," illustrated with songs by Scarlatti, Purcell, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and other modern composers, sung by Mrs. Lilian Werth Frühling, soprano, one of her pupils. Wilbur McColl will act as accompanist.

Don't fail to make a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais before the wet weather sets in. Mill Valley, in its autumn garb, is a pleasant sight to the eye. Those who stay over night at the Tavern this week will have the advantage of some beautiful moonlight views of the surrounding country.

Tyndall's Sunday Lecture.

On Sunday night, Dr. McIvor-Tyndall will deliver a lecture at Steinway Hall on "The Elixir of Life," in which he will treat the subject from a theoretical rather than a literal standpoint. Particularly interesting will be his own account of his marvelous recuperation from the severe nervous strain of years of mental labor, by which he was enabled to reappear here several years younger looking than during his previous visit to San Francisco. On Sunday, October 11th, he will talk on the cause of decay and death, repeating some of his remarks on "The Thought That Kills." Each lecture includes psychic manifestations.

A New Book on Spain in 1903.

Jerome Hart's recent letters written to the Argonaut from Southern Europe—principally from Spain—have been collected into a volume, and will be ready in a few weeks under the title "Two Argonauts in Spain." The book makes nearly three hundred pages, and is now going through the press. It is very handsomely printed on costly laid paper from new type. Over a score of illustrations accompany the text, from photographs taken by the Two Argonauts.

A rich rubricated title in pseudo-Arabic, framed in a Moorish archway copied from the Alhambra, begins the book. A colored map of Spain will be found a very useful addition to these travel sketches.

The book will be bound in a handsome cover emblazoned with the emblems of the various provinces of Spain—castles for Castile, lions for Leon, pomegranates for Granada, chains for Navarre, etc.

Only a limited edition will be printed. Mr. Hart's recent book of travel, "Argonaut Letters," also a limited edition, was out of print three months after publication. Those desiring the present volume will do well to apply at once.

The net price, which depends on the number of pages, will be fixed in a few days—it will probably be \$1.35. Address the Argonaut Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

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VANITY FAIR.

Boston has decided that kissing on the Charles River is a crime, and that even reclining side by side in a canoe is worthy of a twenty-dollar fine. One of the new set of rules and regulations of the Metropolitan Park Commission stipulates that "no person shall commit any obscene or indecent act," and the police insist that this clause bars all holding hands, kissing, snuggling together in the bottom of the canoe, or resting a tired head in the lap of lady fair. To prove it, the other day, they arrested Matthew A. Peterson and Flora Smith. A policeman in citizen's clothes, paddling a canoe, sneaked into the little cove in which Peterson's canoe was drifting. The hand of the fair Flora was being firmly held, and the police flashlight disclosed it all. The young man and the policeman had a heart to heart talk, and rather stormy things were said. "I've warned you," said the policeman; "you've got to sit up decent in your canoe, or be arrested." Five minutes later he slipped back into the cove, and again his light flashed. It was a dreadful thing he witnessed. Actually (says the New York Tribune's Boston correspondent) they were kissing. It made the Puritan blood in his Pilgrim veins run cold, and so he swooped down and arrested them. Matthew stormed and said things, and fair Flora clung tighter and cried, but it was all in vain. The police light of Boston virtue had found them out. A few days later, in the district court, Peterson paid a fine of twenty dollars, and the case against Miss Smith was placed on file. The judge, with surprising chivalry for Boston, argued, it is said, that the getting together in the canoe was mostly the young man's fault.

On pleasant Saturday afternoons and evenings there are between 4,000 and 4,500 canoes on the river, and often a fleet of 1,000 gather where concerts are given by the band. As soon as a crowd gets settled on the river, the police canoes, to the number of twenty-five, put out on their prying expeditions. The policemen are dressed in plain clothes, and go up and down the river peering into each canoe, to see if the occupants are obeying the rules to the letter. An indignant New York girl, who recently visited Boston, thus commented on the new rule: "I'd like to see them try anything like this in New York. Why, the canoe police would be in the water half the time. We'd dump them. In New York you can make love in the parks, on the elevated, in Coney Island cars, and even in the Broadway electric, and no one ever says a word. When we get the new underground railway they will have 'spooning' seats, I'm told. And why not? They say the objection here in Boston comes from men who go out with their wives for a row on the river, and who are disgusted because they see people loving. Now, it should remind these men and women of the days of their youth, when they were in love. Perhaps it reminds them how cold they have become to each other. Let them keep off the river, I say, if they can't stand a little sentiment. I tell you one thing, if John Henry wants to hold my hand and I'm willing, I'd like to see any Boston policeman make him let go."

A well known New York woman says that she is morally certain neither friends nor "home folk" would find her so agreeable were it not for the fact that she makes it a point to take periodical vacations from all of them. "It is impossible," she says, frankly, "for human beings made after the average pattern not to bore each other to extinction if they have to look into each other's faces three hundred and sixty-five days out of the year. A woman is infinitely more attractive to her husband if he hasn't seen her for a little while, and a man is far more lovable to a woman if there is some variation in the periods of his homecoming. Certain it is that any woman who has wrestled with the servant question for a whole year, who has thought up one thousand and ninety-five regular meals and several hundred irregular ones, who has had to cater to fastidious appetites on a quick-lunch basis of expenditure, that woman without doubt has earned a vacation from servants, appetites, and eaters of meals, and all of these will fare the better if the vacation is taken. Uninterrupted matrimony can become the greatest bore on earth. In six months a man has told his wife pretty much everything he knows that he has any intention of telling her, and has listened to her opinion on every subject under the sun times without number, and the best thing they both can do is to go foraging for three months

for something new to think and talk about, and give absence a chance to make the heart grow fonder. If people were married only three days in the week instead of seven, there would be fewer divorces. Somebody says that the reason many a man is able to endure his home is that he has the business day respite from it to brace him up, and that the insane asylums are so overcrowded with women, married women, simply because their lives are crammed so full of the same people, prejudices, and points of view day after day. The summer hegira is distinctly a 'first aid to domestic peace.' This is possibly not the conventional vacation point of view, but it is unquestionably one that commends itself to the seeker after things harmonious as well as the student of sociology. At least it behooves the homemaker to consider the vacation recipe as a cure for the domestic distemper that sooner or later seems to attack the average family."

The *Fronde*, the Paris women's daily, after seven years' existence, fighting for the rights of "feminism," has ceased publication. It has had an interesting career. When founded by Mme. Marguerite Durand, who was formerly an actress at the Comédie-Française, it was the butt of much ridicule on the boulevards and in journalistic circles, and was regarded as a joke, but it soon became clear that the paper had been started in real earnest. It was edited, composed, and published by women. Even the office "boy" was a girl, and the printer's "devil" was of the gentler sex. The only male person allowed in the establishment was a man who polished the office floor. Mme. Durand, in her last leader, claimed that the purpose for which it was started had been served. "Feminism," she says, "is strong enough now to go along without further assistance from the *Fronde*." Financial reasons, however, have probably had something to do with its passing. The editorial staff has been taken over by *L'Action*, the new anti-clerical organ, and Mme. Durand becomes a co-director.

A fashion magazine offered twenty-five dollars for the best definition of "style." The prize was won by Frank D. Blake, of Clay Centre, Kan., who was reared in an atmosphere of jackrabbits and buffalo grass far from the world of dress. His definition fetched him one dollar and twenty-five cents a word. It was this: "That visible expression of some conception of beauty by which a standard of excellence is established or changed is 'style.'"

If it is a fact that a recent homicide in Texas was due to the victim having worn a silk hat, commonly denoted "plug," in the Western country, then there are at least three Texas members of Congress who should avoid that particular section of the Lone Star State. Thomas H. Ball, of the eighth district, Albert S. Burlison, of the tenth district, and James L. Slayden, of the fourteenth district, all wear high silk hats. They wear them appropriately too, with stylish frock-coats and patent-leather or well-polished shoes. The average Southern congressman is no stranger to the long frock-coat, but he seldom follows the dictates of fashion and wears a silk hat with it. On the contrary, the long frock-coat and the broad-brimmed, high-crowned black felt slouch hat seem to go together in the dress of the men in Congress from the South, and if a string tie, black or white, is a part of the tout ensemble, then you can gamble that the wearer is a Southerner. Mr. Ball was once asked if he sported the same tie in Texas as he does on Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, D. C., and he replied: "Sure. I wear a high silk hat in my district, and in all proper places as I do here. I do not change the style of my clothes when I go home. When I first went campaigning in a silk hat there was a disposition to criticise me as 'putting on style.' I replied by saying: 'When you folks go visiting, don't you wear your best clothes? Well, that's what I am doing. I am visiting you people, and my best clothes are none too good for me to wear when I come among you.' I never heard a word after that about my 'plug hat.' The late Lord Salisbury, by the way, had an utter disregard for clothes, and on several occasions his attire was referred to with regret by sartorial writers. So long as his coat hung fairly well from the shoulders, the deceased premier cared little, but he never went the length of Mr. Gladstone, whose clothes were often so shabby that only an eminent person would wear them. The successors of Salisbury and Gladstone are, on the other hand, careful dressers, especially

Lord Rosebery, who designed a collar for himself with the turn-over peaks rounded for greater comfort and durability. Mr. Balfour's appearance is usually very smart on social occasions, although he seemingly does not endeavor to attain the well-groomed condition of Joseph Chamberlain.

"Are your new neighbors all right socially?" "Oh, yes; they have six autos, ten bulldogs, and one child."—Puck.

Nelson's Amyose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,

Phelan Building, 806 Market Street Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
September 24th....	66	50	.00	Clear
" 25th.....	62	52	.00	Clear
" 26th.....	64	52	.00	Cloudy
" 27th.....	58	56	.00	Cloudy
" 28th.....	62	56	.00	Cloudy
" 29th.....	56	54	.00	Cloudy
" 30th.....	58	50	.00	Cloudy

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, September 30, 1903, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 2% Reg	10,000	@ 108½		
Bay Co. Power 5%	3,000	@ 104½	104	106
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	3,000	@ 101½	100½	102½
Los An. Ry 5%	10,000	@ 115¼-115½	115½	
Market St. Ry. 5%	1,000	@ 116		
Oakland Transit 6%	3,000	@ 121		121
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%	12,000	@ 120¼-120½		120¼
Sierra Ry. of Cal. 5%	5,000	@ 112½	112½	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909	15,000	@ 107¾		108½
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910	1,000	@ 109¼	108	109¼
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1905, S. A.	1,000	@ 105¾		
S. P. R. of Cal. Stpd 5%	25,000	@ 108	107¾	
S. V. Water 6%	2,000	@ 108½	105¼	106½
S. V. Water 4%	27,000	@ 100	100	
S. V. Water 4% 3d.	4,000	@ 99½	99¼	
	Shares.	STOCKS.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa	5	@ 52	51¾	54
Spring Valley	210	@ 84-	84½	84¾
		Powders.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Giant Con.	10	@ 66	65½	66½
Vigorit	150	@ 5	4½	5
		Sugars.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Hana P. Co.	350	@ 25-	30	25
Hawaiian C. & S.	300	@ 46	45½	46½
Honokaa S. Co.	20	@ 13¾	13¾	14
Hutchinson	85	@ 12½		13
Makaweli S. Co.	25	@ 21¾	20½	22
Onomea S. Co.	50	@ 33	32	33½
Paaahu S. Co.	50	@ 16¾	16½	17
		Gas and Electric.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Mutual Electric	190	@ 12-	12½	10
Pacific Gas	55	@ 53	52½	
S. F. Gas & Electric	10	@ 67		
		Trustees Certificates.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
S. F. Gas & Electric	200	@ 67¼-67¾	66	67¼
		Miscellaneous.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Alaska Packers	150	@ 155¾-158		
Cal. Fruit Cannery	425	@ 95½-96½		97
Cal. Wine Assn.	60	@ 96½-96¾		97¾
Pac. Coast Borax	10	@ 167		

Alaska Packers sold up two and one-quarter points to 158, on sales of 150 shares.

Spring Valley Water has been steady, with no change in price.

The sugars were traded in to the extent of 870 shares of all kinds, and closed in fair demand at fractional gains.

The powder stocks have been steady, and very little stock changed hands.

The gas stocks have been inactive, without change in quotations.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

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304 Montgomery St., S. F.

6% net

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Conservative investors who desire to be free from the fluctuations of stocks, and to have absolute control of the securities which they hold, will be interested in our list of first mortgages, payable in gold, WELL SECURED UPON IMPROVED REAL ESTATE.

We have had years of experience in selecting this class of securities without loss to a single investor. Sound security and satisfactory income.

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Mortgage and Bond Department,

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Walter Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate

Because they yield THE MOST and BEST FOR THE MONEY



TRADE-MARK

The Finest Cocoa in the World Costs less than One Cent a Cup

Our Choice Recipe Book, sent free, will tell you how to make Fudge and a great variety of dainty dishes from our Cocoa and Chocolate.

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THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS, 622 Market Street (Upstairs), Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1903

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	5.50
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West.....	5.25

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

James Cobb tells a curious story of a lady, a sister of Owen Tudor, who, like Henry the Eighth, was greatly given to marrying, and did not die until she had been led seven times to the altar. When she was following her fourth husband to the grave, the gentleman behind whom she rode on horseback ventured to urge his suit. "Unhappily," said the dame, "thou art too late, seeing that I am plighted already; yet do not lose heart, for, should it fall out that I have again to perform this melancholy office, I will bear thee in mind."

A colored barber thus explained to Senator Hoar his reason for resigning from a certain African church: "I jined that ch'uch en good faith, and de fust yeah I give \$10 to'ds the stated gospel, an' all de ch'uch people calls me 'Brudder Dickson.' De second yeah me hizness fell off, en I give \$5; en all de ch'uch people dey call me 'Mistah Dickson.' De third yeah I feel so pohly dat I don't give third yeah I feel so pohly dat I don't give nuthin' t'all for preachin', en all de ch'uch people dey pass me by en say, 'Dat ole niggab Dickson.' After dat I quit 'em."

A well-known professor, having boarded a few weeks with a farmer who was in the habit of taking a few summer guests into his house to help pay the rent, decided to spend his vacation there again this year. In notifying the farmer of his intentions, he wrote: "There are several little matters that I desire changed, should my family decide to pass the vacation at your house. We don't like the maid Mary. Moreover, we do not think a sty so near the house is sanitary." This is what he received in reply: "Mary has went. We haint had no hogs sence you went away last September."

When the President's special train, during his recent tour of the West, reached Nebraska, Governor Mickey joined the party to escort the President across the State. The President was delighted to meet the governor of Nebraska, and asked him about a hundred questions—political, industrial, social, and personal—winding up with: "How many children have you, governor?" "Nine," answered Governor Mickey. "You are a damn good man," exclaimed President Roosevelt; "you are a better man than I am. I have had only six." And Governor Mickey, who is a Methodist elder, gasped with astonishment.

The oratorical gift of the preachers of mountain regions of Tennessee is much admired by their simple parishioners. In fact, nearly every youth's ambition, it is said, is to be a preacher, although it is an affectation among the horny-handed portion of the population to pretend to despise those who do not engage in manual labor. A traveler recently asked a bright-eyed youngster in Tennessee: "What are you going to do when you grow up?" The boy turned his head away, blushed with embarrassment, and began to draw semicircles in the dust with his bare toe. In the mean time his father answered for him: "I reckon that boy 'll be a preacher; he's a powerful pert talker when he aint bashful, an' he's too darn lazy to work."

Leschetizky, the Russian composer, was an instructor in the imperial institute for young women at Smolna. Some of the pupils of the institute, girl-like, had complained of the quality of their food, and rumors of their complaint reached the ears of the emperor, who ordered the Duke of Oldenburg, president of Smolna, to look into the matter. "I was not very fond of his excellency," says Leschetizky; "he was a man of sour disposition—tall, thin, quick, and angular in his movements, with little, blinking, beady black eyes that took note of everything; and his nose in everybody's business. The emperor's command was no sooner issued than Oldenburg started for Smolna, arriving just at dinner time. Stationing himself not far from the kitchen, he awaited the passage of the soldiers on duty in the dining-room. Presently two went by, carrying a soup-tureen. 'Set that down on the floor and fetch me a spoon,' thundered the duke. The soldiers looked up in evident surprise, but, too well disciplined to speak except in answer to a question, obeyed; then stood submissively awaiting further orders. The duke, wearing a severely critical expression of face, dipped the spoon in the gray, murky liquid, but had no sooner touched it to his lips than he

angrily rejected it, shrieking, 'Why, it's dish-water!' 'As your highness' says,' answered the terrified soldiers. And so it was—dish-water being carried away in a cast-off soup-tureen, used for washing knives and forks."

The other day, a lady, while shopping, accidentally picked up another lady's umbrella from the counter, and had the mistake pointed out to her rather frigidly. She returned the umbrella with apologies, and then remembered that she had no umbrella with her at all. But as it had begun to rain, she bought one for herself, as well as one for a birthday present for some one else. With the two umbrellas in her hand, she hoarded a car, and, as luck would have it, sat down opposite the very lady whose umbrella she had inadvertently picked up earlier in the day. The coincidence was too much for the other lady. "I congratulate you on your successful morning," she said, sarcastically, as she swept out of the car. Innocence should have asserted itself; but the rightful owner of the two umbrellas found herself so embarrassed that she was speechless. Appearances often make cowards of us all.

It is related that when Senator Bailey, of Texas, was a struggling young lawyer, there was a Democratic Congress convention in his neighborhood, and he started to walk to it. On the way he met a farmer, who gave him a lift. "Going to the convention?" asked Bailey after awhile. "Yep," said the farmer. "Ever hear of a young lawyer named Bailey 'ound here?" asked Bailey. "Nope," said the farmer. "Good speaker and bright fellow, I understand," suggested Bailey. "S'pose so," said the farmer. "Yep," continued Bailey, "and he will be over there to-day, and I tell you what we'll do. We'll call on him to make a speech. You see all your friends, tell them about Bailey, and we'll call on him." The farmer said "All right." No more was mentioned about the matter until there was a lapse in the convention during the preliminary movements of the body. Suddenly the old farmer up and suggested that the convention hear from Mr. Bailey, "a risin' young lawyer of these diggin's," he said. "an' a feller who talks like puttin' out fire." "Bailey! Bailey! Bailey!" more than a dozen yells went up, and Bailey came forth. Joe Bailey made one of the hottest speeches of his life, and the upshot of the whole thing was that the "risin' young lawyer of these diggin's" got the nomination for Congress.

William E. Curtis says that during the last days of Oliver Wendell Holmes's life he visited Washington, D. C., in company with Robert C. Winthrop, and both of the venerable men visited the Senate chamber on the occasion of some ceremonies which crowded the galleries with people, so that they were unable to obtain seats. They sent their cards to Mr. Evarts, hoping that he might arrange a place for them, and when he met them in the marble room he explained the difficulty. "The galleries are crowded, as you know," he said, "and the rules of the Senate admit to the floor of the chamber only members of the two Houses of Congress, members of the Cabinet, Justices of the Supreme Court, ex-senators, persons who have received the thanks of Congress, and private secretaries to senators. I can not get you admission in any other capacity, but if you will accept highly respectable and remunerative employment as my private secretaries I will find you seats on the floor." Both the poet and the statesman accepted, and Mr. Evarts took them to the door, where he addressed the doorkeeper as follows: "My dear sir, these two young men are my private secretaries. You will observe that they are both very green and ignorant, but I am trying to have patience with them and overlook their deficiencies. I wish you would take a good look at them, so that when they come here again to see me you will know them," and with that he pushed open the swinging doors and motioned to Dr. Holmes and Mr. Winthrop to pass in, while the doorkeeper, in a bewildered sort of way, remarked in an undertone: "Well, I'll be blanked!"

Some fools and their money are parted only by death.—Puck.

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy
cures poison-oak and all skin diseases Sold by all druggists.

Tesla Briquettes are
Excellent domestic fuel
Since recently improved.
Let us send you
A ton—and please you.
TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Evolution.

She sketched a husband strong and brave
On whom her heart might lean;
None but a hero would she have—
This girl of 17.

Her fancy subsequently turned
From deeds of derring-do;
For brainy intercourse she yearned
When she was 22.

The years sped on, ambition taught
A worldly wise design;
A man of wealth was what she sought
When she was 29.

But time has modified her plan;
Weak, imbecile, or poor—
She's simply looking for a man
Now she is 34. —Punch.

No Escape.

Boracic acid in the soup.
Wood alcohol in wine,
Catsups dyed a lurid hue
By using aniline;

The old ground hulls of cocoanuts
Served to us as spices;
I reckon crisp and frigid glass
Is dished out with the ices.

The milk—the kind the old cow gives
Way down at Cloverside—
It's one-third milk and water, and—
Two-thirds formaldehyde.

The syrup's bleached by using tin,
And honey's just glucose,
And what the fancy butter is,
The goodness gracious knows!

The olive oil's of cottonseed,
There's alum in the bread;
It's really a surprise to me
The whole durned race ain't dead.

Meantime all the germs and things
Are buzzing fit to kill;
If the food you eat don't git you,
The goldarned microbes will.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Automatic Life.

This life will soon become a thing
Of cylinders and wheels,
Push buttons, dynamos, and cogs,
And batteries and reels.
Each day a man will be aroused
By some unique machine
Which will bring in his clothing, then
Shave him both quick and clean.
Fond lovers, when they feel inclined
To softly bill and coo,
Will start a phonograph which asks
"Whose ootsey 'oo is 'oo?"
His pocket phonograph will ask
If she will be his bride—
Her phonograph will breathe the "Yes"
Which waits in its inside.

When mother goes to call on friends,
Or to her club, she won't
Be anxious for the children; she
Will start the auto. "Don't"
To going in the nursery
And baste on serene,
And knowing that she may rely
Upon the spank machine.

When father comes in much too late
He'll stumble on the stair,
And hear a terse "How came you so?"
Come megaphoning there.
And after while this life will be
Without a thing to do—
Some one will make a grand machine
To press the buttons, too.
—Chicago Tribune.

A Ballad of Oyster Bay.
He was an honest Oysterman,
(At least he seemed to be.)
I met him on a neck of land
That jutted out to sea.
And when I asked him who he was,
He answered pleasantly:
"I am the House, and the Senate bold,
The chief of the Navy Crew,
The Cabinet, and you just bet
I'm boss of the Army, too."

I fixed him with an anxious look.
"Dear sir, how can this be?"
Although quite plain, your answer seems
Impossible to me."
He merely looked at me and smiled,
And added thoughtfully:
"And I am a strenuous, steadfast type—
A scholar, a sportsman true,
A diplomat, a plutocrat,
And a writer and fighter, too."
"He is a lunatic," I thought—
"A poor, deluded thing,
Whose fancy 'tis to play the rôle
Of some arcaic king."
And as I turned upon my heel
I heard him muttering:
"I'm the boss, you know, of the whole blame
show,
In every respect but this—
'Tis very plain that Mr. Payne
Is in charge of the Post-Office."—Life.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.
New York ... Oct. 7, 10 a.m. | St. Louis ... Oct. 21, 10 a.m.
Philadelphia ... Oct. 14, 10 a.m. | New York ... Oct. 28, 10 a.m.
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
West'm'd ... Oct. 10, 11:30 a.m. | Havre ... Oct. 24, 11:30 a.m.
Belgenland ... Oct. 17, 9 a.m. | Noordland ... Oct. 31, 9 a.m.

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Mesaba ... Oct. 10, 9 a.m. | Minneapolis ... Oct. 24, 8 a.m.
Min't'nka ... Oct. 17, 1:30 p.m. | Min'chaha ... Oct. 31, 1:30 p.m.
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Mayflower ... Oct. 8 | New England ... Oct. 29
Columbus (new) ... Oct. 15 | Mayflower ... Nov. 5
Commonwealth ... Oct. 22 | Columbus ... Nov. 12

MONTREAL—LIVERPOOL—Short sea passage.
Dominion ... Oct. 10 | Canada ... Oct. 31
Southwark ... Oct. 17 | Southwark ... Nov. 7

BOSTON Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.
Camborau ... Saturday, Oct. 31, Dec. 12
Vancouver ... Saturday, Oct. 10, Nov. 21

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 4 p.m.
Finland ... Oct. 10 | Kronland ... Oct. 24
Vaderland ... Oct. 17 | Zealand ... Oct. 31

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Germanic ... Oct. 7, noon | Majestic ... Oct. 14, noon
Cedric ... Oct. 9, 7 a.m. | Celtic ... Oct. 16, 1:30 p.m.
Armenian ... Oct. 13, 10 a.m. | Oceanic ... Oct. 21, 6 a.m.
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Doric ... Wednesday, Oct. 7
Coptic ... Saturday, Oct. 31
Gaelic (Calling at Manila) Wednesday, Nov. 25
Doric ... Tuesday, Dec. 22
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

TOYO KISEN KAISHA (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.) IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903
Nippon Maru ... Thursday, October 15
America Maru ... Tuesday, November 10
Hongkong Maru ... Thursday, December 3
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland and Sydney, Thursday, Oct. 8, 1903, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Oct. 17, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Oct. 26, 1903, at 11 A. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

RUBBER LA ZACALPA Rubber Plantation Company 713 Market St., S.F. AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING

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LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.
LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.
PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POSTER PICTURES.

Most striking effects are produced by premium pictures mounted on harmonious tinted raw silk m. boards—greens, grays, black, and red; most stunning and artistic for a very moderate outlay. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.

SOCIETY.

The Winter Dances.

All the dates for the principal winter dances have now been practically arranged. The first ball of the season will be given by the Daughters of the Confederacy at the Palace Hotel on October 23d.

The dances of the Friday Night Club, under the direction of Mr. Edward M. Greenway, will take place at Native Sons' Hall on December 4th, January 8th, and February 12th.

The Assembly dances, which are to take the place of the former La Jeunesse balls, will be given at the Palace Hotel on November 23d, December 31st, and January 29th. The patronesses of this club are Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. W. H. McKittick, Mrs. William Irwin, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. McCullung, Mrs. Bowman McCalla, and Mrs. J. W. McCullung.

The Friday Fortnightly cotillions, under the direction of Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, will be held at the Palace Hotel on November 27th, December 30th, January 24d, and February 5th.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

Mrs. George Crocker has announced the engagement of her younger daughter, Miss Emma Wallace Rutherford, to Mr. Philip Kearney, son of General John Watts Kearney, of New York.

The engagement is announced of Miss Georgie Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Smith, and Mr. Frederick Palmer, of New York.

The wedding of Miss Therèse Morgan, daughter of Mrs. William P. Morgan, and Mr. Norris King Davis, will take place at the home of the bride's mother, 2211 Clay Street, on Wednesday evening at nine o'clock. Miss Ella Morgan will be her sister's maid of honor; Miss Genevieve King, Miss Mary Josselyn, and Miss Helen Dean will act as bridesmaids; and Mr. John Rush Baird will be the best man.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Wright Young, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-General S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., to Lieutenant John Robert Rigby Hannay, of the Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., will take place Wednesday at four o'clock at St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C. The bridesmaids will be Miss Margaret Knight, daughter of Major John G. D. Knight, U. S. A., Miss Kelly, of Springfield, O., Miss Klein, of St. Louis, Miss Gertrude Bayne, and Miss Edith Needham, of Washington, D. C.

Mr. H. H. Wood announces the marriage of his daughter, Miss Mabel Gertrude Wood, to Lieutenant Charles F. Martin, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A. The ceremony took place at the American consulate in Nagasaki, Japan, on August 28th. Lieutenant Martin and his bride will return with the Fifth Cavalry on the transport *Sheridan*, due about October 15th.

The marriage of Miss Bessie Godey, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. C. Frederick Kohl, of this city, will take place this month at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Godey, at Cleveland Park. Miss Claire Crosby, of New York, and Miss Jennings Carol, of Baltimore, will be the bridesmaids, and Mr. Fred Moody will act as best man. A wedding breakfast will follow the ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Bessie Trowbridge Ames and Mr. Joseph Foxton, of Riverside, will take place at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Walter S. Newhall, in Los Angeles, on Wednesday. Mr. Foxton and his bride will reside in Riverside, and will receive their friends after November 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Peirce Hall announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Mabelle Page Hall, to Mr. Alpheus Williams Clement. The wedding took place in Dawson City on September 23d.

The wedding of Miss Marion Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jones, and Mr. Robert D. Farquhar took place in New York on Tuesday. The ceremony was performed at Grace Church at noon. Miss Georgiana Jones was her sister's maid of honor, and Mr. Chester Aldrich acted as best man. A wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's parents on East Seventeenth Street, Stuyvesant Square, followed the ceremony.

Cards announcing the wedding of Miss Emilie Helen Richardson to Dr. Edward Shepard Grigsby, which occurred in Nome, Alaska, on July 27th, have just been received. Dr. Grigsby is the uncle of Mr. Silas Palmer and of Mrs. George Wheaton, of Oakland. Dr. and Mrs. Grigsby expect to spend the winter in California.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood gave a dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Monday evening in honor of Captain Louis H. Bash, of the Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., who sailed with his regiment for Manila on the transport *Sherman* on Friday. Others

at table were Captain Goodin, Captain Anderson, Lieutenant Babcock, Lieutenant Terry, Mr. Noble Eaton, Mr. James Graham, Mr. Newton Tharp, Mr. Orrin Peck, Senator Hardin, of Nevada, Mr. Riley Hardin, and Captain Faison.

Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet gave a tea on Friday afternoon at her residence, 2020 Pacific Avenue, in honor of Mrs. Sloat Fassett, of New York, and her daughter, Miss Margaret Fassett. The hours were from four to seven o'clock, and among those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. F. H. Green, Miss Margaret Bender, Mrs. H. J. Crocker, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, Miss Marion Huntington, Miss Katharine Dillon, and Mrs. Herrin.

Mrs. W. H. Morrow gave a progressive-euchre party on Wednesday at her residence, 2421 Washington Street, at which she entertained Mrs. B. Hoffacker, Mrs. T. B. McFarland, Miss McFarland, Mrs. James Irvine, Mrs. Denver, Mrs. Charles Bandman, Mrs. Frank Bates, Mrs. Charles Fonda, Mrs. Ritchie Dunn, Mrs. Helen Tay, Mrs. Eugene Freeman, Mrs. Charles M. Plum, Mrs. John P. Young, Mrs. Eugene Bresse, Mrs. Howard Holmes, Mrs. E. G. Randolph, Mrs. Ruby Bond, Mrs. Fennimore, Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Mrs. L. Sawyer, Mrs. J. C. Andrews, Mrs. John Spaulce, Miss Leta Gallatin, Miss Minnie Martin, and Miss Lillian Deane.

Miss Ardella Mills and Miss Elizabeth Mills gave an informal tea last Sunday afternoon, from four to six, at their residence on Jackson and Devisadero Streets. They were assisted in receiving by their mother, Mrs. W. H. Mills.

Miss Belle Harmes will give a luncheon in honor of Miss Gertrude Dutton on Wednesday, October 7th.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee will give a charity entertainment at her Fruitvale residence this (Saturday) evening. A musical programme will be presented, several of the singers of the Tivoli taking part. Articles will be sold, and refreshments will be served. Mrs. Wetherbee will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. David Edwards, Mrs. Howard Bray, Mrs. B. A. Bray, Mrs. Alfred Cohen, Mrs. G. B. Cook, Miss Emma Grimwood, Mrs. George Hammer, Miss Louise Thornton, Miss Violet Albright, Miss Sanborn, Miss Wellman, Miss Laura Sanborn, Miss Florence Hush, Miss Alice Marwedel, Miss Christie Taft, Miss Bessie Knowles, Miss Ruth Knowles, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Emma Mahoney, Miss Vira Nicholson, Miss Gertrude Allen, the Misses Crellin, and Miss Katharine Jackson.

Mrs. Washington Irving Marion gave a tea at her residence on Bush Street on Thursday afternoon from three to six o'clock. Those who assisted her in receiving were Mrs. Edward Olney, Mrs. H. Edward Gedge, Mrs. Bernard Rowley, Mrs. H. C. Rowley, Mrs. Walter B. Honeyman, of Portland, Or., Mrs. Christopher Bauer, Miss Emily Sankey, Miss Florence Rochat, Miss Emily Rochat, Miss May Jackson, and Miss Maude Jackson.

A garden fête will be given this (Saturday) afternoon at Mrs. Kent's residence at Kentville, between Larkspur and Ross Valley, in aid of the San Francisco Presbyterian Orphanage and Farm at San Anselmo.

ART NOTES.

The Fall Photographic Salon.

The fall season in the local art world will be opened at the Mark Hopkins Institute with a Photographic Salon. These characteristic exhibitions of pictorial photographs, which have for their object the embodiment of artistic thought and feeling, although of comparatively recent devising, now have a recognized place in the events of the art institutes of many of the large cities of the East and Europe. It is interesting to know that, according to the photographic magazines which speak with authority, the salons held in this city under the auspices of the California Camera Club and the San Francisco Art Association, rank third in importance in the salons of the world. In addition to the pictures sent from all countries for the inspection of the jury, a special collection received from the Photo-Secessionists, a New York organization aiming at the highest and most advanced forms of camera art, will add great interest to the present display. A first-night reception and promenade concert will be held on Thursday evening, after which the exhibition will remain open until Saturday, October 24th.

Lectures on Italian Painting.

Mrs. Horace Wilson will give the first of a series of twelve lectures on Italian painting at Century Hall, on Monday morning, at half after ten o'clock, her subject being "Early Christian Painting." The other lectures will be given at Century Hall on the succeeding Monday mornings, at the same hour, and will conclude with a lecture on "The Florentine School and Modern Italian Painters." The series are under the patronage of Mrs. William H. Mills, Mrs. Philip King Brown, Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mrs. Horace Hill, Mrs. E. C. Wright, Mrs. Henry E. Huntington, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Florence Frank, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. De Greayer, and Miss Kate W. Beaver.

Willis E. Davis, president of the Hopkins Art Association, is planning to add new interest to the fall water-color exhibition by including studies and sketches in all mediums. Such an exhibition, full of all the vim and vigor of the artist's pristine idea, before it is worked up or worked out, as sometimes happens, can not fail to be a most attractive revelation.

The California School of Design has begun the term with an unusually large attendance. Mrs. Alice B. Chittenden, who for so many years conducted the Saturday class, has re-

turned after a year's leave of absence devoted to the study of artistic work and conditions in the cities of the East. In view of the unprecedented growth of the Saturday class, the board of directors has deemed it advisable to retain the services of Miss Maren M. Froelich, who so ably conducted the class during Mrs. Chittenden's absence. The new department of applied arts has proved so successful that its permanency has become assured. Practical wood-carving will be added to the course as the class progresses.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the most important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

Alexander Boyd's estate has been appraised at \$1,149,725.64 by B. M. Gunn, William Broderick, and Robert Haight. The estate is the community property of the deceased and his wife, Jean McGregory Boyd. It consists wholly of realty, with the exception of \$2,225.64 in cash. The principal pieces of realty are: On California Street, west of Drumm, valued at \$165,000; north-east corner of Market and Front, \$300,000; north-west corner of Pine and Battery, \$100,000; Front, south of Pine, \$120,000; Battery, south of California, \$90,000; Front, south of Pine, \$90,000; north-east corner of California and Battery, \$125,000; north-west corner of California and Drumm, \$145,000.

A petition for the distribution of the estate of the late John W. Mackay has been filed by Clarence H. Mackay, executor of his father's will. The petition is for the distribution of realty worth \$173,400, to Mrs. J. W. Mackay and the petitioner, share and share alike. The petition recites that the realty involved is all of the estate of the millionaire that was not disposed of prior to his death.

The estate of the late Mary J. Gerberding has been appraised at \$17,692.77. It consists of \$2,027.27 cash, realty worth \$14,000, and personal property valued at \$1,665.50.

The report of the appraiser appointed to estimate the value of the estate of the late Melanie Langley has been filed. It shows that the deceased was worth \$63,950.26. The estate consists of \$3,560.26 in cash, 184 shares of stock in the Langley & Michaels Company, worth \$9,200; other stocks and bonds worth \$44,340, and promissory notes for \$6,850.

The Earl and Countess of Lonsdale were guests at the Palace Hotel during the week. They attended the Durbar in India, and, during the past few months, have been visiting the Orient and Australia.

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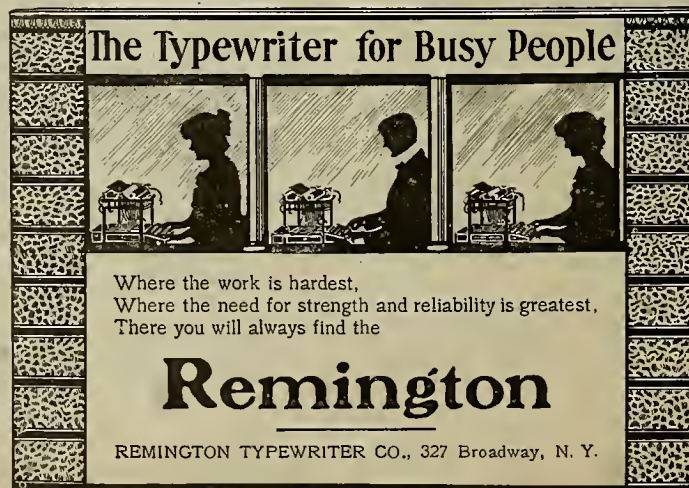
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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Walter S. Martin and Mrs. Burton Harrison have departed for the East. Mrs. Martin will be the guest of Mrs. Harrison, both at New York and at Newport, where she will also visit Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin.

Mrs. Sidney Smith and her daughters, Miss Helen Smith and Miss Bertha Smith, are at Geneva, Switzerland.

Mr. Theodore Wores is on his way to Tangiers, where he expects to remain until he leaves for New York, in December.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair were in Paris when last heard from.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Miss Lillie Spreckels, and Miss Grace Spreckels left for the East on Wednesday to be absent several weeks.

Mrs. William S. Tevis, who has returned from her villa at Lake Tahoe, has been passing the past fortnight in San Francisco, prior to her departure for Bakersfield, where she will remain during October.

Mr. William H. Crocker will leave soon for New York, en route to Europe, where he will join Mrs. Crocker, who intends to remain abroad a couple of months longer. She is at present sojourning in Lucerne.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and their daughters, when last heard from, were taking a trip through Norway.

Miss Azalea Keyes will spend the winter in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Sahin, Miss Pearl Sabin, and Miss Irene Sahin are again occupying their residence on California Street, after having spent the summer at their country place in Santa Clara County.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Laura McKinstry were in Carlsbad when last heard from.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin at Newport.

Mrs. William Kohl was in New York during the week.

Miss Florence Dunham expects to spend the winter in Rome.

Mrs. C. A. Belden and Mrs. Louis F. Montague left on Monday for New York, where Mrs. Montague will be Mrs. Belden's guest for a short time.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin and Mrs. McNulty have rented their house on California Street for the winter to Mr. and Mrs. William Tubbs, and will spend the winter in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckhee were among the recent visitors at Byron Springs.

Miss Edith Pillsbury has departed for the East.

Miss Mollie Dutton and her brother, Mr. Frank Dutton, will depart this week for New York, en route to Europe.

Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson has arrived from the East for a brief visit here.

A party including Mr. William Sourn, Mr. Carter P. Pomeroy, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. W. F. Berry, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. Thomas Robbins, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. Charles Eells, and Mr. M. F. Michael visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall were in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. C. W. Bonyng, who has resided for a number of years in London, has been making one of his periodical business visits to San Francisco.

Miss Bessie Bowie, whose health has much improved during her sojourn in California, expects to return to Paris on October 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase have returned from "Stag's Leap," their country place in Napa Valley, where they spent the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa R. Wells are residing at 1406 Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Moore, who have returned from Menlo Park, where they have been spending the summer, have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease and Miss Maylita Pease have returned from Portland, where they have been spending the summer.

Mrs. R. W. Cryan, who will spend the winter with her family in Rome, intends paying a short visit before Christmas to her mother, Mrs. Henry Matthews, of Oakland. Mrs. Cryan will return to Rome for the holidays.

Dr. and Mrs. Milan Soule are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Talbot were guests at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mrs. W. L. Ashe was the guest of Mrs. Gaston Ashe in Sausalito during the week.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt was in New York during the week.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee has returned to Fruitvale, after a visit to Byron Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Moody were in New York during the week.

Mrs. M. M. Estee, wife of Judge Estee, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charles Deering, sailed for Honolulu last Saturday.

Judge William B. Gilbert, of Portland, Or., was at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Miss Mary Ursula Stone, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bertody Stone, left last week to spend the winter in the South. She will be the guest of her brother, Lieutenant Charles B. Stone, Jr., at Fort McPeson, Ga.

Mrs. E. B. Young has returned from Cherry, near Hayward, where she spent the summer.

Dr. Clinton S. Cushing will return from his European trip the last of October.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Scott have taken apartments at the corner of Sutter and Gough Streets for the winter.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Dr. Sisson, of Santa Rosa, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gerrard, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hunsaker, Mr. and Mrs. W. Blaisdell, Mrs. Henry Meyer, Miss Ruth Adler, Miss Ruby Adler, Miss Collins, Miss L. M. Bolton, Mr. Alfred F. Meyer, Mr. L. Stanford Ransdell, Mr. H.

Deduky, Jr., Mr. Frank S. Kins, and Mr. Paul Leidell.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Moore, Mr. William Moore, of Pittsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Bullard, of Savannah, Mr. and Mrs. David Fellars, of Detroit, Mrs. John C. Stately and Miss Stately, of Chicago, Mrs. Mason, Miss Mason, and Mr. J. E. Bell, of Sausalito, Mr. Arthur P. Pugh, of Virginia City, Mrs. Emil Pohl, and Mrs. Winston Anderson.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral Henry Glass, U. S. N., has transferred his flag from the *New York* to the *Marblehead* next week, on which he will remain until the repairs to the *New York* are completed.

Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Torney, deputy surgeon-general, U. S. A., now on sick leave here, has been relieved from further duty in the Philippines, and will assume charge of the medical supply depot in San Francisco, relieving Lieutenant-Colonel Louis M. Maus, U. S. A., who will proceed to Fort Riley, Kan.

Rear-Admiral Louis Kempf, U. S. N., and his daughter, Miss Cornelia Kempf, will, upon the admiral's retirement this month, depart for Texas, where they will reside.

Commander George L. Dyer, U. S. N., and the Misses Dyer, who arrived in San Francisco recently, en route to Manila, are the guests of Miss Ida Gihbons at her residence on Polk Street.

Colonel Johnson Van Dyke Middleton, medical department, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Middleton expect to leave about the middle of October for a visit to Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Clover, wife of Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. N., and her two daughters will spend a few days in town next week, en route from Napa to Santa Barbara, where they will make a short sojourn before returning to Washington, D. C., for the winter.

Major Charles R. Krauthoff, U. S. A., chief commissary of the Department of California, and Mrs. Krauthoff are at The Colonial for the winter.

Lieutenant John B. Murphy, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been stationed here for the past two years, has been ordered for duty with the Thirteenth Field Battery, to Fort Russell, Wyo.

Mrs. Ovenshine, wife of Captain Alexander Ovenshine, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., left last Thursday for Columbus, O., where she will spend the coming year.

Lieutenant Frederick B. Moore, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., will be on duty at the United States Branch Mint, in this city, during the month of October. He will sail on a transport for the Philippines the latter part of the month.

George A. Newhall is having trouble over his plans for removing his residence from Sutter Street and Van Ness Avenue to the proposed new location on Pacific Street, near Fillmore. There exists an ordinance which forbids moving houses along boulevards, and on this ground objection was made when permission was asked.

Mrs. Albert P. Redding, of Menlo Park, died last Saturday from the effects of a stroke of paralysis. Before her marriage, she was a Miss Mau, connected with the well-known local family of that name.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LIII. No. 1387.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 12, 1903

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Never, probably, in the whole history of constitutional government has so extraordinary a crisis come about as that with which we are confronted to-day," exclaimed a late London journal upon Chamberlain's resignation. A few weeks now have passed, and the situation is, if anything, more complex, the feeling more intense—on the one hand profound apprehension, upon the other eager hope that the British Empire is about to

enter upon a new era in its history. Already the premier has declared that he is ready "to reverse, annul, and altogether delete" a policy that England has pursued for three-score years. The late address of Chamberlain at Glasgow is said to have been awaited by Englishmen with more intense curiosity and deeper concern than the words of any public man whatsoever within the memory of this generation. No wonder that the attention of the whole world is attracted to so extraordinary a national crisis.

At the risk of repeating that which may be familiar to some, in the hope of clarifying the situation for more, let us briefly sketch the course of events leading up to the present critical moment.

For a long time the relations between England and her colonies have been growing more and more tenuous. Canada and Australia have each become increasingly independent—less dependent upon England. It became apparent to Mr. Chamberlain—whom they are now calling "the greatest living Imperialist"—that something must be done if the British Empire were to have national solidity, and not be an aggregation of loosely connected countries, liable to fall apart in time of stress. So the conference of colonial premiers was called last year to decide upon a plan of action. It failed; no plan could be agreed upon. But the great problem how to achieve national unity remained.

Meanwhile, England herself has become disturbed by internal troubles. As Mr. Chamberlain points out, exports are stationary in amount and declining in character. England receives from her competitors a larger proportion of manufactured goods, and sends them a larger proportion of raw materials, than formerly. One by one markets are closed by hostile tariffs. England's supremacy in many lines has either been wrested from her or is gravely menaced.

It was these two factors—the weakening bond between England and her colonies, the decline of England's industrial interests—that spurred Mr. Chamberlain to renewed effort. Last May, he promulgated his scheme of preferential tariffs—a scheme utterly antagonistic to England's fixed free-trade policy, and one which, in a few short months, has not only disrupted the ministry, but has stirred the electorate to a pitch of excitement almost unparalleled in English political annals.

Mr. Chamberlain, till lately, has failed to be concrete. He has dealt much in generalities, glittering and otherwise. But in his Glasgow speech on Tuesday he came down to facts and figures. He proposes a tariff on foreign wheat of eight cents a bushel, but none on wheat from the colonies; a still larger but unspecified tax on flour; a five per cent. tax on foreign meat and dairy products, excluding bacon; also a tax on wines and liquors. On manufactures he would place a tariff of ten per cent., and would remove the larger part of the tax on tea, sugar, coffee, and cocoa.

The taxing of manufactured imports is expected to prevent the dumping in England of the surpluses of American and German manufacturers. The tariff is also expected to give England a weapon—Mr. Balfour says "a loaded revolver"—for negotiating reciprocity treaties. The vast industrial progress of the United States is believed by Mr. Chamberlain to be due (1) to the great internal free trade, amounting to more than three billions annually, and (2) to our tariff on foreign imports. Something like the same industrial relations between the divisions of the British Empire as between the States of the Republic; and between the Empire as a whole and the rest of the world, as between the Republic as a whole and the world, is what Mr. Chamberlain would fain achieve.

When Mr. Chamberlain submitted his grandiose plan

to the country last May, he was a member of the Cabinet, part of whom soon ranged themselves against him. The premier himself declared that his was an "open mind"; that, therefore, he could neither ask Mr. Chamberlain nor his opponents in the Cabinet to resign. Needless to say, the situation has for months been one almost, if not absolutely, without precedent. It has ended with what is practically a triumph for Chamberlain. For, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "he has won more than any one dared to dream of six months ago. The policy of fiscal reform has advanced from the region of the practically impossible until one portion of it, the right to retaliate upon the foreigner, has been definitely adopted by the prime minister as the principle for which he will ask a mandate of the country." This half acceptance by Balfour of the Chamberlain scheme resulted in the resignation of the free-trade members of his Cabinet. Because it was only a half acceptance, Chamberlain also thought it best to go. "The extremes have gone, the means remain." But nothing is clearer than that the premier and Chamberlain, in essentials, are thoroughly in sympathy, and while the latter, now free and unfettered, is devoting all his persuasive powers of argument to convincing the people that fiscal reform is the one salvation of the Empire, Balfour will cautiously follow the trend of public opinion, as he has done in the past, only modifying his position from time to time, when convinced of the political wisdom of such a course. In short, Balfour is Chamberlain's silent partner. In view of the appointment of Austen Chamberlain to the post of chancellor of the exchequer, the separation of the premier and his colonial secretary has been wittily described as "a collusive divorce, in which Mr. Balfour retains the custody of the child."

The most striking phase in the reconstruction of the Cabinet is the intervention of King Edward. That unsuspected capacity which the king showed in bringing about more friendly relations than ever before between France and England, in effecting an alliance with Portugal, and in gaining the good will of his Catholic subjects by his unprecedented visit to the Pope—this capacity, we say, is again exhibited in the Cabinet crisis. The king is not partisan. He intervened only in the interests of efficiency. But his bold act has astonished the English public. A sovereign determined not only to reign but to govern is a factor in affairs whose influence no one may calculate.

The story runs that when Balfour came to Balmoral with a cut and dried scheme of reconstruction, the king said: "What do you propose to do regarding the war office?" Balfour, though much disconcerted, replied that he thought the matter of change not pressing. The king retorted that, as he was in Austria when the war commission's report was published, he read the revelations exploited by the Continental press, and was "inexpressibly shocked," and that, besides, he was exposed to "much not wholly palatable banter from imperial and royal personages at the Austrian court." Therefore, he wanted somebody put in the place of Broderick. And Balfour acquiesced.

It is too early to say that the Balfour ministry will weather the storm, or that Chamberlain will gain the ends upon which he has staked his political all. But at least, in furtherance of his inspiring idea of a close-knit empire, Chamberlain has won the attention of the nations, and is the most striking political figure, without office or title, in the world to-day.

But the United States is interested in Chamberlain not alone because he is a picturesque and admirable statesman. Meat, flour, wheat—these products upon which Chamberlain proposes to put a tariff, are our chief exports to England. What will be the effect on our commerce, on our tariff policy, on our industry

progress, if he succeed? He calls our tariff "an abomination, it is so immoderate, unreasonable"—shall we have to lower it at the flourish of Mr. Balfour's "loaded revolver"? Shall we be compelled to abate a little of our self-sufficiency? Or shall we, undisturbed, go merrily on our way? These are pertinent questions. It is time we began to think about their answers.

A damage-suit against a labor union, which promises to become of national importance, is in progress at Danbury, Conn. A firm of hatters, D. E. Loewe & Co., was boycotted by the union because it refused to hire only union men. There was an "open shop." In course of time, the boycott, which was national in scope, seriously injured the firm's business. It has therefore now brought suit against the officers of the United Hatters of North America, the officers of the American Federation of Labor, and two hundred and fifty union batters as individuals, both under the State laws relating to unlawful conspiracy, and under the Sherman anti-trust act. Real estate assessed at \$128,000, and bank accounts aggregating \$52,000, have been covered by attachments amounting to \$60,000. The case is now being heard before the superior court. In the prosecution, Loewe & Co. are backed by the American Anti-Boycott Association, and it is proposed to carry the case to the United States Supreme Court, if necessary. The two fundamental questions that the court will have to answer are these:

1. Are the members of a voluntary, unincorporated association responsible for the acts of its officers and agents?

2. Is boycotting a man's trade beyond the border of his own State a criminal offense under the Sherman anti-trust law?

An affirmative decision on either of these questions will clearly be of great importance. The moral effect of such decision upon the conservative, property-owning members of unions will also be large. This phase of the matter is well set forth by the president of the anti-boycott association, who writes:

If the personal responsibility of the members of an association can be established, on the principle of the law of agency, it will have a far greater deterrent influence on all property-holders in the union than any attack on the treasury of the organization. There are almost always a large number of the members of the union who are property-holders; and these constitute the intelligent, conservative, and law-abiding element. When such men are confronted with individual responsibility for the acts of lawless leaders and officers, they will see the alternative that confronts them—reform the union or sever their connection with it. Without the cooperation of such thrifty citizens, organized labor can never command the respect and confidence of the American people.

Employers and unionists alike are everywhere vitally concerned in this suit.

The struggle of Captain Oherlin M. Carter to avoid punishment for robbing the government attracted attention throughout the whole country a few years ago. The case aroused interest, not only from the large amount that Carter was accused of having stolen, but also on account of the unusual pressure that was brought to bear in his favor. Carter was supervising officer in charge of the government improvements on Savannah River and adjoining waters, and, during a period of fourteen years, he controlled expenditures of \$7,000,000. By failing to advertise for bids he succeeded in having all the contracts but one covering this expenditure given to the Atlantic Contracting Company, composed of two contractors, Greene and Gaynor, and himself. It was claimed that, in this way, he secured \$2,000,000 for himself. After a sensational trial, he was convicted and sentenced to a term at Fort Leavenworth. His term will expire on November 28th, and at that time Carter promises to reopen the whole case. During his imprisonment, the government officials unearthed \$750,000 of his property, which was seized. The officials claim that they can prove this to be a part of the embezzled funds. Carter, on the other hand, claims that it is not, and threatens to sue the government for its recovery. At the same time, he makes a statement that promises new developments in the case. He declares that he has been a victim of a conspiracy of Greene and Gaynor. These two are now in Canada, and have successfully resisted all attempts at extradition. Efforts are now being made in London to secure their extradition, and if these are successful it is assumed that Carter will attempt to secure vindication upon their return. His social standing has not suffered, for it is reported that society leaders in Washington, New York, and Savannah propose to make his release the occasion for an ovation.

The *Chronicle* announces editorially, under scare-heads, that this is a "stinkpot political campaign," and it must therefore be so. That journal gets thus excited because the *Examiner* has been busily engaged during the week in hunting up and printing the disagreeable things that the *Call* and *Chronicle* once said about several of the present Republican candidates. It is very irritating. The *Examiner*, so far, has discovered that one Republican supervisory candidate and the nominee for sheriff were denounced by the *Chronicle* as boodlers; that two supervisors once conducted side-door saloons; and that another was once charged with receiving stolen goods. The Republican papers have "come back" by charging the *Examiner* with inconsistency in denouncing Lane last year as a boss's candidate, while supporting him now—"which nobody can deny."

Quite the sensation of the week was the resignation of Countryman and Son from the Republican campaign committee. The alleged reason for the former's retirement is dissatisfaction with the nomination of Percy V. Long for city attorney, and the "turning down" of Judge Harrison. That they may have taken some votes with them is probable. It

seems also probable, as the *Argonaut* pointed out last week, that Mr. Crocker lost not a few votes when Ruef was forced out. The *Bulletin*, which is rooting for Lane, and this week sent its phenologist to interview him, estimates that he took 2,500 votes into the Schmitz camp. At the same time, the mayor in a speech on Monday night, made the interesting statement that "the fight is between Henry J. Crocker and the labor candidate, and not between Franklin K. Lane and myself. Lane is not to be considered in this contest."

The line of argument employed by the Republican papers has so far not been very full of novelty. Their main argument against Lane is that he is not a business man. The *Chronicle* argues by not reporting its opponent's political meetings. Thus, it gave only a column to the grand ratification of the Democrats at the Alhambra Wednesday night, while the *Call* gave the meeting a page, and the *Examiner* three of them. We thought the *Chronicle* professed to be a newspaper. Surely Democratic rallies are interesting affairs, even to Republicans.

The mayor has been hearing this week about the enormity of his conduct in campaigning for Hearst in the New York Tenderloin. The *Call* avers that he stayed at the Waldorf-Astoria while there, and accordingly is not the sort of man the horny-handed workman should vote for. Evidently we shall hear more of this. Strangely enough, however, the Republican papers are saying little about acts of the mayor, for which rightly or wrongly they criticised him at the time. There was the Mershon affair with which Frank Schmitz was mixed up, the case of Parry and the colt, and the alleged discharge of competent men to make room for "favorites," etc.

Probably the silence in these particulars is what has led that doughty San Francisco champion of Tom Johnson and the Single Tax, the *Star*, to believe that there is existent a tremendous and really shocking conspiracy to loot San Francisco. The *Star* is very much worked up about it, and its novel theories are at least interesting. It avers the had corporations control both Republican and Union Labor parties; that their candidate for mayor is Schmitz; that their candidates for supervisors are the Republican list; that Crocker was put up to be defeated; that Ruef engineered the whole deal; that his falling out with the Republican committee was a fake; that the *Call* and *Chronicle* "know the truth about the infamies of the Schmitz administration, but not a word of it do they print"; and that they know that \$100,000 of corporation money is ready for use to reelect the mayor. Finally, the *Star* insinuates that the Spring Valley Water Company has already furnished thousands to pay for Schmitz buttons, electric signs, banners, posters, etc.

Some figures from previous elections may be interesting just now for purposes of comparison. The vote when Schmitz was elected was: Schmitz, 21,776; Wells, 17,718; Tohin, 12,647. But since that time the population of San Francisco has increased, so that while only 53,493 votes were cast in that election, 60,067 were cast for governor last fall, and a still larger vote—say 62,000—may be expected this time. Those who believe that Pardee was "knifed," and for that reason, rather than because Lane was popular, ran behind his ticket, point to the vote on the minor offices as evidence that San Francisco is normally Republican. The vote for attorney-general, both candidates for which office lived outside the city, was 28,218 against 24,803, a Republican majority of 3,400.

The failure of the Geary Street proposition by a vote of 14,381 to 10,955 is a good omen for Crocker.

It used to be as undisputed as the law of gravitation that the zebra was untamable. The belief was even crystallized by the epigrammatist into the phrase, "the desolate freedom of the wild ass." But, like many other popular beliefs, this concerning the zebra has been knocked in the head by facts. The British Government is experimenting with the zebra for draught purposes, and is also breeding European mares to African zebra stallions. The progeny, which is called the "zebrula," is said to be admirably suited for rough transport work, because of its hard hoofs, its liveliness, its intelligence, and its good nature. In the latter trait, it surpasses the mule. No one has ever questioned the intelligence of the mule as compared with the horse, but the mule is not cheerful. He is distinctly somber, not to say sinister, in temper. There are those who maintain that it is impossible to drive mules without profanity. Stonewall Jackson, the famous Southern soldier, was a godly man, and permitted no profanity in his presence. But he made an exception in the matter of mules. No one ever heard Stonewall Jackson rebuke his mule-drivers for swearing when a baggage train was stalled. True, he was pious, but he wanted to get where the enemy was.

These experiments of the British Government in hybridizing are not only interesting, but they may prove useful. Equine hybrids heat horses for some purposes. Not many mules are seen in California, but throughout the West and South they are more frequently utilized for draft animals than horses are.

Apocryphal hybridizing, do all equine experts know that there is a difference between the hybrid progeny of the horse and of the mare? Probably all know that the mule is sterile. Of him the old joke runs that "he has no pride of ancestry, no hope of posterity." But the breeders say in Kentucky—which is the great breeding-ground of mules and jacks—that the mule (which is the progeny of the ass and the mare) is sterile, but that the hinny (which is the progeny of the stallion and the jenny, or she-ass) is not always so. The subject is an obscure one, as all matters of hybridizing are. But the experience of many ages has shown that these hybrids can not breed among themselves. For example, the male mule (out of ass and mare) is distinctly sterile. The female mule (out of ass and mare) can be bred with the pure ancestral type, but rarely brings forth a living foal. The male hinny (out of stallion and she-ass) is distinctly sterile. The female hinny (out of stallion and she-ass) can be bred with the pure ancestral type, but rarely brings forth a living foal. Thus it will be seen that both

hybrid females are embryonic breeders. Both hybrid males are not so.

Although equine hybridizing is almost as old as the human race, there is to-day no race of mules. Yet it is probable that there are many intelligent persons who do not know these curious facts concerning so common an animal as the mule. Those who may be disposed to pooh-pooh at any interest in that useful quadruped may be silenced by telling them that General George Washington was a skillful breeder of mules and that the neighboring country gentlemen for miles around used to send their mares to be bred at Mt. Vernon.

Uncle Sam's artillerymen at San Francisco did some great shooting with the big guns last week. Aiming at a pyramidal moving target of fifteen-foot edge, two and a half miles away at sea, the Sixty-First Company of Coast Artillery commanded by Captain Cloke, fired five shots from a twelve inch gun, near Lime Point, and scored one hundred—that is every shot would have hit a three-hundred-foot battle-ship in the same position as the target. One shot actually did hit the moving speck and smashed it to smithereens. Another set of artillerymen with the same gun scored between sixty and seventy per cent., while of seven shots fired by members of the Sixty-Fifth Company, Captain Ahernathy, with the new seven-inch rifle at Angel Island, five were hull's-eyes. These projectiles reached an elevation of two hundred feet; the distance was four and a half miles. Sixteen shots in all were fired at a cost of twenty thousand dollars. If the men behind the guns guarding San Francisco shoot as well in war as in peace, it is clear that no hostile battle-ships will ever get through the Golden Gate.

The *Argonaut* has noticed with some amusement and with alarm, the tendency of late on the part of newspapers here and hereabouts to remark on the excellence of Goat Island as a site of union railway station. It is indeed an admirable location for such a purpose. But have any of our readers long enough memories to recall what was known as the Great Goat Island Grab? Do they remember how the people of the hay cities fought tooth and nail against the terrible grasping railroad; how for months the papers, led by the *Bulletin*, stormed and gnashed their teeth; how it was the every man who favored the "grab" was called a traitor, an otherwise abused, and, finally, what ululations of thanksgiving rose to heaven when the awful railroads were at last defeated and Goat Island preserved to the sole use of weather-sharp and huoy builders? And now—well, does anybody ever wonder what he got so excited about? The island was not a hettie site for a depot then than it is now. Everybody then knew that in time several railroads would reach here. Yet the project was bitterly opposed. Why? One of the little eccentricities of human nature we think it must have been. "But 'twas a famous victory," said little Peterkin."

Chicago University is a well of wisdom undefiled—even by the Germans to fight us? Whenever a Chicago professor opens his mouth countless pearls gush forth from his buccal orifice and chase each other all over the country. The latest professorial geysers bears the deceptive name of Small, and has just returned from a vacation in Germany. Hear him:

I have no more doubt that Germany is deliberately calculating on the day and hour of her ability to give us a thrashing than I have that from the moment Bismarck became the master mind of Prussia he was getting ready for Sedan. . . . plain English, the attitude of the Germans toward us, United States, is: "We like you awfully, but we've got to fight you all the same." This doesn't mean trade hamper with tariff regulations. It means sooner or later shooting kill.

Ugh! Could not the professor find a more euphemistic expression than "shooting to kill"? It is disturbing to timid souls. In fact, the only cheering thing we see in the whole affair lies in the phrase, "We like you awfully, but we've got to fight you." Lo, after two thousand years the injunction "Love your enemies," is to be obeyed—according to the great Professor Small.

We are asked some questions by a correspondent regarding the militia in Colorado. We shall endeavor to answer them.

Some Questions About The Militia. In the *Argonaut's* article last week, entitled "The Militia in Colorado and Elsewhere" it was stated that "the governor of Colorado, in pursuance of his duty of preserving law and order, sent several companies of militia to the scene of threatened sedition and insurrection. Had the authority and power of the sheriff of the county where was 'threatened sedition and insurrection' to preserve law and order been invoked and exercised and found inadequate, when the governor 'sent several companies of militia to the scene of threatened sedition and insurrection'?"

This is a question of fact. Only a judicial investigation could determine it. Therefore, we reply, we do not know.

If not, was not the act of the governor, in spirit and in fact, violative of the Constitution and a usurpation of authority, the absence of a call by the sheriff for militia aid?

No. (1) At whose instance did the governor of Colorado send militia to Cripple Creek; and (2) who was authority for the statement that there was there "threatened sedition and insurrection"?

(1) It is stated that the Mineowner's Association requested troops. (2) It makes no difference who did, if the governor believed it.

In the absence of a formal declaration of martial law, its declaration being permissible under the Constitution only in time of dire necessity occasioned by the impotency of the civil authorities to preserve the law and order and protect lives and property, is there any provision empowering militia officers to arrest and imprison American citizens for any alleged offenses against the civil law?

The court said that no prisoner might be held by

militia against whom there were no formal charges, and ordered the release of such prisoners. They have been released.

If not, and such arrest and imprisonment be made by militia officers, are they not guilty of both despotism and anarchy in over-riding the law and usurping authority?

They are not "guilty of both despotism and anarchy."

Is it the opinion of the *Argonaut* that militia officers may, with impunity, arrogate to themselves the prerogatives of sheriff, prosecutor, judge, and jury at Cripple Creek, and not be guilty of despotism?

No.

Are not the "State's troops" as much for use in furthering the demands of the organized miners of Colorado, as the demands of the organized mine-owners of that State?

For neither. Their duty is to preserve order.

When General Chase, of the Colorado militia, declared, "the militia is here to settle this strike," and thereupon proceeded to arrest and imprison—no mine-owners, no capitalists, but mine workers, heads of miners' unions, only—did he not give convincing reason why it is that the "epithets, 'hirelings' and 'trust servants' are so often applied to the State's troops"?

We do not know whether or not General Chase made such a statement. If he did, he was talking foolishly. To the entire question, No.

By the way, it is reported that General Chase has been superseded; also that Governor Peabody has been sued by persons who allege they were wrongfully imprisoned for sums amounting to a million dollars. It looks as if the duly constituted authorities might be trusted to right any wrongs of which too-zealous militia officers may have been guilty.

Political platforms, as is known of all politicians, "are made to get in on, not to stand on." Men who refuse to run for office because they do not agree with the platform of their party are as scarce as white blackbirds. To discover one in San Francisco is almost a miracle. But such men are admirable, and therefore we give prominence to the letter of Crittenden Thornton, who was nominated *in absentia*, for the office of city attorney by the Democrats. His letter of declination to Chairman Hickey speaks for itself. Here is part of what he wrote:

I have read the platform and declaration of principles of the convention, and regret that there is one subject of municipal policy upon which I am not in accord with the convention.

I refer to the plank in the platform which favors the acquisition of the Geary Street Railroad.

Since I have been old enough to form and express opinions of public policy, I have believed in the declaration of Jefferson that "the best government is that which governs the least."

As a corollary to that principle, I am opposed to the intervention of government in any class of enterprises which are in conflict with and opposition to private undertakings.

I am unwilling, even by silence, to obtain the vote of any elector acting in ignorance of my declared opinion.

The facts in connection with the swindling of the government by means of the Postal Device and Development Company become more obscure rather than clearer as the investigation goes on.

Some time ago, Daniel S. Richardson, general superintendent and secretary of the San Francisco post-office, was called to Washington in connection with the investigation. Shortly after, the grand jury in Washington indicted James W. Erwin, charging him with defrauding the government by giving to A. W. Machen, superintendent of the free-delivery division, and G. W. Beavers, superintendent of the salary and allowance division, blocks of stock in the postal-device company to induce them to adopt the device owned by the company. A certified copy of the indictment was sent to the district attorney in this city, asking that Erwin be sent to Washington to stand trial. Mr. Erwin made a strong legal fight against extradition. In his defense it was claimed that Erwin had become a stockholder in the company when he was postal inspector, and so could have no official connection with the awarding of contracts for the time-indicator device; that there was no law forbidding such an official being a stockholder. Further, it was not alleged in the indictment that Erwin knew that the immediate delivery of the indicators was not necessary, or that the price was exorbitant. The prosecution laid particular stress upon the fact that Erwin went to Washington, taking with him a memorandum of what he was to see Machen about in connection with a further sale of boxes given to him by Richardson, but could not recall the conversation with Machen. Stress was also laid upon the fact that he knew Machen and Beavers to be stockholders in the postal-device company, yet made no statement of that fact to the proper officials. The commissioner took under advisement the question of whether Erwin should be sent to Washington to stand trial.

The people of Tulare and vicinity are rejoicing over the successful termination of litigation that has continued thirteen years. In 1890, the Tulare Irrigation District was formed, and bonds to the amount of \$500,000 were issued. A few years later, the people of the district realized that they would not be able to pay the bonds in full because a question of the legality of the district had arisen. The tax-collector was restrained from collecting taxes for the payment of the bonds. The tax-payers won in the superior court, but modifications of the decision in the supreme and district courts made it evident that the question would be settled in the courts only after long and expensive litigation. Attempts were then made to secure a compromise. By this time the bonds, with accrued interest, amounted to \$546,150. The bondholders agreed to take fifty cents on the amount due. An assessment was made to raise the money, and, by agreement of the board of trade of Tulare, the validity of the assessment was sustained in the court. The tax-payers contributed their share and by voluntary subscriptions the amount was increased by \$10,000. The money was deposited in the bank, and a committee of citizens of Tulare came to this city, received the bonds, and returned to Tulare to burn them amid general rejoicing.

STAMBOUL SEEN FROM THE SEA.

By Jerome A. Hart.

It was a beautiful morning, and we were bound from the Piræus to Constantinople, steaming along the waterway between Europe and Asia. We had left the Ægean Sea behind us, and were in the Dardanelles. There flashed into my mind the old joke about the new-rich family, who, on their return from Europe, were asked: "When you were abroad did you see the Dardanelles?" The family looked puzzled for a moment, but Materfamilias, with great presence of mind, promptly replied: "Oh, yes; we met them in Rome." I thought of springing this aged story on my fellow-passengers, but it was so venerable that I refrained. At luncheon, however, I heard the story told by the ship's wit; it was greeted with roars of laughter, and was received by all hands as perfectly new.

Beside me, on the ship's deck, stood a European dragoon—one of those queer mongrels one meets in the Orient—the son of an English father and a Greek mother—speaking heaven knows how many tongues with equal fluency. His English, by the way, was flavored with a strong Cockney accent. Him I asked: "What is the name of that town on the Asiatic side?" indicating a city on the starboard hand.

"Better call it Dardanelles," briefly replied the dragoon.

At this I took slight umbrage. Quoth I to myself: "Evidently this fellow thinks I can not pronounce it, so he gives me the name of the waterway instead of the town." I determined to look it up, and when I went below I did so. In the great atlas on the cabin table I found this pleasing variety of names: "Sultaniyeh-Kalesi, or Chanak-Kalesi, generally called by Europeans Dardanelles." I did not wonder at the dragoon's laconicism.

I noticed that some of my fellow-passengers pronounced the name "Dardaneels," while their favorite pronunciation of "Bosphorus" did not rhyme with "phosphorus," but rather with "before us."

Before being permitted to land at a Turkish port it is necessary to secure a "tezkerah," otherwise you may land, but you may not leave. We already had passports viséd by a Turkish consul in America, but "tezkerahs" were necessary in addition—two dollars apiece. The blanks issued for filling out these documents were in French on one side, Turkish on the other. One passenger went to the purser with his French blank, and pointing to the phrase *couleur des cheveux*, asked: "What does that mean?"

"That?" said the purser; "that means *color of hair*."

"The h— it does," replied the passenger. "I s'posed it meant color of eyes, and I wrote *blue*."

The city of the Sultan looks much better from the water than it does when viewed ashore. The tourist who touches at the port, remains on board, and sees the city only from the sea, retains an entirely different impression from that of him who goes ashore. Seen from the water, Constantinople is very beautiful. Seen from the shore, it is the apotheosis of everything that is filthy and foul. I do not say that it is unworthy of a visit, but I do say that he who stays on board will take away a much more picturesque impression.

The site of Constantinople is ideal. There is probably no finer site for a city in the world. It is situated on the Bosphorus, between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea; it lies between Europe and Asia, for Scutari is part of Constantinople, and Scutari is on the Asiatic shore; it is cut off by natural boundaries into municipal divisions, for the Golden Horn divides Stamboul, the Mohammedan, from Galata, the Christian city; so the Bosphorus divides Scutari, the Asiatic, from Constantinople, the European city, yet all of these places make one great city under the general name "Constantinople." And this great city is guarded also by nature; it has the Sea of Marmora close at hand, with fortifications at either end of this great water highway, rendering the city unassailable by sea; it has a peninsular conformation which also renders it, properly fortified, impregnable by land as well as by sea. It is as if San Francisco were to have batteries of heavy artillery all around her water-front, from India Basin to the Presidio, from the Presidio to Lake Merced, and then across the neck of the peninsula from Lake Merced to India Basin. With all these factors in its favor, no wonder that Constantinople has always been looked upon as an ideal site for a city. That so many races should have battled over Byzantium for so many hundreds of years is not surprising.

Beautiful, picturesque, though she may be, seen from the sea, Constantinople is unlovely from the land. What God has done at this meeting of the waters is entirely admirable. But the handiwork of man as there set forth excites sometimes pity, and sometimes scorn.

The bridges across the Golden Horn I have already written about. They are such venerable, patched-up wrecks that I wonder the Turks use them so freely. One day, not long ago, a piece of the lower bridge fell into the water, carrying with it three or four dozen Turks, who went to the Mohammedan heaven sooner than they had intended.

In the Golden Horn there lie rows of Turkish warships. These grim black monsters look formidable, but I was told that some of them had not been to sea for twelve years, and that the engineers did not dare to get up steam in them.

Much of Galata and Pera, the Christian quarters of Constantinople, are built of stone, stucco-covered; in fact, the buildings are much like those of Southern Europe. There are, of course, many wooden houses inhabited by the poorer classes. But all of Stamboul is built of wood. In the Turkish city one sees mile after mile of shabby wooden houses. They might be workmen's cottages, such as one sees

in manufacturing towns in America, but they are much inferior to the workmen's houses in most of the large towns of Europe. In European cities, wood is little used for building houses. In fact, I can recall no city in Occidental Europe where its use is common. Constantinople, in that respect, is much like the cities of Western America. Like them, too, vast amounts of money are made—and lost—in fire insurance. As you drive through the streets of Stamboul, you will notice that all the trumpery little houses have trumpery little tin insurance labels. I observed that these labels nearly all bore the names of French insurance companies. From the frequency of fires in Constantinople, the inefficiency of the firemen, and the fact that the fires nearly always result in total loss, the stockholders in these insurance companies must be desperate gamblers.

In the insurance business there is said to be a "moral risk" as well as a "fire risk"; certain communities in Western America are looked at askance by insurance companies, who charge them high rates for their low morals and frequent fires. The risk from fire in Stamboul is certainly very great—I wondered whether there was a moral hazard as well.

In Stamboul, there are miles of markets in the streets. I do not mean the great bazaars, most of which are covered. But along the open streets are booths containing all manner of articles. Food and wearing apparel are the most common, and of these, bread, dates, and figs seem to be the staple articles. These eatables are exposed in the open, and considering the awful filth of the streets, it makes one shudder at the thought of eating them. I suppose the European hotels of Pera, the European quarter, get their supplies from other sources. As we put up in Pera, I sincerely hope so.

There are markets of different nationalities in Stamboul. The city is divided into various quarters—the Greek quarter, the Jewish quarter, etc.—and each quarter seems to have its own market. On the outlying streets, up toward the Sweet Waters of Europe, there are spaces of ground where other markets are held on certain days of the week. Among them you see old-clothes markets, like the "rag fairs" of England, and other markets in which are sold old kettles, worn-out pots, ancient pans, rusty ironmongery, decrepit tongs, broken-winded bellows, toothless curry-combs—objects that the poorest heggar in our land would not take the trouble to carry away.

In some of these crowded market streets you often see a cobbler seated in a hole in the sidewalk, only his head protruding from the hole. Behind him is a lifted trap-door, fastened to the wall. There are many of these cobbler-shops, and the cobbler shuts up shop by letting down the trap-door. Many of these cobblers I saw working in their dens in filthy streets, where gutters filled with sewage trickled under their very noses. This and many other similar things strongly reminded me of San Francisco's Chinese quarter. Stamboul in many respects is like a gigantic Chinatown.

One of the peculiarities of Stamboul is the insolent demeanor of the horseman to the footman. Many times daily you will see some rascal of a cahman trying to drive down a well-dressed man on the street. The drivers rarely take the trouble to shout as they approach pedestrians. I was often filled with wonder at observing the meekness with which well-dressed Turks on foot submitted to such treatment from shabby Turks on carriage-boxes. Even when no injury was done to such a pedestrian, he was often bespattered with mud. Stamboul must be an unpleasant place in which to live. Were cabmen in our country to treat pedestrians so recklessly, there would be many cases of assault and battery, and I think some mortality among the Jehus.

One day I saw a uniformed Turk picking his way across the street, using his sabre as a walking-stick. A carriage suddenly dashed down on him, and its driver, after nearly running over him, hurled at him a volley of what sounded like choice Turkish abuse. The uniformed Turk retorted not; he scraped the mud off his uniform, stuck his sabre under his arm, and waded ashore. In our country a man with a sabre would have used it on the driver's head. By this I do not mean that the Turks are lacking in spirit. Far from it—they are fierce fighters. But apparently it would seem to be the custom of the country that the man on foot, as against the man on horseback, has no rights.

It is not only at Constantinople that pedestrians are thus treated. All over the Orient the footman has no rights. But at Constantinople he seems to be more brutally treated than elsewhere. There the drivers seem to try to run him down without warning. But in Cairo they have a series of curious cries with which they warn a footman. They specify the particular part of his anatomy which is in danger, as thus:

"Look out for thy left shin, O uncle!"

"Boy, have a care for the little toe on thy right foot!"

"O blind beggar, look out for thy staff!"

And the hind beggar, feeling his way with the staff in his right hand, at once obediently turns to the left.

"O Frankish woman, look out for thy left foot!"

"O burden-bearer, thy load is in danger!"

"O water-carrier, look out for the tail end of thy pig-skin water-bottle!"

"O son of Sheitan, conceived in the Bab-El-Tophet, have a care and look to thy camel's left pannier, or it will be hurt!"

"O fellah farmer, swing around thy buffalo so that his left buttock may not strike on my right wheel!"

"O carter, why dost thou let thy cart project across the Khedive's highway?"

"O group of four fellaheen, standing in the roadway, if the gent on the left, him with the blue gown and the white turban, does not get a wiggle on him quick, my horse will send him where the black-eyed houis are comforting the true belie— Cluck! Git-up! La-Allah-il-Allah! Wow!"

WHERE IS
DIOGENES WITH
HIS LANTERN?

LATE PHASES OF
POSTAL DEVICE
INVESTIGATION.

TULARE
HAS A
BOND FIRE.

PICTURESQUE
SITE OF
CONSTANTINOPLE.

FOOTMEN
HAVE NO
RIGHTS.

WOODEN HOUSES
AND
FIRE RISKS.

THE END OF THE GAME.

Sidelights on an Election in Long Valley Township.

The Hon. Dudley Collier was justice of the peace of Long Valley Township, and had been such from a time whereof the memory of man ran not to the contrary. He was proud of his title of judge; he considered that the confidence reposed in him by his fellows was a mark of high favor and esteem. What mattered it if he did preside over but one case a year on an average? At the trial of that one case he was in the public eye. What if on one occasion he had heard one lawyer whisper to another that "the presumption that a justice of the peace knows no law is indisputable in this instance?" What was the difference if his fame had gone abroad because it was his invariable rule during a trial to rule in favor of one litigant, and then rule in favor of the other one in order to balance the account? The emoluments of the office were not great: it was not for them that he coveted the position, but the dignity!—that was the thing. It gave him a standing. That was his reason for holding on so tenaciously.

"I jess naturally need that office in my business," was his explanation.

But his sway was threatened. An election was again at hand, and James Kelsey, more familiarly called "Jim" Kelsey, his life-long opponent, was likely to be elected. Collier was a Democrat, and had polled eight out of the fifteen votes in the township at the last six elections, while Kelsey, who was a Republican, as uniformly polled the other seven. Each candidate voted for himself, for every vote was needed.

"Dud Collier 'll stay with this game until he gets defeated," said Kelsey. "No man except George Washington ever escaped defeat if he stayed with the game long enough. Defeat is the ultimate lot of the politician. Ingratitude is his reward. Dud Collier 'll catch it."

A few months before the election, the widow Scott had sold her ranch to a new-comer, John Clark. Now it happened that Clark had two sons of voting age. The introduction of these three elements into the politics of Long Valley made such politics uncertain. Try as they might, neither the Collier nor Kelsey adherents could get any satisfaction out of the Clarks. When interviewed they maintained a strict silence as to their political convictions.

The campaign opened with a rally by the Collier faction at the school-house. Those present were Collier and his seven faithful followers, their wives and children. The Clarks had been invited to come by the eight voters, but they didn't come. Henry Marders, who had served as a supervisor years before, was the chairman of the meeting. He waxed eloquent over the virtues of his candidate for the office of justice of the peace. There was a man who was entitled to the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, because he had always answered duty's call. It was true he had served as justice of the peace for twenty-four years, but the speaker believed in keeping true merit in office. Dudley Collier was a representative citizen of Long Valley, and it behooved all good men to vote for him. Then Collier arose. While it is generally considered a violation of political ethics for a judicial candidate to take the stump, Collier was not troubled. He was ignorant of such section in the Code of Political Ethics. He met with a rousing reception. His adherents cheered and applauded. Collier spoke at great length. He reviewed his past services. He pointed at his untarnished record. He spoke feelingly of his party loyalty, of his efforts in behalf of the Democratic party. He thought that he was deserving of reelection because of his administration of justice in the township. He didn't know that lawyers that came from the county seat to try cases in his court spoke of him as a judge who dispensed with justice.

The next night the Kelsey faction held a rally. Kelsey was there with his six adherents. The Clarks were not in evidence—the people Kelsey hoped to reach. The same proceedings were gone through with at the Kelsey meeting that were had at the Collier "opening gun." There was the same vociferous applause, the same enthusiasm. There were exhortations to stand by the party. All the old-time tropes, the ancient stock of the political orator, were brought out and re-introduced to the audience—"the tocsin has sounded," "beacons will blaze," "the gage of battle has been thrown down," "victory will perch upon our banner," and so on, and so on.

How to reach the Clarks! That was the problem confronting the politicians of Long Valley. The power to change the face of the politics of that region lay in the hands of this new factor. If Kelsey could only get those votes his election was assured. His faithful servants reasoned with the Clarks. They pointed out how Collier had held the office for years and years; that a change in the administration of justice was needed.

"He's had the office till he thinks he's got a mortgage on it," was the way one put it.

"He ought to get out and give somebody else a chance," said another.

But despite the pleadings and cajolings, the Clarks would give no intimation of their position.

The members of the Collier faction also called on the new voters. They showed how Collier had always done the right thing. If they couldn't vote for him, they ought not to vote, because perhaps they had not

lived in the vicinity long enough to learn the true condition of affairs. But the Clarks maintained the same discreet silence with the representatives of this faction, as in the other case.

"We haven't made up our minds yet. We are seeking for light. We hope to vote right on election day," was all they would vouchsafe.

The week before the election came. The canvass had been unusually warm. Aspersions on the character of the opposing candidate had been made by each faction, and excitement ran high. The seven tried and true friends of Collier had never been more steadfast in their allegiance. The six "stalwarts" of Kelsey had never been so active.

Collier was to close his campaign the night before election eve, and Kelsey was to wind his up on that eve. Imagine the surprise of Collier and his men, when the Clarks came in and seated themselves just as his meeting began. Surely it was a good omen. If he could win their votes he was out of danger. His hopes rose high. The father and sons listened attentively to the speeches, but did not manifest their feelings by applause. After the meeting was over, there was an impromptu reception to them as the guests of honor. They said on leaving that they had enjoyed the evening, and had listened to the speeches with interest.

The next evening Kelsey wound up his effort. His loyal six were as loyal as ever. They cheered as lustily as if the Clarks hadn't attended Collier's meeting of the night before. The chairman had called the meeting to order, and Lafe Thomas had begun to speak, when the sound of approaching footsteps was heard. In marched the three Clarks. The applause that greeted their appearance was long and hearty.

While apparently listening to the grandiloquent appeal of Thomas in behalf of Kelsey, John Clark was in reality otherwise occupied. His mind was busy with his own thoughts. He was something of a politician himself, although he would have scornfully denied such an accusation. He would have "allowed" that he was "some" on human nature, but politics—never! While sitting and apparently listening to Thomas, Clark was mentally canvassing the political situation. He noted the steadfast loyalty of each faction to its candidate. He figured on the number of votes—the combinations possible to make with such elements.

It was at John Clark, especially, that the oratory of Thomas was aimed. If he could convert him to the Kelsey side of the fight, undoubtedly the father would convert his two sons to his way of thinking. John Clark sat wrapt in deliberation. Before he was aware of it he slapped his boot and chuckled to himself, half aloud: "I've a scheme that ought to work."

"What is it, father?" asked Frank Clark, in a whisper.

"I'll tell you later," vouchsafed the father, curtly. Lafe Thomas did not notice the whispered conversation. He was too busy portraying the merits of his tried and true standard-bearer. After he had finished, Kelsey spoke. The Clarks listened just as attentively to the speeches of Kelsey and his stalwarts as they had to the speeches of Collier and his followers. The same scene ensued at the end of this meeting as at the other. There was a reception, the same fulsome flattery bestowed, the same hope expressed that they could see their way clear to vote for Kelsey as for Collier. The meeting closed with three rousing cheers. Each side went to bed confident of victory.

Election morning dawned. By nine o'clock the eighteen votes had been cast, but the law required the polls to be kept open until sunset, and accordingly the voters and election board lounged around all day. The day was interminably long, but all days must end. The ballot-box was opened amid suppressed excitement. The clerk of the board began to read off the ballots.

"For justice of the peace of Long Valley Township—Dudley Collier," was the first.

Fifteen ballots were called off, and the vote on the tally-sheet stood:

Dudley Collier 8
James Kelsey 7

Three more ballots remained to be counted.

"For justice of the peace of Long Valley Township—Dudley Collier."

A cheer went up for Collier.

"Aint you fellers got any more idea of the solemnity of this proceedin' n to cheer?" asked Lafe Thomas, one of the inspectors of election.

"For justice of the peace of Long Valley Township—James Kelsey."

"For justice of the peace of Long Valley Township—James Kelsey."

A cheer went up for Kelsey, led by Lafe Thomas. The final vote stood:

Dudley Collier 9
James Kelsey 9

"Wall I'll be durned," was the expressed emotion of the township at the result.

A special election was called for the election of a justice of the peace. The vote was the same as at the previous election. A deadlock existed. Not one of those stubborn farmers could be induced to change his vote. Feeling ran high. It mattered little who was justice of the peace so far as the welfare of the community was concerned. In fact, it is almost certain it could have existed without such voice. But to these farmers politics took the place of other amusements. Another special election was called. And now came

the surprise. John Clark announced himself an independent candidate for the contested office. He had three votes to begin with—his own and those of his two sons. These three votes represented the balance of power. Both warring factions recognized this. Cast for Clark the old result would come about, Collier eight and Kelsey seven; cast for Kelsey, the vote would be Kelsey ten and Collier eight; cast for Collier the result would be Collier eleven, Kelsey seven. Excitement reached high-water mark in that township. It seemed as though the deadlock would be broken at last. Each voter apparently retained his ingrained stubbornness.

James Kelsey recognized that if each voter remained true to his convictions, he was a defeated man. A brilliant idea occurred to him. If he could not be elected, he could at least keep Collier from being re-elected. Giving up his cherished ambition did not appeal particularly to Kelsey, but politics was politics. "I'll retire that man to private life," threatened Kelsey.

He held a conference of his adherents. At this conference Kelsey said: "I can't be elected, and so I'm willing to help beat the other fellow. Of course, I'd rather win than lose, but seeing as I can't win I'd rather see a dark horse win than to see Collier win."

After a stormy time, it was decided to transfer the Kelsey support to Clark. Would Collier be surprised? Well, rather.

Dudley Collier was deeply troubled. There were signs of disaffection in his ranks. Two of his staunchest supporters were suspected of being Clark sympathizers. Not that there was any reasonable ground of suspicion. Trifles light as air make politicians change their plans. Confirmation of political suspicions is never required. From mere trouble, Collier passed to worry, and from worry to terror. Defeat stared him in the face. Whatever might happen, Jim Kelsey should not have the office. He had an inspiration. If he couldn't be elected, neither could Kelsey. He decided on a conference. His faithfuls, with two exceptions, attended the meeting. The exceptions were the ones he suspected of treachery. After a long discussion, it was decided to throw the Collier strength to Clark. The decision was to be kept secret. It was "allowed" that Jim Kelsey would die of sheer surprise.

Election day came, and when the votes were counted the result stood thus:

Dudley Collier 2
James Kelsey 0
John Clark 16

"I always said Dud Collier 'd catch it," said Kelsey to Clark, "but I didn't think his defeat 'd be so near unanimous."

GEORGE S. EVANS.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1903.

Prosperous Colonel Bryan.

If William J. Bryan continues to prosper at the rate he has during the past three years, he will soon earn the title of "Lincoln's richest citizen." His wealth now is estimated all the way from one hundred to five hundred thousand dollars. His weekly newspaper, according to a correspondent in the New York Sun, has been a tremendous money-maker: "It began with a paid-up circulation, in January, 1901, of 50,000 copies. To-day, its circulation is said to be 148,000. If the concern were capitalized on the basis of its net earnings at six per cent, it would be worth all the way from a quarter to a half million of dollars. Lincoln publishers estimate its net earnings all the way from \$20,000 to \$40,000 a year. As editor of the paper, Bryan draws a salary of \$5,000 a year. The remainder of the profits of the enterprise are invested, largely in government securities, in what he calls a trust fund for his subscribers. The purpose of this is to provide the paper with an income permanent in its character, so as to insure its life for an indefinite number of years. In other words, he has provided for the eternal publication of the Commoner without any drain upon his other resources, even if the subscription list dwindles to nothing. He has one experienced newspaper writer constantly employed. This man does the paragraphs and the summarizing of events. If Bryan is unable while away to send in his ordinary copy, the work is done by R. L. Metcalfe, editor of the Omaha World-Herald, under whom Bryan took his first lessons as a newspaper man."

The Crown Prince and Princess of Greece were, the other day, the central figures in a singular incident at the theatre of Phaleron, where they were making a short stay. Their royal highnesses were occupying the only box in the house during the performance of a French operetta, when suddenly a quietly dressed man entered, and began a furious tirade against the princess, whom he threatened to strike. The crown prince sprang to his feet, and first flung the intruder violently against the partition, and then literally kicked him out of the box. When removed to the police station, the man proved to be mad drunk, and on sleeping himself sober was evidently amazed to learn of the scene he had created. At the intercession of the princess he was not prosecuted.

Count de la Vaulx and Count d'Outremont descended recently in a balloon near Hall Yorkshire, having journeyed from Paris in seventeen and three-quarter hours. This is the first time that a balloon has successfully traveled from France to England. Count de la Vaulx is one of the best known of French aeronauts, and he has made several interesting aerial voyages.

THE FIRST ELOPEMENT.

From the Annals of Alta California.

Five decades passed over the European settlements of California and witnessed only marriages consummated without breath of scandal. Señors wooed, señoritas loved, parents finally consented, and the whole territory danced at the wedding feast. The people were all of one race, all of one religion, and all of one style of living, so that even the most critical parents could not find insurmountable obstacles to their children's union.

But with the sixth decade a new element entered the country. Early in the nineteenth century the Yankee vessels discovered that the California trade paid three hundred per cent. on their investments, and they began to include her in their itinerary. When a vessel anchored in a port, immediately the whole population flocked down to examine the merchandise and to purchase, so that the officers met every inhabitant, of every age and of either sex.

The commercial regulations were so strict that a vessel was detained weeks before it could get cleared. During this interval, the hospitable Californians showered entertainments on the captain. Ball followed dinner; merienda chased ball. While the mornings might be devoted to business, the afternoons and evenings were all spent in festivity. Most of the captains were young Americans, energetic and daring; and after the perilous voyage around the Horn, with only the masculine society of their crews, this country of good cheer seemed a paradise, and the gracious, dark-eyed maidens were houris. Small wonder that they surrendered their hearts. On the other hand, it is not surprising that the maidens capitulated to the visitors, who symbolized to them all the wonders of the foreign world. Ever, as in the days of Desdemona, has woman's heart been won by tales of adventures.

With the avowal of affection, the stern parent stepped in, impelled by both the ecclesiastical and the civil authorities. The American captain was a foreigner and a heretic. Never should he easily wed a daughter of the country.

Such opposition did Captain Henry Fitch meet when, in the winter of 1826, he asked for the hand of Josefa, the winsome daughter of Joaquin Carrillo, of San Diego. No, no. He was a very good friend, this Captain Enrico, but for a son-in-law it was necessary to have a compatriot. Let him sell his goods and return to his own land for a wife. Josefa must choose her husband from the Californians, or, at farthest, from the Spanish fold. They were young; and, once separated, their memories of each other would be effaced by the living presence of another charmer. So said the parents.

Captain Fitch and Josefa disdained the insinuation against their constancy. Even if the spinster Fates regarded their attachment with jealousy and drew asunder the paths of their lives, they would be eternally faithful and to each other alone. In 1827, they exchanged written promises to marry, when they knew not; but some time, they felt sure. Captain Fitch announced his determination to trade up and down the Pacific Coast, without returning to the Atlantic until he had won his heart's desire.

His perseverance and his undeviating devotion finally won the parents' approval. In 1829, Señor Carrillo intimated that, if Fitch were only a member of the Holy Church, his being a foreigner might be overlooked. What joy to the lovers! Fitch had been studying the creed for a year, and thanks to the convincing arguments of Father Menendez, of San Diego, and to the trustful *novenas* of the zealous Josefa, he was ready to enter the Church. They allowed no time for the Carrillos to change their minds. The records of the presiding church at San Diego show that on April 14, 1829, Father Menendez baptized Enrico Bautista Fitch into the Catholic faith. The priest, who was much interested in their story, promised to marry them the next morning, but advised secrecy until the ceremony was over. The laws of California demanded that a foreigner should secure a permit from the governor before marrying a daughter of the country; but it was common property that His Excellency Governor Echeandia was himself a suitor of the fair Josefa, and would never sanction her union with Fitch. If the sacrament of marriage were once administered he could do nothing to harm them.

So Josefa and her mother gathered together her belongings in secrecy. If she regretted that she had not the usual elaborate trousseau, or that her marriage would not be solemnized with the usual fiestas of the country, the thought did not pass her lips. Her mirror told her she would be as beautiful a bride as any the populace had applauded; but, Holy Virgin, one could not have everything, and she had Enrico!

Señor Carrillo spoke to a few friends. On the morning of April 15th, they dropped in casually to call on the señora. Father Menendez sauntered over from the chapel, and as they sipped their coffee, it was nothing unusual to have Captain Fitch and his friend Captain Barry happen in. The servants were dispatched on natural errands. Señorita Josefa entered, in her best white gown. Fitch stood beside her. Father Menendez had just opened the prayer-book at the marriage ceremony, when clatter, clatter, steps raced to the *solon*. Before vows could be exchanged, Señor Domingo Carrillo, the uncle of the bride and aid to the governor, appeared at the doorway, waving a mandate from his excellency forbidding the marriage. Consternation

seized the group. Who had let the secret out? Suspicion pointed to Don Domingo, but he protested that the order was issued at the dictates of the governor's suspicious jealousy, and not from facts he might possess.

Josefa wept. Fitch swore it was a damnable country where two good Christians loving each other had to be separated by the machinations of a Mexican. Father Menendez suggested that there were other countries, countries in which the church could unite its children without the interference of outsiders. Then Josefa looked up through her tears and murmured: "Why don't you take me to those countries, Don Enrico?"

Before Fitch could answer, Señora Carrillo cried: "Shame, Josefa! To suggest such a thing! Go to your room and pray for a purification of your heart." Josefa dared not disobey. As she passed out, her young cousin, Pio Pico, held the door, and whispered: "I will see you during the *siesta* hour, Ninita."

That evening San Diego bade farewell to Captain Barry, whose ship, the *Vulture*, was putting forth to Chile. Josefa did not appear. Fitch seemed gloomy. After the *Vulture* departed, he went aboard his own vessel without asking any one to accompany him. Soon he was seen in a boat, pulling from his ship out after the *Vulture*. He was alone. What did he mean? The *Vulture* came to anchor just within Point Loma. Fitch pulled off to the northern shore. Then the observers saw speeding along the hillside a horse heavy laden. It reached the point where the boat waited. Two figures descended. One got into the boat and went with Fitch to the waiting ship. Soon the *Vulture* disappeared from the horizon. Then the horseman galloped back to town. It was Pio Pico, and he smilingly announced that his cousin was safe with her lover, bound to Chile to get married.

Such excitement as ensued! Up and down the territory, from presidio to mission, from pueblo to isolated rancho, spread the tidings of this unprecedented proceeding. Morals were deduced. It only proved the advisability of strict laws against the foreigners. Given a slight foothold, they seduced one's daughters and scandalized the country.

The story was still interesting, when in July, 1830, Fitch returned to San Diego as master of the *Leonor*, bringing with him his wife and infant son, their marriage certificate, and the record of the baptism of the child, certifying to its legitimacy. They had been married in Valparaiso by the curate Orrego.

Immediately, Fitch was summoned to the court of the vicar-general at San Gabriel to answer for his scandalous conduct. He sent his marriage certificate, and proceeded to Monterey. Here the fiscal appointed by the vicar overtook him, and arrested both him and his wife. Josefa was "deposited" in "the respectable house" of Mrs. Cooper, while Captain Fitch was taken to San Gabriel, via San Diego. After her husband's removal, Josefa petitioned the governor that she be allowed to go south. He had evidently outgrown his jealousy, for he ordered her to be taken to San Gabriel. Here, she was placed in the custody of Doña Eulalia Perez, and later in the care of Mrs. William H. Richardson. When Fitch was brought up, he was imprisoned in a room in the mission. The fiscal was indignant at the governor for allowing Josefa to come south, and denounced his act as a "gross infringement on ecclesiastical authority," declared him a "culprit before God's tribunal," and urged the vicar to have him arrested and brought to trial. However, the vicar was more level-headed, and decided that enough scandal had already been raised by the case, without arresting the governor for it.

The trial of Fitch lasted for nearly a month. Many witnesses, both at San Gabriel and at San Diego, were examined. The fiscal acknowledged that Fitch's motives were pure, but said he believed the marriage "null and void," it having been performed outside of the bride's parish without a proper permit. Fitch pleaded that he would be willing to have the marriage declared null and void and to remarry in this country only that that course would illegitimize his son.

Finally, the vicar delivered his decision on December 28, 1830. He said that though he did not consider such an irregular marriage legitimate, still it was "valid" and "not null and void." He ordered that the defendants be set at liberty and the wife given to her husband; that they become *velados* on the following Sunday, receiving the sacrament that should have preceded the marriage ceremony; that they present themselves in church with lighted candles to hear mass on three feast days; and that they recite together for thirty days the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin. Then concluded the good old man: "Yet, considering the great scandal which Don Enrico has caused in this province, I condemn him to give as a penance and reparation a bell of at least fifty pounds weight for the church at Los Angeles, which barely has a borrowed one."

Light seemed the punishment after all the possibilities that had arisen during the fiscal's prosecution, and Captain Fitch was only too willing to stand it. He and his Josefa were even more closely united by their many trials. Only one cloud darkened their release. The vicar had ordered an investigation against Father Menendez for advising the couple to flee to other lands. However, this investigation was soon closed without a reproof to the worthy priest. Then the famous case of Fitch was banished from the legal calendar, and the couple settled down on a large grant to enjoy the happiness they had striven so hard to secure.

KATHERINE CHANDLER.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

James McNeill Whistler's estate has been valued at about fifty-four thousand dollars. The greater portion of it is left to his wife's sister, Rosalind Birnie Philip. He directs that she shall aid his step-son, Edward Godwin, to complete his studies as a sculptor. When he reaches the age of twenty-three years, Godwin is to receive a portion of the estate.

For fourteen years Clark Russell has been crippled with rheumatism, and has not set foot to ground nor had a day's freedom from racking pain. Nevertheless, he works with as much youthful energy as when, in years gone by, he went down to the sea in ships and gained that knowledge of "merchant Jack" he was subsequently to turn to such splendid account.

Jacques Lebaudy, son of a multi-millionaire sugar refiner, and brother of the ill-fated Max Lebaudy, who lost his life while serving as a conscript with the French army, has recently attracted much attention by proclaiming himself "Emperor of the Sahara." The new emperor inherited, with his brother Robert, a vast fortune from his father, and with this money he has enjoyed to the full every pleasure that Paris and Europe can provide. Now he has turned his attention to founding an empire amid the wastes of the Sahara.

The Pope's *entourage* have silenced his family. Its members talked too much to newspaper reporters from all quarters of the globe. His three spinster sisters are now in Rome, but not in a convent. They lodge in a street near the Vatican, which is in a populous quarter of the city, on a third floor. The brother, who keeps an inn at Riese, is about to sell it. Emily Crawford says that the Curia thinks that if it is no harm to be of humble birth, it is not a thing to parade, and that all the talk about the Pope's lowly origin is getting on the nerves of educated Catholics.

Elizabeth Marbury, who deals in foreign plays, has purchased a villa near Versailles, with the idea of living abroad permanently. Miss Marbury and Elsie de Wolfe, the actress, live in one of the most picturesque houses in New York. It is the little yellow brick building at Irving Place and Seventeenth Street, once owned and occupied by Washington Irving. It is a museum of valuable objects collected in Europe by the two occupants. Miss Marbury's lease on the house expires at the end of a year, and after that she will go to live in Versailles, returning to the United States only for a few months in every year for the transaction of her theatrical business.

The Menpes family furnish a signal instance of successful coöperation in bookmaking. In the preparation of their beautiful volume, "World's Children," Mortimer Menpes, the artist, and Miss Dorothy Menpes gathered the material in the course of many long journeys. Mr. Menpes selected from his paintings of children of twenty or thirty different races one hundred of the best, and these are reproduced in color in "World's Children" by the elder daughter, Miss Maud Menpes, at the Menpes Press, near London. Miss Dorothy Menpes, who supplies the text, is not yet out of her teens. She has just completed another volume, entitled "The Durbar," which will be illustrated with another collection of her father's paintings.

Sir Michael Herbert, the British ambassador to the United States, who died a fortnight ago at Davos-Platz, Switzerland, was a son of the first Baron Herbert of Lea, and was born January 25, 1857. In 1888, he acted as recording secretary to Lord Sackville-West, who was then British minister at Washington, D. C. The historic Murchison letter, published during the political campaign of that year, resulted in Lord Sackville's recall, and during the exciting period preceding the appointment as minister of Sir Julian (later lord) Pouncefote, Mr. Herbert acted as *chargé d'affaires*, and passed through the diplomatic crisis with distinction. It was at this time that his acquaintance with Miss Leila Wilson, daughter of Richard Wilson, of New York, ripened into a closer intimacy, and on November 27, 1888, they were married. Mr. Herbert becoming through the union brother-in-law of Mrs. Ogden Goelet and of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Besides his widow, Sir Michael leaves two sons—Sydney, aged thirteen, and Michael, ten years old.

The Marquis Sacchetti, who is grand marshal of the court of the Vatican, is a nobleman of Florentine origin, who may be said to owe his fortune to the fact that while an officer of the Noble Guard of the Pope he managed to secure both the heart and the hand of Donna Maria Barberini, the only daughter and heiress of the last of the Barberini princes. Donna Maria, who is a beautiful woman, brought to her husband not only an enormous fortune, but likewise the famous Barberini palace, the picture gallery and library of which are both of world-wide fame, the former containing the celebrated portrait of Beatrice Cenci, while the library comprises no less than seven thousand manuscripts of extraordinary value. Leo the Thirteenth, with whom the young officer was a particular favorite, not only authorized him to assume his wife's name of Barberini, but likewise her father's title of Prince Palestrina. The Barberini palace, it may be added, is constructed in great part with stones taken from the Coliseum, which led to the old Roman saying that "what the barbarians had spared the Barberinis had spoiled."

TWO POPULAR STAGE BEAUTIES.

Maxine Elliott's Hit in Clyde Fitch's Play, "Her Own Way"—Incidents of Her First-Night in New York—Lily Langtry in "Mrs. Deering's Divorce."

Ever since it was announced that Maxine Elliott had decided to sever her theatrical connections with her husband, Nat Goodwin, and branch out as an independent star, there have been all sorts of rumors of domestic discord and family jars circulated in the papers. The simple fact is that they realized the family exchequer might be still further enriched if each headed a separate company. E. H. Sothorn and his wife, Virginia Harned, and James K. Hackett and his wife, Mary Mannering, have succeeded, so they saw no reason why they should not follow suit. On Monday night, at the Garrick Theatre, Miss Elliott made her stellar debut in Clyde Fitch's latest play, "Her Own Way," and, to her credit be it said, came through the trying ordeal with flying colors. However, it is difficult to say who deserves the most praise for the genuine hit she has scored—the actress herself, Mr. Fitch, the playwright, or her manager, Charles Dillingham, who has provided her with one of the best supporting companies seen on Broadway in many a long day.

With the possible exception of William Winter, who considers Fitch's pictures of the doings of New York's social set "absurdities," and the play, as a whole, "a prolix tissue of coarse and platitudinous colloquy," all of the critics agree that "Her Own Way" is one of the best plays which this prolific dramatist has written. It is true that Mr. Fitch again deals with familiar material and some old situations, but they are all so ingeniously handled, so abundantly supplied with characteristic little touches that have come to be known as Fitchisms, that the audience is prepared to overlook his lack of original plot. For example, in the opening scene, instead of a funeral, as in "The Climbers," or the heaving deck of an ocean steamship, as in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," he has given us a nursery where four children are stuffing themselves with good things, it being the birthday of one of them. The acting of children is usually a bore, but Mr. Fitch has the happy faculty of putting real children on the stage. The juvenile actors in "Her Own Way" understand their parts and play them intelligently and with unction, one little chap, Master Donald Gallaher, being abnormally clever.

It was some moments after her appearance on Monday night before Miss Elliott could proceed with her lines, for the friendly audience greeted her with enthusiastic applause. And after each act they insisted upon calling her out repeatedly. The popular actress never appeared more radiantly beautiful, and when the hair-dresser, in the third act, said to her, while she was having her hair done up, "Oh, but those society ladies would never mind the headache if they could look like you, mum!" the audience thought so, too, and made a great to-do. However, it was not the handsome woman Monday night who called for the chief applause, but the convincing actress. For the rôle of Georgiana Carley, the self-willed beauty who insists upon marrying the man she loves, is excellently suited to her histrionic powers and her temperament, and she plays it with insight, sympathy, and sincerity. Mr. Fitch, by the way, was called out at the end of the third act, and made the usual speech, which, to his everlasting credit, consisted of about one line.

Over at the Savoy Theatre, Mrs. Langtry is appearing for the last week in Percy Fendall's clever three-act comedy, "Mrs. Deering's Divorce." When the Jersey Lily secured an option on this play last year in London, she really did not think much of it. However, to avoid paying a forfeit, she produced it in Providence, R. I., at the tag end of her New England tour last spring, and to her amazement and that of the entire company, it scored a most pronounced hit. Fearing that the lesser city's verdict was only that of a provincial audience, she decided to give the comedy a further test in Boston. "The Hub" also received "Mrs. Deering's Divorce" with such marked favor that Mrs. Langtry has wisely determined to make it the exclusive vehicle for her tour this year.

Mr. Fendall is a promising young English author and playwright, and has hit upon a good idea for his play. Its value lies not so much in its plot and situations as in its very amusing society talk, its truthful portrayal of smart modern social life, and its fair analysis of an inconsequent, rather weak, woman's character. Its motive is the love that sometimes exists between a man and woman, even though they have decided to be divorced. Mr. and Mrs. Deering have been separated by the courts, and after a time each is about to remarry. She is to wed a society youth who has been following her about for months; he is to marry a spinster of forty hard summers, who is not in love with him, but finds he is the only man who is willing to take her face and her fortune. The spinster, wise in her maturity, thinks it well to get a "character" from Deering's last place, so to speak, and comes to the divorced Mrs. Deering to inquire as to her former husband's general habits. Her coming and Deering's chance arrival start some capital comedy scenes and, needless to say, by the time the curtain is ready to be rung down Captain Deering and his divorced wife are reunited.

In the last act, Mr. Fendall transports all his people to a dressmaker's shop in Bond Street, where he allows the audience to see Mrs. Deering take off her gown, and appear in a confection of lace, pink ribbons, and

white silk brocade. This is the much-heralded and widely advertised disrobing scene which is strongly reminiscent of a similar scene in Sardou's "Divorçons," and Sadie Martinot's much-discussed appearance in that vulgar French adaptation, "The Turtle."

Mrs. Langtry, this season, looks even more youthful than she did last year. Rarely, too, has she worn more becoming gowns than she does in "Mrs. Deering's Divorce." The delighted "Ohs" and "Ahs" from the feminine portion of the audience that greet every change of costume are good proof of the novelty and effectiveness of the creations made especially for the play. Some prudish persons may object to the partial disrobing scene, on the ground that it is unnecessary, but they will realize their mistake when they stop to think that the play has only three acts, and, therefore, Mrs. Langtry could have worn only three gowns. As it is, the disrobing episode enables the audience to see, in addition to the semi-mourning robe of the first act, the white evening-gown of the second act, and the black velvet gown of the third act, a charming pink ball-gown which the Lily dons behind a screen.

As for her acting, Mrs. Langtry is still self-conscious and amateurish at times. However, Mr. Fendall's play is light and not taxing, and as the actress is, therefore, called upon only to look pretty, smile, and speak witty and well-pointed lines, she succeeds easily in pleasing her audiences. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, October 2, 1903.

THE SANTA PÉ TRAIL.

This way walked Fate; and as she went, flung far the line of destiny
That bound an untracked continent to brotherhood from sea to sea—
That long, gray trail of dream and hope marked mile by mile with graves that keep
On every barren hill and slope some stout heart lost in dreamless sleep.
Patience and faith and fortitude were willed to it, and justified;
Stern, homely virtues, plain and rude; eternal as the sky and wide.
Nor ever Viking dared the sea in braver mood than these who went
Strong-armed to wrest from Mystery their hirthright, half a continent.

Gay, hawk-eyed, dark-faced voyageurs, tired of the river's muddy tide,
Or drawn by whispered, golden lures, or beckoned by the prairies wide,
These first, and lightly down the wind their songs float backward as they pass;
So light they go, nor leave behind scarce one deep footprint on the grass.
And after them, lean, keen, and grim, one fit untrodden heights to scan;
The gray peak looking down on him knew something kindred in the man.
Half prophet, seer, his eyes could trace, in those lone wastes that seemed to wait,
The larger promise of his race, the germ of many an unborn State.

Then Frémont, passing not alone; beside him, silent, dim, unguessed,
Unheralded, to claim her own, the Soul of the Awakening West.
Behind, above the thundering herds of fear-swept hison, seemed to heat
A hymn prophetic without words, the trample of a million feet.
That long gray trail! That path of fate! For gain or loss, for life or death,
Driven by greed, or hope, or hate, it drew them to the latest breath:
It broke them to its mighty mold; it seared their weakness to the bone;
It stripped them stark to sin and cold, and mocked at whimperer and drone.

And they were Men who bore its mark; and they were Men its service made—
Strong-souled to face the utter dark, and watch with Fear still unafraid;
Stern school of heroes unconfessed; unweighed for mced of right or wrong;
By glib late-comers dispossessed of honors that to them belong:
As in the fire-tried furnace hour, strange, warring elements will fuse
To purpose, unity and power, to truer strength and nobler use;
Unconscious—save that here was life a man might live as manhood meant—
They wrought a nation from their strife, and shaped it with their discontent.

No pulseless, still-horn hope was theirs; each man a later Argonaut,
Who from great dreams and ceaseless cares out-wove the Golden Fleece he sought;
And single-handed out of need made potent opportunity;
Nor shamed the hour with laggard deed, nor quailed from naked Destiny.
They touched the wilderness to flower; they gave the unvoiced solitudes
A tongue that spoke with trumpet power the message of their iron moods;
But ha! the cost! The hands that hied! The toll of heart-aches and of tears!
The stern, white faces of the dead that paved that highway through the years!

The long grass hides the rutted trail where tracked those mighty caravans
Whose far-lit camp-fires low and pale elude, howe'er the vision scans
That lost horizon, shrunk to fit the little roads that come and go,
By easy ways (of greatness quit), that any chance-drawn foot may know;
Light trails that traffic o'er the dust of them that were a braver breed,
Forgotten in the careless lust for larger gain and lesser deed,
Mother of all the roads that hold the power o'er men that makes or mars!
These lead to cities, lands, and glory; this led to the eternal stars!—*Sharlott M. Hall in Our West.*

IS THERE A CATHOLIC "PERIL"?

A Noted Frenchman's American Observations.

M. Urbain Gohier has been studying religious conditions in the United States, and is much impressed by the growing power of the Roman Catholic Church. In his new book on the American people, he declares that the Catholic question in the United States is one of extreme interest, and predicts that, "within a few years, it will be the Catholic peril." He goes on to say:

The Roman Church, which in the United States numbered 44,500 communicants in 1790, to-day numbers 12,000,000 or more. The total population of the country is twenty times more numerous than at that epoch; the Catholic population three hundred times more numerous. To this we must now add 6,500,000 of Catholics in the Philippines and 1,000,000 in Porto Rico. The territory of the republic maintains 1 cardinal, 17 archbishops, 81 bishops; administering 82 dioceses and 5 apostolic curateships, almost 11,000 churches, more than 5,000 chapels, with 12,500 officiating priests. There are 81 Catholic seminaries, 163 colleges for boys, 629 colleges for girls, 3,400 parochial schools, 250 orphanages, and nearly 1,000 other various institutions. Finally, the United States alone sends more Peter's pence to Rome than all the Catholic countries together.

Two incidents which he thinks have served within recent months to reveal the real significance of the "Catholic question" are the Pennsylvania coal strike and the situation in the Philippines. He writes:

While the Protestant clergy were divided in their partisanship between the strikers and the operators, the Catholic clergy went solidly for the strikers. Its attitude and policy was directly contrary to that which it holds in Europe, except that it was the essential Catholic policy of playing for favor. In the United States the Catholic population is in the lowest stratum of society, comprising Irish, Polish, and Italian immigration of the pauper class, besides a large influx of Canadians, who are as abjectly submissive to their priests as their forefathers of the seventeenth century. Under these conditions the politics of the Catholic Church is and will continue to be that of demagogues. In the case of the recent strike it is to be remarked that John Mitchell, "the Bonaparte of the miners," is a Catholic, the son of an Irish Catholic, and his oldest son is being educated for the Catholic priesthood; that the Federation of Catholic Societies of the United States petitioned President Roosevelt to end the strike; and that on the request from the operators that a clergyman be included in the arbitration committee, the President chose a Catholic bishop.

The question of the status of the friars in the Philippines gives a striking illustration of the changed position of the United States:

In 1776, the government in its infancy forsook the Pope the nomination of a single prelate, and refused to make any kind of recognition of the Holy See. To-day the outcome of the Philippine issue is that the Pope has the official nomination of one hundred prelates within American territory, with the added triumph of having received American ambassadors at the Vatican. The mission of Governor Taft, it is true, was represented by the government at Washington as without any official character, but this flimsy hooding of the facts can not bear examination. As the *Independent* observed, Judge Taft was equipped with credentials and empowered to negotiate with the Vatican as formally and completely as any other ambassador. The conduct of Catholic leaders in America at the beginning of the agitation against the friars was significant. Archbishop Ireland counseled prudence and forbearance as the course for the church, lest public apprehensions should be roused by a revelation of the power of the Catholic community now solid and formidable in the heart of the American nation. His counsels, however, were not adopted by the Federation of Catholic Societies, then in convention at Chicago. Bishop McPaul, of Trenton, led in a bold arraignment of the American administration in the Philippines, declaring that it had been animated by Protestant fanaticism, and calling on the President to do his duty under the Constitution and secure personal rights and property—to the friars—in the Philippines. This means that Catholicism in the United States feels itself sufficiently powerful to lay aside diplomacy.

In brief, M. Gohier thinks that "the power and success of the Catholic Church are apparent to discerning eyes in every part of America." He says in conclusion:

The public press, for example, carefully tempers its news and its views in deference to its Catholic patronage. In most of the largest towns the Catholic youth are not only united in special societies and clubs, but even in military organizations. The church even derives profit from the American weakness for marrying foreign titles by introducing young Catholic aristocrats into the society of millionaires, and she is often rewarded not only by gaining control of great dowries, but even by gaining fair converts, who embrace the ancient faith for the pleasure of being married by a bishop or cardinal amid the theatrical and mediæval pomp of Rome. The Catholics, it is true, are a minority; but they are a minority that is homogeneous, organized, and disciplined. They form a solid block in the midst of a heap of crumbling Protestant fragments. They are, it is true, the lowest element of the nation; but under universal suffrage the vote of a brute is worth that of a Newton. When there shall be an army of fifteen or twenty millions of Catholics, firmly united by a tyrannical faith, trained under the régime of the confessional, blindly committed to the will of their priests, and directed by the brains of a few high Jesuits, we shall see how much of a showing there will be for American liberty.

M. Gohier's utterance has aroused unusual interest in the religious press, and his alarmist views are indorsed by more than one evangelical paper.

Some people may have the idea that the song "Dixie" does not mean much to the Southerner of to-day, but this is a mistake, as was shown at a recent Confederate reunion in Columbia, Mo. A motion was introduced to the effect that a movement be started to change the words of the song and substitute some which might be a bit more serious, and a panic almost ensued. Gray-haired men in old gray uniforms climbed on chairs and protested, saying that the wonderful old song had been good enough for them once upon a time and was good enough for them now.

The charge of salt-watering the productive oil wells on Spindle Top, in the Beaumont, Tex., district, for the sake of depressing their value and acquiring possession of the property, is being reiterated by a Fort Worth paper against the Standard Oil Company.

LITERARY NOTES.

Two Poetic Dramas.

A comedy in verse entitled "The Canterbury Pilgrims," dedicated to E. H. Sothern by the author, Percy Mackaye, son of Steele Mackaye, is, in many respects, a very notable contribution to recent poetical work. The great character figures as the hero, a rôle which was to have been destined for Sothern himself.

It is part romance and part comedy, but comedy is the ruling spirit of the play, which presents a most animated picture of the assembling of pilgrims at Tabard Inn, and of the noisier merry-makings of the commoners. The author has completely absorbed the spirit and form of legitimate comedy of the old school, thus the literary quality of the play is of a high order.

As an acting play the dramatic movement is partially sacrificed to atmosphere, and the interest is too widely diffused, there being fifty speaking parts, which have a tendency to crowd upon each other. The dramatic merit of the piece, however, seems to appeal to practical players, since Sothern secured the rights and began rehearsals, with the intention of bringing out the play during the coming season. Practical demonstration proved that the character of Alisoun overcast that of haucer in dramatic prominence, and hence the acting rights were transferred to Ameliaingham, who will assume the character of the roystering wife of Bath this summer.

A brief extract will give an idea of the high quality of Mr. Mackaye's verse:

What beauty dreams in silence! The white stars,
Like folded daisies in a summer field,
Sleep in their dew, and by yon primrose gap
In darkness hedge St. Ruth hath dropped her
sickle."

Another, and much shorter and less ambitious, work, entitled "Bethlehem," is a vivacious play, and is evidently designed particularly for presentation at Christmas entertainments and the like. It is by Laurenceousman, who has already proved himself to be the possessor of genuine poetic feeling, and who in "Bethlehem" has succeeded, in simply worded unstilted verse, in conveying the effect of the holy stillness of the night of the Nativity and the devout, humble talk of the shepherds, who watch at night near Bethlehem and who assembled at Gabriel's nest to worship the Babe "cradled amid the kine."

Mr. Housman has gained a peculiarly happy suit in modeling the rustic talk of the shepherds on that of the English peasantry in hill countries. A shepherd's song is here given as an instance of the effective simplicity of Mr. Housman's style:

"The world is still to-night,
The world is still:
The snow on vale and hill
Like wool lies white, like wool lies white.
And so it was, and so
A thousand years ago
And so will be, good lads, when we lack will."

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

One of the Prophets.

Tolstoy is the protagonist to-day of the drama of the human soul," writes Ernest Crosby toward the end of a brief essay in book-form, entitled "Tolstoy and His Message." A large question, is it not? And yet, what figure looms so grandly on the shadowy horizon, what personality draws all eyes unto it more strongly than that of this venerable Russian? They say that the daily visitors at Yasnaya Polyana are of every civilized race. Not only the serious periodicals, but our yellowest newspapers, find that the public interest in Tolstoy in America is great enough to warrant sending of a constant stream of correspondents to besiege his doors. Probably there is no Protestant preacher of note in the old world whose ideas have not been sensibly influenced by the man.

But singularly enough, the most popular modern writer in English, if not in any language, is the one most thoroughly alien in sympathy and thought to Tolstoy. Kipling, in his latest analysis, is as consistent a champion of the right of might as Tolstoy of the doctrine, "Resist not evil." Kipling, unconsciously or not, is a Nietzschean, and Nietzsche and Tolstoy stand at opposite poles. Tolstoy, Whitman, Morris, Thoreau, Carpenter—these are the salient figures on one side of the drama. Upon the other side, the mad philosopher and the author of "The Rhyme of the Three Captains" stand forth conspicuous.

Ernest Crosby is a writer whose personal experience gives weight to his words. In the present essay he hints at the story, but does not tell it. He was, we believe, judge of the

international court at Alexandria, Egypt, when Tolstoy's "On Life" fell into his hands. He read the book, resigned his post, visited Tolstoy at his home, and returned thence to America, where he has since been one of the very few persons courageous enough actually to practice as well as intellectually to acquiesce in Tolstoy's doctrines. The book, "Tolstoy and His Message," is, therefore, from many points of view, an interesting one.

Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; 50 cents.

Cupid in a Typhoon.

When the good ship *Sirdar* is broken amidships on the coral reef, as a stave is broken over the knee, Jenks, the hero and steward, a cashiered officer of the British army, catches the flying figure of a girl—happily the beautiful daughter of the baronet owner of the vessel—and with superhuman strength braves the storming elements. Again and again he is dragged down with his unconscious burden. Now he grasps at the innhale pillar as it sweeps by, only to be hurled beneath a mass of timbers! Now he is buoyed upon the ceiling of the music-room! Deafened by the roar of the waves, blinded by the spray, benumbed by the cold, instinct only guides him! But at last he feels a firm foundation beneath him. It is sand! Blind and dumb, he is tossed upon the beach of an unknown island, holding fast his still unconscious but "lovely burden."

Morning comes, and the sun's rays warm him into life, but the girl lies there, pale and all but dead. He tries to unfasten her collar and waistbands; he thrusts his hand into his pocket for his knife, and for the first time notices his hurt.

The nail of his forefinger had been torn out and is hanging by a small piece of skin. With a savage jerk he tears it completely away with his teeth. Bending to resume his task, he finds those eyes of "heavenly blue" upon him. "Why do you do that?" she whispers.

"Do what?"

"Bite your nail off."

"It was in my way. I wished to cut your dress open at the waist. You were collapsed, almost dead, I thought, and I wanted to unfasten your corset."

The color came back with remarkable rapidity. From all the rich variety of English tongue few words could have been selected of such restorative effect. "How ridiculous," she said, with a little note of annoyance in her voice.

With this bit of conversation the wheel of fortune turns, and nature smiles upon her lost children. A pitcher plant slakes their thirst, the coconut and plantain furnish food, and a cave shelters them; the sea gives up her treasure in the way of a case of Lee-Metford rifles, quantities of ammunition, champagne, brandy, biscuits, hams, and canned meats.

Ah, this is a situation! Rather delicate, too. But Louis Tracy handles it very cleverly, and however much you may pooh-pooh the story or feel superior, "The Wings of the Morning" is one of those books that you just have to read to see how it all comes out.

Published by Edward J. Clode, New York; \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Next to Morley's "Life of Gladstone," which the Macmillan Company promise this month, the most notable biography of the season, from a literary point of view, will undoubtedly be Henry James's volume on "William Wetmore Story and His Friends," which is also to be brought out this month in two volumes.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Loves Mary" have reached the dignity of "art editions." The Century Company will have special issues of these two books of Mrs. Hegán-Rice ready in time for the holiday season.

"The Adventures of an Army Nurse in Two Wars" is one of the interesting titles, on Little, Brown & Co.'s fall list. The book is edited by James Phinney Munroe from the diary and correspondence of Mary Phinney, Baroness von Olnhausen.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's next book will not be a novel in her usual sombre and powerful vein, but a book for children.

President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford Jr. University, has written a book for the hour, "an appeal to young men," with the title, "The Call of the Twentieth Century." The volume will have the imprint of The American Unitarian Association.

H. G. Wells has two new books coming from the press. One will consist of the papers on "Mankind in the Making," which have

been running in the *Fortnightly Review*, and will form a companion volume of his "Anticipations." The other is a work of fiction, entitled "Twelve Stories and a Dream."

Alice Morse Earle's "Two Centuries of Costume in America," will be published in two illustrated volumes.

A new work by Andrew Lang, "The Valet's Tragedy, and Other Studies in Secret History," is to be published this fall. Mr. Lang's new Christmas book will be called the "Purple Fairy Book."

Beatrice Harraden's new novel, "Katherine Frensham," has for a hero a man of thirty-five, "who has been thwarted in his life work by the incompatibility of his wife, whose influence follows and nearly wrecks his sensitive nature—even after her death."

Jack London's new novel, which he is just finishing, is to appear serially in the *Century Magazine*.

A volume of "Letters From a Chinese Official" will be published anonymously this month. Wu Ting-fang, former Chinese minister to the United States, is said to be the author.

A new book by Kate Douglas Wiggin, "Half-a-Dozen Housekeepers: A Story for Girls in Half-a-Dozen Chapters," has just been published. It records the pranks of six school-girls who are installed for a fortnight in an old Maine homestead during the absence of its owner, an indulgent father.

"Count Falcon of the Eyrie" is the title of a forthcoming novel by Clinton Scollard. It is described as "a stirring tale of Italy in the days of passion and feud," and "a faithful picture is presented of many phases of Italian life in the Middle Ages."

F. Marion Crawford's new novel will be published this month. It is called "The Heart of Rome: A Tale of the 'Lost Water.'"

An authorized life of John Fiske has been prepared from his remaining papers, letters, and documents, and will be brought out anonymously by the Macmillan Company in two volumes.

"Eleanor Lee" is the title of a new novel by Mrs. Margaret Sangster. The scene is laid among the wealthier class of a small American city after the close of the Civil War.

A new book of travel will be "The Heart of Japan," by Clarence Ludlow Brownell, a member of the Japanese Society of London.

The Scribners announce a one-volume edition of "The Story of the Revolution," by Henry Cabot Lodge. The only edition to date was in two volumes, and sold for six dollars. The new edition contains all the original illustrations, one hundred and seventy-eight in number.

A new book of verse by William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, entitled "In the Seven Woods," and further described as "Being Poems Chiefly of the Irish Heroic Age," is to be brought out this month. In addition to the poems the volume contains a new play, "On Baile's Strand." Special interest attaches to the volume because it has been printed in red and black ink by the author's sister, Miss Elizabeth C. Yeats, at her own Dun Emer Press, in Dublin.

The proposed removal of the greater part of the newspapers in the British museum to a separate building at a distance, has led a London writer to go over some of the old files to show what picturesque and valuable history is contained in these archives. Among the curious incidents recorded is a case, ten years after the *Times* had begun to appear, where a man was fined twenty-five dollars for letting people sit in his room and read his paper at a charge of a penny each. There were no free reading-rooms in those days, and a daily newspaper was a luxury far beyond the means of the common people. In fact, the government objected seriously to cheap newspapers, and a tax, which sometimes was as high as eight cents on each copy circulated, tended to make newspapers not only dear, but few.

Mrs. Sutherland Orr, the friend of Robert Browning, who is often addressed in "Asolando," is dead after a long sickness. She was a sister of the late Lord Leighton, president of the Royal Academy. Mrs. Orr compiled the valuable "Handbook to the Works of Robert Browning," and wrote the authorized biography of the poet. She also prepared a good many thoughtful articles on philosophical topics.

THE ORIGINAL EVANGELINE.

Wherein She Differs from Longfellow's Heroine.

A descendant of Mme. Bordea, an ancestor of Senator Alexander Mouton, who told Longfellow the story of the Nova Scotia exiles, on which he based his "Evangeline," says that the family legend of Evangeline differs materially from the version which the poet used. In the *Bookman*, H. L. Saylor suggests that a variation of the tale may have best suited Longfellow, just as the essence of the topography of the country sufficed him. And again, he says that details of the Nova Scotia tragedy may have been altered to suit the demands of a fresh conception, just as the poet failed to reconcile dates and distances in writing of a land he had never seen.

The true story of the original Evangeline, as related by Mme. Bordea, is as follows:

Emmeline Lahiche, the real Evangeline, was an orphan girl of Acadia, whose parents died when she was yet a child, and who was taken into my great-great-grandfather's family and adopted. She was sweet-tempered, loving, and grew to womanhood with all the attractions of her sex. Although not a beauty in the sense usually given to the word, she was looked upon as the handsomest girl in St. Gabriel. Her fine, transparent, hazel eyes mirrored truthfully her pure thoughts. Her bewitching smile, her dark-brown hair, her symmetrical shape, all combined to make her an attractive picture of maiden loveliness. Emmeline had just completed her sixteenth year and was on the eve of marrying a deserving, laborious, and well-to-do man of St. Gabriel, named Louis Arsenaux. Their mutual love dated back to their earliest years, and was concealed from no one. . . . Their banns had been published in the village church, the nuptial day was fixed, and their young love-dream was about to be realized, when the barbarous scattering of our colony took place. Our oppressors had driven us toward the seashore, where their ships rode at anchor, and Louis, resisting with rage and despair, was wounded by them. Emmeline witnessed the whole scene. . . . Tearless and speechless, she stood fixed to the spot. . . . When the white sails vanished in the distance. . . . She clasped me in her arms, and in an agony of grief sobbed piteously. By degrees the violence of her grief subsided, but the sadness of her countenance betokened the sorrow that preyed upon her heart.

Henceforward she lived a quiet and retired life, mingling no more with her companions and taking no part in their amusements. The remembrance of her lost love remained enshrined in her heart. . . . Thus she lived in our midst, always sweet-tempered, with such sadness depicted on her countenance and with smiles so sorrowful that we had come to look on her as not of this earth, but rather as our guardian angel. Thus it was that we called her no longer Emmeline, but Evangeline, or "God's little angel."

The sequel of her story is not gay, my children. My poor old heart breaks when I recall the misery of her fate. . . . Emmeline had been exiled to Maryland with us. . . . She followed me in my long overland route from Maryland to Louisiana. When we reached the Teche country at the Poste de Attakapas we found the whole population congregated to welcome us. When we landed from the boat Emmeline walked by my side. . . . Suddenly, as if fascinated by a vision, she stopped, and then, the silvery tones of her voice vibrating with joy, she cried: "Mother! mother! It is he! It is Louis!" And she pointed to the tall figure of a man standing beneath an oak. It was Louis Arsenaux. . . . She flew to his side, crying out in an ecstasy of joy and love. He turned ashy pale, and bung his head without uttering a word. . . . "Louis," she said, "why do you turn your eyes away? . . . I am still your Emmeline. . . . your betrothed!"

With quivering lips and trembling voice, he answered: "Emmeline, do not speak so kindly to me. I am unworthy of you. I can love you no longer. I have pledged my faith to another. Tear from your heart the remembrance of the past and forgive me." Then he wheeled away and disappeared in the forest. . . .

I took her hand. It was icy cold. A pallor overspread her countenance and her eyes had a vacant stare. . . . She followed me like a child, without resistance. I clasped her in my arms and wept bitterly. "Emmeline, my dear, be comforted. There may yet be happiness in store for you." "Emmeline, Emmeline," she muttered to herself, as if to recall that name, and then: "Who are you?" She turned away, her mind unbinged. This last shock had been too much for her broken heart and she was hopelessly insane. . . . Emmeline never recovered her reason, and a deep melancholy ever possessed her. Her beautiful countenance was lighted by a sad smile, which made her all the fairer. She never recognized any one but me, and nestling in my arms. . . . she would bestow on me the most endearing names. . . . She spoke of Acadia and Louis in such terms that one could not listen to her without shedding tears. She fancied herself still the sweet girl of sixteen, on the eve of marrying her chosen one, whom she loved with so much devotion and constancy. . . . Sinking at last under the ravages of her mental disease, she expired in my arms. . . . She sleeps in her quiet grave by the tall oak near the little church at the Poste de Attakapas, and that grave has been kept green as long as your grandmother has been able to visit it.

Mrs. Archibald Little, who has lived much in China and has written a good deal about the country and its people, has completed a biography of Li Hung Chang.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Hussar of the Grande Armée.

Sherlock Holmes will ever remain Conan Doyle's masterpiece of characterization. But Etienne Gerard, the vain, brave, garrulous, boastful dandy of Napoleon's army, is nevertheless a literary triumph. In "The Adventures of Gerard" we find the brigadier, now an old man, rehearsing in a Paris café the glories of his youth to those who will buy him the wines of Burgundy or Bordeaux. Time has but heightened the beauty of the woman he loved and the valor of the deeds he did. In the first story, he tells us of a certain Venetian Lucia. "She was of an exquisite loveliness," he proudly says—"and when I, Etienne Gerard, use such a word as 'exquisite,' my friends, it has a meaning. I have judgment, I have memories, I have the means of comparison. Of all the women who have loved me, there are not twenty to whom I could apply such a term as that." It was for this Lucia that Gerard lost his ear, though he saved his life for future exploits innumerable. At Saragossa, he challenged twelve officers at once to duels, and the same night captured the city. When the army was before Torres Vedras, he went on a perilous mission, saving his skin that time by rolling in a wine-barrel down a rocky mountain-side, pursued by fiendish and amazed brigands. In Russia, he bravely rode to Minsk, and only failed to achieve triumph because his will, as always, was made weak as water by a pretty woman's smile. How he bore himself at Waterloo: how he ventured, though with discontented stomach, on a high-purposed voyage to St. Helena; how he triumphed in England, are all graphically set before us by the old brigadier.

But the most side-splitting adventures in the book are the killing of the fox, the bout at the "box-fight," and the cricket game. Imagine Gerard, inadvertently drawn into a fox-hunt, suddenly possessed with the joy of the chase, riding over the hounds to their hurt, and slashing the fox into two red halves with his sabre, all the while believing he is playing the game exquisitely well and is the pride and envy of all the gesticulating and horrified huntsmen behind. The news of this "crime—which was unspeakable, unheard of, abominable; only to be alluded to with curses late in the evening"—was "carried back to England, and country gentlemen who knew little of the details of war grew crimson with passion when they heard of it, and yeomen of the shires raised freckled fists to heaven and swore." This feat of Gerard's was only matched by him when, in a boxing-match with an Englishman, he conceived that the proper thing to do was to seize his opponent's nose, hair, and ear, and ram his own head in the Briton's stomach, following this by biting the fellow's beefy arm. "Can I forget it?" asks Gerard in his old age—"the laughter, the cheering, the congratulations! Even my enemy bore me no ill-will, for he shook me by the hand. For my part, I embraced him on the cheek. Five years afterward I learned from Lord Rufton that my noble bearing upon that evening was still fresh in the memory of my English friends." Gerard's self-esteem was irrefragable. He is worthy of a niche among literary immortals, not far from the place where stands D'Artagnan himself.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Men, Maids, and Wives.

"Marriage in Epigram," the latest and last of a series of four little books, compiled by F. W. Morton, the previous numbers of which have dealt with love, men, and women in epigram, is not a whit less clever than its predecessors. The quotations, numbering over one thousand, cover the whole of literature, ancient and modern, in all languages. Here are a few of them:

He who has a handsome wife, a castle on the frontier, or a vineyard on the roadside, is never without war.—*Spanish maxim.*

To this burden are women born; they must obey their husbands, be they never such block heads.—*Cervantes.*

Why does the blind man's wife paint herself?—*Franklin.*

Next to a bad wife, a good wife is the best.—*Scottish proverb.*

Marriage may often be a stormy lake, but celibacy is almost always a muddy horsepond.—*T. L. Peacock.*

Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Æsop were extremely wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.—*John Seldon.*

A rich widow is the only kind of second-hand goods that will always sell at prime cost.—*Franklin.*

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

"Famous Actors and Actresses and Their Homes," by Gustav Kobbé, is to be published soon.

New Publications.

"Macaulay's Essays on Addison and Johnson," edited, with an introduction and notes, by George B. Acton, M. A., for use in schools, is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; 25 cents.

Alice Jean Patterson's profusely illustrated volume on spiders should be very interesting to children, for whom it is intended. "The Spider Family" is the title, and, for the most part, the information given is accurate. Some errors, however, are noticed. To say, for example, that the Argonaut spiders "fly" for the pleasure there is in it is a simple absurdity. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

"Incubators and Chicken Raising," by Thomas F. McGrew; and "The Feeding of Poultry," by James E. Rice, are the two articles forming the contents of Part III of "The Poultry Book," now in course of publication. The work is the well-known one of Harrison Weir, largely rewritten by the American editor, Willis Grant Johnson, and others. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; 60 cents.

Charles Augustus Stoddard's "Cruising Among the Caribbees," which first appeared in 1895, has received the accession of a few new chapters, bringing it up to date, and is now reissued in attractive form, with numerous illustrations. It is a good, commonplace account of the various islands and cities, giving much information that the traveler needs to know. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

By the word "songs" in the title of his gay-covered book, "Songs from the Hearts of Woman," Nicholas Smith explains in the preface that he means hymns. Of these the volume contains one hundred, covering a period of two hundred years, and each possessing, in the opinion of Mr. Smith, the essentials of the best sacred lyrical poetry—deep spirituality, excellent diction, and faultless imagery. A brief sketch of the author of the hymn is given in each case. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

The latest, but we sadly fear not the last in the long procession of animal stories for children is "Dooryard Stories," by Clara Dillingham Pierson. It is a book with a pretty cover, and quite a few full-page pictures in colors. As for the stories, we think they are quite innocuous, and we observe that they have already been tried by the author on her "own little boy," who is reported by her to like them immensely. We are sure that there could be no better recommendation than that for a book. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.20.

Seldom a book has less excuse for existence than James P. Kinard's "Old English Ballads." Six months or so ago there appeared from the Macmillan press "A Book of Old English Ballads," collected and introduced by Hamilton Wright Mabie. It contained all the ballads in the present book but two or three, and many more that are not herein contained. In make-up the previous volume is far superior to this. Only those who have not seen Mr. Mabie's compilation will purchase this one, despite its cheapness. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York; 40 cents.

The Rev. James M. Campbell, D. D., doesn't like the way novelists portray deacons. He says that book-writers make deacons small and mean, given to cant and sanding sugar. "This wicked, senseless caricature," he continues, warning us, "can not be too hotly repudiated." He proceeds to do the hot repudiating, giving us in the volume, "Typical Elders and Deacons," what he thinks are truthful pictures of silent deacons, jovial deacons, manly deacons, strict deacons, etc. It is interesting to learn that the ideal deacon should have "liquid hazel eyes which resemble those of a fawn." Novelists, *nota bene!* Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; \$1.00.

A very learned book, but one which nevertheless possesses not a little interest even for the general reader, is Clément Huart's "A History of Arabic Literature." The fact that the earliest Arabic writings (about 600 A. D.) were poetry, not prose; the sketch of the history of the Koran; the story of the "Arabian Nights"—its origin, its authorship, its truthfulness as a picture of Arabian life; the eminence of Arabic writers in geography, astronomy, and mathematics, many works in this class being early translated and circulated in Europe; their special skill, also, in surgery and medicine—cauterization, for example, having been early employed—all these are subjects of general interest. Special stu-

dents do not require to have pointed out to them by us that this is a unique work by one who, in his field, has only a few peers among the scholars of the Western world. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.25.

RECENT VERSE.

King Baby.

King baby on his throne
Sits reigning O, sits reigning O!
King baby on his throne
Sits reigning all alone.

His throne is mother's knee,
So tender O, so tender O!
His throne is mother's knee,
Where none may sit but he.

His crown it is of gold,
So curly O, so curly O!
His crown it is of gold,
In shining tendrils rolled.

His kingdom is my heart,
So loyal O, so loyal O!
His kingdom is my heart,
His own in every part.

Divine are all his laws,
So simple O, so simple O!
Divine are all his laws,
With love for end and cause.

King baby on his throne
Sits reigning O, sits reigning O!
King baby on his throne
Sits reigning all alone.

—Lawrence Alma-Tadema.

Naughtiness.

Why am I sometimes naughty
And sometimes very good?
What makes me act so different?
I never understood.

When in the morning I wake up
I don't know which 'twill be,
A day all full of naughtiness
Or a good day for me.

But when I go to bed at night
I know which I have been,
A Mamma's Joy all day or else
A creature full of sin.

"I thank thee, Lord, for my good heart,"
This is the prayer I make;
Or else: "Forgive my naughtiness,
Dear God, for Jesus' sake."

—Florence Wilkinson in McClure's Magazine.

The Sandman.

The Sandman comes across the land,
At evening, when the sun is low:
Upon his back, a bag of sand—
His step is soft and slow.
I never hear his gentle tread,
But when I bend my sleepy head,
"The Sandman's coming!" mother says,
And mother tells the truth, always!

He glides across the sunset hill,
To seek each little child, like me:
Our all-day-tired eyes to fill
With sands of sleep, from slumber's sea.
I try my best awake to stay,
But I am tired out with play;
"I'll never see him!" mother says,
And mother tells the truth—always!

—Marie Van Vorst in Ex.

The Lost Child.

It was far to go for the little fellow,
And I think it was dark out there,
Away from the sunshine, warm and mellow,
That sweetened his earthly air.

It was far to go, it was dark, I know,
And it broke my heart that it should be so.

The distance between a joy and joy
Or between a star and a star,
Some measure like this we may employ,
Nor measure at last how far.

And they were not feet, they were little feet
That stumbled beside me in the street.

Oh little fellow, dear little fellow,
Once, where the strange paths crossed
In magical woods of sunlit yellow,
You, lagging behind, were lost—

Just a step aside; but I knew that wide
And terrified look, the day you died!

When it is day I can dissemble
And cover from sight my care,
But when it is dark, in tears I tremble—
"What if he he lost out there?"

In my troubled sleep, I cower, I weep,
I am little and lost, and the dark is deep.

When the ghost moon steals down the mountain
hollow
To glide through my window bars,
I wake and pray to be dead, to follow
His stumbles between the stars.

—Fanny Kemble Johnson in Harper's Magazine.

The correct way to pronounce the name of Maeterlinck, the Belgian author and dramatist, is as though it were spelled Mahterlink, not Mayerlink, or Meterlink, as it is variously called. The French pronounce "Mahterlink" because the sound of *ae* in French is a but in Belgian French the *ae* is pronounced *ah*.

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THE STORY OF A BOOK.

In Three Chapters.

*CHAPTER 2. HOW THE BOOK IS MADE.

"All young people should have a dictionary at their elbow, and while you are about it, get the best—get Websters." So said a school journal many years ago, and the G. & C. Merriam Company took the phrase as their motto. "Get the Best"—this for the public. "Make the Best"—this for themselves.

Successful business rests on two principles: make a good article, and let the world know it. In their work the Merriams have emphasized quality even more than publicity. Starting sixty years ago with the great fabric Noah Webster had reared, they spent years in re-fashioning it for popular needs before publishing, and the Webster's International Dictionary of to-day is the result of a long series of revisions. Spending freely for advertising, they have in the last quarter-century spent a much larger sum for improvements, in reediting and recasting. Some leading member of the firm has always had the editorial work as his specialty, and between publishers and editors there has been thorough harmony and co-operation.

The constant aim has been to make the best possible one-volume dictionary, for the use of the man on the street, the cultivated reader, the teacher and pupil, the scholar and expert, the mechanic, the foreign student, the whole reading public. The basal principle has been to employ the amplest stores of scholarship so as to best serve the average consumer. The qualities kept in view have been Accuracy, Clearness, Fullness, Convenience, Attractiveness. Any single word in the vocabulary will illustrate these principles. First, the word is easily found—a strict alphabetical order being followed, with ingenious resources of arrangement and type to facilitate the search. Next, note that the word's mere presence in the vocabulary shows that it has a certain standing. There has been no attempt to pile up numbers; neither dead words nor gutter-scrapings have been favored; something of merit and permanence is implied in each word. Then comes the pronunciation—a repelling which is quickly caught by the ordinary eye and ear; and a use of the phonetic marks which every public-school child has learned. Substantially these same marks, beginning with Webster's Speller and extending into the nation's school-books, have been unifying the pronunciation of the whole people for a century.

Next comes the etymology—the parentage of the word in earlier tongues. Into this has gone a world of toil. When Dr. Johnson was questioned as to the source of his etymologies, he answered easily, "Why, sir, here is a shelf with Junius and Skinner and others; and there is a Welch gentleman who will help me with the Welch." But Webster, though at the outset well equipped according to the standard of the time, stopped in his work for years to acquire twenty foreign vocabularies. The next generation saw a great advance in linguistic science, and the fruits of this were barvested by a distinguished German scholar, Dr. Mahn, for the 1864 edition. The later gains in etymology have been inwrought in the International and its Supplement by the eminent Professor Edward S. Sheldon, of Harvard. As a result, each word's treatment opens with its clear and exact lineage, on which the scholar's eye pauses with fascination.

Then comes the definitions in their historical order. Accuracy and lucidity of definition, Webster's special distinction, have been the first aim and constant care of his successor's in the work. The searcher for a special meaning finds it easily and to his satisfaction; and, beyond his original quest, his attention is apt to be caught by the curious way in which one meaning has grown out of another, by some bit of interesting fact, by a felicitous quotation or striking picture, and so his eye wanders over the page from one attraction to another. The old story of the man who found the dictionary interesting reading but with a frequent change of subject, has a solid basis. There are few more entertaining volumes for a leisure hour than Webster's International.

The hook has been naturally broadened by the addition to its vocabulary of various Tables. One goes to the dictionary for all sorts of words; why not then for proper names, which require no definition but information? So here in one Appendix are the world's distinguished people of all times, some 10,000; name and its pronunciation, nationality, characteristic, birth and death dates.

*Chapter 1 of "The Story of a Book" was published in last week's issue.

Here is the Gazetteer with more than 25,000 geographical titles, each line a miracle of condensed information. And here is a Dictionary of Fictitious Persons and Places in Literature, which one should hardly consult when his moments are precious, so strongly do its pages fascinate and detain. These, and various other Tables—foreign proverbs, abbreviations, etc.—too many to be here set down. Taken as a whole, Webster's International is, in the words of President Eliot, of Harvard, "a wonderfully compact storehouse of accurate information."

This whole mass of information—vocabulary and appendixes—is constantly brought up to the latest date by an unintermitted process of revision. The results appear partly in occasional Supplements, more rarely in general revisions, and constantly in minute corrections made without announcement. Thus to the vocabulary of the International of 1890 there was added ten years later a Supplement of 25,000 new words and meanings. On the mere number no stress is laid; nothing is easier than to pitchfork words together by the thousand and ten thousand—technical, obsolete, disreputable, and useless. The real need, the real task, comes in the sifting, the choosing from the huge welter of written and spoken language those words which have an individuality and in some way a real use. The International had made a satisfactory record of the English language until 1890; the addition of 25,000 words, phrases, etc., was a fair representation of the actual growth of the language for a decade in this swift rushing and prolific age. The contributors to this Supplement, besides the office staff, were such specialists, as President Remsen, of Johns Hopkins University, Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, General Greeley, of the United States Army, Professor Chittenden, director of the Sheffield Scientific School, Mr. Dudley Buck, and a score of other eminent experts. At this time the plates of the entire work were newly cast.

Of other improvements a good instance is the very recent and thorough revision of the Biographical Dictionary and Gazetteer. These have been worked over line by line and word by word, with reference to spelling and pronunciation as well as other information. In geography the publications of official boards have been consulted; in hundreds of cases not thus to be settled recourse has been had to Mr. Henry Gannett, chairman of the U. S. Board on Geographical Names; uncounted letters have been written to local authorities. The biographies have not only been amended to include the fresh death dates, but old dates have been corrected, sometimes fifteen centuries back, and many minor points retouched. This revision, the work of able scholars, was, like the Supplement of New Words, supervised by Dr. W. T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

As occasions arise, new words and meanings are frequently inserted in the body of the work by costly plate corrections. When *Ohm* and *Volt* were redefined by International Congress and U. S. statute, the new measurements went into the body of the vocabulary; when the *Röntgen ray* was discovered, it was given due place and description; when *Appendicitis* began to plague humanity under its own name, it was duly entered; and so in hundreds of cases.

In its mechanical features, the International, like its predecessors, is a serviceable, durable, and beautiful book. Made at the Riverside Press, by H. O. Houghton & Co., its binding, paper, typography, all are fully up to the standard set long ago by its manufacturers and publishers.

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editions of 1879, 1890 and 1900. This now ancient volume of 1847, reprinted by cheap processes which have faithfully reproduced all the obsolete scholarship, all the discredited etymologies, all the statements falsified by modern discovery, every accidental misprint, every blurred line and broken letter in the original; padded out with supplementary matter, in one or two instances of some real value, in most cases crude and of little worth, and in no case of first-class scholarship; made generally with poor paper, print, and binding; sold sometimes under fairly honest descriptions, but frequently under false pretenses of being the authentic, modern, and best Webster—these books have no standing with scholars, and for the general public they have no recommendation in comparison with the International, except their cheapness.

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General John B. Gordon, whose "Reminiscences of the Civil War" are to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons, was in most of the great fights of General Lee's army from Bull Run to Appomattox. He knew the leaders of the Confederacy intimately, and his acquaintance was enlarged during his career as a United States senator by intimate association with leaders of the Union cause. He was the friend of General Grant to the end of his life. His narrative is not a history of the war, but a record, with anecdote and incident of the personal experiences of General Gordon and the eminent leaders who were his near friends.

The Century Company have nearly ready what should be one of the most interesting biographies of the year—the life of "Theodore Leschetizky," teacher of Paderewski, Slivinski, Schnabel, and others, by the Countess Angèle Potocka, his sister-in-law. The translation is the work of Miss Genevieve Seymour Lincoln.

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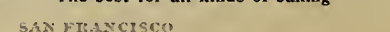
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Pinero's "Lady Bountiful."

The most notable event at the theatres next week will be the new stock company's appearance at the Alcazar Theatre on Monday night in Pinero's "Lady Bountiful," which has not yet been given in San Francisco. It is a modern play of English life, with genial humor and abundant love interest, and was selected by the management for the opening performance because it has so many good parts that it will permit all the new members of the company to appear to excellent advantage. Adele Block, who will have the leading rôle of Camilla Brent, has a splendid record of achievement. She made her debut as Kate Kennion in Belasco and Fyles's "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Three seasons of exacting experience with Alhau's original Baltimore stock company, the Grand Opera House stock in New Orleans, and the Davidson Theatre Stock in Milwaukee prepared her for association with leading stars. During an entire season at Daly's Theatre, New York, Miss Block supported E. H. Sothern in "The King's Musketeer" and "The Song of the Sword." She was then engaged as Iras, the Egyptian girl in the original production of "Ben Hur" at the Broadway Theatre, New York, made a special tour of the South as Glory Quayle in "The Christian," and was more than two years leading woman with Henrietta Crossman, scoring special successes in "The Sword of the King," "Mistress Nell," and as Celia in "As You Like It." Among others in the cast will be James Durkin as Donald Heron, Frances Starr as Margaret, John B. Maher as Roderick Heron, and Harry S. Hillard as Sir Lucian Brent. Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Lady and the Cowboy," written for Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott, will be the second production.

Last Week of "Florodora."

Those who have not heard "Florodora" during its two previous weeks here, will find much to entertain and amuse them in the present production, for the principals are all fair, the music just as tuneful as ever, and the costuming and mounting tasteful and pretty, if not elaborate. Isidore Rush, a dainty bit of blonde femininity, with a "funny little voice," as she herself admitted in the last verse of "Tact," on Monday night, makes a chic Lady Holyrood, and wears three really stunning gowns. Robert E. Graham is an amusing Gilfain, and Philip Ryley repeats his clever impersonation of Tweedlepanch, the phrenologist, who pesters every new-comer with his photograph. Those who have already seen "Florodora," however, once or even twice, will be disappointed, for one can not help making comparisons and wishing, for example, that Grace Dudley, Laura Millard, Eleanor Falk, Corinne, Charles H. Bowers, Will Carleton, Alf C. Wheelan—who died some months ago in Arizona—or any of the other former favorites might again be in the cast at the Columbia. And the sextet, the biggest hit of the opera. Gone are the enticing maids and handsome chappies. In their place is a strange array of raw-boned girls and a collection of wooden men, who go through the song and dance like so many automatons. It is true that they receive several encores nightly, but this is more a tribute to the catchy music and words of the song than to the gingerless antics of the performers. "Florodora" will be continued another week, and then comes Robert Edeson in Augustus Thomas's dramatization of Richard Harding Davis's novel, "Soldiers of Fortune." Mr. Edeson has been well received in the East as Robert Clay, the young American civil engineer of obscure birth, who becomes embroiled in a South American revolution, and is finally proclaimed dictator by the people.

"Cleopatra" Up to Date.

James Neill will conclude his engagement at the Grand Opera House on Sunday night in "Under Two Flags," and next week a hundred precocious youngsters, under the direction of Bothwell Browne, will present the spectacular burlesque extravaganza, "Cleopatra." There will be many novel specialties including a juvenile rag-time sextet, a symmetrical ballet, entitled "The Storm," and a stirring song, "The Way of the Cross," pantomimed and sung by the entire company. The little ones have been recruited principally from Mr. Browne's dancing-classes, and one of them the press-agent terms "the smallest toe dancer in the world and the youngest specialty artist on the stage." On Sunday afternoon, October 18th, Hall Caine's dramatization, "The Christian," will be revived for a week.

Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell."

L. R. Stockwell is to appear at the Central Theatre next week in another favorite Hoyt comedy-drama, "A Midnight Bell." It will be remembered that when the Alcazar Theatre many years ago, Mr. Stockwell created the rôle of Deacon Tidd, Joseph Grismer was the Lawyer Keene, and Phoebe Davis the school-teacher, Norah. In this revival, Mr. Stockwell will again be seen in his imitable impersonation; Herschel Mayall will be the lawyer, and Eugenia Thais Lawton the school-teacher. Others in the cast will be Henry Skinner as Laharee, the bank cashier, and Myrtle Vane as Dot, the parson's daughter.

"The Paraders" at Fischer's.

Raymond W. Peck and Robert Hood's musical comedy, "The Paraders," are an agreeable change from the long series of Wehrle & Fields burlesques which have monopolized Fischer's stage. It has but a flimsy plot, but is sufficiently sprinkled with humorous situa-

tions, amusing stage business, and taking songs to insure it a month's run. The story deals with the arrival of a bogus German diplomat at a California summer resort, where he is met by a German brewer, anxious to entertain him. They reach the resort at the time the navy is holding its manoeuvres, are suspected of being spies, and for a while have a hot time getting out of their trouble. Maude Amber, as the American millionaire, scores a big hit with her new song, "My Alameda Rose," which already is being whistled on the streets. Winfield Blake also gets many encores for his ditty, "The Your Answer to the Old Date Tree." Harry Hermens, Eleanor Jenkins, and Kolb, Dill, and Bernard contribute humorous songs which are popular. Not a little credit for the success of "The Paraders" is due Charles Jones, the stage manager, who has arranged a striking new march and some picturesque settings.

At the Orpheum.

Colomhino, who plays a whole farce by himself, impersonating six different characters, will make his first appearance at the Orpheum this coming week. "Canalconte" is the name of his skit, and, in addition, he presents caricatures of celebrated composers, including Wagner, Bizet, Rossini, Gounod, Mascagni, and Strauss. The other new-comers are the Sisters Rappo, Russian dancers; the three Crane Brothers, in a unique offering entitled "The Muddown Minstrels," a burlesque on a conventional first part; Wallace Brownlow, a well-known English haritone, whose selections will be "When Bright Eyes Glimmer," by Hedgecock, and "Doreen," by Allon; and A. P. Ros-tow, the Russian equilibrist. Those retained from this week's bill are Juliet Wood and Fred Ray, whose "Funny Bunch of Nonsense" made such a hit here a fortnight ago; the Pantzer trio of contortionists; the Golden Gate Quartet, assisted by Fanny Winfield, in new songs, dances, and quick changes; and Clayton White and Marie Stuart, assisted by Pauline Taylor, in their amusing sketch, "Paris."

"Mignon," "Cavalleria," and "I'Pagliacci."

At the Tivoli Opera House next week "Mignon" will be given on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights, and "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I'Pagliacci" will be the alternating bill on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday nights, and at the Saturday matinee. In "Mignon," Cloe Marchesini will appear in the title-rôle, Adeline Tromben as Felina, Alfredo Tedeschi as Wilhelm Meister, Baldo Travaglini as Lothario, and Eugenie Barker as Frederick. In "Cavalleria," Lina de Benedetto will be Santuzza, and Eugenie Barker, the Lela; Giuseppe Agostini, the Turridu; and Giuseppe Zanini, the Alfio. Tina de Spada will be heard again this year as Nedda in "I'Pagliacci." Emanuele Ischerio is cast as Canio, Adamo Gregoretti as Tonio, and Giulio Cortesi as Peppe.

Four tin canisters containing ashes of cremated persons, addressed from New York to San Francisco, were sent to the Post-Office Department at Washington, D. C., recently for classification, in order to determine postal charges. Second-Assistant Postmaster-General Madden has decided that the ashes of a human being may be classed as "merchandise," providing the matter is securely packed. The required postage of one cent for four ounces has been paid, and the relics are now on the way to San Francisco.

The eleventh annual benefit in aid of the charity fund of San Francisco Lodge, No. 21, Theatrical Mechanics' Association, will take place at the Alhambra Theatre on Friday afternoon, October 23d. The performances given to help along the good work of the "men behind the scenes" are always notable events, and this year's programme will be one of the strongest ever offered. Every theatre in the city has promised to contribute the best features from their current bill.

Great alterations are already being made on the Grand Opera House stage for "Ben Hur," which will open an engagement on November 2d. Besides the three hundred people appearing in the play, there will be a stage force of over one hundred. An orchestra of twenty-four will render the special music prepared by Edgar Stillman Kelley.

Automobile Races at Ingleside.

The Automobile Club of California, of which the officers are F. A. Hyde, president; E. Courtney Ford, vice-president; and E. P. Brinegar, secretary, will hold two days of racing at Ingleside on Friday and Saturday, November 6th and 7th. There will be five or more races each day, and it is intended to bring several of the crack automobile racing men out from the Eastern States. The committee in charge is composed of F. P. Lowe, chairman, Samuel Buckbee, E. P. Brinegar, E. Courtney Ford, N. T. Messer, Jr., and Charles A. Hawkins.

On Sunday evening, at Steinway Hall, Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall will again demonstrate the marvels of psychic power in his peculiarly entertaining manner. The experiments will include the famous "wire" test, which has caused so much discussion on former occasions. "The Thought that Kills" will be the subject of the lecture preceding the demonstration. "Money" will be the subject discussed Sunday evening, October 12th.

Virginia Harned, in Pinero's "Iris," will be an early attraction at the Columbia Theatre.

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A number of the recent letters written to the Argonaut from Southern Europe—principally from Spain—have been collected in a volume. The book makes nearly 300 pages, and is now going through the press. It is very handsomely printed on costly laid paper from new type. Over a score of illustrations accompany the text, from photographs taken by the Two Argonauts.

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VANITY FAIR.

Again New York's "Four Hundred" are held up to scorn, this time lightly by Mr. Bronson Howard, the dramatist. He does not go the length of reproachful criticism which Colonel Henry Watterson permitted himself, but he believes that the "escapades" of the women in the exclusive set "are responsible for the bad name the women of New York are receiving all over the world." The gist of his indictment lies in these words: "The members of it drink much wine, and daily we hear stories in New York of some woman who is a recognized member of this set having become intoxicated at some one of the many dinners or functions given under its auspices, making herself ridiculous or committing some act that afterward becomes notorious, while under the influence of wine. They are not all true, but I believe, in speaking of that certain class, it might truthfully be said that the drink habit is increasing. The Four Hundred does not, however, influence the manners or customs of society in any part of the country to the least degree. It is looked upon more as a curiosity than a body of people whose 'antics' or manner of living should be imitated. By their fast living the members of the Four Hundred, and particularly women members, have divorced themselves from New York society, and have been ignored by the more genteel, refined, and temperate element. So it is all over the country. Any person, it makes no difference how exalted her social position may be, who undertakes the pursuit of pleasure by becoming immoderate and intemperate in the use of liquor or by fast conduct, is soon divorced by her former associates. The tendency of the present times is toward moderation in all things, and there are no grounds for the widely circulated report that the habit of drink is increasing so rapidly among the women of New York that it may be expected that within a few years public drinking-places, where wine is served and similar in character to the bar-room conducted for the use of the male population, will be opened in New York to supply the demand of the women of that city for liquor."

The New York Sun thinks Mr. Howard is right in saying that immoderate drinking has fallen into disuse and reproach in all respectable circles of men at this period, and refers to an article in the London Saturday Review, which discusses the "fashion of wine" when even swinish indulgence in drink was esteemed a peculiarly gentlemanlike accomplishment. In the eighteenth century, and even up to nearly the middle of the last century, judges, clergy, and gentry absorbed wines in prodigious quantities, and supplemented them with deep potations of whisky, brandy, and usquebaugh. Lord Hermand, for example, "made a virtue of drinking," and his almost unparalleled feats were surpassed by those of his brother henchman, Lord Newton. "Dr. Webster, a pious leader in the Kirk, was notorious as a 'five-hottle man.'" "The consumption of liquor at Brechin Castle, and elsewhere sounds almost incredible"; Lord Panmure was "a seasoned cask and one of a famous trinity from the three kingdoms who could boast of putting six hottles of port under their belts and carrying them off comfortably," Lord Dufferin and Lord Blayney being his compeers. All this is changed nowadays.

In a letter to the Argonaut, Charles Lorimer writes "that the Empress Dowager of China has taken a liking to French cooking. One of the Misses Zü, daughter of the ex-minister to Paris, was the means of introducing her majesty to creamed oysters, vol-au-vent financier, and pudding diplomatique. The experiment was evidently delightful, as the Empress Dowager declared herself highly pleased with the new dishes, and demanded an encore. Court favor will be less precarious and intricate in future now that the ruler has exposed her weak spot. The courtier who makes the finest omelette holds the fortunes of China in the palm of his hand. A European kitchen will shortly be equipped and set up in the palace to meet this new demand. What a splendid diplomatic controversy the ministers will have over the nomination of the chef, and what an infinite vista of international jealousies will be opened up to the new régime."

Thirteen families, comprising twenty-nine citizens of the best social and business standing of the village of Holley, N. Y., have formed what they term a Coöperative Boarding Association, their object being the solution of the servant-girl problem. The idea is

unique, and has attracted no little attention, not only in Holley, but in all the surrounding towns. The object and scope of the association are well explained in the following rules which have been adopted: The supplies shall be purchased by a supply committee, consisting of two members, who shall serve for a term of two weeks, such term to commence and end on Monday morning. Bills for such supplies must be obtained by the committee before the expiration of its term, and presented to the trustees for auditing. . . . The trustees shall, from the list of bills and expenses, figure the pro rata expense for the two weeks and post the same in the dining-room each week, not later than Monday, for the benefit of the members. The trustees shall make a list of each member's indebtedness, including deductions for absences or additions for visitors, and give it to the secretary for record. The secretary shall file it with the treasurer for collection, members to pay such indebtedness not later than Tuesday. . . . A hook will be provided in which members will record absences and visitors, giving date, number of meals, and what meals. . . . It is understood that all members are to take their meals at the association rooms so far as possible. Being absent from the lesser meals will not be allowed for unless on account of sickness or other good cause, when arrangements must be made with the trustees. The outcome of this coöperative boarding-house experiment will be awaited with interest.

Frank G. Carpenter, who is traveling in Sweden, recently dropped into our legation at Stockholm and found that the American minister had gone off ptarmigan shooting for a month. Mr. Carpenter writes: "The American minister is the best shot in Sweden. He can hit the fleetest bird on the wing. The office of the legation has trophies of former hunts in the shape of wild ducks, snipe, and the heads and hoofs of elk. Speaking of hunting, Norway and Sweden are rented out much like Scotland. The best shooting grounds bring so much a week, and I heard, the other day, how Burton Harrison paid 1,000 kroner, or \$260, for two weeks' sport. He came here to shoot elk, but found that the best forests were owned by private parties, who did not care to rent them. He could not shoot in the crown woods without the royal permission, and he failed to get that. He then advertised in the papers, offering to pay a big price for the right to hunt during the season on any good estate, but received no satisfactory answer. Finally, an American here asked one of the wealthy forest owners to allow Mr. Harrison the privilege of shooting in his woods. The man replied that he would grant it for two weeks for 1,000 kroner. Harrison accepted the offer, and killed six elk during that time. At this rate the elk cost him about \$43 apiece."

At a recent meeting of the sophomores of Stanford University, who gathered for the purpose of selecting some sort of characteristic hat, most of those present favored the adoption of "heanies." But a delegation of girls objected, and finally a compromise upon a Turkish fez was decided upon. Then all the girls of the class who had not been present at the meeting called a caucus and declared they would do no such hideous garb as the Turks', and furthermore they would wear nothing in common with the men of the class. In the meantime, over one hundred of the men, although thoroughly disappointed over the fact that the girls euchered them out of their "heanies," have ordered their white-tasseled, cardinal-colored hats of the Far East, and will wear them in defiance of the women on the quadrangle to-day (Saturday). The girls are still looking for an emblem. White mortarboards seem to be the choice, but the junior and senior girls believe their heretofore unchallenged right to wear mortarboards should not be infringed upon. The men have a new idea, borrowed from Cornell, by which they hope to discipline the girls. It is an agreement merely to how to the girls as they pass upon the quadrangle instead of lifting the hat. Just how the women would accept such an innovation is yet to be learned.

Turkey has a race suicide question, despite the provisions which the Prophet Mohammed made against that contingency. Fifty years ago the rule among Turks was to marry young and to espouse several wives, and as a rule families were correspondingly large. Now, all this is changed. Marriages are late, and in the enormous majority of cases are monogamous, while families are becoming small to a degree which has alarmed the government. The Sultan has recently promul-

gated an *irade* on the subject, abolishing much of the expensive display connected with Turkish marriage, and condemning present tendencies as threatening to depopulate the empire.

At a recent London wedding in high life, instead of pelted the bride and groom with showers of rice, miniature shoes and little horse-shoes, made of silver paper, was thrown after them.

Nelson's Ameycoe.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,
Phelan Building, 806 Market Street Specialty:
"Colon Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie,
District Forecaster.

		Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain- fall.	State of Weather.
October	1st.....	62	52	.00	Clear
"	2d.....	60	52	.00	Pt. Cloudy
"	3d.....	60	54	.00	Rain
"	4th.....	68	58	.00	Clear
"	5th.....	68	56	.00	Clear
"	6th.....	66	56	.00	Clear
"	7th.....	74	56	.00	Cloudy

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, October 7, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Bay Co. Power 5%	2,000	@ 103 3/4	103 3/4	106
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	3,000	@ 99	98 3/4	
Los An. Ry 5%	1,000	@ 113	111	
N. R. of Cal. 6%	9,000	@ 107 1/4	107 1/4	108
North Shore Ry 5%	2,000	@ 100	100	
Oakland Transit 6%	1,000	@ 120 1/2	121	
Oakland Transit 5%	5,000	@ 111	112 1/2	
Sierra Ry. of Cal. 6%	5,000	@ 112 3/4	112 3/4	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909	9,000	@ 107 3/4	107 3/4	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910	9,000	@ 108 1/2	108 1/2	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%	7,000	@ 117 3/4	118	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Spd	45,000	@ 108-108 3/4	108	
S. V. Water 6%	4,000	@ 105 3/4	105 3/4	
S. V. Water 4%	4,000	@ 100	99 1/2	100
S. V. Water 4% 3d.	2,000	@ 99 1/2	99 1/2	
	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa	75	@ 50	50	
Spring Valley W. Co.	145	@ 8 1/4-8 1/2	8 1/4	8 1/2
Spring Valley W. Co.	120	@ 4 1/2-4 3/4	4 1/2	4 3/4
	BANKS.		Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Bank of California	28	@ 48 1/2	47 1/2	49 1/2
	POWERS.		Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Giant Con.	210	@ 64-65 1/4	65 1/4	
	SUGARS.		Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Hana P. Co.	315	@ 15-25	15	20
Hawaiian C. & S.	10	@ 46	45 1/2	
Honokaa S. Co.	250	@ 13-13 1/2	13	13 1/2
Hutchinson	277	@ 12	11 1/2	
Makaweli S. Co.	90	@ 21	21	22
Onomea S. Co.	240	@ 32-32 1/2	32	32 1/2
Pauahau S. Co.	50	@ 16	16	
	GAS AND ELECTRIC.		Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Mutual Electric	130	@ 11 1/2-12 1/4	12 1/4	13
S. F. Gas & Electric	250	@ 66-67	66 3/4	67
	TRUSTEE CERTIFICATES.		Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
S. F. Gas & Electric	50	@ 66	66	67 1/4
	MISCELLANEOUS.		Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Alaska Packers	30	@ 155 1/4-156	155 1/2	156
Cal. Fruit Cannery	10	@ 94 1/2	94 1/2	
Pac. Coast Borax	5	@ 167	167	

The market has been very quiet in all lines; Giant Powder, on sales of 210 shares, sold off to 64, but reacted to 65 1/4, closing at 65 3/4 bid.

The sugars were traded in to the extent of 1,222 shares of all kinds, with fractional declines.

Spring Valley Water sold off one point to 8 1/2 on small sales.

There has been a very good demand for San Francisco Gas and Electric with small offerings, 250 shares being traded in; the stock selling up to 67, closing at 66 3/4 bid, 67 1/4 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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MURRAY & LANMAN'S

FLORIDA WATER

THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELICIOUS PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

That greatest of all disfigurements of a woman's face, permanently removed, in the only successful way—with the **ELECTRIC NEEDLE**, as operated by Mrs. Harrison.

Warts, Freckles, Moles, Pimples, and Wrinkles quickly removed under my personal treatment at my Dermatological Parlors.

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A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

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Write for circular and terms.

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THE

Argonaut

CLUBBING LIST FOR 1903

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican)	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic)	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly	6.70
Argonaut and Judge	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine	6.20
Argonaut and Critic	5.10
Argonaut and Life	7.75
Argonaut and Puck	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan	4.35
Argonaut and Vogue	6.00
Argonaut and Forum	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly	5.50
Argonaut and International Magazine	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald	10.50
Argonaut and Muey's Magazine	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West	5.25

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Some time before the Civil War, and while he resided in Southern Illinois, John A. Logan once found it necessary to doubt the veracity of a man considerably older than himself, and told him so. "Don't you call me a liar, sir," said the man, excitedly; "I have a reputation to maintain, and I mean to maintain it if I have to do it at the point of a pistol." "Oh," Logan is said to have calmly retorted, "that won't be necessary. You maintain your reputation all right every time you tell a lie."

Andrew Carnegie is only a few inches above five feet in height. Henry W. Phipps, his old partner, is not an inch taller, and John Walker, the other member of the trio who revolutionized the manufacture of steel, has perhaps a little the better of both Carnegie and Phipps. As for Henry C. Frick, his head would just about reach to the shoulder of a man of ordinary height. It is said that one day, when these four steel masters were walking together on the streets of Pittsburgh, a boot-black called out to his business rival further down the block, as the millionaires passed: "Eb, Jimmy, git onto der runts!"

Some curious anecdotes are related of Hermann Zumpe, the Wagnerian conductor at Munich, who died suddenly a few weeks ago. He was well known to be a spiritualist, and believed that the ghosts of dead composers inspired his conducting of their works. One day Zumpe told another conductor of note how Beethoven's spirit was present during the performance of one of the symphonies, and so pleased was the ghost that, after the end of the first movement, he exclaimed: "At last!" "Ah, my dear fellow," exclaimed the other conductor, "surely Beethoven made a mistake. He thought it was the end of the last movement."

Henry Labouchère, as a young diplomat, was fond of amusing and bewildering his superiors. For instance, it is said that once he was instructed to come home to London from Constantinople. He wasn't heard of for some time; and was apparently lost in the midst of the Black Forest, or some of the other lands that intervened between him and home. He was at last traced; and then calmly wrote that he was obeying orders, and was making his way homeward; but that as his chief had forgotten to send him any money to pay the expense by the ordinary methods of traveling, he was working his slow passage on foot!

When the late William Ernest Henley was editing *London*, he had no one on his staff of writers whom he valued so highly as Robert Louis Stevenson, who prepared for him the brilliant series of stories that are now called "The New Arabian Nights." It is related that one night they sat down to play a game of poker. The luck from the start was with Henley. He won pot after pot. Stevenson was lucky if in any deal he got a pair of treys. Disgusted, at last, with the turn the cards had taken, he threw up his arms and apostrophized fortune in this quaint way: "Fortune, you fickle wench, it is true that you can make me lose, but you can never make me pay!"

Commenting on the receptions of his various plays, H. J. W. Dam recently told a reporter that at one time at the opening production of his play, "The Coquette," he thought nobody connected with the entertainment would leave the theatre alive. "The house," he said, "was the little Prince of Wales, managed by Oscar Lowenthal. The piece did not go very well, and at the end there were calls for the author. I did not mind going out, for a similar play of mine, 'The Shop Girl,' had run twenty months in the Gaiety, and I felt that the pit and gallery would treat me with some courtesy, as one who had, at least, pleased them once. But the 'Boo!' that came over the footlights that night as I made my appearance was really like a tornado! It was almost palpable. I fairly reeled and staggered back as it came at me like something that might be warded off had I the thickness of the curtain between me and it. And it endured, too—endured until I felt myself pulled and jerked about, and realized that the curtain, to the end of which I had been holding with one clenched hand, was ascending. I looked about, and there stood Lowenthal, the color of pure marble. He stepped down, pushed me aside, and then gave that audience a vast amount of information concerning the private

character of each and every individual composing it. I do not believe that a coster from Whitechapel could have competed with the manager that night in the expert use of choice Billingsgate. He blackguarded them until they were stilled, and then he blackguarded some more. He paid for that speech with a fortune, for popular indignation told against the Prince of Wales Theatre, and he, too stubborn to let go, held on until he was wiped out."

Justin McCarthy says that Thackeray often created quite erroneous impressions of himself by indulging in irony in the presence of people who were incapable of understanding it. One curious instance which he gives is this: "Thackeray had been dining at the 'Garick,' and was talking in the smoking-room after dinner with various club acquaintances. One of them happening to have left his cigar-case at home, Thackeray, though disliking the man, who was a notorious tuft-hunter, good-naturedly offered him one of his cigars. The man accepted the cigar, but, not finding it to his liking, had the bad taste to say to Thackeray, 'I say, Thackeray, you won't mind my saying I don't think much of this cigar.' Thackeray, no doubt irritated at the man's ungraciousness, and bearing in mind his tuft-hunting predilections, quietly responded, 'You ought to, my good fellow, for it was given me by a lord.' Instead, however, of detecting the irony, the dolt immediately attributed the remark to snobbishness on Thackeray's part, and to the end of his days went about declaring 'that Thackeray had boasted that he had been given a cigar by a lord!'"

Rudyard Kipling once visited the late Cecil Rhodes at Lekkerwijn, one of his fruit farms at Paarl, South Africa. One morning Rhodes went round his farm before breakfast, leaving his guest, who was not so energetic, behind. Time went on, and Rhodes did not appear. Hunger soon roused Kipling to action, and in a short while he was very busy on his own account. As Rhodes returned he found his trees bearing a new kind of fruit in the shape of placards, inscribed in huge black letters with "Famine!" "We are starving!" "Feed us!" etc. On reaching the front door he was confronted with the following, in still larger type: "For the Human Race—Breakfast tones the mind, invigorates the body. It has sustained thousands; it will sustain you. See that you get it." Then in the house, on every available wall, he came across other mysterious placards, in more and more pathetic appeal: "Why die when a little breakfast prolongs life?" Larger and larger grew the type: "It is late, it is still later," leading at last into the little breakfast-room, where he found Kipling reading his paper in peaceful innocence, but very hungry. It did not need much ingenuity to guess the author of these broadsides.

Heard on the Street.

ARDENT YOUTH (*at the rendezvous*): You see, I have come as promised.

HIS NEW FOUND FRIEND: I'm so glad you done so.

A. Y.: Clara Warner asked me to call on her to-night, but I wouldn't of went for anything.

H. N. F. F.: I seen her to-day. She looked awful pale—powder, I guess.

A. Y.: She didn't used to look so bad.

H. N. F. F.: Oh, I aint never thought her pretty.

A. Y.: I guess I won't go to see her no more. I like you more than her.

H. N. F. F.: Aw, you don't neither.

A. Y.: That's right; I guess I've fell in love with you.

H. N. F. F.: You're jollyin' me. Boys can't jolly me no more.

Here a man rush up and killed both perpetrators.—*Toledo Blade*.

Angeline Murphy—"Hold on dere, Jimmy Kelly! Yer needn't read me no more items out'n dat newspaper 'bout soda-fountains explodin' an' manglin' de customers, an' girls gittin' poisoned by ptomaines in ice cream. If yer dead broke, jest say so, like a man, an' I'll t'ink jest as much uv yer."—*Judge*.

If Your Physician

prescribes a milk diet, for its easy digestibility it will be well to use Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream to get a rich, deliciously flavored milk food, perfectly sterilized, according to latest sanitary methods. For general household uses. Prepared by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

Tesla Briquettes are
Excellent domestic fuel.
Since recently improved.
Let us send you
A ton—and please you.

TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

To Shakespeare.
They say you are immortal;
They say it with reason,
For still you endure
Though you're murdered each season.
—*Washington Star*.

The Eternal Feminine.

When mid-Victorian fashions failed
To tempt the laggard lover,
Our Grandmammas in sorrow wailed
Their weakness to discover;
And modes arrived, and altered fast,
Until at length was seen,
In all its glory wide and vast,
The Crinoline!

But fickle man was never yet
Content with present blisses,
And woman's wit anew was set
To reinforce her kisses;
While Cupid simply stood apart
And watched the mental tussle,
Until in Fashion's shifting mart
Appeared the Bustle!

Alas! the struggle even then
Was only just beginning,
For still the ranks of single men
Are far too slowly thinning.
And now, to match the low-cut wear
That eve to Eve allows,
Behold by day the open-air
Pneumonia Blouse!—*Punch*.

The Universal Target.

Speak kindly to the millionaire;
Perhaps he does his best.
Don't try to drive him to despair
With rude, unfeeling jest.
Don't laugh at portraits which display
His face with comic leer,
And when he gives his wealth away
Don't take it with a sneer.
Speak kindly to the millionaire,
He has a right to live
And feel the sun and breathe the air
And keep his coin or give.
You may be rich yourself, you see,
Before your life is through.
Speak kindly and remember he
Is human, just like you.

—*Washington Star*.

A Latter-Day Lullaby.

Hushaby, lullaby, go to sleep now!
There is your patent self-rocking crib, dear!
You've had your milk from a sterilized cow,
From microbes and germs you have nothing to fear.

Hushaby, lullaby,
Shut your blue eyes,
A babe of to-day
Never whimpers or cries!

Hushaby, lullaby, th' food that you had
Came straight from the chemist—prepared just
for you.
Fed by machinery, are you not glad
That science has taught all these methods so
new?

Hushaby, lullaby,
Baby so sweet,
(Crying is out of date,
I must repeat!)

Hushaby, lullaby! If you are good
Mother will call on you once every day,
So you may recognize her, as you should—
Ah, she is rearing you in the right way!

Hushaby, lullaby,
Dear little man,
I hope you appreciate
This splendid plan!
—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*.

Football Days.

The football days have come again, the gladdest of the year;
One side of Willie's nose is gone, and Tom has lost an ear;
Heaped on the field, the players jab, and punch, and claw, and tear.

They knock the breath from those beneath and gouge without a care;
They break each other's arms and legs, and pull joints out of place.
And here and there is one who gets his teeth kicked from his face.

The freshman and the sophomore, besmeared with grime and mud,
Go gallantly to get the hall and quit all bathed in blood;

The senior knocks the junior down and kicks him in the crotch;
The high school boy is carried home and gently laid at rest.

While here and there a crowded stand collapses 'neath its weight,
And forty people get more than they paid for at the gate.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Surprised at her: *Mrs. Jollyboy*—"But during our courtship you told me that you had never loved any girl but me." *Jollyboy*—"I thought you were too wise to pay any attention to campaign canards."—*Chicago News*.

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK-SOUTHAMPTON-LONDON.
St. Louis ...Oct. 21, 10 am | Phil'delphia Nov. 4, 10 am
New York ...Oct. 28, 10 am | St. Louis ...Nov. 11, 10 am
Philadelphia-Queenstown-Liverpool.
Belgenland ...Oct. 17, 9 am | Noordland ...Oct. 31, 9 am
Haver rd.Oct. 24, 11:30 am | Friesland ...Nov. 7, 10 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK-LONDON DIRECT.
Min't'ika Oct. 17, 1:30 pm | Min'haha Oct. 31, 1:30 pm
Min'apolis ...Oct. 24, 8 am | Mesaba ...Nov. 7, 9 am
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

BOSTON-QUEENSTOWN-LIVERPOOL.
Commonwealth ...Oct. 22 | Columbus ...Nov. 12
New England ...Oct. 29 | Commonwealth ...Nov. 19
Mayflower ...Nov. 5 | Kensington ...Nov. 28
Montreal-Liverpool-Short sea passage.
Southark ...Oct. 17 | Southark ...Nov. 7
Canada ...Oct. 31 | Dominion ...Nov. 14

Boston Mediterranean Direct
AZORES-GIBRALTAR-NAPLES-GENOA.
Vancouver ...Saturday, Oct. 10, Nov. 21
Cambrian ...Saturday, Oct. 31

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK-ANTWERP-PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a. m.
Vaderland ...Oct. 17 | Zeeland ...Oct. 31
Kroonland ...Oct. 24 | Finland ...Nov. 7

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK-QUEENSTOWN-LIVERPOOL.
Oceanic ...Oct. 21, 6 am | Arabic ...Oct. 30, 12:30 pm
Cymric ...Oct. 23, 7 am | Victorian ...Nov. 3, 3 pm
Teutonic ...Oct. 28, noon | Cedric ...Nov. 4, 3:30 pm
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,
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Occidental and Oriental
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan
Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Coptic ...Saturday, Oct. 31
Gaelic (Calling at Manila) Wednesday, Nov. 25
Doric ...Tuesday, Dec. 22
Coptic ...Friday, January 15, 1904
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

TOYO
KISEN
KAISHA
(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)
IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan
Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG
calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai,
and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903
Nippon Maru ...Thursday, October 15
America Maru ...Tuesday, November 10
Hongkong Maru ...Thursday, December 3
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
421 Market Street, corner First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Oct. 17, 1903,
at 11 A. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Oct. 26, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland
and Sydney, Thursday, Oct. 29, 1903, at 2 P. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bro., Co., Agts., 543 Market
Street. Freight Office, 339 Market St., San Francisco.

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Rubber Plantation
Company
713 Market St., S. F.
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is developed separately, thus making it possible
to assure the correct treatment for every ex-
posure. There is no increase in cost; simply
more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us de-
velop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Every-
thing in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San
Francisco.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTAB-
lished 1876—15,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED
1865—35,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTAB-
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SOCIETY.

The Davis-Morgan Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Therèse Morgan, daughter of Mrs. William P. Morgan, and Mr. Norris King Davis took place on Wednesday evening, at the home of the bride's mother, 2211 Clay Street. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by the Rev. Frederick Clappett, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, assisted by Rev. Bradford Leavitt, of the First Unitarian Church. Miss Ella Morgan was her sister's maid of honor, and Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Helen Dean, and Miss Genevieve King acted as bridesmaids. Mr. John Rush Baird was the best man. The ceremony was followed by a wedding supper. Upon their return from their wedding journey in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Davis will occupy their residence on Pacific Avenue.

The Hannay-Young Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Young, daughter of Lieutenant-General Samuel B. M. Young, U. S. A., and Captain John Robert Rigby Hannay, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., took place in St. Thomas Church, Washington, D. C., on Wednesday afternoon, at four o'clock. Miss Margaret Knight, a niece of the bride, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Edith Needham, Miss Mary Wallace, Miss Gertrude Bayne, Miss Carlotta D. Klein, of St. Louis, and Miss Ruth Kelly and Miss Leah Kelly, of Springfield, O. Captain Peter W. Davison, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., was the best man, and Colonel Clarence R. Edwards, U. S. A., Captain Robert L. Hamilton, U. S. A., Captain Horace M. Reeve, U. S. A., Captain Frank Dewitt Ramsley, U. S. A., Captain Robert M. Mearns, and Lieutenant Hanford acted as ushers. President and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Admiral and Mrs. George Dewey, U. S. N., were among the notable guests who attended the wedding. A reception followed at the residence of General Young. Captain Hannay and his bride will arrive in San Francisco the latter part of October. They are scheduled to sail for Manila on the transport Sheridan on October 31st.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Elsie Beatrice Bennet, daughter of Mrs. Charles A. Bennet, of Oakland, and Mr. William Lynham Shields, son of the late William Shields, and a brother of Dr. George F. Shields and Dr. J. Wilson Shields. The wedding will take place next month, and the ceremony will be performed by the Rev. William Carson Shaw. After a brief wedding journey, Mr. Shields and his bride will return to Oakland and take up their residence at 1318 Jackson Street, where a home is now being prepared for them.

The wedding of Miss Jean Nokes, daughter of Mrs. M. L. Nokes, and Lieutenant John B. Murphy will take place on Thursday afternoon, October 27th. Miss Anna Sperry will be the maid of honor. Dr. Greenleaf the best man, and Mr. H. C. Rodgers, Jr., Mr. J. Brockway Metcalf, Lieutenant Edward Shinkle, U. S. A., and Lieutenant P. K. Brice, U. S. A., the ushers. The ceremony will be performed at four o'clock by the Presidio chaplain. Lieutenant Murphy and his bride will leave the following day for his new post at Fort Russell, Wyoming.

The wedding of Miss Bertie Bruce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce, and Mr. Ferdinand Stephenson will take place at noon at Trinity Church, October 29th. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Clifton Macon, assisted by Rev. Frederick Clappett. Miss Gertrude Van Wyck will be the maid of honor.

The marriage of Miss Bessie Godey, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. C. Frederick Kohl, took place on Wednesday at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Catherine Smith Godey, in Cleveland Park. Miss Claire Crosby, of New York, and Miss Jennings Carroll, of Baltimore, were the bridesmaids, and Mr. Fred Moody acted as best man. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony. After an extended wedding journey in the East, Mr. and Mrs. Kohl will reside at San Mateo.

The marriage of Miss Gertrude Sullivan, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Sullivan, and Mr. Bernard Breddon, of Des Moines, Ia., took place at the residence of the bride on Vallejo Street on Wednesday. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Father Cottle. Only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom were present. Upon their return from their wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Breddon will reside on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Ella Bender and Miss Cherry Bender gave a tea at their residence on Green Street on Thursday afternoon, from four until six

o'clock, in honor of Miss Margaret Fasset. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Katherine Herrin, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Patricia Cosgrave, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Boyd, and Mrs. Davis.

Miss Christine Pomeroy will make her formal debut at a tea to be given by her mother, Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy, Saturday afternoon, October 31st.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis R. Mead entertained a house-party of fourteen at Byron Hot Springs from Friday until Monday last week. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. George B. Sperry, Miss Elsie Sperry, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. W. H. Reed, of Chico, Miss Agnes Buchanan, Mrs. John C. Klein, Dr. Charles V. Cross, Mr. Maddox, Mr. T. J. Barbour, Mr. E. C. Bray, and Mr. Clarence Doane.

Mrs. Henry Crocker gave a dinner on Tuesday evening at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Margaret Fasset.

Miss Belle Harnes gave a luncheon on Wednesday at her residence, "Oak Knoll," in Sausalito, in honor of Miss Gertrude Dutton. Others at table were Mrs. George Spaulding, Mrs. Frank Bates, Mrs. George Beardsley, Miss May Colburn, Miss Mabel Toy, Miss Edna Middleton, Miss Maylita Pease, and Miss Mabel Cluff.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury gave a tea in the palm garden of the Palace Hotel on Monday afternoon in honor of Miss Bernice Drown.

Miss Jessie Fillmore gave a card-party on Monday afternoon at her residence on Broadway in honor of Miss Pearl Seelye and Miss Bessie Drake, of Los Angeles. Among those present were Miss May Colburn, Miss Katharine Duval, Miss Ethel Wallace, Miss Aileen Towle, Miss Jessie Ewing, Miss Helen Gibbs, Miss Frances Harris, Miss Pearl Sabin, Miss Gertrude Palmer, Miss Amy Gunn, and Miss Beatrice Fife.

Mrs. Charles Deering gave a luncheon on Wednesday complimentary to Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, at which she entertained Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. D. H. Deering, Mrs. George Moore, Mrs. Frank Bates, Mrs. John Evelyn Page, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Jr., Mrs. George Roe, and Mrs. Lewis Hanchette.

Miss Trilley has sent out invitations for a "euchre-party" to be given at two o'clock on Wednesday, at her residence on Fillmore Street.

Miss Noelle de Golia, who has recently returned from school in New York, made her formal debut at a reception given on Wednesday evening by her mother, Mrs. George de Golia, at her residence on Harrison Street, Oakland.

Mrs. Allen Chickering has issued invitations for a reception to be given this (Saturday) afternoon in honor of Miss Irene S. Hazard.

Lieutenant and Mrs. MacArthur recently gave a dinner at their residence at Mare Island complimentary to Dr. and Mrs. Kindelberger. Others at table were Naval Constructor and Mrs. F. B. Zahm, Lieutenant and Mrs. Theodore Fenton, Mrs. R. M. Cutts, Jr., and Pay-Inspector Leeds C. Kerr.

Wills and Successions.

The supreme court has decided that Alfred C. Rulofson is the sole heir to the four hundred thousand dollar estate of the late Captain Winslow G. Hall, as his adopted son. This decision, which reverses the judgment of the lower court, ends litigation begun five years ago, and is based upon a specific contract entered into by Hall when he adopted the boy in March, 1871. Rulofson was the son of William H. Rulofson, now deceased. In 1871 he ran away from home and shipped on the *Sarah H. Merrill*, of which Captain Hall was the master, for a trading voyage to South America, under the name of Arthur Brooks. Hall learned of the youth's identity, became attached to him, and with the father's consent, adopted Rulofson as his own son. Hall contracted to raise the boy as his own, and to leave him all his property at his death. Young Rulofson also renounced his father and all claim to his estate. At Captain Hall's death, it was discovered that by a will made in 1897, he had left his entire estate to nieces and nephews, naming George E. Billings, husband of a niece, his executor. Rulofson was not mentioned in the will. Suit was begun against Billings as executor under the will, and the lower court found in favor of the defendant, after permitting testimony regarding statements of Hall that he was merely the guardian of Rulofson. The supreme court held, in the decision just handed down, that the admission of such testimony was in error, and that Rulofson's claim of right had its origin in the contract whereby Hall agreed to leave Rulofson all his property on his death.

Eugene N. Deuprey, the well-known attorney, died on Sunday of heart failure. He was born in New Orleans and was fifty-five years old at the time of his death. He came to this city when a lad, received his education here, and was admitted to the bar in this State, where he soon built up a lucrative practice. Mr. Deuprey was twice married. His first wife secured a divorce from him in this city on December 23, 1899, and was given the custody of the four minor children. His second wife was Mrs. J. Craig at the time of her wedding, and is a half-sister of Gertrude Atherton, the novelist.

On October 15th, Julian M. Brownell, for many years chief clerk of the Occidental Hotel, is to take up the position of chief clerk at the Palace Hotel. Brownell has been identified with a great many of the leading hotels in the United States for the past twenty years, and has made hundreds of friends, who will be delighted to hear of his step upward.

The accommodations at the Tavern of Tamalpais for those desiring to stay over night are excellent. The trip on the Scenic Railway through Mill Valley is especially beautiful at this time of the year.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Last Symphony Concert.

Fritz Scheel was given a rousing farewell reception at his last symphony concert at the Grand Opera House on Tuesday afternoon. The occasion also resolved itself into quite an ovation for Dr. H. J. Stewart, whose incidental music written for Louis Robertson's drama, "Montezuma," was heard here for the first time. One enthusiastic critic, commenting on Stewart's orchestral suite, said:

The prelude, "Darkness and Dawn," can easily take rank beside the "Hymn to the Sun," from Mascagni's "Iris." The "Intermezzo" is a charming bit, with a lilting melody that tells a story of love not to be mistaken. The third part, the "Valse Lente," is sparkling with its delightful rhythmic measures. Ringing forcefulness and a melodic majesty characterize the march which concludes the suite, but in the play announces the entrance of sovereign and court. The presentation of this music was something of a revelation to those in the audience, who had no idea of the merit of the entertainments at the Bohemian jinks in the redwoods. After hearing it, it is easy to understand why old members, no longer resident in California, cross continent or ocean to be present at the jinks. The music of "Montezuma" will unquestionably be heard in the East before long. On the recommendation of Ben Greet, Mr. Robertson is rewriting and extending the play for presentation to Frohman, and Dr. Stewart is arranging the music accordingly.

Augusta Cottlow at Lyric Hall.

Augusta Cottlow will open the musical season at Will Greenbaum's Lyric Hall on Tuesday night, when Natrop Blumenfeld, the violinist, will make his local debut. The first programme will be a most interesting one. Miss Cottlow will play a Bach prelude and fugue arranged by the great Busoni; the Capriccio in B-minor by Brahms; Nocturne in F-sharp minor, and Scherzo in C-sharp minor, by Chopin; Romanze op. 5 of Tschai-kowsky; and Etude de Concert and Polonaise E-major, by Liszt. With Blumenfeld and Arthur Weiss she will play Rubinstein's trio for piano, violin and cello. Mr. Blumenfeld, accompanied by Fred Maurer, will play Bruch's arrangement of the old Hebrew melody, "Kol Nidrei"; two movements from a Bach sonata; "Air Savoyard and Reverie," by Vieuxtemps; and Wieniawski's "Romanze et Rondo Elegante." Thursday night will be entirely devoted to a recital by Miss Cottlow, when she will play Beethoven's thirty-two variations in C-minor, MacDowell's Polonaise, the rarely played F-major Ballade of Chopin, and other interesting works, including an idyl and scherzo by a prominent young American composer, Samuel Bollinger, now a resident of this city. On Saturday afternoon Miss Cottlow and Mr. Blumenfeld will again appear and play Beethoven's "The Kreutzer Sonata." Seats for all the concerts are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, the prices being 75 cents, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

The Photographic Salon.

The Photographic Salon, held under the auspices of the San Francisco Art Association and the California Camera Club, was opened on Thursday evening with a reception and promenade concert, when the following programme was rendered under the direction of Henry Heyman:

March, Komzak; overture, "Orpheus," Offenbach; song, "Violets," Wright; waltz, "Thousand and One Nights," Strauss; idyll, Hager; selection, "Carmen," Bizet; intermezzo, "Anona," Grey; a stein song, Bullard; selection, "Prince of Pilsen," Luders; popular melodies, Hayes; waltz, "La Barcarolle," Waldeufel; and march, "Dixieland," Haynes.

The exhibition will be open daily for a fortnight, from nine till five o'clock, and also on the evenings of Thursday, October 15th, and Saturday, October 24th, when musical programmes will be rendered.

An Interesting Musical Recital.

Miss Isabel Morgan gave a lecture at her studio, 218 Haight Street, on Tuesday evening, on "Song Interpretation." Four groups of songs, representing sentiment, gayety, sadness, and lullabys, were sung by Mrs. Lilian Werth Frühling, soprano, one of her pupils. Wilbur McColl acted as accompanist. The selections included "Le Violette," A. Scarlati; "Das Veilchen," Mozart; "The First Violet," Mendelssohn; "The Violet," Milkenberg; "Nymphs and Shepherds," Purcell; "The Song Fairy," Bemberg; "The Girls of Seville," Denza; "In a Foreign Land," Schumann; and "You and I" and "Mother, Sleep," Liza Lehman.

Louis H. Eaton will give his eighteenth organ recital, assisted by Mr. L. J. von der Mehden, the 'celloist, at Trinity Church, on Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock. The programme will consist of Prelude in E-minor, Bach; Vorspiel to "Tristan and Isolde" and "Parsifal"; introduction to third act and bridal chorus "Lohengrin"; romance and overture "Tannhäuser." Mr. von der Mehden will play Walther's prize song from "The Meistersinger."

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs will sail from New York for Europe on October 20th. They will go from Paris to Rome, where they will spend some weeks, and then to Egypt for the winter. They expect to remain abroad a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison have returned to New York, and are occupying their Fifth Avenue residence. Mrs. Walter S. Martin, who accompanied them East, has been making a short stay with them, prior to visiting Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin at Newport.

Mr. C. Augustus Spreckels sailed from New York last week for Paris to spend October with his wife and daughter. They expect to pass the winter months in New York.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels and her daughters, Miss Grace Spreckels and Miss Lillie Spreckels, have arrived in New York, where they will spend some weeks.

Mrs. J. C. Stuhls is expected here soon on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Morton Gibbons. She will also spend some time with her daughter, Mrs. Sunderland, of Reno, and with her son in Mexico before returning East.

Mrs. William F. Herrin and Miss Alice Herrin, who left recently for the East, are at present in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Butters, Miss Marguerite Butters, and Miss Marie Butters have departed for the East.

Dr. and Mrs. Kierstedt and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean will leave for Washington, D. C., within a fortnight.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst and party, which included Mrs. Clara Reed Anthony and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Rogers, of Boston, sailed on Wednesday on the Japanese steamer *Nippon Maru* for Yokohama. They expect to spend several months in the Orient, and will later be joined in India by Mr. Orrin Peck, who will sail on the next steamer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Breeden have departed for the East. They expect to be absent about five or six weeks.

Mrs. George Crocker, Miss Alice Rutherford, and Miss Emma Rutherford are spending several weeks at Virginia Hot Springs. Mr. and Mrs. Crocker expect to open their Fifth Avenue residence in New York about November 1st.

Judge and Mrs. John F. Finn were traveling in Holland when last heard from.

Mr. Barbour Lathrop, an old-time member of the Bohemian Club, is visiting San Francisco, after a trip to South Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hearst have returned to New York.

Mrs. John Evelyn Page has taken a house on the corner of Sacramento and Lyon Streets for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Moody were in Washington, D. C., during the week.

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Marshall Flint (née Apperson) have returned from their wedding journey, and are occupying their residence on Green Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins and family are occupying their residence on California Street, after spending the summer at their Menlo Park villa.

Mrs. Rosenstock, who is at present in the East, expects to spend the winter in San Francisco with her daughter, Mrs. R. C. Nuttall.

Bishop William Ford Nichols and family have returned from San Mateo, where they spent the summer months, and are residing at 1905 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. Stuyvesant Fish and party returned from a visit to the Yosemite Valley early in the week, and were at the Palace Hotel for a short stay.

Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana, arrived from the East last week, having been called here by the serious illness of Mrs. Charles W. Clark at San Mateo.

Mr. Timothy Hopkins was in New York during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Lugsdin and Miss Woods were in London when last heard from.

Mr. Gardner F. Williams, the general manager of the South African diamond fields, sailed from New York for South Africa last week, after a visit of several months in California and the East.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick leave for the East this week.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Kohl were in New York last week.

Miss Dyer and Miss Dorothy Dyer, of Annapolis, Md., Miss Gibbons, and Miss Margery Gihbons visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. A. P. Hotelling and her son, Mr. Frederick Hotelling, have arrived in New York, en route to Europe.

Mrs. W. H. Parks, of Marysville, and her daughter, Miss Emily H. Parks, who are in San Francisco for the winter, are stopping at The Colonial.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Rogers and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hayes, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hoffman, Mrs. Nash Rockwood, Mr. Charles M. Creamer and Mr. R. J. Keeler, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Ingram, Mrs. J. B. Banning and Mr. William Banning, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Magee, Mr. Horace H. Miller and Mr. Paul L. Miller, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, of Piedmont, Mrs. Thomas H. Stout, of St. Augustine, Fla., Mr. and Mrs. Shepard Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Parrish, and Miss Clara Augstin.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N., was detached from duty as commandant of the Pacific naval district last week. He goes on the retired list on Sunday.

Major Ogden Rafferty, medical department,

U. S. A., who is on duty at headquarters in this city, has been in Seattle during the past week inspecting the sanitary condition of the army transports at that port.

Captain David S. Stanley, quartermaster's department, U. S. A., who has been stationed at the Presidio during the last few months, has been ordered to Chicago to act as assistant in the office of the chief quartermaster of the Department of the Lakes.

Major William B. Rochester, paymaster's department, U. S. A., returned from the East last week, and is again on duty here.

Captain David P. Wheeler, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., will be on special duty at the United States Branch Mint this month.

Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. N., and family came down from their country home in Napa early in the week, and were at the Palace Hotel.

Major Robert C. Van Vliet, U. S. A., commanding the Third Battalion, Tenth Infantry, accompanied by his wife, has arrived from Washington, D. C., and reported for duty.

Lieutenant-Commander Charles Laird, U. S. N., formerly in command of the *Boston*, and Mrs. Laird have departed for the Naval Hospital at Hot Springs, Ark.

Captain Percy Kessler, U. S. A., Mrs. Kessler, and their little son have been the guests of Mrs. Kessler's mother, Mrs. Robert Cunningham, at her residence on Clay Street. They are en route to Fort Totten.

Colonel Charles Morris, U. S. A., who is to be the new commander at the Presidio is expected to assume charge to-day (Saturday).

Colonel Luigi Lomia, of the Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is in command at Fort Baker, having arrived from the East on Tuesday.

Lieutenant-Commander Thomas D. Griffin, U. S. N., when discharged from treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, will be granted a three months' sick leave.

The Alden Club, a branch of the California Sunshine Society, will give a "household shower" at the rooms of the Sorosis Club on Saturday afternoon, October 17th, from two until six o'clock. There will be articles for sale, and a musical programme. Among others who will take part are Miss Jean Durell, Miss Lilian Quinn, Miss Gertrude Wheeler, Mr. Edward Xavier Rölker. The patronesses are Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, Mrs. Josephine de Greayer, Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mrs. Isidore Burns, Mrs. George W. Caswell, Mrs. G. J. Bucknall, and Mrs. Washington Ayer.

The first of the concerts of the Twentieth Century Music Club is to be given on October 29th, when the Metropolitan Orchestra and Mrs. Katherine Fiske, the contralto, and Nathan Franko, the violinist, who are to come here with Nordica, will entertain the guests of the club. Another concert will be given early in December, when the programme is to be taken from the early French school and will include a portion of Gluck's "Orpheus." The Saturday afternoon musicales will take place on October 31st, November 28th, and January 9, 1904.

Edward V. Hull, whose father was the builder and the principal owner of the first street-car line of San Francisco, known as the Omnibus line, died at St. Malo, France, a fortnight ago, of heart failure, at the age of forty-three. He was a brother-in-law of Joseph D. Grant, having married Miss Ella Nunnemacher, daughter of Hermann Nunnemacher, of Milwaukee, in 1893, in London. In 1899, they went to Paris to live, and have made the French metropolis their home ever since. They have one child, now eight years of age, born in Japan.

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For Tax Collector

EDWARD J. SMITH

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EDWARD S. SALOMON

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SUNDAYS—7.30, 8.00, 9.30, 11.00 a. m.; 1.30, 2.30, 3.40, 5.10, 6.30, 11.30 p. m.
San Rafael to San Francisco.
WEEK DAYS—6.05, 6.50, 7.35, 7.50, 9.20, 11.15 a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 3.40, 5.00, 5.20, 6.25 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS—6.50, 7.35, 9.20, 11.15 a. m.; 1.45, 3.40, 4.50, 5.00, 5.20, 6.10, 6.25 p. m.
† Except Saturdays.

Leave San Francisco.	In Effect May 3, 1903.	Arrive San Francisco.
Week Days.	Sun-days.	Week Days.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
8.30 a. m.	8.30 a. m.	9.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.	2.40 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.	5.20 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
8.30 a. m.	8.30 a. m.	9.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.	2.40 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.	5.20 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
8.30 a. m.	8.30 a. m.	9.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.	2.40 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.	5.20 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	7.45 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	8.00 a. m.	8.40 a. m.
8.30 a. m.	8.30 a. m.	9.20 a. m.
2.30 p. m.	2.30 p. m.	2.40 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	5.10 p. m.	5.20 p. m.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Don't you think that woman's clever?" "Clever! Why, she's so clever she can make all her clothes without other women knowing it!"—*Brooklyn Life*.

An eloquent objection: Mrs. Newlyblessed—"But you certainly don't object to such a wee little baby as that?" Janitor—"Oh, it aint the size as counts, mum—it's the principle uv the thing."—*Judge*.

Husband—"Where did you get that side-board?" Wife—"At an auction, for \$100." Husband—"Awful! I could have bought the same thing for \$50." Wife—"Well, I wasn't going to let that woman across the way outbid me."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Man dressmaker—"Well, what now?" Apprentice—"I have discovered a way to make a woman's dress so that she will look like a hump-backed baboon with bat's wings." Man dressmaker—"Glorious! It will become the rage."—*New York Weekly*.

"It is her proud boast that she has never heard an opera in her life." "You must be mistaken. She isn't a Puritan at all, but quite a gay society girl." "That's just it. She never goes to the opera except as one of a box-party."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Aren't there some jealousies in your progressive-euchre club?" "No, indeed," answered young Mrs. Torkins; "when we buy prizes we are always careful to select things that no one really wants, so that the winner will not be an object of envy."—*Washington Star*.

Mr. Kidder—"Ah, how-der-do, doctor! If you have a few minutes to spare, I wish you would come over to my house and chloroform my youngest boy." Dr. Price—"What is the matter with the lad?" Mr. Kidder—"Oh, his mother wants to comb his hair."—*Harper's Bazar*.

"Yes," said the dentist, "to insure painless extraction you'll have to take gas, and that's fifty cents extra." "Oh!" said the farmer. "I guess the old way'll be best; never mind no gas." "You're a brave man." "Oh! it aint me that's got the tooth; it's my wife."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Oh, yes, I've opened an office," said the young lawyer; "you may remember that you saw me buying an alarm clock the other day." "Yes, replied his friend: "you have to get up early these mornings, eh?" "Oh, no. I use it to wake me up when it's time to go home."—*Philadelphia Press*.

A hopeless case: "A great big, able-bodied man like you ought to be ashamed to ask a stranger for money," said the well-to-do citizen. "I know I ought," answered Meandering Mike; "but, mister, I'm jes' naturally too kind hearted to tap 'im on de head and take it away from him."—*Washington Star*.

Sad part of it: "What did you do with that fellow who stole the horse?" asked the tenderfoot. "Nothin' much," answered Broncho Bill—"just took the hoss away from him." "Is that all?" "Yep. He war settin' in the saddle with a rope around his neck tied to a tree when we took the hoss away, though."—*Indianapolis Sun*.

He—"So the engagement is broken off?" She—"Yes. He told her he thought she should stop reading novels and read something more substantial; something that would improve her." He—"Well?" She—"Well, the idea of a man intimating to his fiancée that she could be improved in any way!"—*Philadelphia Press*.

Up-to-date revolutionary methods: "Well, this," said the South American citizen, "is carrying things too far in our base and servile imitation of Yankee methods." "What is that?" "Why, the insurgent and government authorities are having forenoon and afternoon programmes printed for all our revolutions!"—*Town and Country*.

The youth stood in front of the quick-lunch establishment and wept bitterly. "Why this grief?" asked the benevolent citizen. "Me fadder's dead," replied the blubbering urchin. "How do you know it?" asked the benevolent citizen. "Because he went into dat quick-lunch place five minutes ago an' he haint never come out yit."—*Baltimore American*.

"But what is the use?" said the private secretary, "of advertising for your lost pocket-book, when it contained only a dollar or two in money and a few papers of no importance?" "It gives me the opportunity," replied the distinguished statesman, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, "of conveying the idea to the public that I don't carry any railroad passes."—*Chicago Tribune*.

A sordid soul: "Is Samson Huskiman going to coach your football team this season?" asks the visitor of the quarter-back. "Samson Huskiman? Don't repeat that name on the campus." "Why, is there anything wrong about—" "Wrong? Listen. Instead of playing with the boys this year, what do you suppose he is going to do?" "Going into professional athletics?" "Worse—infinately worse! He has accepted the offer of a thousand dollars a week as demonstrator for a hair-tonic."—*Judge*.

—Steelman's Soothing Powders claim to be preventative as well as curative. The claim has been recognized for over fifty years.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

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LEAVE — FOOT SEPTEMBER 2, 1903. —	ARRIVE
7.00 A Benicia, Suisun, Elmira and Sacramento	7.25 P
7.00 A Vacaville, Winters, Ramsey, etc.	7.25 P
7.30 A Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, etc.	5.25 P
7.30 A Niles, Livermore, Lathrop, Stockton	7.25 P
8.00 A Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, (connects at Marysville for Gridley, Biggs and Chico)	7.55 P
8.00 A Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.	10.25 A
8.00 A Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Sacramento, Los Banos, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville, etc.	4.25 P
9.00 A Port Costa, Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, etc.	5.25 P
9.30 A Shasta, Colusa, Marysville, (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Fruto, Red Bluff, Portland, etc.	7.55 P
8.30 A Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Los Angeles, Sacramento, Pacific, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff, etc.	4.25 P
8.30 A Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tualumne and Angels, etc.	4.25 P
9.00 A Martinez and Way Stations, etc.	5.55 P
10.00 A Vallejo, etc.	12.25 P
10.00 A El Paso Passenger, Eastbound.—Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and El Paso. (West-bound arrives via Coast Line).	1.30 P
10.00 A The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago, etc.	6.25 P
12.00 M Hayward, Niles and Way Stations, etc.	3.25 P
1.00 P Sacramento River Steamers, etc.	11.00 P
3.30 P Benicia, Willows, Colusa, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and way stations, etc.	10.55 A
3.30 P Hayward, Niles and San Jose, etc.	7.55 P
4.00 P Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, etc.	9.25 A
4.00 P Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, etc.	10.25 A
4.30 P Niles, Livermore, Lathrop, Stockton, etc.	4.25 P
4.30 P Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore, etc.	11.55 A
5.00 P The Owl Limited—Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, etc.	8.55 A
5.00 P Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton, Los Banos, etc.	12.25 P
5.30 P Hayward, Niles and San Jose, etc.	7.25 A
5.00 P Hayward, Niles and San Jose, etc.	10.25 A
5.00 P Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East. Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Davis, Sacramento, Rocklin, Auburn, Colfax, Truckee, Boca, Reno, Washouak, Winnemucca, Battle Mountain, Elko, etc.	4.25 P
5.00 P Reno, Truckee, Sacramento, Davis, Suisun, Benicia, Port Costa, etc.	7.55 A
5.00 P Vallejo, daily, except Sunday, etc.	7.55 P
5.00 P Vallejo, Sunday only, etc.	11.25 A
5.00 P San Pablo, Port Costa, etc.	11.25 A
8.05 P Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Eugene, Astoria, etc.	8.55 A
8.10 P Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only), etc.	11.55 A
11.25 P Port Costa, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Raymond, (to Yosemite), Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, etc.	12.25 P

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).
(Foot of Market Street)
7.45 A Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only) 8.10 P
A for morning. P for afternoon. X Saturday and Sunday only. † Sunday only. ‡ Stops at all stations on eastbound. † Sunday excepted. a Saturday only. c Via Coast Line. w Via San Joaquin Valley. b Reno train eastbound discontinued. * Only trains stopping at Valencia Station south-bound are to A. M., 7.00 A. M., 8.00 A. M., 9.00 A. M., 10.00 A. M., and 11.00 A. M.

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Rudyard Kipling is thirty-eight years old, and his poems fill three volumes—in all there are a scant two hundred of them.

Tennyson, at thirty-eight, had just received a pension of two hundred pounds a year, the fourth edition of his "Poems" in two thin volumes was selling slowly, and "The Princess" had just been published. He had yet to give to the world "In Memoriam," "Maud," "The Idyls of the King," and other Arthurian poems, "Enoch Arden," and the two dramas—in short, his best work.

Swinburne, at thirty-eight, had written scarcely the half of those poems, so marvelously shapen of words delicate and fair, to which the gross world gives scant heed. He had just finished "Bothwell," the longest metrical drama in the language, and he was yet to send

forth from his pleached garden twenty volumes of beautiful and sensuous poetry.

Browning, at thirty-eight, had published fourteen books, extending over a period of as many years. Yet six years after "Paracelsus" was printed, Lowell, with all his keen scent for good poetry, had not even heard of him, and when he did hear of him a little later, it was only, as he confesses, through two verses published in a newspaper. Indeed, so little known was Browning in his later thirties, that Lowell was constrained to remark: "Formerly a man who wished to withdraw himself from the notice of the world retired into a convent. The simpler modern method is to publish a volume of poems."

How different is the case of these poets from that of Kipling. Loudly hailed, not many years ago, as the worthy bearer of the mantle of English bards, already the sapient critics say that "Kipling is dead." The contents of "The Five Nations" is "mostly doggerel." Glorious dawn, lordly noon, the pitiful setting of his sun are all discerned at a time of life when Tennyson and Browning were famous only among a few, unknown to the many.

And it is indeed true that a spirit of change has come over Kipling's poetry. It is not the Kipling of "Barrack-Room Ballads," or the Kipling of "The Seven Seas" that speaks to us from "The Five Nations." It is an almost humorless Kipling, a Kipling who takes his work over-seriously, a less buoyant, less spontaneous, less careless poet. No more he writes of pink dominoes and missent kisses in the dark, no more he versifies so well some whispered story of amorous misadventure that all the world pauses to laugh thereat. In the "Seven Seas," is printed that fine love-poem, "The Miracles"; in the new book of poems, there is not a love-song, not even a reference to the ways of a man with a maid, since history's dawn the theme of poets. *Per contra*, "The Second Voyage" may properly be described as a Browningsque poem of marital disillusionment.

Again, for the first time, Kipling's poems here need annotation. Take up "The Seven Seas," and they require no notes. But such poems in his last book as "The Truce of the Bear," "Our Lady of the Snows," "Kitchener's School," "The Old Issue," and "The Lesson," demand an intimate knowledge of current politics for their proper understanding and appreciation. They are as argumentative as an editorial. They begin to lack the splendid detachment from petty partisanship that we like to think is characteristic of the great poet. That the passage of but a few years has so changed them to our eyes speaks not well for their permanence.

It is not alone in those tractarian appeals to the English people that Kipling shows a falling off in power. In all, there is greater soberness without greater strength. He has lost lightness without gaining impressiveness. Once, Kipling seemed to delight in merry rhyme and rollicking rhythm for their own sake. Now, it is as if he regarded his poems only as pack-horses to freight his Imperial ideas. The English-speaking world is like to lose a poet; the British empire has gained a large-ideaed and jealous councilor who admonishes it in rhyme.

But despite these mournful facts, we hasten confidently to disagree with those who think Kipling's last book "mostly doggerel." He is still, in our opinion, a very great poet. It would puzzle his severest critics to name his peer, excepting only Swinburne, among living English poets. It is only when we measure the Kipling of to-day with the Kipling of yesterday that he suffers in comparison. Fancy putting Stephen Phillips, or Alfred Austin, or, perchance, Mr. Lang, or even Arthur

Symons, on a higher Parnassian pinnacle than the author of "McAndrew's Hymn"!

To become specific as to excellence: the best poem in "The Five Nations" is "The Bell Buoy," which appeared in a periodical several years ago. What joy of service in storm and stress are here, what scorn of him who, with easy conscience, chooses the part of sloth! "The Feet of the Young Men" is a poem that makes splendidly articulate that longing for the forest, or the water, or the hills, that is known of so many men in cities unhappily housed. The joy in the sea and hills is the theme, also, of the fine poem that begins the book, and "White Horses," another poem of the sea, is as stirring as a trumpet call. That deep, abiding love for the land is the real inspiration of "The Settler," and the same spirit speaks in "Sussex"—a sincere and touching covenant of allegiance. It begins:

"God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all."

Of a poet who can write lines like these, it is idle dogmatically to assert that he has passed the meridian of his powers. Yet it is impossible to deny that this volume gives some support to that view. Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" at eighteen, and never excelled it. At the same age, Rossetti wrote his masterpiece, "The Blessed Damozel." The undergraduate, Bourdillon, won fame with eight lines, and then was dumb. There are those who think that Death was kind to Keats and Shelley when she hushed their songs at the topmost note. Will the gray years too make harsh the music of the lyre that gave us "Mandalay"?

Army circles have been deeply stirred by the transfer of General Corbin from the general staff to command of the Department of the East, with headquarters at New York. Various sinister explanations are given for the move, but it is clear that the obvious reason is the true one.

For more than twenty years, Corbin, as adjutant-general, has been stationed at Washington. He excelled as a diplomat, was expert as a politician. In the army he built up a "machine." Promotions were largely through the grace of Corbin. His real power was greater than that of General Miles during the last few years. His relations with Secretaries of War have always been of the best.

When the general staff idea was broached, in McKinley's time, it was understood that Corbin would be the first chief of staff. McKinley died, Roosevelt succeeded him, and it was shortly discovered that he had other ideas. He favored General Young as first chief of staff, and it is known that Chaffee will succeed Young. Then Corbin will follow for a period only of six months.

The new general staff act went into effect a short time ago. Corbin thereby became assistant to the chief of staff—a position of small importance. An attempt by Corbin to maintain his old prestige in the new place would have been sure to result in friction. The best way out of a delicate position was seen to be the transfer of Corbin to a good post in the line. The decision to do this was evidently arrived at after full and amiable discussion, in which the President, Root, Corbin, and others concerned took part.

In some quarters, there is considerable criticism of the transfer for the reason that Corbin has long served as a staff officer, and has seen very little work in the field. It is a violation of precedent to put an officer so long on staff assignment in command of troops. It is argued that giving Corbin so important a command is "certain to increase the discontent already existing among line officers with the new organization of

army." Those army officers who take the opposite view say that the new general staff act contemplates the interchangeability of line and staff, and that this is one of the first moves in that direction.

When disaster first overtook Wall Street not long since, the New York *Sun*, as *Argonaut* readers know, pointed the accusing finger at Theodore Roosevelt. He it was, said the *Sun*, who, by oratorically attacking the trusts, had "disturbed confidence," and caused frightened capital to withdraw into its "mysterious caves." 'Twas a pretty theory. But he will be a bold man who lays the burden of blame for Wall Street's troubles upon the shoulders of Roosevelt in the face of the astounding revelations of rottenness in the very centre and vortex of Trustdom. The Lake Superior crash and Shipbuilding Trust scandal show of what queer materials those corporations were constructed. What could have been expected but catastrophe?

The investigation in the case of the Shipbuilding Trust is now in progress. Nobody knows what may be discovered, or who may be implicated in shady transactions, before it ends. So far, Schwab has been the chief object of attack. He is accused of fraudulently selling the Bethlehem Steel Works to the trust for \$30,000,000 in securities, "well knowing," the complaint reads, "that in truth the said property was not worth at most \$10,000,000"; of representing that the yearly profit was \$1,441,000 and the surplus \$4,118,000, "whereas, in fact these statements were false"; of withholding the profits of the Bethlehem company with intent to wreck the Shipbuilding Trust; and of making a secret agreement with the trust officers to dispose of his shares before others were put on the market. Moreover, it is alleged that \$64,894,000 out of a total of \$79,951,000 of shipbuilding stocks were pure water. How the disclosures were regarded in New York may be guessed from this paragraph from the *Evening Post*:

Seldom can there have been uncovered a more vulgar conspiracy to pluck or shear the investing public—goose or lamb. The vendors of "salted" mines are entitled to hold up their heads, compared with the discovered tricksters. Their moral fraud was most unblushing. To be both purchaser and seller, to have a pool within a pool, and at the same moment to have an agreement, and, at the same moment, to have a lying prospectus was issued to the public, to fleece the investor even before he invested—that is the kind of thing in which supposedly honest men were engaged. What the law will say about their transactions we must wait to see. It is certain that under such a company's act as England has, the whole proceeding would have been set aside by the courts, and the promoters compelled to disgorge their concealed profits. On the moral aspect of the matter, however, every intelligent man is competent to pronounce judgment. His verdict will be that the methods practiced were no more reputable than those of the common sharper. Nearly every element of indecent cheating appears to have been present, while the attempt to hoodwink and bleed the public could not have been more unblushing.

No wonder that Wall Street is staggered at this disclosure, and that prices have again slumped. The feeling of insecurity is heightened by the announcement that the Steel Trust dividend on the \$500,000,000 common stock for this quarter will be exactly cut in half. This affects thirty thousand or more holders of the stock. It is generally believed, however, that the move is a wise and conservative one, amply justified by the fact that business has fallen off.

The troubles in the Street are affecting more or less the general business of the country, and in this they are ably assisted by labor agitation, especially in the building trades. A New York paper vouches for the statement that \$50,000,000, which was to have been expended in building operations, has been withdrawn until the reign of Parks and his ring of grafters is over. Though Parks came back triumphant from the convention at Kansas City, there are some signs that he will not be permitted to hold up New York very much longer. Gompers has for some time been endeavoring to straighten things out, and a late dispatch says that the statement by Parks that he "is willing to meet the employers and talk over a plan of arbitration" is taken to indicate that he has tired of warfare. Besides, his rehearing on the charge of extortion will shortly recommence, and all good citizens devoutly hope that his sentence to Sing Sing may be confirmed.

The things which breed optimism in viewing the condition of the country at large are: favorable crop reports, increase in railroad earnings, non-materialization of the apprehended money stringency, and average increase of bank clearings over the same week last year, except in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. On the other hand, there is a strong downward tendency in prices of manufactures, indicating over-production; New England cotton mills are running on reduced time; the cotton crop is smaller than expected; and there is a marked falling off in the price of provisions and cereals, with a general tendency everywhere to "go slow."

The encouraging feature locally, as heretofore noted, is that business on the Pacific Coast still continues brisk.

Only 25,259 voters, out of a total of 73,702 registered, cast their ballots on the Geary Street Railway bonding proposition last week, but the result was sufficiently decisive to indicate that the people of San Francisco do not want to run a railway, and saddle property with the inevitable burden of loss. It is only those citizens who will take the trouble to go to the polls whose opinions are worth considering. Therefore the vote, though light, may be held to express the intelligent verdict. San Franciscans refuse to embark on more socialistic experiments. They are wise. Every department of government—city, State, and national—which engages in business, does the work ill.

Take the Post-Office Department. Thirty persons have now been indicted for fraud. On everything the government bought there was a rake-off. Machen levied his tribute on letter-boxes, carrier's satchels, straps, etc. Beavers made the sellers of cash-registers, time-clocks, and typewriters "divvy." Metcalf peddled up the money-order blank makers for a percentage. Tyner and fraudulent concerns use the mails for a consideration of

twenty thousand dollars. These thirty are only the cases where the grafters failed to cover their tracks. How many undiscoverable "deals" there were will never be known. And as long as congressmen and senators have friends in the Post-Office Department these friends will loaf and depend on pull rather than on good service to hold their jobs, making the department an extravagant, wasteful, costly, and incompetent institution. Despite the fact that receipts during the last fiscal year have increased \$12,376,396, the annual deficit is increasing, and now amounts to \$4,500,000.

What is true of the nation is true of the State. Only the other day, President Fitzgerald, of the State Board of Prison Directors, remarked that the "charges of the State printing-office are from three to four times higher than the terms of an ordinary commercial firm." The government printing-office is the largest establishment in the world. Yet it still employs hand compositors at an immensely greater cost than linotypes would entail.

As for city mismanagement of affairs—will any one contend that San Francisco's Board of Public Works is an efficient body?

We think Crittenden Thornton exactly right when he wrote: "I am opposed to the intervention of government in any class of enterprises which are in conflict with and in opposition to private undertakings."

Recently published facts relating to the betterment of the Southern Pacific under the direction of President Harriman make interesting reading to everybody that rides on railroads. Within three years, \$86,603,938 is said to have been spent in improvements on the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific alone. On the entire Harriman system, the tremendous sum of \$104,348,369 has been expended. The Salt Lake cut-off alone cost \$4,000,000. By it, one hundred and three miles of old and crooked track is replaced with a line of forty-four miles, straight across the lake. Engineering difficulties innumerable were encountered and overcome, and now only nine-tenths of a mile of track remains to be constructed. New bridges elsewhere have been built, light rails have been replaced by heavy ones, curves have been transformed into straight tracks, grades have been reduced or abolished, and fifty-three new stations have been built. Sixty million tons of steel have been used during three years in bridge-building and track-laying. As to rolling stock, hundreds of new passenger coaches of the best type have been purchased, and 15,616 freight cars have been added. The striking statement is made that, if the cars were strung together, they would make a train one hundred and twenty-eight miles long, while 337 costly new locomotives would make a line four miles long. Another interesting move is the conversion of nearly five hundred locomotives into oil-burners and the employment of oil on tracks to make them dustless. It is planned to oil the entire trackage in sandy regions. The construction of several new tunnels, the building of new machine-shops, the introduction of the block system on part of the track, and the extensive advertising of the State are all notable features of the Harriman régime. But what will strike the busy man most is the statement that, when the new cut-off is finished, the travel time between San Francisco and Chicago will be reduced seven hours. Surely, California should tender a vote of thanks to E. H. Harriman.

HARRIMAN'S
NOTABLE
POLICY.

Considering the fact that Governor Pardee's plurality in the election last fall was only 2,549, and that only a twelvemonth away is a Presidential election, the argument advanced by Henry J. Crocker in several recent speeches, that Republicans in national politics should avoid permitting a strong Democratic machine to be built up in San Francisco, has not a little force. He said:

Next year you have a Presidential contest. Next year you have—what? Where the very life of this nation may be at stake. Do you mean to tell me that San Francisco is not going to have the sense that has always characterized the Republican party from the days of '56 up to the present time? Do you mean to tell me that you are going to sell your birthright for a mess of pottage, and quibble as to whether your nominee for mayor is going to win or not? Stand by your organization, fellow-Republicans.

This is good sense and sound argument. Theodore Roosevelt may urgently need all of California's votes. In general, nothing more exciting than scraps between the editors of the dailies has happened this week. The *Call* and *Chronicle* continue to aver that Lane is out of the race, while directing toward him the most of their attention. Schmitz, strangely enough, is getting off very lightly at the hands of his Republican opponents. These facts lead the *Bulletin* to accuse Spreckels and De Young (whom it hates with unctious anyway) of having some good but mysterious reason for not leveling deadly shafts at the mayor.

But the *Bulletin* makes up for any omissions of theirs. It is running a series of such bitter cartoons of Schmitz that he has been stirred into fiercely articulate wrath. He has denounced these cartoons in a recent speech, accusing Lane of being their instigator. The Casey wing of the labor party continue to accuse Schmitz of corporation obligations. They continually put the question: "Where did you get the money for so many electric signs and buttons?" The Union Labor Central Club, which represents the anti-Schmitz wing of the Union Labor party, brought up this matter in a recent series of denunciatory resolutions. They also dwelt much on the perfidy of John Shakespeare Parry, and upon the letter of Schmitz to Ruef, when Schmitz was first elected, in which the mayor formally recognized the attorney as his counselor.

This letter, according to the Union Labor Central Club, was a notice to all the slot-machine men and saloonkeepers to "see Ruef." There are many politicians—mostly anti-Schmitz—who predict that the connection between Ruef and Schmitz will cause the mayor's political ruin. However that may be, the two men stick loyally together. It may be interesting,

in this connection, to note that in the town of Waterbury, Conn., which was recently racked by a street-railway strike, the Democrats, who allied themselves with the Union Labor forces, were defeated in an election by the largest majorities every known there. The Republicans thus defeated Democrats and labor men together by appealing only to the conservative anti-union element.

Lane has been speaking in former Schmitz strongholds south of Market this week, and apparently has had good audiences. A ten-year-old epigrammatist down there deserves some high office at the hands of Lane, if elected, for evolving the campaign slogan: "Dere he is, a short Lane widout no turnin'." Lane told the workmen the story of the Trojan horse, putting Ruef inside it, in the application. Homer was greatly appreciated by the stevedores, so 'tis said.

But Lane's devious path through "south of Market" has not been all roses. His pro-Schmitz opponents in that district are presenting such arguments as the following from the address of J. C. Williams, the labor nominee for recorder:

In the great teamsters' strike, which is fresh in your memory, Franklin K. Lane advised Mayor Phelan to put policemen on the trucks to use clubs on the strikers, and I carry scars on my head and my shoulders to-day because Franklin K. Lane so advised the placing of the armed men on the drays.

This is surely an argument *ad hominem*. "A vote for Lane is a vote for McNah, who says: 'Go back to work or get clubbed,'" is the slogan of this party.

Even Dr. Dodge's lucid diagrams showing how much his policy of taxation has saved the city will scarcely convince men to whom the scars-on-the-head argument applies.

The *Examiner* is supporting Lane, leaving Schmitz severely alone, but attacking the Republican nominees personally, though it reports Republican meetings at length, and with considerable fairness. It is still making it exceedingly unpleasant for the *Call* and *Chronicle* by printing facsimiles of ugly things they once said about present Republican candidates. To this sort of thing they can obviously make no effective reply. Lane's apparent and widely advertised delight in the fact that the *Chronicle* is attacking him, since for ten years no candidate hacked by that paper has been elected, must also make Mr. de Young feel very sore.

Henry Crocker is making a good, clean, manly fight. He is not attacking his opponents personally. They are not so considerate. But the attacks on him like those in the *Bulletin* accomplish nothing. It can not be denied that he is winning votes from day to day.

According to an item in the *Chronicle*, some sophomores at the University of California gained entrance to a freshman reception last Saturday night, and put "dope" in the punch that was being served. The word "dope" we translate

"poison." Several young men were made ill. The *Chronicle's* account speaks of the "mischievous sophomores." We should rather call them incipient criminals.

Another *Chronicle* dispatch is from Topeka, Kan. It says that seventy-five girls of Washburn College fought on Saturday, in the chapel, before an audience of five hundred. Clothes were torn and eyes blacked. The round lasted twenty minutes, when the faculty trainers interfered.

From Ann Arbor comes the news that Policeman Ishell, who was hit with a club by a college student during the progress of a college "lark" on Friday night, may die. The college student was arrested. President Angell is reported to have refused to interfere with the affair in any way, and to have said that the case is one to be dealt with by the law. He is right. If there were more police arrests and less faculty "disciplining" when hair-brained young men break laws, there would be fewer laws broken. The difference between a free fight with brass knucks in a brothel among too exuberant jack-tars just back from a voyage, and the "pranks" of undergraduates, is one of degree rather than of kind. The police attend to the one case; they ought to the other. Let them begin on the sophomores who poisoned the punch.

Of the latest batch of Presidential gossip, anent the campaign of next year, about three-quarters is Democratic speculation, so settled seems to be the expectation that Mr. Roosevelt will be nominated to succeed himself. On the

Democratic side, chaos still prevails. In the matter of principles, this is as true as in the matter of leadership. In declining to consider the proposed debate between Senator Hanna and the Democratic aspirant for senator in Ohio, Chairman Dick called attention to the conglomerate exhibition of Democratic principles, "running the entire gamut from doctrine to dogma—Democratic, Populistic, Agrarian, and Socialistic!" The party stands for free raw material and protected finished products in New England, while in Texas it shouts for protected raw material and free finished products. Within the party, the tariff question is divided into tariff for revenue only, tariff with incidental protection, and no tariff at all. In these, as in currency questions, Philippine questions, and the war amendments, it presents a "very Bahel of clashing opinions jumbled together in a noisy confusion of noisy tongues." When a party so constituted discusses the personality of a nominee for the Presidency, it is bound to present the same confusion. Hill and Gorman forces, with unknown numbers and mysterious plans, are keeping up their still hunts. Bryan has not fallen on Grover Cleveland's neck, except with a malevolent purpose. The Cleveland hoorn continues persistently, although it has aroused several varieties of opponents in Democratic ranks. There are quite a number of party papers which maintain that Grover Cleveland "is the only Democrat who can be regarded as a genuine personal force"; as "the only Democrat whose opinions and utterances are taken to heart by the American people"; as "the only Democrat who has a record of genuine achievement"; as "the only Democrat who could carry New York, New

THE
GOVERNMENT
IN BUSINESS.

LOCAL
POLITICS
OF THE WEEK.

A FEW REMARKS
ABOUT
COLLEGE PRANKS.

DEMOCRATS STILL
IN SEARCH OF
A LEADER.

Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana"; as "the only Democrat who would attract Republican votes." On the other hand, there is the Bryan battalion which, if offered the alternative of Cleveland or ruin, would choose the latter, and still another contingent which, while not antagonistic to the ex-President, is morally certain that Mr. Cleveland can not possibly obtain a two-thirds vote in a national Democratic convention, and that, if he could, he would have to depend upon Republican votes to elect him. The same notions are not lacking even in the solid South, where the Atlanta Constitution declares that "the nomination of Grover Cleveland, if such a thing were possible, would totally disrupt the Democratic organization in two-thirds of the Southern States, not to speak of the Western and other States." Most of these thinkers are turning their attention to Richard Olney. Believing that Cleveland is out of the question, they are looking about for the man nearest to him in Presidential size, and are advocating Olney as that individual. Olney, they insist, is the residuary legatee of all the credit that inures from the Cleveland administration. His was the directing force that curbed the Chicago riots, and his the dogged persistence which brought England to terms in the Venezuela imbroglio. Therefore, Olney is the man of the hour—a man with all the attributes of Cleveland politically, but without his adaptability for making enemies within the party. Moreover, he is a Massachusetts man, and Massachusetts has not had a man in the White House since John Quincy Adams. But the Cleveland boomers are pointing out that Massachusetts is so hopelessly Republican that the State can not hope for a candidate in either party. What is really wanted is a man who is strong enough to carry New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana, and weak enough to truckle to Bryanism. Such a political monstrosity has not yet been discovered, and seems unlikely to be in the present state of Democratic harmony—even though Senator Morgan does say that Democracy has three hundred and fifty better men than Roosevelt.

As agent of the American Federation of Labor, Edward Rosenberg has been visiting the Philippines and Hawaii to study the conditions of Asiatic labor in those possessions. As a result of his study, he recommends that Congress be called upon to extend the provisions of the Chinese exclusion act to cover Japanese and Koreans as well. His report is to be considered at the annual convention of the federation to be held in Boston next month. He says that in the Philippines an effort is being made to open the doors to Chinese labor, because that labor is cheaper and will enable employers to amass fortunes in a few years. In accordance with this policy, an effort is being made to discredit Filipino labor. Nevertheless, he claims that under the Spanish rule the condition of the Filipinos was similar to that of slaves. But they readily grasp the opportunity to secure better conditions, and, when fairly paid and decently treated, do good work. In Hawaii, says Rosenberg, the Sugar Planters' Association controls everything, and its policy is to discourage settlers and all immigration, except that of the Japanese and Koreans, the latter working for less than either Chinese or Japanese. Ten thousand Koreans are now being brought into Hawaii, where they displace the Japanese, the latter moving on to the United States. Mr. Rosenberg will recommend that Congress be urged to keep both Japanese and Koreans out of Hawaii, as well as out of this country, and that the policy of exclusion of the Chinese be continued in the Philippines.

The fall and winter season of national legislation is about opening in Washington. The President has returned from Oyster Bay, and finds awaiting him an enormous body of work, which will tax the physical and mental vigor he claims to have gained from his summer "outing." There is the deadlock in the Isthmian Canal matter to consider. What our course will be is quite a problem. Shall we wait for Colombia to make an acceptable proposition? Shall we encourage Panama to secede? Or shall we wash our hands of Colombia and turn our attentions to Nicaragua and Costa Rica? The postal-fraud reports will soon be ready for the President. Then there is the extra session of Congress to prepare for, as it seems to be understood that it will be called soon to meet about the ninth of November. A message must be prepared for that, but it is expected to be short, for the only proposition to be laid before Congress in November will be the question of Cuban reciprocity.

The regular session of the Fifty-Eighth Congress, which begins in December, will require a more elaborate message. What it will contain is already a matter of considerable conjecture. There will, of course, be something on the canal matter. No one knows what its tenor will be. Tariff must also come in for a mention, but while it is predicted from Washington that the message will hint at the necessity for revision of the schedules some time in the future, it is as confidently asserted that the President will not discuss readjustment as freely as he did a year ago. A Presidential election is coming on, and it is not likely that the message will be designed to create new issues unnecessarily, or throw out any firebrands which might start a conflagration in the party. He will recommend financial legislation on the lines hitherto followed. He will repeat what he said then, and add some details. The main suggestion will be for such a reform as will produce a currency that will admit of adjustment to conditions. Legislators have plans for monetary systems which will expand and contract automatically, and Congress will be expected to examine and compare them this winter. The message will go over the situation in the Philippines, and will urge upon Congress a liberal and progressive course of action for the upbuilding of the navy. An important subject is likely to be that of giving improved government to Alaska. The demand for it in the Far North is exigent, and the President has given the matter much thought. The post-office and Indian scandals will be laid before Congress, which

body, it is opined by Washington quidnuncs, will not make an independent investigation. When Mr. Bristow is through it is believed there will be nothing left uncovered. The whole evidence will have been gathered and passed upon by grand juries, and handed over to legal tribunals. As Congress could do no more, there is little likelihood that the subject will receive marked attention, except by the members from "Buncombe." On the whole, the coming regular session is likely to be a very busy one, as well as an interesting one. Canal matters and financial questions, navy bills and ship subsidies, are all likely to be prominent, besides which the country will be entertained by a vigorous and virtuous desire on the part of the Democrats to investigate every nook and cranny of the administration for political purposes.

The value of alligators in the economy of nature was recently demonstrated in Florida. Hunters having decimated the alligators, the muskrats on which the saurians feed began to multiply. For domestic purposes, they honeycombed with holes the river levees. These holes caused leakage, the leakage caused breaks in the banks, and great destruction of property resulted. California has no alligators, but many cousins of the muskrat. Hitherto they have been exceeding troublesome to the farmers along the Sacramento. A remedy for these hurrowing rodents is now announced—oil. It not only drives away the gophers and squirrels, but, according to Stockton experimenters, retards the washing away of the banks by water, and the loss of the loose earth at the top by high winds. The oil is applied hot from a barge in the river, and contracts have been let for extensive oiling. If experience prove the scheme as valuable as the experiments have led those interested to believe another important use for oil will have been found—not only in this State, but on all the leveed rivers of this and other countries, where similar conditions prevail.

There have been rumors that the insatiable ambition of William Randolph Hearst would soon lead him to establish newspapers in St. Louis and Washington. He now appears to have relinquished his designs in these directions in favor of Los Angeles. It is reported that a complete newspaper plant is ready for shipment in New York, and will be forwarded as soon as D. H. Robert, Mr. Hearst's representative, now in Los Angeles, can make arrangements for office room. Mr. Hearst first tried to buy the *Herald*, but considered the price fixed—\$350,000—too high. His new paper will be a morning daily, Democratic in politics. Los Angeles now has three prominent dailies—the *Times*, edited by Harrison Gray Otis, upon which the typographical union is waging a bitter but apparently unsuccessful war; the *Herald*, edited by W. L. Hardison; and the *Express*, an evening paper, edited by Sam T. Clover.

Market Street is the main artery of the city, and it has for a long time been evident that the street-railway system on that thoroughfare is inadequate to meet the demands made upon it during the busy part of the day. Between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, thousands of people leave offices and stores in the down-town section to seek their homes in the western part of the city. Only a small fraction of these people are lucky enough to secure an opportunity to hang on to the outside of the car. Not a seat is to be had after the car leaves the ferry. The remedy that suggests itself—to put on more cars—can not be adopted because the cars can not be handled more rapidly on the turntable at the ferry. It requires half a minute for a car to be turned around and to leave the turntable ready for the next car. Under these circumstances, it is impossible to run the cars more frequently than a half-minute headway. Under existing conditions, there is a blockade of cars at the ferry every afternoon, and passengers desiring to take the ferry are frequently obliged to run a block to catch their boat. The railway company now proposes to build a double loop at the ferry to relieve the pressure upon the turntable. This will be of some use, but at best it can be considered but a temporary expedient. With the increase of traffic it also will be found inadequate. The only effective remedy lies in substituting electricity as a motive power in place of the cable.

Not only has San Francisco commercial rivals on the north and to the south in this State, but if we may believe the Mexican papers, that country is soon to be a formidable competitor for the commerce of the Pacific. Listen to this grandiose prophecy from the *Mexican Herald*, a paper printed in English in Mexico City:

Mexico is building port works on her Pacific coast. Her long frontage on the world's greatest ocean gives her an interest, and a great one, in the vast sea stretching between her and Asia. Railways are now heading for Topolobampo and Manzanillo. Fleets of ocean steamers are to connect her ports with Manila, Yokohama, Shanghai, and Hong Kong. As in a vision, Baron von Humboldt saw Mexico become "the bridge of the world's commerce," and the Scotsman Patterson declared, long ago, that the Isthmus of Tehuantepec would be the "key of the universe"; and now across Tehuantepec a British contractor, of world-wide fame, is getting a great railway in readiness for interoceanic traffic. The Mexican who is blind to his country's glorious future, who can not see what his children are to possess, is blind indeed. The times demand the continuance of the broad statesmanship that has characterized the Diaz administration for the past twenty-five years.

The editor of one of the papers of Southern California has been presenting his views regarding the advantages the northern part of the State would receive from having good hotels. He begins by calling attention to the fact that there is not one town in Southern California that has not a good hotel, and hardly a town in Northern California that has a good

one. This is a charge that has been brought before, so it may be passed over to consider what he says regarding the benefits of good hotels. He cites the case of a new hotel that was opened in one of the southern cities eight months ago. During the first three months from five hundred to eight hundred and fifty guests were registered at this hotel. The fact that the other hotels were well filled at the same time shows that the patronage of this hotel was not drawn from the others, but from the outside. Many visitors were undoubtedly drawn to the city by the fact that the hotel had been opened, and undoubtedly many, who would have come anyway, were induced to prolong their stay from the same cause. This patronage left thousands of dollars in the city, apart from the benefit to the hotel itself. First impressions count for much, and a stranger draws his first impressions of a place from the hotel he stops in. The man of wealth, seeking a new place to make his home, is not likely to be attracted to a town where he has had to put up with inconveniences in the hotel service.

The supreme court has decided that the State Board of Equalization has power to change the valuation of city property only for purposes of State taxation, and that the city levy must be upon the city valuation. When the State Board of Equalization increased the assessment list of this city, the question arose whether the city tax levy should be based upon the original valuation or the increased valuation. In June, the supervisors had fixed the rate at \$1.076 on the assessor's valuation; in September, a new rate of 84 cents was fixed on the increased valuation. In order to determine the question legally, the supreme court was appealed to, to issue an order restraining the auditor from recognizing the new rate in making out the tax rolls. In behalf of the old rate and old valuation, it was argued that the charter confers the right of taxation for municipal purposes upon the city and county, and that nothing in the constitution conflicts with this grant. It was further pointed out that the result of taking the increased valuation would simply be to increase the burden of taxation upon owners of real estate, and decrease that upon owners of personal property, since the board of equalization could not increase the value of money and solvent credits, but must put the entire increase upon the valuation of real estate. The supreme court deferred the filing of a written opinion until a later date, but in sustaining the old rate and the old valuation confirmed the validity of this line of reasoning.

It is reported that Stanford University is to have a new million-dollar library building, and a further permanent endowment of one million dollars for the purchase of books. According to the rumor, Mrs. Stanford is to furnish the funds for the new building, while either Thomas Welton Stanford, a brother of the late Senator Stanford, residing in Australia, or Mrs. Stanford herself, will furnish the endowment. All of this is as yet rumor, but there are good grounds for believing the rumor true. When Mrs. Stanford transferred to the trustees the property of the university, she spoke of the plans for a new library building. To some of her friends she said that a gift of the money for the building would be made, and to her intimates she announced her intention to defray the expense herself. On her tour around the world, she went first to Melbourne, the home of Thomas Welton Stanford, and the plans for the new library building followed her there. When the funds of the university were so tied up that there were not funds for the running expenses of the university, it was Thomas Welton Stanford who came forward with a check for a quarter of a million for a library building which was then sorely needed, and each year since there have been additions to the library due to his generosity and interest. It was Mrs. Stanford's desire that ground should be broken for the new building during January, but it is hardly probable that the preliminaries will be completed in time for this.

The practical effect of Premier Combes's wise and courageous course in breaking up the reactionary and unrepugnant congregational schools in France, is well shown by a recent Paris dispatch. It says:

The Paris schools have just been opened to receive the largest registration of children in their history. In spite of the expected overcrowding, accommodations have proved sufficient, which is a great disappointment to the opponents of the ministry, who wanted to present a pathetic picture of little children wandering, without education, in the streets, deprived of their birthright by an irreligious government. Throughout France 1,600,000 additional children have been enrolled in the public schools in consequence of the famous congregations law. The school administration calculates that this influx of children will cost an additional 80,000,000 francs (\$15,440,000).

Even if it be true that the American race is "suiciding," there is still evidently no danger that the total population of the United States will decrease. Immigration for the last fiscal year amounted to 857,046 souls, 68,054 in excess of any previous year. But the first two months of the present fiscal year show a gain over the corresponding months of last year of thirty-eight per cent. August alone shows a gain of forty-two per cent. If the rate for August is maintained during the year, the total immigration will be in the neighborhood of 1,250,000.

The Chicago Chronicle says: "More than any other city in the United States, the Pacific Coast metropolis has been the field of the wild theorist. From Sand Lot Kearney to the garrets and basements of the maudlin revolutionists of many shades, the cries of demagogue and doctrinaire have passed and repassed until the din was almost unbearable. They made their first organized assault upon the common sense of the city in a howling demand for issuance of bonds to buy a street railway. The balloting was conclusive against municipalization. In spite of years of pestilent nagging, in which it was feared that the brain of San Francisco had been turned slightly by concussion, that vigorous community has shown itself sane

JOHNNY'S INGLORIOUS EXIT.

How a Loyal Partner and a Parson Hoodwinked a Devoted Mother.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Johnny; we'll soon be there; yonder's th' old town at last."

"Oh, hell, Dick! What's the good of dragging me any farther?" Johnny moaned, weakly. "For God's sake, let me stop here and croak in peace."

For two hundred weary miles of mountain and plain, of rock and sand and cactus, Dick had heard this same protesting moan at every step, for fifteen long days of hunger and thirst and blistering sun, and he heard it now as he had heard it from the beginning—with silent disregard. Less than two months before he had persuaded Johnny to go with him on a prospecting trip down in the Sierra Madre, but they had found lead instead of gold—whistling, whining pellets of lead, hot from the muzzles of Apache rifles, and one of which had found a target in Johnny's breast. Out in the wilderness, the wounded man must surely die; but back in town, with a doctor and medicine, he would have a chance for his life, Dick thought; and feeling himself largely responsible for his plight, he had set himself the task of getting him back to civilization alive, in which not even Johnny himself should be allowed to interfere.

Slowly they moved on, toiling along the trail leading down from the foot-hills back of the little mining town, Dick walking and holding the other limply astride their faithful little burro, at last reaching level ground; and, avoiding the houses of the town, they made for a poor little hut, almost hidden by feathery mesquite bushes on the river bank, where they halted, and Johnny was carefully lifted off the animal's back and laid on the earth. Still silent, Dick pushed open the door, then unpacked the burro and took their outfit inside, where he busied himself a few minutes preparing a bed.

Presently he came out again. "Now, then, pardner," he said, "yore bunk's all skewee, an' soon 's I throw yuh in it, I'm goin' to skip up town an' rustle up a doctor an' some physic for yuh. Come along now, put yore arms round' my neck an' take a holt," he went on, bending over Johnny. "That's right; now then, up yuh come." And the sufferer was carried to the bunk and put in it as carefully as his own mother would have done it.

"Won't git lonesome while I'm gone, will yuh?" Dick asked, giving the sunken face a playful little pat. "Quicker I git the doctor here, th' quicker he'll git yuh out an' on yore pins again, yuh know. I'm ready to gamble I won't take him a month."

"You'd only lose, Dick," Johnny whispered; "th' devil's got his hooks too-deep set in me for that. I've got to go over the range, and that mighty pronto, I'm thinking. Just bring me a bottle of booze, and let the rest go."

"Now, now, old feller, don't throw up yore hands till it comes to a show-down," Dick returned, encouragingly. "Keep up yore nerve, an' play th' game out, won't yuh?"

Johnny impatiently turned his face to the wall. "Go on and bring me the whisky, I'm nearly dead for a drink," he said, crossly.

Dick went out and walked hurriedly into the town, turning into the one straggle of street that it boasted, and made a bee-line for a building bearing a physician's sign, finding its owner within.

The doctor was reluctant to go with him. "What's the good," he objected. "Johnny Fraser aint worth hell-room, and you know it. Why, if I get him well, he'll just go on bummin' round the saloons and gamblin' houses, helpin' skin every poor sucker that comes along, and drinkin' up every cent of money he gets his hands on. He ought to die, and be quick about it."

"But he's human, Dock," Dick urged, "an' he's got a pore old widow mother somewheres back East. An' he's my pardner; I've eat with him, an' slept with him, an' fought those d-d Indians with him—he aint no coward, Dock, I can say that for him—an' so I just can't throw him down, nohow."

"All right, I'll go see him," the doctor answered, "but I'll look to you for my pay."

On their way to the cabin, Dick stopped long enough to buy a bottle of whisky. He gave Johnny a drink, and the doctor proceeded to make an examination of the wound. It was a bad one, a great hole drilled through the lung, and but little more than a glance was needed to tell the man of medicine that it would prove fatal. Dressing it, he measured out some medicines, designed solely to make the patient's end free from suffering, and giving Dick instruction as to their use, started home.

Dick followed him outside, closing the door so that Johnny would not hear. "How 'bout him, Dock?" he asked, anxiously.

"Did you say that he has a mother back East?" the other answered.

"Yes," said Dick.

"Then you'd better write her to come in a hurry, if she wants to see him alive again," the doctor replied. "I don't give him more than ten or fifteen days longer."

Dick had expected such a reply, but it came to him as a shock, nevertheless; a man does not "pardner" with another without forming more or less affection for him. He sighed, and was silent a few moments.

"If that's th' case," he answered, finally, "I reckon it won't hurt if I give him all th' whisky he wants, will it?"

"Not a bit," answered the doctor. "It's what he wants more than anything else, and you might as well let him have it. I'll come again to-morrow."

Johnny demanded more whisky the moment Dick's face showed inside again, and Dick gave him the bottle. He was punishing its contents, heavily, when Dick asked: "Where do yuh come from, Johnny, anyhow?"

Johnny removed the bottle from his lips long enough to answer: "Ohio."

"Is yore mother still there?" Dick went on.

"Oh, I don't know," Johnny answered, thickly, and with utter indifference. "She was back—back on the old farm last time I heard from her. Maybe dead for all I know." He was fast passing into a drunken stupor.

"Where is th' old farm? What's th' name o' th' town?" Dick persisted.

"St. Clair," Johnny mumbled. "Now, go to the devil, and don't bother me any more."

He soon fell asleep, when Dick stole out and went up town again, walking slowly and with the air of one lost in thought. Turning into the principal gambling place, he was greeted warmly by the men gathered there; but he declined their proffered drinks; he was not bent on social intercourse, he had a duty to perform—and duty always came first with Dick.

"Billy, lend me yore writin' outfit," he said to the proprietor of the place.

Billy fished pen, paper, and ink from somewhere behind the bar. "Goin' to write yore will?" he asked, facetiously.

"Nope," Dick answered. And seating himself behind a faro-table that was idle for the while, he began writing. A blot appeared before he had completed the first sentence, and he cursed it softly; another came presently, and he cursed that one louder: his stiffened fingers were far better adapted to the guidance of pick and shovel than of the quill. But he persisted; an hour he labored, growing warmer and cursing louder as the blots and erasures grew thicker, and finally his task was completed: a letter to Johnny's mother, telling her of her son's approaching demise. Wiping the beads of perspiration from his face, he sat a few minutes, reading over what he had written, and then grabbed up the pen to add a postscript.

"Johnny's a mighty fine feller," he wrote, "there aint a finer in new Mexico, an' thel Shore be a Sorry lot of boys in this Town when he Quits. Mrs. Fraser, Yon Shore aint got nothin to be ashamed of in Johnny. Hcs all right or Im a Greaser."

Borrowing a stamp, he went out and posted his letter, and then went back to the bed of his stricken partner. And there he stuck, day after day and night after night, attending Johnny as best he could, cooking his food, dressing his wound, administering medicine, or trotting to town and back with whisky, but with never a sharp word or cross look at the querulousness and abusive language with which the patient often received his attentions.

At last the long-expected answer from Mrs. Fraser came. Her health was failing fast, and she was too poor in purse to make so long a journey, even to be with her darling boy in his last moments, she wrote. Her heart cried out to be with him, her only child, but the dear Lord, in His wisdom, had willed it otherwise. Her grief could hardly be contained, and her only consolation was the trust that they would soon be reunited in that glorious life where misery and suffering and death are unknown. She knew that Johnny was still the good Christian boy that he was when he left her to go out into that great wild West. How well she remembered, and how dearly she treasured the memory, of that blessed day, just four short weeks before he went away, that he was received into the fold of Jesus. She would pray for him night and day until the end. And she would pray for the dear kind men among whom her unfortunate boy had fallen; she knew they were Christian men, to be so good to him. And would Dick be so kind as to write again, immediately? She was hungry for news of him; and Dick must tell her of his spiritual, as well as of his bodily, condition. Did he bear himself as the Christian should?—with resignation, with faith in the resurrection, and in the goodness of God? She knew that he read his Bible daily, for it had been his custom to do so from childhood up. In conclusion, she poured out her very heart in a loving message to Johnny, bidding him be of good cheer, and to keep strong his faith in God's unfailing mercy.

It was the letter of not only the heart-broken mother, but of a refined, educated woman as well. Dick read it leaning against the billiard-table in Billy's place, and his face wore a look as blank as a pine board when he finished. A full minute he stood there, speechless; then came to his aid a part of his vocabulary that never failed him for long, and he began swearing, incoherently at first, but presently as though by note. And the essence of his remarks was condemnation of his foolishness.

"What's th' matter, Dick? Somebody been jumpin' yore claim?" asked Billy, attracted by the force of Dick's oratory.

Dick handed over Mrs. Fraser's letter. "Just read that," he said. "I'm up against it, good an' hard, or I'm a greaser."

Billy read it with unconcern, and passed it back.

"What's wrong with it?" he asked. "Don't yuh sabe it?"

"Course I sabe it!" Dick snorted. "But I've got

to write back to her, aint I? I can't throw up my hand just 'cause she's returned my lead, can I?"

"Well, that's an easy proposition," Billy returned, cheerfully. "Just tell her that he's th' oneryest son-of-a-gun that ever hit th' West, an' aint no more of a Christian 'n I am, an' that she'll fall down a plenty hard if she makes any bets on meetin' him where th' good people go."

"No, no, yuh don't sabe th' case," Dick exclaimed. "Can't yuh see 't would 'most kill her to know how tough he is? What in hell's th' good o' givin' her th' truth? I've got to make her keep on thinkin' that he's a little tin angel on wheels, but I don't sabe th' lingo to fix it up in—she 'll ketch on if I don't ring in th' proper gospel talk. That's what's got me rattled."

Billy reflected a minute. "Why don't you go an' get th' parson into th' game?" he said, finally. "There's one moved to town while you was away. I don't know just what kind of a sport he is, but this deal you're makin' seems to me to be just in his line. You'll find him down in th' shack where Mother Jones used to live."

Dick jumped at this suggestion, and hurried to call on the missionary, finding him at home. He was one of those broad-souled men of the West, so often found sowing the seeds of the gospel in the stony places of the frontier, with a full understanding and appreciation of the goats composing his flock. His manner was so cordial and encouraging that Dick was not long in unburdening himself.

Laughing in good nature, more at Dick's predicament than at the strangeness of the object of his visit, the minister took a few minutes in which to think the matter over. Then he took the letter from Dick, and read it through. There were tears in his eyes when he reached its end.

"Poor old mother!" he exclaimed, pityingly.

"Hold on, Parson," Dick stammered. "Le' me tell yuh 'bout Johnny, first. He's—he's— Why, Parson, like as not we'll find him drunker 'n a biled owl!"

"All the more reason why I should go at once," the minister returned. "Come along, we'll talk as we go."

Dick went reluctantly. Reaching the shack and going inside, Johnny was found in the condition Dick had predicted, but not so drunk that he did not begin cursing them both the moment he learned the mission upon which the visitor had come. But there was so little life left in him that he soon exhausted himself, and hushed, when the missionary knelt at his bed and silently sent up a prayer in his behalf.

"I'm afraid he'll have to go as he is," the minister said, in tones of horror, when they left the room. "What a fearful thing to appear before one's maker in such a state as that! Oh, if I had only known in time, I might have softened him, might at least have prepared him to appear at the throne of grace in a penitent mood. But we must do as you wish, his poor old mother must remain forever in ignorance of his awful end."

That night another letter from Dick sped on its way eastward to the old mother waiting so eagerly for news of her boy, a letter that, partly dictated by the missionary, was filled with "gospel talk" so proper that she could not suspect the lie that it was, and that all but quenched in happiness the tears of grief she shed.

Johnny died on the second day after the minister's visit, unrepentant and defiant to the end. This called for the writing of still another letter, which the missionary himself undertook, and the message it contained, breathing unwavering faith in the life to come, and undying love for his mother, which Johnny should have uttered with his last breath, but did not, was calculated all but to remove the pain from the blow it would deal.

The funeral was on the day following, and was conducted with all the outward marks of respect that Dick's influence with his fellows could command, a coffin with silver-plated handles, which "any man 'd be proud to wear," as Dick expressed it, having been purchased for the occasion, as well as a lot in the cemetery, where, later, a little "marker" of white marble would stand above the grave—all mute evidence of Dick's loyalty to the man who had been his partner. On his part, the missionary contributed a touching "send-off," in which he wisely avoided speculation as to Johnny's whereabouts since his demise, instead confining his remarks to comments on the wonderful strength of the old mother's faith in her wayward boy, and on the power of faith as a means to grace.

A week later, he received a letter in a strange hand, which proved to be from a minister of his own creed in the little town of St. Clair. Immediately upon receipt of the news of Johnny's death, his mother was stricken with paralysis, and, a few days later, the stranger wrote, had died contented and happy in the knowledge that she was so soon to be reunited with her noble boy in that joyous life beyond the grave. "What a noble youth he must have been, to inspire her with such implicit faith," he added, "and what a pity that he should be cut down at the beginning of a life that would have been as a light in the window in this age, so black with the darkness of sin and unbelief."

Dick was the second to read this letter, and his eyes were moist when he finished it. "Parson, yuh're a crack-a-jack, d-d if yuh aint!" he exclaimed, in deep admiration. "My hands go up, yuh can beat me lyin', all to hell an' back! But gee whiz! how disappointed Johnny's mother must have been when she entered the pearly gates!"

BOURDON WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 1903.

DON PEDRO ALVARADO.

The Richest Man in Mexico.

We had seen the so-called yacht races, and were on our way back to Mexico on an Erie diner when I picked up a New York Herald, which printed long articles describing the death of Don Pedro Alvarado, generally known as "Mexico's richest man." Naturally, we were interested, for we lived in Parral, within three or four doors of the new fine palace which the Mexican millionaire has been building. When we reached El Paso every one was talking about his demise, and the mining fraternity were conjecturing as to the future of the "Palmilla," the mine from which Alvarado's great riches have been taken. Promoting schemes were thicker than Tammany thieves, and one enterprising individual was just starting North to get a few millions together for the purpose of buying out the Widow Alvarado's right, title, and interest in La Palmilla.

So we reached Parral. The little up-and-downy mining town looked about as usual; there were no visible signs of mourning for the deceased millionaire, and in point of fact, in the excitement of reaching home again, I had forgotten all about Don Pedro. Just about dusk of that day, however, the matter re-occurred to me. I was going into our own door at the time, and happened to glance down the street to where Alvarado's big, new white house gleamed out from its adobe surroundings. Thought I: "It's quite dusky, but I'll go down and see how nearly done the poor man's house was at the time of his death." It has been under construction for heaven knows how long, and isn't yet done.

The doors and windows aren't yet placed, so I passed in at the entrance door, and strolled about in the gray dimness, noting carelessly the big, lofty rooms, with their ornate decorations and ever-present saints. Alvarado, in his devotion, had ordered saints galore to be placed in, around, and upon the house; one particularly strapping figure, with halo and wings, surmounts the house itself, just under the lightning-rod. The effect is remarkable, to say the least, and one can not but admire his reasoning, which is presumably that the saint will keep away the lightning, and the rod will insure the fact!

I had just finished counting the saints, when it occurred to me that it was getting both dark and late, and that it would take me a minute or so to crawl down from my perch in the second story. The stairs were not in shape, and I had to get down as best I could. Within four feet of the downstairs floor, I heard a slight rustle somewhere near me. Thinking that it was one of the watchmen, I glanced around. I froze stiff where I stood. It seemed as if my hair stood straight up on end, and my heart stopped beating. Truly, I never had such a terrible scare in all my life. And no wonder; for there, within ten feet of me, and coming straight forward, was nothing less than Alvarado himself—Alvarado, whose death had been so fully written up; whose riches so thoroughly described; and whose mine American syndicates were on the point of buying! If you have ever seen a ghost, or thought that you saw one, judge of my feelings then.

I stood stock still, glaring, unable to move, while the figure, in its mournful black clothes, came slowly on. In another second, it would be right under me! The thought moved me to action, and I made a wild leap, shutting my eyes so that I wouldn't see the phantom, caught in a pile of boards, and scraped my shins most unmercifully. As I desperately untangled myself, I distinctly saw the figure stop its onward motion, and cross itself before one of the numerous saints. But that is all that I did see, for I fairly tore from the house, not daring to cast one "fleeing, glimmering glance behind." Nor did I rest until, breathless, disheveled, scratched, and almost weeping with terror, I gained the safety of our own domicile, and unfolded the story of my plight within the bosom of my own family.

Expecting sympathy, I was met with jeers, ridicule, and bursts of laughter. And finally, our servants informed me that Don Pedro Alvarado had not died; that the newspaper reports were absolutely unfounded; and that what I had seen was no wraith, but poor Alvarado himself, innocently inspecting his new house in the gloaming!

One comfort I was able to take to myself—I had frightened him almost as much as he had me! For next morning the workmen reported that Don Pedro, walking about the new house, had been startled by the sudden apparition of a woman in white, appearing out of the air itself. She was floating toward him, with threatening gestures, when, calling upon the Virgin, and crossing himself before one of the saints, he caused the apparition to disappear, leaving no trace or token behind.

It developed afterward that a rich Mexican, one Don Pedro Torres, was the one who died. American correspondents in this country, never too careful about verifying their news, cabled to New York and elsewhere of the death of Pedro Alvarado, and so the mistake got about. Alvarado himself was amused, and read with glee his own obituaries. Not so the writer, who, remembering that bad quarter of an hour in Alvarado's house, would like to say a few words in private to the careless American correspondent.

Waiving the matter of ghosts, however, it is not probable that any public character of the day is more mistakenly talked about than this same Pedro Alvarado.

If you pay attention to the absurd stories afloat, mostly originating from El Paso newspapers, you gather the idea that Alvarado is a cross between Andrew Carnegie and an idiot, in that he tries to pay his country's national debt, and carpets his house with silver bars; surrounds himself with a guard of *rurales*; buys up all the sewing-machines, pianos, and jewelry that he puts eyes upon; and otherwise disports himself like a first-class lunatic.

Some one told him, last year, that the Mexican national debt was about fifty thousand dollars. Don Pedro is not up in matters political, and being somewhat flush at the time from his Palmilla, which brings him in hundreds of thousands right along, offered the government the said amount for payment of the debt. It is hardly probable that he would have offered the entire amount, had he known what it really was. This offer of his does not seem more extraordinary than that of Carnegie in relation to the Venezuela dispute, a few years ago, and is at least dictated by a feeling of pure patriotism.

Certainly it is true, however, that Alvarado doesn't know just how to employ his fabulous amount of money. How can one expect him to? Up to a short time ago, he was a mere poor mining Mexican, slightly better than the *peons* who work for him at fifty and sixty cents a day; he had hardly been out of Parral itself—which is a mere mining-camp, with no claim to culture or anything else that pertains to most cities, even in Mexico; he had toiled away at what was considered a losing hope, the Palmilla Mine, and really had no chance in any way. Now that he has struck it rich, his principal idea seems to be to distribute much of his money in charity, in building churches and altars, and in—so to speak—propitiating the powers that be. His works are good, and his gifts to the poor are numerous. He maintains dozens of poor beggars, takes special care of his old *campesinos*, or fellow-workmen, and his watchword is: "The Palmilla gives for all."

Alvarado is a man of middle age, slight, wiry, and perfectly unnoticeable. You would never think him to be one of the richest men on the Western Continent; rather would you set him down as a clerk at, say, sixty or seventy-five dollars, Mexican, a month. He dresses invariably in native-made black clothes, and seems to have no fads or particular foibles. His *scholar* is like unto him in that she also is unassuming and very plain. They have two or three children, who are in process of education here in Parral, and the family occupy, pending the completion of the new house, a very meek-looking little building in a very unassuming location, keep one servant, and their sole amusement or recreation seems to be the purchase and maintenance of dozens of green parrots, big and little, with which the *patio* and entire house seem to overflow.

By the way, when Alvarado decided to build himself the great new house, people were amazed and shocked at the site which he selected, backing out on the river-bed, and almost entirely surrounded by dirty little adobe huts. He owns plenty of land in and around the town, and could have put his house very nearly where he pleased; but no—on the very spot where the new palace is built once stood the little *jacal* where he was born, and in which his people lived. And this is the reason for his choosing one of the unluckiest spots in the town of Parral. Most of the newly rich avoid poverty-stricken pasts, but Alvarado does not.

Meanwhile, his wealth is piling up day after day, and the Palmilla shows, they say, no signs of giving out. It is still a bonanza, and work goes merrily on. It has also proved something of a bonanza to American promoters, all of whom, if they have a mine within fifty miles of the Palmilla, tell credulous purchasers: "We are right on the Palmilla vein, sir, and bound to strike the same ore that Alvarado has got." Of course, it is unnecessary to state that the Palmilla leads and vein are tightly protected, and not an inch can be had for love or money.

ELIZABETH GIBERT.

PARRAL, CHIH., MEXICO, October 5, 1903.

In London, British consols have for a couple of centuries been accepted as an index to the condition of investment capital. In New York, since the great promotion craze of 1901, securities of the Steel Corporation have been accepted as an equally important index. Shortly before the Transvaal war, British consols sold at 114; at the opening of 1903 their price was 93. On September 29th they were quoted for less than 88, the lowest price in thirty-seven years. In 1901, preferred stock of the Steel Corporation, paying 7 per cent. dividends, sold at 101½, and the common, paying 4, brought 55. Last week these two stocks sold, respectively, at 60¼ and 16.

The war against the French still continues in Straussburg. A merchant who had a French signboard up was compelled the other day to change it for its German equivalent, and at the second performance of a new operetta the French soldiers in it had to appear in black trousers instead of the red they had worn on the preceding evening.

In Japan, where massage is much in vogue, the blind man who is otherwise healthy can always earn a livelihood, and a notable feature of any Japanese town toward evening is the blind masseur as he walks along, announcing himself with his peculiar sounding whistle, in search of work, which he can always find in plenty.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The important post of dramatic critic of the Paris *Temps*, left vacant by the death of M. Larroumet, has been given to Adolphe Brisson, the son-in-law of Francisque Sarcey.

The Marquis of Donegal, who, although he has been married three times, has hitherto been childless, last week became a father at the age of eighty-two. He married his third wife, a daughter of Henry Twining, of Halifax, N. S., at the beginning of the year. She is twenty-two years old. The child, a boy, will inherit the title, but comparatively little else, past generations of the family having squandered the estate.

It is generally imagined that Sarah Bernhardt has accumulated a large fortune, but such a supposition is entirely erroneous. Only the other day, she told a reporter that if she were rich, she would immediately retire from the stage and start on a trip around the world. Her move from the Théâtre de la Renaissance to the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt is considered unfortunate by her admirers, who declare that, although she earns a considerable sum during her tours, all the profits she makes are spent in maintaining her theatre in Paris.

The President has assigned Major-General Henry C. Corbin to command the Department of the East, relieving Major-General Chaffee, who is to become assistant to the chief of staff at the War Department. The purpose of the transfer is that General Chaffee may make himself familiar with the duties of the general staff, of which he is destined to be chief on Lieutenant-General Young's retirement, on January 4, 1904. It is understood that on General Chaffee's retirement, on or before April 14, 1906, General Corbin will be promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general.

Commenting on the attempt of Peter Elliott, the armed madman, to kill President Roosevelt at the White House, a fortnight ago, Walter Wellman says that the President is disgusted because he can not take his country drives or walks, or a stroll about the city without being attended by a guard. In deference to the wishes of Mrs. Roosevelt, he rarely takes a walk in Washington. If he could do as he likes he would often start out for a ramble as Presidents Harrison and McKinley used to do. Mr. McKinley was absolutely fearless. He did not believe there was a wretch on earth low enough to hurt him. Mr. Roosevelt is just as fearless as Mr. McKinley was, but in the light of what has happened in the last two years, he has not so much confidence in human nature.

One of the largest items in the estate left by Pope Leo was his jubilee jewelry gifts—valued at about five millions of dollars. The late Pope's executors have decided to sell all that is devoid of historical or artistic interest. But the question is how to sell. Donors would be deeply hurt were their gifts put up at auction. The exhibition of jubilee offerings in Roman sale-rooms could not fail to shock many pious Catholics, and still more the eager bidding of Jewish brokers against Christian relic-hunters. Emily Crawford says that it has been proposed to send them to the auction mart of the Rue Drouot, in Paris, where the jewels Queen Isabella took with her from Spain were disposed of. Paris is more accessible to buyers from everywhere than the Eternal City, and its press and auctioneers know how to get up a purchasing craze.

James L. Kernochan, the popular New York clubman, and one of the most widely known cross-country riders in America, died at his country-seat, "The Meadows," at Hempstead, L. I., on October 6th, at the age of thirty-five. He was a fearless rider, and so prejudiced against automobiles that he would not allow one on his grounds. His death was due to injuries to his spine, sustained last summer at one of the hunts of the Meadow Brook Club. In fact, on many occasions, Mr. Kernochan took bad croppers, and it was said of him that he had hardly a bone in his body that had not been broken at one time or another. But though he might be carried home unconscious, a few days later he generally appeared as ready as ever to follow the hounds. His most famous hunter, Retribution, he piloted to victory on many occasions in various sections of the country, and fifty cups won by this horse, who is still alive at the age of twenty-one, are in the trophy rooms at "The Meadows."

Austen Chamberlain, who has just succeeded Charles T. Ritchie as chancellor of the exchequer in the British Cabinet, is the eldest son of Joseph Chamberlain by his first wife, Harriet, daughter of the late Archbishop Kenrick of Birmingham. His father first sent him to Rugby, then to Trinity College, Cambridge, and after that to Paris and Berlin. Having passed through these stages in his education, he was made private secretary to his father. By serving in this capacity he was readily able to get an inside view of British politics, so that eleven years ago he was ready to represent the eastern division of Worcestershire. He made a good name for himself with his party associates for his services as Liberal-Unionist whip under the last government, and as a civil lord of the admiralty under the present one. In 1902, he was chosen postmaster-general. Mr. Chamberlain is an excellent speaker, and was warmly congratulated by Mr. Gladstone on his maiden speech in the House of Commons. He is forty years old, unmarried, and still lives with his father.

KIPLING'S NEW BOOK.

Some of the Best Poems from "The Five Nations."

Significant of the personal change in Kipling is the alteration of a single word in the poem following, from "The Five Nations." When "The Bell Buoy" appeared in *McClure's Magazine*, some years ago, the penultimate line of the second verse read:

"Could I wait my turn in the pinging choir?"

The soberer and more critical Kipling of to-day evidently finds the word, which doubtless came *currente calamo*, somewhat offensive and the unobjectionable but rather colorless "godly" replaces it:

THE BELL BUOY.

They christened my brother of old—
And a saintly name he hears—
They gave him his place to hold
At the head of the helmy-stairs,
Where the minster-towers stand
And the breeding kestrels cry.
Would I change with my brother a league inland?
(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

In the flush of the hot June prime,
O'er smooth flood-tides afire,
I hear him hurry the chime
To the hidding of checked Desire;
Till the sweated ringers tire
And the wild hoh-majors die.
Could I wait for my turn in the godly choir?
(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

When the smoking scud is blown,
When the greasy wind-rack lowers,
Apart and at peace and alone,
He counts the changeless hours.
He wars with darkling Powers
(I war with a darkling sea);
Would he stoop to my work in the gusty mirk?
(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not he!

There was never a priest to pray,
There was never a hand to toll,
When they made me guard of the hay,
And moored me over the shoal.
I rock, I reel, and I roll—
My four great hammers ply—
Could I speak or be still at the Church's will?
(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

The landward marks have failed,
The fog-hank glides unguessed,
The seaward lights are veiled,
The spent deep feigns her rest;
But my ear is laid to her breast,
I lift to the swell—I cry!
Could I wait in sloth on the Church's oath?
(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

At the careless end of night
I thrill to the nearing screw,
I turn in the nearing light
And I call to the drowsy crew:
And the mud boils foul and blue
As the blind howl backs away.
Will they give me their thanks if they clear the
hanks?
(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not they!

The heach-pools cake and skim,
The hursting spray-heads freeze,
I gather on crown and rim
The grey, grained ice of the seas,
Where, sheathed from hitt to trees,
The plunging colliers lie.
Would I harter my place for the Church's
grace?
(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

Through the blur of the whirling snow,
Or the black of the inky sleet,
The lanterns gather and grow,
And I look for the homeward fleet.
Rattle of block and sheet—
"Ready about—stand by!"
Shall I ask them a fee ere they fetch the quay?
(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

I dip and I surge and I swing
In the rip of the racing tide,
By the gates of doom I sing,
On the horns of death I ride.
A ship-length overside,
Between the course and the sand,
Fretted and hound I bide
Peril whereof I cry.
Would I change with my brother a league inland?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

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"The Sea and the Hills," unlike "The Bell Buoy," has never before been printed. It begins the volume, and not un auspiciously:

THE SEA AND THE HILLS.

Who hath desired the Sea?—the sight of salt water un-
hounded.
The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the
comber wind-hounded?
The sleek-barrelled swell before storm, grey, foamless, enor-
mous, and growing—
Stark calm on the lap of the Linc or the crazy-eyed hurri-
cane blowing—
His Sea in no showing the same—his Sea and the same 'neath
each showing—
His Sea as she slackens or thrills?
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen desire their
Hills!

Who hath desired the Sea?—the immense and contemptuous
surges?
The shudder, the stumble, the swerve, as the star-stabbing
howspit emerges?
The orderly clouds of the Trades, and the ridged, roaring sap-
phire thereunder—
Unheralded cliff-haunting flaws and the headsail's low-volley-
ing thunder—
His Sea in no wonder the same—his Sea and the same through
each wonder—
His Sea as she rages or stills?
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen desire their
Hills.

Who hath desired the Sea? Her menaces swift as her mercies,
The in-rolling walls of the fog and the silver-winged breeze
that disperses?

The unstable mined herg going South and the calvings and
groans that declare it;
White water half-guessed overside and the moon hreaking
timely to hear it;
His Sea as his fathers have dared—his Sea as his children
shall dare it—
His Sea as she serves him or kills?
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen desire their
Hills.

Who hath desired the Sea? Her excellent loneliness rather
Than forecourts of kings, and her outermost pits than the
streets where men gather
Inland, among dust, under trees—inland where the slayer may
slay him
Inland, out of reach of her arms, and the bosom whereon he
must lay him—
His Sea at the first that betrayed—at the last that shall never
betray him—
His Sea that his being fulfills?
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen desire their
Hills.

[Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.]

Not a few of those exiled Englishmen of whom Kipling writes in "The Broken Men" are residents of San Francisco, hobnobbing with the "remittance men," and posing, perhaps, as favorite sons on their travels. This is a poem in which all is said in the last few lines:

THE BROKEN MEN.

For things we never mention,
For Art misunderstood—
For excellent intention
That did not turn to good;
From ancient tales' renewing,
From clouds we would not clear—
Beyond the Law's pursuing
We fled, and settled here.

We took no tearful leaving.
We bade no long good-byes;
Men talked of crime and thieving,
Men wrote of fraud and lies.
To save our injured feelings
'Twas time and time to go—
Behind was doek and Dartmoor,
Ahead lay Callao!

The widow and the orphan
That pray for ten per cent.,
They clapped their trailers on us
To spy the road we went.
They watched the foreign sailings
(They scan the shipping still),
And that's your Christian people
Returning good for ill!

God bless the thoughtful islands
Where never warrants come!
God bless the just Republics
That give a man a home,
That ask no foolish questions,
But set him on his feet;
And save his wife and daughters
From the workhouse and the street!

On church and square and market
The noonday silence falls;
You'll hear the drowsy mutter
Of the fountain in our halls.
Asleep amid the yuccas
The city takes her ease—
Till twilight brings the land-wind
To our clicking jealousies.

Day long the diamond weather,
The high, unaltered blue—
The smell of goats and incense
And the mule-hells tinkling through.
Day long the warbler ocean
That keeps us from our kin,
And once a month our levee
When the English mail comes in.

You'll find us up and waiting
To treat you at the bar;
You'll find us less exclusive
Than the average English are.
We'll meet you with your carriage,
Too glad to show you round,
But—we do not lunch on steamers,
For they are English ground.

We sail o' nights to England
And join our smiling Boards;
Our wives go in with Viscounts
And our daughters dance with Lords.
But behind our princely doings,
And behind each coup we make,
We feel there's Something Waiting,
And—we meet it when we wake.

Ah God! One sniff of England—
To greet our flesh and blood—
To hear the hansom slurring
Once more through London mud!
Our towns of wasted honor—
Our streets of lost delight!
How stands the old Lord Warden?
Are Dover's cliffs still white?

[Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.]

It was Stevenson who prayed "not to be embittered," and Kipling, in the past, has seemed to have avoided that canker of life. But in "The Old Men" there is discernible a trace of fear for that time when "the lamp of our youth will be utterly out," and yet we shall be senilely complacent:

THE OLD MEN.

This is our lot if we live so long and labor unto the end—
That we outlive the impatient years and the much too patient
friend:

And because we know we have breath in our mouth and think
we have thought in our head,
We shall assume that we are alive, whereas we are really dead.

We shall not acknowledge that old stars fade or alien planets
arise
(That the sere hush huds or the desert blooms or the ancient
well-head dries),
Or any new compass wherewith new men adventure 'neath
new skies.

We shall lift up the ropes that constrained our youth to bind
on our children's hands;
We shall call to the water below the bridges to return and re-
plenish our lands;
We shall harness horses (Death's own pale horses) and
scholarly plow the sands.

We shall lie down in the eye of the sun for lack of a light on
our way—

We shall rise up, when the day is done and chirrup, "Behold,
it is day!"
We shall abide till the hattle is won ere we amble into the
fray.

We shall peek out and discuss and dissect, and evert and ex-
trude to our mind.
The flaccid tissues of long-dead issues offensive to God and
mankind
(Precisely like vultures over an ox that the army has left be-
hind).

We shall make walk preposterous ghosts of the glories we once
created—
(Immodestly smearing from muddled palettes amazing pig-
ments mismated)
And our friends will weep when we ask them with boasts if
our natural force he ahated.

The Lamp of our Youth will be utterly out; but we shall sub-
sist on the smell of it,
And whatever we do, we shall fold our hands and suck our
gums and think well of it.
Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work, and that is
the perfectest Hell of it!

This is our lot if we live so long and listen to those who love
us—

That we are shunned by the people about and shamed by the
Powers above us.

Wherefore be free of your harness betimes; but being free be
assured,

That he who hath not endured to the death, from his birth lie
hath never endured!

[Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.]

Kipling was not only the rapt admirer of Cecil Rhodes, the nation-builder, but he was also his friend and had been his guest. No wonder, then, that when he came to write "The Burial" the words should be characterized by perfect appropriateness and poetic eloquence. "The Burial" is simple, but impressive:

THE BURIAL.

C. J. Rhodes, buried in the Matoppos, April 10, 1902.

When that great Kings return to clay,
Or Emperors in their pride,
Grief of a day shall fill a day.
Because its creature died.
But we—we reckon not with those
Whom the mere Fates ordain,
This Power that wrought on us and goes
Back to the Power again.

Dreamer devout, by vision led
Beyond our guess or reach,
The travail of his spirit hred
Cities in place of speech.
So huge the all-mastering thought that drove—
So brief the term allowed—
Nations, not words, he linked to prove
His faith before the crowd.

It is his will that he look forth
Across the world he won—
The granite of the ancient North—
Great spaces washed with sun.
There shall he patient make his seat
(As when the Death he dared)
And there await a people's feet
In the paths that he prepared.

There, till the vision he forswore
Splendid and whole arise,
And unimagined Empires draw
To council 'neath his skies.
The immense and brooding Spirit still
Shall quicken and control,
Living he was the land, and dead,
His soul shall be her soul!

[Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.]

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York;
\$1.40.

A distinguished American artist, Miss Carl, one of the few women painters admitted as members of the Paris Salon, is now living in the summer palace near Pekin as the guest of the Empress Dowager, whose portrait she is painting. The empress, to make up for her former deficiencies and the long unperpetuated line of her ancestors, is having three pictures done of herself. One will be hung in her private apartments, another in the Hall of Audience, and the third will be sent to the St. Louis exhibition. The last named is to be the most ambitious work, showing the Empress Dowager in full panoply, tricked out in satins and brocades, "armed for defense, feathered to fortify." She will wear the head-dress known in China as the "shower of pearls," in which ropes of beautifully matched pearls hang like a curtain to her shoulders, as well as her barbaric bracelets and priceless earrings. She has also ordered the emperor to sit for his portrait, and it probably will be completed in a fortnight or three weeks. Miss Carl's brother, a high official in the imperial Chinese customs, has been chosen to escort China's delegate, Prince Pu Lun, to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

The negro residents in Berlin, of whom there are about two hundred, mostly Americans, have complained to the police recently of various attacks made on colored men. In two or three instances in the East End, where most of them live, negroes have been subjected to severe beatings. These occurrences are ascribed to the lynching news which the New York correspondents of German papers are particularly fond of sending by cable, the impression being produced on the Berlin roughs that this is the proper way to treat negroes.

The bark *Amy Turner* recently arrived at Hilo from San Francisco with a remarkable story of the escape of her carpenter from drowning. The carpenter fell overboard astern, and was left far behind. Though unable to swim he caught hold of the log line and took a turn round his wrist with it. He was finally picked up unconscious, but hanging on to the line with a death grip, which there was some difficulty in opening. He was revived.

TOLSTOY'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

His Novel Declaration of Love.

Edward A. Steiner, who has written a book on Tolstoy—"Tolstoy the Man," he calls it—which the Outlook Company announces for early publication, has lately returned from Russia, where he spent several months writing his book. Through the kindness of the "Tolstoy Circle" in Moscow, he had access to all available material. He has known the philosopher himself for seventeen years. Tolstoy, in fact, read his latest book to him, and supplied him with much information. In a recent installment of the book dealing with "Tolstoy's Marriage and Family Life," which appeared in the *Outlook*, Mr. Steiner said:

"When Tolstoy tells in his story, 'Family Happiness,' of the growth of the love of Sergei Michaelovitch for Mascha, the daughter of a childhood friend, he is simply telling the story of his own love for Sofia Andrejevna, whose mother, a Russian woman, was his dear friend (and only about a year and a half his senior), and whose father was Dr. Baer, a German physician. Tolstoy was attracted to her home, not only by the friendship which bound him to the mother, but also because he found in its pure and hospitable atmosphere much of that which other houses lacked. Countess Tolstoy says that her husband was attracted to her parents' home because of its fine aristocratic spirit, while he maintains that it was because of the democratic principles which prevailed in it, for the daughters not only knew how to speak four languages fluently and how to play the piano artistically, but could supervise a household, and if necessary perform all the labor themselves.

Although Tolstoy was many years older than the young woman upon whom his choice fell, his love from the first was ardent and strong, but he hesitated to declare it, and his attentions were so general that the friends who kept a watchful eye upon him could not determine whether his visits were intended for the mother or the daughters. However, when his fate was sealed, Mrs. Baer and her daughters made a three-days' visit at his estate, "Yasnaia Poliana." Says Mr. Steiner:

"When the guests departed, there was something in the glance of Tolstoy's eyes and in the pressure of his hand when he bade Sofia good-by which made his riding after them in a few days and his appearance at Ivizy quite natural and not unexpected to her. He came with the desire to ask Sofia to be his wife, and while they were alone under a shading tree, she sitting on a wooden bench in front of a table, he looking down on her chestnut-brown hair and into her grayish-blue eyes, the desire ripened into determination. She was playing with a piece of chalk, writing on the table, or rather just making marks, when he said, 'I have been wishing to ask you something for a long time,' and the grayish-blue eyes looked into his, frightened but friendly, as she said, 'Please ask.' He took the piece of chalk out of her fingers and wrote the first letters of the words of a sentence which was very complicated and which she had to decipher. 'And what is this, and what is that?' he asked of one word after another, and with wrinkled forehead and blushing cheek she answered him. 'And this word?' he asked again, and she said, 'It means never, but it is not so,' and, taking the crumbling chalk from him, she wrote four letters which did not form the words of a complicated sentence, and he needed no one to ask him, 'What is this, or what is that?' He knew what they meant, for all she wrote was e-v-e-r.

This declaration of his love he used in a more complicated form in his "Anna Karénina," where Levin thus declares himself to Kitty, his future wife. While in the story the mother seemed at first opposed to the union, in reality it was the father, Dr. Baer, who bluntly and definitely refused to give his consent:

"He wished to see his oldest daughter married first, and not until Tolstoy threatened to shoot himself if the father persisted in his refusal did he yield. Tolstoy wished to be married immediately; he did not understand why he should have to wait for the consummation of his wishes until the trousseau was finished, and he begged off month after month of the time set by Mrs. Baer, until finally the twenty-third of September, 1862, was settled upon as the date on which the ceremony was to be performed. He went at everything connected with the business of being married in an awkward and reluctant fashion, and his struggle was especially great when he had to go to confession, a matter which he had long neglected and in which he did not believe, but without which he could not marry. Yet he would have gone through the fire if it had been between him and his Sofia, so he went to the church and down upon his stiff knees, and received absolution from the gentle, simple-minded priest, 'who, indeed, could pull a tooth without hurting,' or, in other words, who could forgive sins without disturbing the conscience. Tolstoy listened to the service now absent-mindedly and now critically, for although he did not believe anything, he did not yet know but that he ought to, and although he denied his faith before the priest, he was not quite sure when he reached home whether, in trying to be perfectly honest, he had not after all told an untruth.

The day of the wedding found Tolstoy more

nervous and excited than the cool-headed bride. He had to be ordered about like a school-boy, and was as much confused about the right and left hand as a raw Russian recruit who receives his first lesson in drilling. 'Fjett, dear old boy, dearest friend,' wrote Tolstoy, intoxicated by his happiness, 'I am married two weeks and am a new, an entirely new, creature.'

Sofia entered completely into the thoughts and plans of her husband:

She was as idealistic as he, but much more practical; she took possession of keys and closets, brought order into confusion, and drove the leisurely horde of servants and peasants into desperation, if not into a faster gait. She had inherited from her father something of German thrift, and the rubles were not permitted to roll out faster than the kopeks came walking in. She kept the book and the cash, became general manager and overseer, and again Tolstoy writes to Fjett, 'I have made an important discovery: Inspectors, overseers, and village elders are a nuisance. I have done away with them, and Sofia and I are way up to our ears in farming. We have bees, sheep, a new orchard, and a distillery. I live in a world which lies so far away from all literature and all criticism that when I receive a letter like yours, my first thought is one of astonishment and surprise as to who has written 'The Kosaks,' or 'Polikushka'!"

Countess Tolstoy has in many respects been a model wife. Says Mr. Steiner:

Uncomplainingly and joyfully, she bore him thirteen children in twenty-seven years, nursing all of them, but one, herself. She was their companion and friend, and nine of them grew into manhood and womanhood by her side. For love of her husband she buried herself with him in Yasnaia Poliana, until she thought that for the sake of the children they must move to Moscow. She went with him through every phase of his moral and spiritual development, and stopped short only when to continue would have endangered the educational and social standing of the children. One can not blame her for stopping just where she did, but one can not help regretting it. True it is that the children might have grown up like peasants, but they would have been the sires of such a peasantry as Russia has never known, and of which it is sorely in need. Nine such peasants would have stood like strong pillars in a new social temple, while they are now nine aristocrats among ninety thousand or more of their kind, no worse and no better than the others. Among the sons, Leo, Jr., alone has literary tendencies and some talent. He has written a number of plays, and in one of them his father discovers real dramatic power, although the public does not seem to share this opinion. He is married to an excellent Danish woman, and lives in St. Petersburg, where he is endeavoring to be of some public service. Another son is an official in the government service, while the others have married rich wives.

Two of Tolstoy's daughters have married nobles of the highest rank, so that nearly all his children have gone over into the camp of the sworn enemies.

Death of Colonel Savage.

Richard Henry Savage, soldier, lawyer, and author, died in New York on October 11th, from the effects of injuries he received on the night of October 3d, when he was run down by a wagon at Forty-Second Street and Sixth Avenue, and three of his ribs were broken. He was fifty-seven years old, and is survived by a widow, who lives in Berlin. Colonel Savage was born in Utica, N. Y., and as a lad, arriving in California in 1852, attended the first public school in San Francisco, being the youngest scholar in the first class of the high school. Taken to the wilds of Nevada County, where his father was a merchant, the youth saw, in his prime, the wild life of Bret Harte's heroes. Later, in San Francisco, he witnessed the vigilante committee's sway of 1856.

Mr. Savage studied law, then entered West Point, where he was graduated with honors. Three years later, in 1871, he resigned from the army, and visited Europe for two years. During Grant's administration, he acted as United States consul at Marseilles and Rome. After leaving the diplomatic service, he engaged in railroad engineering in Texas, and later practiced engineering in California. In 1884, he again took up the practice of law in New York, but, after a few years, he devoted himself entirely to writing. Among Colonel Savage's most successful works may be mentioned "My Official Wife," "A Daughter of Judas," "The Masked Venus," "The Little Judge of Lagunitas," "In the Shadow of the Pyramids," "Last Days of Ismail Khedive," "Brought to Bay," and "Poems."

Dr. Henry Van Dyke's new book, "Joy and Power," is shortly to appear with the imprint of Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. In the volume will be included three of the author's addresses.

Conan Doyle is to have the honor of a collected edition of his writings, of which a thousand copies will be printed on especially fine paper, and signed by the author.

LITERARY NOTES.

For the Stage-Struck Girl.

No doubt, John D. Barry, the author of "A Daughter of Thespis," has mapped out and written this photographic record of an actress's daily life in recognition of the general curiosity felt concerning the private experiences and routine work of players. The author has not started out to flash startling adventures before his readers, but rather to give them some idea of the plain prose in the life of second-class players.

For Evelyn Johnson, his heroine, although the leading lady of a theatrical company, spends the greater part of her time on the road, playing sentimental rôles in cheap, inferior plays, and during her days of constant travel and unrest, longing as intensely as the incarcerated desire freedom for an escape from what to her is a dismal daily grind. While he is not too determinedly pessimistic in his pictures of the play-acting life, Mr. Barry's story is written in a tone of moderation that will impel even the impracticable and visionary stage-struck girl to realize that the career of an actress is not all beer and skittles.

As a contrast to the type of half-hearted actress, there is Madge Guernsey, a warm-hearted, slangy soubrette, who generally has an enamored young actor in tow, and who shudders at the mere thought of returning to the dull routine of home life. A typical leading man, a successful playwright, and a dramatic critic figure among the prominent characters, and there is an account of all the bustle and excitement and suspense attendant upon the New York production of a new play.

As far as an outsider may judge, the book is a truthful, though superficial, record of superficial lives, entertainingly and discerningly written, if we except the emotional epochs in the heart-history of the heroine, when a spirit of tameness seems to descend upon Mr. Barry's pen.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

The Evolution of the Stage.

A book from Brander Matthews on "The Development of the Drama" is a literary event of no small interest. Few American essayists occupy a more distinguished niche in American letters than does he, and few speak with greater authority on themes dramatic. In this, his latest book, he turns from study of the great playwrights to an investigation of the evolution of the stage—a mere corner in the general evolution of civilization. This evolution, Professor Matthews believes, was largely independent of the personalities of dramatists, however great. They have all had to submit to inherent laws rather than to proclaim any. "Dramaturgic principles," says the author, "are not mere rules laid down by theoretical critics, who have rarely any acquaintance with the actual theatre; they are laws, inherent in the nature of the art itself, standing eternal, as immutable to-day as when Sophocles was alive, or Shakespeare, or Molière." Accordingly, he thinks that, in the primitive pantomimes of the Aleuts or the Australian blacks, are to be found dramatic principles operative in the latest play.

Prefacing the book only by a brief but illuminative chapter on the art of the dramatist, Professor Matthews takes up in order Greek tragedy and the Greek and Roman comedy; the Mediaeval drama; and the drama in Spain, England, and France. In the three last chapters, the drama in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the future of the drama, are considered. Throughout, there has been taken into account "the threefold influence exerted on the form of the drama of every epoch by the demands of the actors, by the size and shape and circumference of the theatres of the time, and by the changing prejudices of the contemporary audiences."

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Household Economy.

We don't know how it is in San Francisco, but Emily Holt, who hails from Chicago, affirms that maids of all work and milk-men are there commonly in a conspiracy, so that the former rushes out to the latter with a pitcher a third full of water. This interesting statement we find in chapter eight of Miss Holt's "Encyclopædia of Household Economy," which seems to us an excellent work. It is direct, it is authoritative, it is clear. There is no nonsense about it. The author tells equally at home and confident when telling her readers to give the city horse-barn roof a good pitch, since it affords more loft-space, as when advising that finger-stalls be kept in stock where there are many boys in the

family. There is a good index to the work, which bulks to four hundred pages, and covers such subjects as "Kitchen Convenience," "Repairs and Restorations," "Concerning Closets," "House Cleaning," "In the Laundry," "Cleaning of China, Glass, and Metal," "Keeping Things," "Four-Footed Friends," "Pets and Poultry," "Lawn and Garden," etc. Miss Holt, we believe, has for years conducted a household department in the *Chicago Record-Herald*, which even men have been constrained to read shamefacedly though it is true.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.00.

A San Francisco Stevenson Club.

A club for the perpetuation of the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson is to be formed in San Francisco. It is to be known as the "Stevenson Fellowship," and its object will be to commemorate the birthday of Robert Louis Stevenson, collect information regarding his life and writings, and keep the members informed of important Stevensoniana published from time to time. A committee, composed of A. M. Sutherland, Frederick Ilsen, and A. A. Dennison, met a few weeks ago and drew up a constitution, which now awaits ratification; and proceeded to plan for the coming celebration, to be held on November 13th. A meeting for the purpose of perfecting the organization will be held in a few weeks, and San Francisco will have added another club worthy of ranking high in the list of literary clubs. The membership of the "Stevenson Fellowship" will be limited, for the present, to twenty, but one hundred tickets will be issued for the banquet. A. Sutherland, 56 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, will furnish any admirers of Stevenson with further particulars about this organization.

Alfred Austin's drama, "Flodden Field," which was presented on the London stage this season by Beerbohm Tree, has just been brought out in book-form. The chief male personages of the drama are James the Fourth of Scotland and the Earl of Surrey, but the character of Lady Heron—the woman upon whose intrigue the plot turns—is an invention of the poet laureate's.

Some of Richard Watson Gilder's most popular poems relating to the Christmas season have been gathered into a beautiful volume, set in a new style, with border decorations, title-page, and frontispiece by Henry McCarter. The collection is called "A Christmas Wreath," and it will be ready in time for the holidays.

Mrs. Edith Wharton, author of the novel of Italian life, "The Valley of Decision," is writing for the *Century* a series of papers on Italian gardens, which Maxfield Parrish will illustrate. The first article will appear in the November issue of the magazine.

Spain in 1903.

Jerome Hart's new book, "Two Argonauts in Spain," makes nearly three hundred pages, and will be out about the end of October. It is very handsomely printed on costly wove paper from new type.

Over a score of illustrations accompany the text, from photographs taken by the Two Argonauts. Among them are these:

"Moorish Archway, Alhambra"; "Bridge Between the Frontier and Barcelona"; "Columbus Monument, Montjuich in the Background"; "On the Rambla Roadway, Barcelona"; "Battle Armor of Charles V in Madrid Armory"; "Portrait of the Poet Baequer"; "Forest of Columns in the Cordova Mosque"; "Gypsy Group, Albaycin Quarter"; "Torre de la Vela, Granada"; "Gate of Justice, Alhambra"; "Architecture Details, Alhambra"; "Gypsy Dancers at Granada"; "An Arcade of the Alcazar, Seville"; "Group in the Gate of a Ducal Palace, Seville"; "Puerta del Perdon, Seville"; "Seville Cathedral and Giralda Tower."

The book has a rich rubricated title in pseudo-Arabic, framed in a Moorish archway copied from the Alhambra, and a colored map of Spain.

It is bound in a handsome cover emblazoned with the emblems of the various provinces of Spain—castles for Castile, lions for Leon, pomegranates for Granada, chains for Navarre, etc.

Only a limited edition will be printed. Mr. Hart's recent book of travel, "Argonaut Letters," also a limited edition, was out of print three months after publication.

Price to *Argonaut* subscribers, \$1.50. The Argonaut Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Much-Discussed Play.

Maurice Maeterlinck's drama, "Monna Vanna," has been produced on the stage both at home and abroad, and so the critics have had their say about its merits as an acting play. It may be interesting, however, to consider it here merely from the standpoint of the closet reader, apropos of the appearance of M. Alexis Irénée Du Pont Coleman's English version. This translation, by the way, seems to be a very capable one, and the English, considered simply as prose, certainly has a high degree of merit.

The action in "Monna Vanna" is almost nil. The situations, however, are all charged with feeling. Of the characters that count, there are only four—Guido, commander of the garrison of Pisa; Marco, his father; Vanna, his wife; and Prinzevalle, captain of the legions that besiege the city. The *nexus* of the play is the demand of Prinzevalle that the wife of Guido shall come to him, clothed only in a cloak, and remain from darkness until dawn. The alternative is the sacking of the city. Guido wildly refuses to pay the awful price, but Vanna calmly says that she will go. She goes: she finds that Prinzevalle was her boyhood lover; he touches her not; and they return to the city together. But Guido will not believe what Vanna tells him. Furious, he prepares to torture Prinzevalle. Vanna, by a desperate untruth, saves Prinzevalle from the wrath of Guido, and the reader may infer that together they escape.

The much-discussed scene between Vanna and Prinzevalle in his tent, whatever it may be made on the stage, in the book is without the faintest shadow of suggestiveness. On the contrary, the tone of that scene and of the whole play is pure and noble.

The characters of the four chief actors are logically developed and perfectly consistent throughout. There are, however, none of those swift and striking phrases that let the reader glimpse the man behind the mask. It is only when the book is finished and put aside that the perfect harmony of the play becomes vividly apparent. Let us quote one passage from the words of Prinzevalle to Vanna in the tent. It is typical of the style and spirit of the drama:

Men often say they have but one love in their life—and it is seldom true. They trick out their desire or their indifference with the marvelous unhappiness that belongs to those who are created for this single love. When one of these, speaking the same words that are but a lie upon the lips of others, comes to tell the profound and grievous truth that ravages his life, lo! the words too often used by happy lovers have lost all their force. All their weight; and she who hears them unthinkingly rates the poor words, so sacred and often so sad, at their profane value, in the smiling sense that they have among other men.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

A Novel Worth While.

It is nearly a quarter of a century since Arthur Sherbourne Hardy wrote "The Wind of Destiny." It is a book quite out of the ordinary, for the author was then more than the mere novelist, heart and soul being fully instinct with the strange, searching, subtle lore of the poet. One can re-read the book that wove its spell in youth, and find its atmosphere still pervaded with a melancholy, yet penetrating, charm; the charm of haunting memories, of youthful dreams, and all the sweet, unsatisfied, intangible aspirations of the heart.

Now, after a silence of many years, during the greater number of which he has lived abroad as an American consul, Mr. Hardy has taken up the pen he had cast aside, and in a novel called "His Daughter First," introduces his readers to the generation directly succeeding those who figured as the main characters in the earlier story.

It is very interesting to observe in this later work the change that has passed over Mr. Hardy's style. It is like the noon-day calm, after the glory of a summer dawn—that early keenness of emotion is gone. In its place, is the calm, wise, judicial survey of life by the trained observer, keen yet kind. "His Daughter First" is a story of the selfishness of a daughter, orphaned on the mother's side, who has quite definitely settled it in her mind that her father shall not marry a second time. She is a brilliant and beautiful creature, a daughter of the Glads of "The Wind of Destiny," and, like Gladys, born sophisticated. In the book she dazzles and charms all who come under her influence by the sovereignty of her beauty and distinction. But the reader, who is behind the arras, although perceiving and admiring her charm, feels repelled by the unconscious arrogance and selfishness of this young scion of Ameri-

can aristocracy. There is a contrasting portrait in the book—that of a woman, young and lovely also, but handicapped by nature and circumstances. She is a governess and companion to the young heiress, and Mr. Hardy, in projecting his thoughts into the inner chambers of her mind and heart, has shown a wizard's penetration in divining the doubts and fears, the hopes and dreams, and the emotional limitations of a timid, dependent, self-distrustful woman.

The main events of the story take place during a house-party gathering at a country mansion, at which a number of characters of more or less importance appear. All, however, whether in the background or the foreground, are limned with the hand of the expert. The picture drawn of American country life of elegant leisure is most interesting, reflecting, we imagine, some early impressions of the author on his first return to America from abroad. Mr. Hardy's style is still full of grace and charm, but that early flowering of poetic feeling and expression so noticeable in "The Wind of Destiny," which was strewn with lovely thoughts set, like gems, in sentences of chiseled beauty, is no longer apparent in this his latest book. "His Daughter First" is written by a student, a thinker, and an observer, but the poet who wrote "The Wind of Destiny" is in these later years merged into the man of the world.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Jack London's new book is called "People of the Abyss." A little more than a year ago Mr. London went down into the East End of London and lived for a few months among the poorer working people of the slums; and in this book he tells what he saw and did, and how the people in that part of London live.

Mary Johnston, author of "To Have and to Hold" and "Audrey," has written a new novel, which will begin serial publication in the November number of one of the Eastern magazines. The story is entitled "Sir Mortimer," and will be illustrated by F. C. Yohn.

Booth Tarkington has finished seeing his new novel, "Cherry," through the press, and has sailed for London, accompanied by Mrs. Tarkington, for an extended tour of Europe. Mr. Tarkington only recently recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever, and the present trip is undertaken chiefly for the improvement of his health.

The present Countess Potocka is the author of an intimate story of the life of the piano teacher, Leschetizky, which is among the Century Company's new books. Among Leschetizky's pupils have been Paderewski, Slivinski, Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler, Mme. Hopekirke, and others.

"Hawthorne and His Circle," by Julian Hawthorne, is to be published this month. It is expected that many of Mr. Hawthorne's reminiscences of his father will be found entirely new. The book is to be illustrated from photographs and sketches.

Charles Major's new novel, "A Forest Hearth," which is to be published by the Macmillan Company, is, the preliminary announcement says, "a vigorous, breezy story of outdoor life in Indiana, the life of the men and women, boys and girls, who conquered 'the great wilderness' during the eighteen-thirties."

Henry James's biography of "William Wetmore Story and His Friends," has just been published. Story was a sculptor, lawyer, and poet, and his acquaintance was wide and notable enough to render his correspondence of added interest for biographical purposes. The book, which is illustrated with portraits in photogravure, is published in two volumes.

The Macmillan Company has on its fall list a new library edition of the complete poetical writings of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. The edition is to be in six volumes, each opening with a portrait.

Little, Brown & Co. were obliged to print a second edition of George Wharton James's "Indians of the Painted Desert Region" before publication day.

Geraldine Bonner, who departed for the East last week, will soon resume her New York correspondence for the *Argonaut*. Her new California novel, "Tangled Tomorrows," has just been published by the Bobbs, Merrill Company.

The enormous labor which the biography of Gladstone has laid on John Morley's shoulders is indicated by the simple statement that he and his secretaries have in the course of their long task examined about four hundred thousand documents. Mr. Morley's work

is said to contain generous extracts from Mr. Gladstone's private diaries.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. have nearly ready a new edition of "The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt," with an introduction by Thornton Hunt, and new editing by Robert Ingpen, in two volumes.

OLD FAVORITES.

After the Wedding.

All alone in my room at last—
I wonder how far they have traveled now;
They'll be very far when the night is past—
And so would I if I knew but how.
How lovely she looked in her wreath and dress,
She is queenlier far than the village girls;
There were roses, too, in her wreath, I guess
'Twas they made the crimson among her curls.
She is good as beautiful, too, they say,
Her heart is gentle as any dove's;
She'll be all that she can to him always—
(Dear, I am tearing my new white gloves!)

How calm she is with her saint-like face,
Her eyes are violet—mine are blue—
(How careless I am with my mother's lace!)
Her hands are white, and softer, too.
They've gone to the city beyond the hill,
They must never come back to this place again;

I'm almost afraid to be here so still—
I wish it would thunder and lighten and rain,
Oh, no! for some may not be ached;
Some few, perhaps, may be out to-night;
I hope that the moon may come out instead,
And heaven be starry and earth be light.
It's only a summer since she's been here,
It's been my home for seventeen years;
But her name is a testament, far and near,
And the poor have embalmed it in priceless tears.

I remember the day when another came—
(There, at last I've tied my hair!)
Her curls and mine are nearly the same,
But hers are longer and mine less fair.
They're going across the sea, I know;
Across the ocean—will that be far?
(Did I have my comb a moment ago?)
I seem to forget where my things all are.)
When ships are wrecked do people drown?
Is there never a boat to save the crew?
Poor ships! If ever my ship goes down
I'll want a grave in the ocean, too.
Good-night, good-night! It is striking one.
Good-night to bride and good-night to groom!
The light of my candle is almost done—
(How I wish that my bed were in mother's room.)

How calm it looks in the midnight shade!
Those curtains were hung there clean to-day;
They're almost too white for me, I'm afraid—
Perhaps I may be soon as white as they.
Dark—all dark—for the light is dead;
Father in heaven, may I have rest!
One hour of sleep for my aching head—
For this aching heart in my poor, poor breast.

For his sweet sake do I kneel and pray:
O God! protect him from every ill,
And make her worthier every day—
The older, the purer, the lovelier still.
(There, I knew I was going to cry!)
I have kept the tears in my soul too long.
Oh, let me say it, or I shall die!
As heaven is witness I mean no wrong.
He shall never hear from this secret room,
He never shall know in the after years,
How seventeen summers of happy bloom
Fell dead one night in a moment of tears.

I love him more than she understands,
For him I loaded my soul with truth;
For him I am kneeling with outstretched hands
To lay at his feet my shattered youth.
I love, I adore him just the same,
More than father, or mother, or life;
My hope of hopes to bear his name,
My heaven of heavens to be his wife.
His wife! Oh, name that the angels breathe,
Let it not crimson my cheek with shame!
It is her name, her word to breathe
In the princely heart from whose blood it came.

Oh, hush! Again I behold them stand,
As they stood to-night, by the chancel wall;
I see him take her white-gloved hand,
I hear his voice in a whisper fall.
I see the minister's silver hair,
I see them kneel at the altar-stone;
I see them rise when the prayer is o'er—
He has taken their hands and made them one.
The fathers and mothers are standing near,
The friends are pressing to kiss the bride—
One of those kisses had birthplace here,
The dew of her lips is not yet dried.
His lips have touched hers before to-night—
Then I have a grain of hus to keep;
This midnight darkness is flecked with light,
Some angel is singing my soul to sleep.
He knows full well why many a knave
So close to his lady's lips should swim;
God only knows that the kiss I gave
Was set in her mouth to give to him.

—William L. Keese.

Dickens's old publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, have lately got out a curious edition of "Barnaby Rudge." The volumes are bound in old oak, which formed the door at Newgate attacked by the Gordon rioters. When the prison was demolished recently, this door was purchased by a lover of Dickens, who remembered that the story of the attack upon it had been told in "Barnaby Rudge."

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THE STORY OF A BOOK.

In Three Chapters.

*CHAPTER 3. A TRIPLE VERDICT.

"Get the best"—this to the public; "make the best"—this to themselves has been the motto of the publisher's of Webster's International Dictionary. Their aim has been to make the best popular dictionary in the English language, in respect to accuracy, clearness, fullness, convenience, and usefulness to all classes of consumers. Comparison is not here made with the many-volume and encyclopedic works, but with those whose size and form adapt them to quick and easy use; the one-volume books which aim to serve all classes from the erudite scholar to the school-child.

Without a word of disparaging comment on other works which claim to rival Webster, let us seek the verdict of some tribunal so high in character and intelligence, so numerous in membership, and so impartial in constitution, as to give a sanction like that of a court of last resort. Three such tribunals will be cited as to the merits of Webster's International Dictionary, in comparison with all works of similar aim.

To what authority upon doubtful questions do the American people habitually pay the highest deference? Unquestionably, to the National and State Supreme Courts. They are not only accepted as final arbiters on the vast and vital matters within their immediate sphere, but in great emergencies, like a disputed presidency or a wide-spread labor disturbance, the national impulse turns to these courts as the strongholds of broad intelligence and the highest fairness. Weighty then are their opinions on a subject so peculiarly within their range as text-books of definitions. Language, the medium through which all statutes and precedents are expressed, is the very subject matter with which courts are continually dealing. It is of the first consequence to them to have some standard of appeal as to the meaning and usages of words, which is not only of the first order of intrinsic merit, but is so widely recognized as to command popular approval. Hear then the opinions, first of individuals and then virtually of the entire body of the highest judiciary of the country.

In the United States Supreme Court, Chief Justice Fuller says of the International: "I regard it as of the utmost value in accuracy of definition, and have found it in all respects complete and thorough." Justice Gray: "I always considered Webster's Dictionary as the best in the language in the matter of definitions." Justice Brewer: "From my childhood up, Webster's Dictionary has been my authority. The last, the International Dictionary, is the perfection of dictionaries." Justice Brown, after a life-long experience, has found it "invaluable as a book of easy reference," and believes "it will succeed for many years in maintaining its position as the leading dictionary of the language." Justice Shiras is no less emphatic. Justice Harlan says: "It should be in the library of every American judge, lawyer, preacher, journalist, statesman and student"; and while it is desirable to have more than one dictionary always at hand, "if only one can be afforded, preference should be given to Webster's International Dictionary." Justice McKenna has "always used the Webster" and finds its old reputation as to completeness and accuracy sustained by the International. Justice White in "daily use" finds the book "of the greatest utility"; and Justice Peckham, praising especially the Supplement of 1900, regards the whole work as constituting "a perfect exposition of the English language as existing at this time."

Turning now to the highest courts of all the States, we find an almost unanimous consensus to the same effect. Thus Chief Justice Knowlton, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, says: "For all who want but one dictionary of the English language for general use in any department of study, or in literary or professional work, I regard Webster's International as decidedly the best." And so on through the State Courts, the entire body of judges generally speaking as one. In many instances the statement is explicit that the International is preferred before all others. The most guarded expression is that of the Justices of the New York Court of Appeals, and they speak of the International as "in no respect falling behind its numerous rivals, however remarkable for their extent and accuracy." The opinions of the entire bench of other State Supreme Courts may be briefly sampled. Pennsylvania: "No other single volume is so valuable or so

satisfactory." New Hampshire: "The best one-book dictionary of the English language." Arkansas, California, Oregon, and Wisconsin say the same. Kentucky calls it "the most comprehensive and accurate dictionary in existence." Nevada says: "In our library we have many other dictionaries, but all of them put together are not consulted as much as Webster." New Jersey: "For every-day use, no English lexicon is at all comparable with Webster's International." Equally emphatic are Delaware, Idaho, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Vermont, Virginia, and Washington. All these are explicit in affirming the International as the best for general use; and this is since the publication of all its would-be rivals. The Florida Justices define its peculiar service to the bench: "Frequently the proper interpretation of an instrument or a statute, before us for review, hinges upon the accurate definition of a word; in all such cases we turn with confidence to Webster's International." Others dwell upon the fund of general information; thus the North Dakota Justices: "No other single book extant contains such stores of rich, varied, and exact knowledge." The Ohio Supreme Court: "The new (1900) edition of Webster's International seems to have reached the acme of perfection in book-making, editorially and mechanically." In brief, the entire body of Judges in the National and State Supreme Courts, with the exception of hardly a dozen individuals (and these recommended no other), have borne testimony to the preeminent worth of the International.

To the question, "What popular dictionary is accepted as of the highest authority and value by the people of the United States"—could there be any more weighty answer than this almost unanimous testimony of the Supreme Court Judges of the Nation and all the States?

And another tribunal may be cited, which in a different field carries not less authority, and which speaks with one voice. The public-school systems of the forty-five States are practically a unit in favor of the International. Every one of their State Superintendents recommends it in the highest terms. In every State Normal school it is the accepted standard. Wherever State funds have been appropriated for the purchase of a large dictionary for the schools, Webster's has been the book. The school-books of the country, wherever they are of such character as to require a standard in spelling, pronunciation, and definition, follow the International with hardly an exception.

The highest judiciary and the entire public-school system—better indexes of American opinion can hardly be named. It remains to question that broader constituency which the name "International" suggests—the English-speaking peoples beyond America. It has been said that the judgment of foreigners carries a weight like that of posterity—owing to its freedom from local or temporary bias. Taking first Great Britain: the popular test shows a sale of the International far beyond that of any other one-volume dictionary, English or American. The official test is given by the fact that the only governmental departments of Great Britain using any standard of language—the Postal and Telegraphic, both managed entirely by the Government—follow the International. The scholar's test may be best indicated, to take from many tributes the most authoritative and impressive, by the unsolicited words of Dr. Murray, editor of the unfinished many-volumed Oxford Dictionary, and probably the highest individual authority on lexicography in the English-speaking world: "In this its latest form, and with its large Supplement and numerous Appendices, Webster's International Dictionary is a wonderful volume, which well maintains its grounds against all rivals, on its own lines." And again: "The last edition of Webster, the International, is perhaps the best of one-volume dictionaries."

In Canada, the International far outsells all rivals. In Australia it has the field to itself, and with special reason; for this great commonwealth has been explored with the utmost thoroughness as to its wealth of new words and usages, by representatives of Webster on the ground, coöperating with the best local scholarship, and reaping a harvest which the home office has winnowed and inwrought with the main work. In the new American Colonies in South Africa, in India, in China, in Japan, throughout Continental Europe, and wherever flies the Stars and Stripes or the Union Jack, the International goes as a chief symbol and agent of that language which leads the world's civilization.

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ing, and character to one book; the G. & C. Merriam Company giving their whole energy for sixty years to perfecting and spreading the work. It has been a story of the close alliance of Scholarship and Business; the scholar's thirst for perfection wedded to the business man's sense of practical needs. It is a story of growth, the patriot scholar's lonely dream of an "American Dictionary of the English Language," maturing to an "International Dictionary," the accepted authority of a world-encompassing race.

The blue-backed Webster's Speller, of which the public have consumed some seventy-five million copies, concluded with a few pungent fables, "The Milkmaid," "The Old Man's Apple Tree and the Rude Boy," etc., and to each fable was appended a moral. To the present Story the Moral may be given in words a little amplified from an old quotation: All young persons, and all older ones no less, should have a dictionary at their elbow; and while you are about it, get the best—get Webster's International.

New Publications.

"Songs and Stories from Tennessee," by John Trotwood Moore, is published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

"The Rational Method in Reading," a fifth reader, by Edward G. Ward, late superintendent of schools, Brooklyn, is published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York; 58 cents.

"The Man in the Camlet Cloak," an historical novel, by Carlen Bateson; and "Under Mad Anthony's Banner," by James Ball Naylor, which may be similarly described, are published by the Saalfeld Publishing Company, New York; each, \$1.50.

In "The Stories of Peter and Ellen," Gertrude Smith has written a book that will delight children between five and eight. The print is properly large and plain, and a dozen or so full-page colored pictures are a distinct addition from the child's view-point. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.30.

With respect to binding, size, general appearance, paper, and typography, Appleton's "New Spanish Dictionary" is a very pleasing book. Its author is Arturo Cuyás, and the work takes the place of the old Velázquez's "Abridged Dictionary." Those students of Spanish who find that the two-volume Spanish dictionary of Professors Gray and Iribas exceeds in scope their modest needs, may turn to this handy volume with confidence. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"How to Keep Well" is a five-hundred-page volume by Floyd M. Crandall, "a physician of twenty years' experience." He has nothing startling to say, but his advice is mostly moderate, conservative, sound—and grandfatherly. He falls into the usual error with respect to the "plague" in San Francisco, saying with a delightful ignorance of the facts, that "the whole country has a grievance against the health authorities of that city." Well, perhaps they have, but in a different sense than Dr. Crandall intended. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"The pig has nothing else to do,
But sleep and grunt and eat;
He never has to wash himself,
He is not very neat."

Thus writes Johnny Jones in his "Book of Nature," accompanying the truthful quatrain with a picture that may most accurately be described as a fine drawing. On other pages of this sanguinary covered brochure, Johnny licks in numbers about various winged, finned, and quadrupled creatures, presenting in each case realistic drawings. The booklet is among the publications of Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

What interest there can be in a group picture of the late Pope's coachmen and stable-boys, or why, in a volume entitled "The Life and Labors of Pope Leo XIII," there should be printed a picture, however handsome, of a certain Daniel Shea, professor of physics in an American Catholic university, are total mysteries to us. Still, it is only fair to say that the majority of the many illustrations in this bulky book are, unlike these, very interesting. Indeed, they excel in that respect the text by Mgr. Charles de T'Serclaes, who was "prelate of the household of his holiness and president of the Belgian College, Rome," but who writes in high-flown fashion, without poise or judgment, showering his subject with indiscriminate praise. The get-up of the volume loudly proclaims that it is intended for popular circulation. It resembles nothing so much as an old-fashioned "Family Physician." Published by Rand McNally & Co., Chicago.



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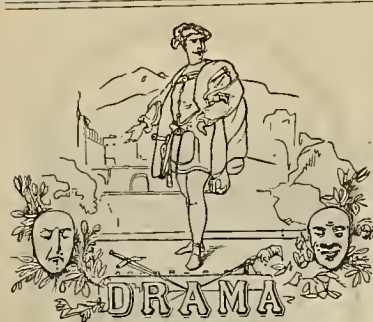
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*Chapter 1 of "The Story of a Book" was published in the issue, October 5th. Chapter 2 appeared in last week's issue.



It is always a piece of great good luck when we are given an opportunity to see the unknown plays of famous playwrights; and Pinero's "Lady Bountiful" adds to such claim on the interest the further advantage of being a particularly good vehicle for exploiting the abilities of the new Alcazar company.

"Lady Bountiful," for some reason difficult to define, has not made much noise in the world. It does not belong to the epoch-making period of Pinero's problem plays, which have set audiences to arguing and critics to quarreling more or less ever since their first production. It has no such intellectual and spectacular brilliancy as these exotics of a later growth. But in viewing it away from the neighborhood of such brilliant company, the undazzled judgment declares it to be a play that any one of the living dramatists would be proud to claim. Its sentiment, though quietly conventional, is true and sound, its technique has the deftness we have been trained to expect from Pinero, and its dialogue, situations, and atmosphere have that coloring of reality which makes the scenes of the play seem like a reflection of life.

In the character of Roderick Heron, the cheerful egotist, whose life is a perpetual and unscrupulous ministry to self, we find abundance of that incisive and searching satire which is an essential part of Pinero's abounding talent.

The story of "Lady Bountiful" is one that has several morals. One points out the folly of giving to a youth with no expectations the bringing up of an heir to wealth. Another brings home the futility of educating a daughter of the people to be a lady. The third says: "Beware of the plausible vaporizer who wants money without security."

The character of Roderick Heron, the egotist and money-horrorer, is the best piece of characterization in the play, and the one that provides excellent material for the comedy element. It is satirical comedy of the best kind, and is fortunately placed in the hands of an actor who knows how to avail himself of his opportunities. For Mr. John B. Maher, the new comedian, is an actor of first-class merit; one who unites to his unerring conception of the part a quick, bright deftness in translating it into physical expression; an expression of which the highly plausible manner, with its swift, politic adaptations to the mood of the one to be shorn, and the jauntily expressed confidence of the time-server, who has an abounding conviction that he deserves well of Providence merely for existing, were all admirably indicated by an actor who was sure of himself.

Mr. James Durkin, the new leading man, has, oddly enough, a face that suggests the comedian. One looks momentarily to see the semicircular lines of mirth and mischief curve around his mouth, only to discover in time that it is the outline and not the expression of the features that is misleading. Mr. Durkin is an agreeable actor, simple in method, and sincere in expression. Except for a lack of sufficient suggestion of the difference in caste between himself and the Veales, Mr. Durkin was well-placed in the part of Donald Heron, the manly youth who, undecieved in his belief that he was supported by a wealthy father, flung himself into the plebeian occupation of a riding-master rather than continue to live on the generosity of his cousin, the Lady Bountiful.

Donald is a thoroughly nice fellow: the kind who is the joy of a household, but who doesn't know how to make his own way. Just the sort, in fact, for a Lady Bountiful to marry. Socially agreeable, domestically a seraph, morally as safe as a church, he is the sort of man that, were he widowed half a dozen times, he would inevitably remarry each time, and finally sink into the grave, leaving behind him the bright record of having made six women happy. There is, it is true, a little marital unhappiness hinted at in the play, but that is not Donald's fault, but the inexorable grind of circumstances.

Mr. Frances Starr, a pretty, intelligent, and earnest young actress, played the part of the young wife, to wed whom Donald stooped

from his high estate of impecunious gentlemanhood. Miss Starr struck the right note in her moving little scene of renunciation of life and love, and acted as an effectively fragile foil to her rosy and vigorous rival, in her frail and pathetic loveliness.

The usual well-meant energy of the limelight man all but ruined the closing tableau of this act by casting a fluctuating but penetrating glare upon the pallid little figure and the mourner by its side. An inexcusable custom, and one from which the theatrical manager is absolutely undetachable.

The new leading lady, Miss Adele Block, is good to look at, and is a dresser. She is young, slender, shapely, dark-eyed, pretty, and pleasing. She plays the easy rôle of Camilla Brent, the Lady Bountiful; an heiress full of the milk of human kindness, whose pockets are ever at the disposal of her poor relatives.

Camilla has thorns but for one person, her cousin Donald, whom she loves, and has a womanly longing to respect. To all others, she is kind, indulgent, tender. The character is an attractive one, but as Camilla, by chance, faces and fights down each shock of sorrow in the presence of witnesses, there is no single scene in which Miss Block may let herself go and show her emotional mettle to its fullest extent. Her task was to represent a sweet, generous, lovable, and loving nature, dowered with youth, health, wealth, and attractiveness, and this she did with ample charm.

Miss Anita Allen, another new-comer, who will doubtless assume rôles hitherto sacred to the sprightly Oza, played the small part of a priggish child with some stiffness. I fancy, however, from a certain little air of competency about the young lady that, give her a chance, and she can do a thing or two. The remainder of the cast was assumed by familiar figures—George Oshourne and Marie Howe doing up the general utility old man and woman parts in good style, while Harry Hilliard's sprouting wings were meekly folded for the nonce in an insignificant rôle. Fred Butler was pretty good as a middle-aged wooer. Mr. Walter Belasco was clever in the small character part of the sexton, and Miss Frances Gordon, eliminating her good looks and style under the smudges and frowns of a London slavey, came out quite strong in her new departure.

Miss Belgarde undulated around the stage a little too fashionably and self-consciously as the sensible, sterling aunt, but the tone of the general presentation of the play was high. Indeed, there are various signs that the Alcazar management has definitely decided to raise the standard, both of plays and players, above that hitherto maintained. A wise move, for San Francisco is very definitely in need of a stock company that can present good plays in good style.

One may hear the retrospective laughter of the down-Easter this week at the Central, where they have put on Hoyt's "Midnight Bell" in particularly good shape, with Stockwell in the congenial rôle of Deacon Tidd. The familiar scene at the school play-ground is given with great zest, not only by the adult players, but by a crowd of enthusiastic youngsters, who shriek forth a lusty enjoyment of the pastime of cotton-snow-halling the grown-ups with an enthusiasm that is reflected by the urchins sliding down a snowy looking hill in that reckless pose so dear to the heart of coasting hoyhood popularly described as a "helly-huster."

We have been accustomed in Hoyt's typical caricatures to a confident holdness of outline that makes them very telling. One notes with consequent surprise the contrasting hesitancy of stroke with which this former dealer in broad hurlerque has painted the portraits of the truly good—as witness the pale, bloodless figures of the minister and the school-teacher. They are merely figure-heads in garments, while the lawyer, the deacon, the boy with the changing voice, the old maid, and the kittenish young one all have a firm hold on reality.

How an audience does love a school-room scene on the stage! It may be the perennial delight of seeing new generations pass through their time and turn of pedagogic torment, but it strikes me as being rather a retrospective revivification of one of the active joys of childhood. For who does not cherish recollections of that joyous community life which is fortunately experienced when the gregarious instinct was at its fullest flower.

The scene of the committeeman's examination went capitally, the genial blue glare of Stockwell's bulging orbs doing admirable duty as Gorgons to discourage undue precocity in the young. Stockwell, indeed, was in great shape, taking a turn at the coasting with a wild light in his eye, and with such energy as to collide with and knock the snow stuffing off the property school-house.

Millar Bacon, who, as the school-boy, assumed an expression of imbecile good-nature crossed by occasional gleams of boyish mischief, Myrtle Vane, as his fair coadjutor in mischief, Herschel Mayall, and Georgie Woodthorpe, all fell into the spirit of the fun, and ably seconded Mr. Stockwell in affording an evening of light but jovial entertainment.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

A small edition of "My Own Story," by J. T. Trowbridge, has been issued in uncut style, bound in boards with paper label, each copy being signed by the author. It is being quickly taken up by collectors and book-lovers.

The Mackay property on the corner of Market and Fourth Streets was this week sold to a syndicate of local men for \$1,200,000.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Robert Edson in "Soldiers of Fortune."

A treat is in store for San Francisco theatre-goers next week, when Robert Edson makes his first appearance here at the Columbia Theatre in Augustus Thomas's dramatization of Richard Harding Davis's stirring South American tale, "Soldiers of Fortune." When the book was published in 1897, Mr. Davis was anxious to have his story utilized for stage purposes, but he could find no actor who possessed the qualities necessary to give a convincing impersonation of his hero, Robert Clay, who became embroiled in a South American revolution, and was finally proclaimed dictator by the people. Mr. Davis witnessed Robert Edson's portrayal of Edward Warden in Amelia Bingham's production of "The Climbers" when it was first given in New York, and he at once saw in him the man best fitted to create the hero of his story because of his virile personality and natural methods of acting. Oddly enough, Mr. Edson had read "Soldiers of Fortune," and when Henry B. Harris first broached the plan of starring him, Mr. Edson suggested "Soldiers of Fortune" as the vehicle. It was shortly after this that the manager learned through Mr. Davis's agent that he was anxious to place the book at Edson's disposal. Mr. Harris lost no time in taking advantage of the offer and in securing for the work of dramatization Augustus Thomas, who has turned out a very creditable, high-class melodrama, which closely follows Mr. Davis's story. The play is divided into four scenes, which picture Clay's camp at the mines, the exterior of the Langhams' cottage, the hall of the president's palace, and the interior of the Los Bocos custom-house and telegraph station. The personnel of Mr. Edson's company, by the way, is practically the same as when he appeared in New York last season, the leading players being Harry Harwood, Ellen Burg, Edwin Brandt, Helen Ware, E. W. Morrison, Dorothy Tennant, Frazer Coulter, Taylor Holmes, Sydney Ainsworth, Macey Harlan, Richard Sterling, and Byron Ongley.

"The Cowboy and the Lady."

Pinero's pretty little play, "Lady Bountiful," will find a strong contrast in Clyde Fitch's comedy-drama, "The Cowboy and the Lady," which is to be the offering at the Alcazar next week. The play was written for Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott, and enjoyed a long run in New York. In London, however, it was not liked, and Madeleine Lucette Ryley's "An American Citizen," was hastily put on to fill out the Goodwin season in the English metropolis. The plot of Mr. Fitch's play revolves about a Harvard lad, who becomes a Colorado cowboy, and a beautiful well-bred woman of fashion, who is unhappily married. The scenes represent a picturesque mountain pass, a dance-hall, and a country court-house, where the hero is tried for his life, and many characteristically Western types figure prominently in the unraveling of the story. The parts written for Mr. Goodwin and Miss Elliott will fall to James Durkin and Adele Block; Frances Starr will be the adopted daughter of the rancher; Luke Connors makes his debut as the murderous half-breed Indian; Marie Howe will appear as the piano player of the dance-hall; and Adele Belgarde will be the reckless keeper. The third production of the new stock company will be the romantic costume play, "Under the Red Robe."

Grand Opera at the Tivoli.

Next to Bizet's "Carmen," Puccini's "La Bohème" seems to hold the most popular place in the favor of the Tivoli Opera House audiences. So great was the demand for seats last week, when it was produced with Tina de Spada and Agostini in the leading rôles, that the management has decided to repeat it again next week on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights. Tuesday night will be a gala affair—a Verdi anniversary night—when selections from "Aida," "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," "Forza del Destino," "Nabucco," "Traviata," and "Otello" will be sung. The enthralling cast of artists now at the Tivoli will contribute to the evening's entertainment. On Thursday and Sunday nights, and at the Saturday matinee, "Andre Chénier" will be the bill. Ischerio will appear in the title-rôle. Grezarette as Girard, Dodo as Rucher and Peter Fleville, Benedetto as Madelena, and Marchesini as Bersi and Madelon.

"The Christian" at the Grand.

Next week, Hall Caine's "The Christian" is to be presented at the Grand Opera House. Catherine Countiss will have the rôle of Glory Quayle, and Asa Lee Willard will be the John Storm. Others in the cast will be Allan St. John, Arthur Lane, W. B. Fredericks, Nicholas Cogley, Frederick Emselton, Charles Edwin Inslee, Edwin J. Kadow, Thomas de Laney, Winona Bridges, Charlotte Hammer, Hazel Kilday, Efilena Blair, Paula Herbert, and Marie Horton. At the Sunday matinee on October 25th, the amusing farce-comedy, "Spotless Town," will be produced, with Leslie Morosco, who has a host of friends and admirers here, and Lelia Shaw in the leading rôles.

Novelties at the Orpheum.

The Waterbury brothers and Tenney, one of the best trios of musical comedians before the public, will reappear at the Orpheum, after a long absence, next week. They are all accomplished musicians, and Ernest Tenney, in black face, is a whole show in himself. It is said that their act this season, entitled "A Cold Day in July," is the best they have ever offered. The other new-comers will be "Whistling Tom Browne," who piped his way into popularity as the bartender in Hoyt's

"Trip to Chinatown," and comes back after a triumphal tour of the world, and Herbert Lloyd, a comedy juggler. The hold-overs are Wallace Brownlow, the English haritone, who will sing "On the Road to Mandalay," the "Ireland" song from "Carmen," and "Skylark," by Arthur Leonard; the three Crane brothers, in their skit, "The Mudtown Minstrels"; the sisters Rappo, Russian, Siberian, Tscherkess, and Cossack dancers; A. P. Rostow, the wonderful equilibrist; Colombino, who presents a farce with a cast of six characters all by himself; and the Golden Gate Quartet and Fanny Wilfred, singers, dancers and comedians, who will vary their act.

Melodrama at the Central.

Meredith's Western border play, "Ranch Ten," is to be the bill at the Central Theatre next week. It contains several thrilling climaxes, and tells the story of how the mysterious slayer of an Indian girl was at last brought to justice. A Portuguese, known as "Red Bullet," charges the crime to a cattle-owner named McClelland. The circumstances are strongly against the accused, and a mob gathers for a lynching here. The accused man flees, assisted by his sweetheart. The mob searches the premises, and finds McClelland's twin brother, who has just arrived in camp. He is locked up in a storehouse on Ranch Ten, the headquarters of the cowboys, and a crowd attacks him there. In desperation, he lights a fuse that connects with a barrel of powder, admits the gang, and escapes by a clever ruse just in time to avoid the disastrous results of the explosion. At the trial, which takes place later, it develops that the would-be lynchers of McClelland had made a gross error and that Portuguese Joe was the guilty man. L. R. Stockwell's rôle in "Ranch Ten" will be that of a "little saved-off judge from Cheyenne," who manufactures laws to suit his prejudices, and makes decisions the same way.

"The Paraders" at Fischer's.

Now that the rough edges have been worn off the musical comedy, "The Paraders," the performance at Fischer's Theatre is a very smooth and diverting entertainment, with opportunities enough for all the principals to score. Of the seventeen musical numbers, the gems undoubtedly are Maude Amher's "My Alameda Rose," Winfield Blake's "Tie Your Answer to the Old Date-Tree," and Eleanor Jenkins' "My Everglade Queen." Kolb, Dill, Bernard, and Hermen go through some droll stage business, and Flossie Hope and Gertie Emerson have a new dancing specialty, which wins them much applause. Charles Jones, considering the size of Fischer's stage, has outdone himself in the matter of groupings, marches, and ballets, and the new electrical effects he introduces are novel and pretty. "Rubes and Roses," by the authors of "The Paraders," is to be the next musical comedy offered.

Henry Savage Landor, the well-known traveler and author, arrived in San Francisco early in the week, en route to his home in England. He has spent a year in the Philippines, and is preparing a book describing the archipelago, based on his observations.

"The Storks," one of the big musical successes of last season, is to follow Robert Edson at the Columbia Theatre.

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San Francisco, California

VANITY FAIR.

In discussing the question whether Americans drink wine labels or wine, Edward W. Townsend says: "They have been making wine out in California for more than a century—some Franciscans started the industry in 1776—and it is not strange that now they have come to an understanding of what vines are adapted to what soil and climate. As a matter of fact, they have made, and are now making, some first-class dry wine, white and red; and some sweet wines which come near to being first class. Some army officers discovered this when stationed at San Francisco, and their mess tables in posts about here are usually supplied with a good California claret. It was in that way that a New Yorker, who entertains much at his own table, came to stock his cellar with a certain brand of California claret, which he was wise enough to recognize as a good article. He can afford to buy any wine he fancies, and it was purely on its merit that he made this innovation. But his guests suffered. They saw the label and suffered. He explained the merits of the product, but they still suffered. It was not an affectation; they did not enjoy his dinners and told him. He visited a shop where any label you want can be had, and he bought some chateau wine and had his butler paste the chateau wine label over the California. Then his stag parties rejoiced at his return to reason, and smacked their lips, and said he was a bully boy, and they would not cut out his dinners, as they had contemplated doing. They are so dead in earnest that he does not dare to tell them, for they would make a duce of a row, he says. So they drink the labels, and he drinks the wine, and all are happy. Here's the psychological point: He says that his guests' misery was real when they knew they were drinking California wine. It disagreed with them physically through the operation of their minds. They grow fat and witty now on the labels."

The fact that a number of British women of high degree are to visit American friends during this winter has given rise to the query: "Are they coming to exchange their titles for American husbands and thus turn the tables on the Yankee girls?" Perhaps the star of the titled visitors will be Miss Gordon Lennox, daughter of Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, of London. Besides holding a high social position, Lady "Algy," as her chums call her, enjoys the title of the "best-dressed woman in England." And her daughter is almost equally well frocked and even more beautiful than her mother. The Gordon-Lennoxes will be the guests of William C. Whitney, and many notable functions are already planned in their honor. The Countess Fabricotti is also coming. She was in New York last season, and enjoyed herself so much that she has already booked passage for another New York winter. She is smart, beautiful, of excellent Irish family. The gossips are linking her name with that of August Belmont. Another notable visitor will be Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, granddaughter of the late Queen Victoria, and niece of King Edward. Lady Isabel Innes-Ker, sister of the Duke of Roxburghe, will also shortly come to the United States to attend the marriage of her brother to Miss May Goelet. Expected, too, are Miss Post (daughter of Lady Barrymore), the Marchioness of Granby, the Marquise de Mores, Miss Moreton Frewen, several of the Guinesses, and Lady Sibyl Cutting's younger sister.

Accustomed as our Northern housekeepers are to the difficulty of obtaining good servants, their lot, however trying, is still far happier than that of the Southern women who have to wrestle with the problem of domestic service. On its face this should not be the case (remarks the New York Evening Post). There is apparently an abundance of very cheap colored labor in the South, and the splendid qualities of the "mammy" and the old-time negro cook and butler have been set forth by every one of the numerous writers who have been flooding the book market with stories or novels of the "Old South," until their traits and characteristics have become almost proverbial. Yet, as a matter of fact, it is growing more and more difficult throughout the South to get faithful servants who have any knowledge of their duties. As a social phenomenon this is of vastly greater importance than is our similar problem in the North, for it brings up the race issue at once. In the Northern, Eastern, and Western cities and towns the housekeeper has his choice of German, Irish, Norwegian, Swedish, or colored servants. If she is will-

ing to pay enough, she may still find well-trained English servants who "know their place and their duties." But the white domestic is to all intents and purposes entirely unknown in the South; it is to the colored race, therefore, that resort must be had whenever a domestic is to be chosen. The competent old "mammys" are fast disappearing, and many of the younger servants, who are worth having, are lured to the North by reason of the much higher wages and the comparative absence of race prejudice. For six and eight dollars a month in parts of the South, a servant may still be had who could earn from twenty to forty dollars in New York or Chicago. In the latter city, by the way, one employment agency had fifteen hundred applications for colored servants during 1902. It could supply only one thousand. In view of this fact, it is not surprising to read in the Lynchburg (Va.) News, for example, that a large boarding-house at Bedford City has been closed for lack of servants, and that there are many households in that town "where for the same reason the mistress is enacting the rôle of cook, chambermaid, and general maid-of-all-work." Moreover, it does not add to the happiness of the whites that there are any number of colored women in the town who decline to enter service, but who, none the less, prosper by one means or another. Yet the Bedford City situation is merely typical of what is going on all over the South. At the same time there is a growing dearth of trusty male workers. "The negro men have gone to the mines, to the public works, to the North, to the cities and towns, or somewhere else, in far greater numbers," says the New Orleans Picayune, "than most people imagine."

Adjutant-General Corbin's declaration that young officers in the army should not marry, but wait until their pay becomes large enough to support two persons, has received a severe jolt. The officers of the Twenty-Second Infantry are contemplating a sort of round-robin wedding, and ten of them will take their brides with them when the Sheridan sails from San Francisco for Manila, on October 31st. Lieutenant-General S. B. M. Young's daughter, Miss Elizabeth Young, who was married to Captain John R. R. Hannay, the other day, will be one of the brides. This general surrender of hachelor warriors to Hymen is causing no end of fun in army circles. Their brother-officers are suggesting to the powers that the transport should be painted white and pink, and the figurehead changed to a pretty Cupid. They say such an event has not before happened in the annals of the War Department, and that it should be properly recognized.

New Zealand is bothered by the theatre-hat question. A Miss McDermott recently tried to settle it in a practical manner. She was seated in a theatre of the town of Oamaru, and in front of her was Mrs. Brady, wearing voluminous headgear. As Mrs. Brady refused to remove the obstructive hat, Miss McDermott borrowed a gentleman's walking-stick and tilted it out of her line of vision. But Mrs. Brady was not prepared to wear her hat at a rakish angle all the evening, and so she put it straight again. Every time she did so Miss McDermott repeated the performance with the walking-stick. The magistrates decided that Miss McDermott had committed "a series of minor but aggravating assaults," and fined her \$2.50, plus \$14 costs. The money was promptly subscribed by the citizens as a protest against large hats in theatres.

At the meeting of the State Medical Society of Pennsylvania at York, a few days ago, papers dealing with appendicitis were read by Dr. John B. Deaver, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Richard Henry Gibbons, of Scranton, both prominent surgeons. Dr. Deaver said that he had during the past year operated in 560 cases of appendicitis, which indicates that the disease is as fashionable as ever. The strange part of the doctor's statement, however, was that only five per cent. of these 560 cases had terminated fatally, and they, he declared, would not have resulted thus if they had not been neglected. The thing to do, according to Dr. Deaver, is to have the vermiform appendix snipped out the minute it begins to be troublesome. "I advocate instant operation," he explained, "and I never cut so that a stitch is necessary." In other words (says the Chicago Record-Herald), the patient who goes to Dr. Deaver in time shuts his eyes, takes a long breath, there is a tweak and a snip, and lo! the great expert flips the appendix into a pile of them in a corner, and the business is done with. This

is encouraging, and should serve as a strong incentive to people whose vermiform appendices don't properly behave to have them out. Dr. Gibbons is even more relentless than Dr. Deaver in his opposition to the appendix. He was known, he said, as a physician who was "always cutting out the appendix," and he always advocated the removal of all appendices, whether they were supposed to be diseased or not. Removing a healthy vermiform appendix, he declared, was no more dangerous than having one's hair cut, and with the "infernal member," as he called it, gone, there would be a serious danger out of the way forever. He admitted that he cut out the troublesome thing every time he got a chance, and his remarks clearly indicated that he would as soon see a child of his growing up with horns as with a vermiform appendix.

Lachrymal amelioration: "Poor thing, did she take her husband's death much to heart?" "Why, she's prostrated with grief! She can't see a soul, except the dressmaker."—Town Topics.

Nelson's Amycose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

Tesla Briquettes are
Excellent domestic fuel
Since recently improved.
Let us send you
A ton—and please you.

TESLA COAL CO., phone Soub 95.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie,
District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain- fall.	State of Weather.
October 8th.....	66	54	.00	Cloudy
" 9th.....	64	58	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 10th.....	64	58	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 11th.....	72	58	.00	Clear
" 12th.....	86	60	.00	Clear
" 13th.....	80	62	.00	Clear
" 14th.....	84	58	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, October 14, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Closed
	Shares.	Bid. Asked
U. S. Coup. 4% Old		
Reg.	10,000 @ 110 1/4	
Bay Co. Powers 5%	8,000 @ 104	103 1/4 104 1/4
Los An. Ry 5%	9,000 @ 113	113 1/4 114
Market St. Ry. 6%	6,000 @ 118	118 1/2 118 3/4
North Shore Ry 5%	4,000 @ 100 1/4	100
Omnibus C. Ry. 6%	1,000 @ 122	122 1/2
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	18,000 @ 109 1/4-109 1/2	109 1/4 109 1/2
Powell St. Ry. 6%	5,000 @ 112 1/2	112 1/2 114
S. F. & S. J. Valley		
Ry. 5%	1,000 @ 117	117 1/2
S. P. R. of Arizona		
6% 1909	16,000 @ 107 1/4	107 1/4
S. P. R. of Arizona		
6% 1910	29,000 @ 108 1/4-108 1/2	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%		
1905, S. A.	2,000 @ 102 1/4	102
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%		
S. B.	10,000 @ 103 1/4	103 103 1/4
Stpd.	38,000 @ 108 1/4-108 1/2	108 1/4
S. P. Branch, 6%	12,000 @ 131 1/2	127 1/2
S. V. Water 6%	5,000 @ 105 1/4	105 1/4
S. V. Water 4%	11,000 @ 99 1/2	99 1/2 100
S. V. Water 4% 3d.	4,000 @ 99 1/2	99

	STOCKS.	Closed
	Shares.	Bid. Asked
Water.		
Spring Valley W. Co	330 @ 40 1/4-41 1/4	40
Powders.		
Giant Con.	80 @ 65- 65 1/4	65 66
Sugars.		
Hana P. Co.	150 @ 15	15
Hawaiian C. & S.	100 @ 43- 46	43
Honokaa S. Co.	160 @ 12 1/2- 13	12 1/2 13
Hutchinson	115 @ 10 1/2- 11	10 1/2 10 3/4
Makaweli S. Co.	75 @ 21	20 1/4
Onomea S. Co.	110 @ 32	32 33
Gas and Electric.		
Mutual Electric.	70 @ 12- 12 1/4	11 3/4 13
Pacific Gas	15 @ 52 1/2	52 1/2 53 1/4
Pacific Lighting.	75 @ 55 1/2	55
S. F. Gas & Electric	255 @ 66- 67	66 1/4 67 1/2
Trustee Certificates.		
S. F. Gas & El'ctric	100 @ 65 1/2- 66 1/2	
Miscellaneous.		
Alaska Packers	50 @ 154	155
Cal. Fruit Canns.	40 @ 94	94
Oceanic S. Co.	50 @ 6 1/4	6 1/4 6 1/2

The business for the week was small.
The sugars have been quiet and made fractional declines.
Spring Valley Water was weak, selling off one-half point to 40 1/4.
San Francisco Gas and Electric was in better demand, selling up one point to 67 on sales of 255 shares, closing at 66 1/4 bid, 67 1/2 asked.
Giant Powder was steady with no change in price.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

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The Finest Cocoa in the World
Costs less than One Cent a Cup

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ESTABLISHED 1870
DORCHESTER, MASS.
40 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

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Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1903

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.50
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West.....	5.25

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Once, on the first of April, Henry Ward Beecher found in his morning mail a letter containing only the words "April Fool." "Well! well!" he is said to have remarked: "I have received many a letter where a man forgot to sign his name; this is the first time I ever knew of a writer signing his name and forgetting to write a letter."

It is related that shortly after Runciman, the well-known writer on seafarers and smugglers and poachers, had hitlerly fallen out with the late W. E. Henley, he lay dying in London. To Henley in Edinburgh, lame and ill, came an indirect message that Runciman believed that if Henley could come and look on him he would get well. It was a dying man's whimsey, but Henley took the train from Edinburgh—and arrived in London to find his friend dead.

Sir William Harcourt, a political rival, but still an admirer of Disraeli, once paid a pretty compliment to Lady Beaconsfield. He was dining with the Disraelis, and sat beside the hostess, who observed that he was looking at the picture of a lightly robed lady on the wall opposite, and said: "It oughtn't to be allowed in here; but it is nothing to the Venus that Dizzy has up in his bedroom." "That I can well believe," replied he, with a gallant how. This was one of the rare occasions on which Disraeli is said to have smiled.

Glen MacDonough, who wrote the libretto for the comic opera, "Babes in Toyland," was sitting in a New York café recently with Victor Herbert, the composer, when a waiter approached to take his order. The waiter smiled at Mr. MacDonough, and said: "You don't remember me, do you? I used to sing in one of your companies." "I remember you very well," said Mr. MacDonough. "Are you surprised to see me here as a waiter?" asked the other. "Not a bit," replied the librettist, cheerfully; "you know, I have heard you sing."

The late British ambassador, Sir Michael Herbert, was a guest at a dinner at one of the clubs in Washington not many months before his death. He was one of the speakers of the evening, and was to be followed by Rear-Admiral Charles Beresford. "I am to be followed by a little sailor man," he observed, after an extremely felicitous speech in a more serious vein, "at least, he has been a sailor. I believe he is engaged at present in the plastering business." There was a little plating laughter from those who felt sure that a joke was intended, while others waited, believing that the final touch was to come. "I see you don't understand my joke," said the ambassador, taking in the situation; "I mean that he is engaged in cementing the good relations between England and America."

Here is a heart-to-heart talk which a country editor, who evidently has troubles of his own, recently gave to his delinquent subscribers: "Good-morning. Have you paid your subscription this year? Perhaps you owe for last year, or several years. Now, you understand, we don't need money; we have millions—to get. But it is really an imposition to let people go on carrying our money when we are strong and healthy, and so abundantly able to bear the burden ourselves. For this reason we ask anybody who has any of our money in his possession to leave it at the office, or send it by post, freight train, express, or any other way, just so it gets here. Silver and gold are heavy, and it would be a matter of life-long regret if anybody should get bow-legged carrying it about for us."

The other evening, a lady, whose husband had gone out for the evening, was about to retire for the night with her infant child, when, to her amazement, she perceived the foot of a man beneath the bed. Instead of calling for assistance, she coolly went to the child's cot and sat and sang till the little one went to sleep. Two hours then remained before her husband came in. He was surprised to find her waiting up, but when his wife handed him an envelope, saying: "You might run and post this," the cause of her waiting was revealed. Instead of a letter the following was written on the envelope: "A burglar is under the bed; run, fetch police." The husband returned in a few minutes with a policeman, and the man was arrested. The burglar, when brought up before the magistrate, remarked that he had come across a few brave women in his time, but this one must have had a

nerve like iron, for she sat there for three solid hours. He had no idea that she knew he was there until the policeman pulled him out.

The death of the famous Spanish *torador*, Reverte, recalls to the London *Globe* one of the most thrilling incidents ever witnessed in the arena. It was at Bayonne. After disposing of two bulls, Reverte had twice plunged his sword into a third, of great strength and ferocity, and as the heat continued careered wildly, the spectators began to hiss Reverte for hunkling. Wounded to the very quick of his pride, the Spaniard shouted, "The bull is slain!" and, throwing aside his sword, sank on one knee with folded arms in the middle of the ring. He was right, but he had not allowed for the margin of accident. The wounded heat charged full upon him, but the *matador*, splendid to the last, knelt motionless as a statue, while the spectators held their breath in horrified suspense. Reaching his victim, the bull literally bounded at him, and as he sprang he sank in death, with his last effort giving one fearful lunge of the head that drove a horn into the thigh of the kneeling man, and laid bare the bone from the knee to the joint. Still Reverte never flinched, but remained kneeling, exultant in victory, but calmly contemptuous of applause, till he was carried away to heal him of his grievous wound.

A Wedding Au Naturel.

There was a wedding yesterday in Graceless Church.

Lord Baldknoh, of Kiltshire, England, married Miss Sallie Panhandle, of East Pittsburgh.

The bridal party, including the attorneys for both sides, formed in the alcove promptly at 11:30.

At 11:45 the real estate in the bride's name was transferred to his lordship.

At 11:50 a million dollars in legal tender changed hands.

At high noon all the railroad first mortgage bonds known to be in the bride's possession were handed over.

A vote of thanks was then passed to his lordship for leaving the bride's father enough to live on comfortably until the next rise in Wall Street, which is predicted for next spring.

At 12:15 two bishops, four clergymen, two real-estate lawyers, and a harrister, repre-

sented the plaintiff, pronounced the benediction.

The groom will pass the next three weeks with his bride at his estates in England, after the roof has been repaired.

After this, it is understood, they will separate and enter society.—*Life*.

Sh-b-h!

My maw—she's upstairs in bed,

An' It's there wif her.

It's all bundled up an' red—

Can't nobody stir;

Can't nobody say a word

Since it come to us.

Only thing 'at I have heard,

'Cepting all its fuss,

Is "Sh-b-h!"

That there nurse, she shakes her head

When I come upstairs.

"Sh-h-h!" she sez—"at's all she's said

To me, anywheres.

Doctor—he's th' man 'at brung

It to us to stay—

He makes me put out my tongue,

'Nen sez, "Sh-b-b!"—"at way!

Jest "Sh-b-b!"

I goed in to see my maw,

'Nen clumb on th' bed.

Was she glad to see me? Pshaw!

"Sh-h-h!"—"at's what she said!

'Nen I blinked and tried to see—

'Nen I rnned away

Out to my old apple-tree

Where no one could say

"Sh-h-b!"

'Nen I lay down on th' ground

An' say 'at I jest wib

I was big! An' 'there's a sound—

'At old tree says "Sh-b-b-h!"

'Nen I cry an' cry an' cry

Till my paw, be bears

An' comed there an' wiped my eye

An' mop up th' tears—

'Nen sez "Sh-b-b!"

I'm go' tell my maw 'at she

Don't suit me one bit—

Why d' all say "Sh-b-b!" to me

An' not say "Sh-b-b-h!" to It?

—Chicago Tribune.

Probably: His pa—"Bobby, I merely punish you to show my love for you, my boy." Bobby—"If I was only bigger, pa, I'd return your love."—*Tit-Bits*.

Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.
New York ...Oct. 29, 10 am | St. Louis ...Nov. 11, 10 am
Phil'delphia ...Nov. 4, 10 am | New York ...Nov. 18, 10 am
Philadelphia—Queensstown—Liverpool.
Haver'rd ...Oct. 29, 11:30 am | Friesland ...Nov. 7, 10 am
Noordland ...Oct. 31, 9 am | West'land ...Nov. 14, 9 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Min'apolis ...Oct. 24, 8 am | Mesaba ...Nov. 7, 9 am
Min'ehaha ...Oct. 31, 1:30 pm | Min'et'aka ...Nov. 14, 1:30 pm
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Commonwealth ...Oct. 22 | Columbus ...Nov. 12
Cambroman ...Oct. 29 | Commonwealth ...Nov. 19
Mayflower ...Nov. 5

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Canada ...Oct. 31 | Southwark ...Nov. 7

Boston—Mediterranean Direct
AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.
Vancouver ...Saturday, Nov. 21

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a.m.
Kronland ...Oct. 24 | Finland ...Nov. 7
Zeeland ...Oct. 31 | Vaderland ...Nov. 14

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Cymric ...Oct. 23, 7 am | Victorian ...Nov. 3, 3 pm
Teutonic ...Oct. 28, noon | Cedric ...Nov. 4, 3:30 pm
Arabic ...Oct. 30, 12:30 pm | Majestic ...Nov. 11, noon
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Coptic ...Saturday, Oct. 31
Gaelic (Calling at Manila) Wednesday, Nov. 25
Doric ...Tuesday, Dec. 22
Coptic ...Friday, January 15, 1904
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

TOYO KISEN KAISHA
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IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.
Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903
America Maru ...Tuesday, November 10
Hongkong Maru ...Thursday, December 3
Nippon Maru ...Wednesday, December 30
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Oct. 17, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tabiti, Oct. 26, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Anckland, and Sydney, Thursday, Oct. 29, 1903, at 2 P. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

The Greatest Doctors in the world recommend

Quina LAROCHE
A Ferruginous Tonic

A combination of the best Cinchonas, Rich Wine and Iron as a specific remedy for
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LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—15,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1895—35,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1899—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 273 Sutter Street, established 1852—50,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POSTER PICTURES.

Most striking effects are produced by premium pictures mounted on harmonious tinted raw silk mat boards—greens, grays, black, and red; most stunning and artistic for a very moderate outlay. Sarnoff & Co., 741 Market Street.



Marquette leads in quality and purity. There is no other whiskey in its high class. There are no doubt many good whiskeys, but their goodness is not sufficient for Marquette. It is absolutely the purest of whiskeys.

GROMMES & ULLRICH, Distillers, Chicago.

W. J. KEARNEY, Representative,
400 Battery Street, San Francisco. Telephone Main 336.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Isabel McKenna, daughter of Justice Stephen McKenna, of the United States Supreme Court, and Mr. Pitts Duffield, son of General and Mrs. Henry Duffield, of Detroit, and a nephew of Justice Brown, of the United States Supreme Court, one of Justice McKenna's associates.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Eleanor Carlisle Eckart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Eckart, and Mr. Charles Edwin Hume, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Weber Hume, of Oakland.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Florence Boone, daughter of Professor R. Boone, of Berkeley, and Mr. Ralph L. Phelps, son of J. L. Phelps, of the Stockton Independent.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Rattigan have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Sadie Elizabeth Rattigan, to Mr. Paul Jerome Regan, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Regan.

The wedding of Miss Bertie Bruce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce, and Mr. Ferdinand Stephenson will take place at noon at Trinity Church, October 29th. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Clifton Macon, assisted by Rev. Frederick Clampett. Miss Gertrude Van Wyck will act as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Lucie King, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Margaret Sinclair, and Miss Bernice Drown. The best man will be Mr. Philip Clay, and Mr. James K. Moffitt, Mr. Franklyn Wakefield, of Oakland, Mr. Eugene Beck, and Mr. Sam Boardman will serve as ushers.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor Glynn, niece of Judge R. J. Tobin, and Captain John Mooney will take place at high noon on Wednesday at St. Mary's Cathedral. The Rev. Father Prendergast will perform the ceremony, and Miss Louise Glynn will be the maid of honor.

Invitations have been sent out for the wedding of Miss Jean Nokes, daughter of Mrs. M. L. Nokes, and Lieutenant John B. Murphy. The ceremony will be performed at the home of Miss Nokes's grandmother, Mrs. Rodgers, on Thursday afternoon, October 29th. Miss Anna Sperry will be the maid of honor, Dr. Harold Greenleaf the best man, and Mr. H. C. Rodgers, Jr., Mr. I. Brockway Metcalf, Lieutenant Edward Shinkle, U. S. A., and Lieutenant P. K. Brice, U. S. A., the ushers. Lieutenant Murphy and his bride will leave the following day for his new post at Fort Russell, Wyo.

The wedding of Miss Otilie Schucking, formerly of this city, and Mr. William Graf, of Constan, Germany, will take place on Thursday at the residence of Mr. Ludwig Sutor, 44 West Seventy-Sixth Street, New York City.

Miss Grace Sperry gave a luncheon on Tuesday at "Arbor Villa," Piedmont, at which she entertained Miss Margaret Sinclair, Miss Florence Hush, Miss Florence Starr, Miss Ethel Moore, Mrs. Walter Starr, Miss Jane Rawlings, Mrs. Henry D. Nichols, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Mona Crellin, Mrs. Dan Belden, Mrs. William Gardiner Cooke, Mrs. C. Oscar Gowing, Miss Carolyn Oliver, Miss Mae Burdige, Miss Florence Nightingale, Miss Marion Smith, and Miss Evelyn Ellis.

Miss Gertrude Van Wyck will give a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Bertie Bruce.

Miss Ardella Mills gave an informal tea on Monday afternoon in honor of Miss Bernice Drown. She was assisted in receiving by her mother, Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Elizabeth Mills.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton will be "at home" on the third and fourth Fridays, at her residence, 2515 Broadway.

Mrs. Colburn and Miss Maye Colburn have issued invitations to a large luncheon to be given at the University Club in honor of Mrs. Henry Dutton on Thursday.

Mr. Emerson Warfield gave a dinner at the California Hotel on Tuesday evening, at which he entertained Mrs. R. H. Warfield, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Miss Maye Colburn, Captain Frederick Johnson, U. S. A., and Mr. Ralph Hart.

Mrs. William Gilman Thompson has sent out cards for a large tea to be given on October 31st, from four to seven, at the Pomeroy home at the north-east corner of Hyde and Clay Streets, when Miss Christine Morris Pomeroy and Miss Lucy Gurn Coleman will make their formal debut.

Invitations are out for the charity ball to be given by the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, on Friday evening, at nine o'clock, in the new ballroom of the Palace Hotel. The patronesses are Mrs. Arthur W. Foster, Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. W. H. Herrin, Mrs. William B. Collier, Mrs. Selden S. Wright, Mrs. Alfred H. Voorhies, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs.

Phebe Hearst, Mrs. John Garber, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Mrs. William S. Duff, and Mrs. William B. Pritchard. Over a thousand invitations have been issued, and the ball promises to be a brilliant one.

Mrs. Ida S. Lewis will give a combination tea, eucure-party, and musicale on Thursday afternoon, October 29th, at the Palace Hotel. Mrs. Joseph Trille will give a eucure-party at her residence, 2847 Fillmore Street, on Wednesday afternoon, at which she entertained Mrs. H. C. Coolidge, Mrs. George Gibbs, Mrs. Glass, Mrs. Frederic Lefavor, Mrs. L. A. Kelley, Mrs. Norris, Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. N. P. Chipman, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Todd, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Lassiter, Mrs. Charles Woods, Mrs. E. Selfridge, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. J. B. Milton, Mrs. Farnsworth, Mrs. V. C. Cottman, Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Irvine, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Horace Hill, Mrs. Vanderlyn Stow, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. D. A. Bender, Miss Katherine Selfridge, Miss Mattie Milton, Miss Ruth Gidney, Miss Annie Miller, Miss Elsie Dorr, Miss Laura Farnsworth, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. John Waterman Phillips, Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent, Mrs. Gerritt Lansing, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Charles Mullins, and Mrs. John Clark.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Otto Spamer's Concerts.

Otto Spamer, the violinist who recently scored such a success with the Scheel orchestra, and who is a pupil of the great Wilhelm, is to give two concerts next week at Lyric Hall, under the patronage of Mrs. James E. Tucker, Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison, Mrs. James M. Goevey, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Miss Ames, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Pelham W. Ames, Mrs. Clinton Day, and Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard. Mr. Spamer will be assisted by Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, soprano; Mrs. L. Snider-Johnson, soprano; and Frederick Maurer, Jr., accompanist. The programme for Wednesday evening will be: Concerto, D-major, Paganini-Wilhelm; aria, "Pleurez, mes Yeux" (Le Cid), Massenet, Mrs. M. E. Blanchard; "Romance," "Polonaise," Wilhelm; chaconne for violin solo, Bach; songs, "Ruhe, Sussliehen," "Vergebliches Ständchen," "Hanselein," Taubert, Mrs. M. E. Blanchard; nocturne op. 9, No. 2, Chopin-Sarasate; and "Airs Russes," Wieniawski.

On Saturday afternoon, the programme will include concerto G-minor, allegro moderato-adagio, allegro energico, Bruch; songs, "Bitter-Sweet" (J. R. Lowell), "She Is Not Fair to Outward View," "Within My Heart a Song I Found," Shafter-Howard, August Burgert, Mrs. L. Snider-Johnson; paraphrase from "Seigfried," Wagner-Wilhelm; introduction, theme and variations, Paganini-Wilhelm; prelude and fugue from 1, sonata for violin solo, Bach; aria, "Joan of Arc," Bemberg; and fantasia based on Gounod's "Faust," Wieniawski.

The Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra.

The first big event of the fall musical season will be the concerts to be given by the orchestra of the New York Metropolitan Opera House, under the direction of the well-known conductor, J. S. Duss. The soloists with the organization are Nordica, the popular Wagnerian singer, who has recently been winning new triumphs in Munich; Mrs. Katharine Fisk, the contralto; and Nathan Franko, the violinist. The concerts will be given at the Alhambra Theatre, the first occurring on Tuesday night, October 27th, when Nordica will be the soloist, and an excellent programme will be rendered, including Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," by Weingartner; the march, "With Pomp and Circumstance," composed for King Edward's coronation by Edward Elgar; the overture to Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth"; introduction to "Parsifal," and other new works. Tuesday afternoon will be a popular concert, at which the suite to "Lorna Doone," by Nevin, and solos by Mrs. Katharine Fisk and Nathan Franko will be the special features. Thursday night, the concert will be under the auspices of the Twentieth Century Music Club. On this occasion, for the first time, local music-lovers will have an opportunity to hear Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan." Other numbers will be the "Dream Pantomime" from "Hansel and Gretel," the "Dance of the Sunfist" (American Indian), by Waller, and other notable works. Mrs. Fisk will sing the aria, "Softly Awakens My Heart," from "Samson and Delilah," and "A Summer's Night," by Goring Thomas, with "cello obligato" by Paul Miersch. Nathan Franko will play "Theme and Variations," by Corelli. Friday matinee will be the farewell concert, when another interesting programme will be rendered, with Nordica and Franko as soloists. The prices will range from \$1.00 to \$3.00, with special rates of from 50 cents to \$2.00 for the Wednesday popular concert, which will begin at 3:15 p. m. so as to allow school-children and teachers to attend.

The Minetti Orchestra, a symphony orchestra, which has just been successfully organized, will prove a boon to all local amateur musicians, who are anxious to secure an opportunity to gain practical experience in the proper study and in the artistic performance of the best in music. Applications for membership may be addressed to Meredith Sawyer, secretary of the orchestra, city, P. O. Box 2673.

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The Photographic Salon.

The third Photographic Salon held under the auspices of the San Francisco Art Association and the California Camera Club at the Hopkins Institute of Art has been attracting much attention during the week, for the one hundred and seventy-five pictures on exhibition in the Mary Frances Seales Gallery cover a wide range of subjects and light effects, and are, for the most part, of unusual excellence. The catalogue which has been prepared is unquestionably the most artistic thing of the kind ever made in this city. Sixteen illustrations are used, the reproductions doing full justice to the originals. Those selected from the exhibition for this honor are: "Breton Shell Gatherers," by Walter Zimmerman; "The Swans," by Victor Stouffs; "Mother and Child II," by Adelaide Hanscom; "Trees and Clouds," by P. S. Bruguere; "Cleaning Brass," by Myra Albert Wiggins; "At the Door of the Fonda," by Gustav Eisen; "California Peonies," by F. E. Monteverde; "Crossing the Desert," by Edward H. Kemp; "A Newsboy at Night," by Grace Hubley; "On the Chicago River," by William P. Gunthorp; "Playmates," by Dr. F. Detle Dettelsen; "A Note from the Sea," by Herbert Arthur Hess; "Kittens," by B. W. Crandall; "At Rest," by C. George Bull, M. D.; and a portrait of Joaquin Miller, by O. H. Boyé. The last promenade concert, under the direction of Henry Heyman, will be given next Saturday evening, when the exhibition comes to a close.

The Coming Automobile Meet.

The card for the two-day automobile racing meet, to be held at Ingleside track Friday and Saturday, November 6th and 7th, has now been practically completed. Cash prizes aggregating about \$1,500 and a number of silver cups are to be offered, as well as a special prize for the best mile done under one minute. The officials will be: Judges—J. D. Spreckels, T. H. Williams, and R. P. Schwerin; referee, L. L. Lowe; clerk of the course, Robert Lenny; timer, Samuel Buckbee.

Each of the two days will see eight races, all of them prospective of good sport. The programme will begin at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon, and the events will be pulled off at intervals of a half hour until 5:30 o'clock. Places will be given on the programme to cars from the lightest to the heaviest, and one race will be set aside each day for cars legitimately owned in California. In order to give everybody a chance, the last race of each day will be a handicap event for those who have taken part in the foregoing contests.

An amusement event of unusual importance will be the eleventh annual benefit in aid of the charity fund of San Francisco Lodge, No. 21, Theatrical Mechanics' Association, to take place at the Alhambra Theatre next Friday afternoon at two o'clock sharp. The best dramatic talent in the city will be brought together, the managers of all the theatres having kindly promised to aid "the men behind the scenes." The music will be one of the strong features of the programme, and several of the changes of scenery will be made in full view of the audience by members of the lodge. Reserved seats can be obtained at the Alhambra box office at nine o'clock on Monday morning.

This is the time of the year for brilliant sunsets, after glows, and sunrises, and at no place can they be seen to such advantage as from the summit of Mt. Tamalpais. It will more than repay all lovers of nature to stay over night at the Tavern of Tamalpais to witness these grand sights.

Peter J. Curtis.

Peter J. Curtis, the Democratic nominee for sheriff, and also the choice of the Union Labor party, is eminently well qualified for that important office. His four years' record as supervisor is spotless. He has consistently and continually opposed all measures designed to squander public moneys. He is strongest in the district whence he came, and is personally popular, and deservedly so. The office of sheriff derives its particular importance at this time from the fact that a dishonest sheriff is frequently able to pack juries and defeat the ends of justice. It often happens that vast issues depend upon decisions of juries, and no pains, therefore, should be spared to place the sheriff's office in the hands of a man well known to be incorruptible. Such a man is Peter J. Curtis.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Prince and Princess André Poniatowski and family, after a fortnight's stay in New York, sailed for Europe on October 6th.

Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Morton R. Gibbons, whom she has been visiting, will leave for the East on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames have returned to town, after having spent the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Preston at their country place at Redwood.

Mrs. Alexander Loughborough and Miss Josephine Loughborough have departed for New York, where they will remain about two weeks before sailing for Europe. They expect to be abroad until next spring.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels sailed from Cherbourg for New York on Tuesday.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn and the Misses Josselyn expect to sail on November 3d from New York for Europe, where they will remain during the winter.

Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Keeney, for several weeks, will return to New York this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick left in their private car for the East on Friday. Mrs. Salisbury, who was one of their party, expects to be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl are making a visit to New York, prior to coming to California for the winter.

Mrs. Irving Scott expects to spend the winter months in Santa Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. C. N. Ellinwood have departed for Southern California, where they will remain for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley have arrived in New York, where they intend spending the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, who have spent the summer at Menlo Park, have returned to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin will spend the winter in New York.

Mrs. J. Crittenden Watson, who has been spending several weeks with her mother, Mrs. J. B. Thornton, at her residence on Jackson Street, departed for Washington, D. C., last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bishop expect to spend the autumn months at their ranch near Santa Barbara.

Mrs. A. P. Hotelling and her son, Mr. Frederick C. Hotelling, sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvain Weill sailed from New York last week for Paris, where they will make their future home.

Mrs. H. T. Lally and her daughter, Miss Charlotte Lally, left for New York early in the week. They will be absent about two months.

Senator Francis Newlands sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Brown and son have returned from their European tour, and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowenberg at their residence, 1950 California Street.

Mrs. Ramon E. Wilson and her daughter, Miss Marion R. Wilson, are in Paris, after having spent the winter in Italy and Greece, and the summer on the Rhine and in the Netherlands. They are accompanied by Miss Mary Louise Rowe, of San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young were in New York during the week.

Mr. Frank C. Dutton and his sister, Miss Molly Dutton, are making a short stay in New York before sailing for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Miss Cameron, and Mr. Ogden Codman, Jr., visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. Max Vagedes (*née* Roeding), of Cassel, Germany, is spending the winter months here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Roeding, at 1910 Washington Street. She will be at home the third and fourth Thursdays.

Among the week's guests at the Occidental Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Culbertson, of Spokane, Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway, of San Leandro, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Norris, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Maize, of San Diego, Mr. L. Hall, of Honolulu, Captain and Mrs. J. M. Healey, and Major and Mrs. F. K. Ward.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Wheatland, of Sausalito, Mrs. F. H. Conant, Mrs. T. M. Conant, Mr. Roger Conant, and Mr. Frank H. Conant, of Berkeley, Mrs. M. T. Campbell, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kelly, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Behrendt, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Lynch, of Alameda, Mr. J. Ehner, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Parrish, Mrs. C. E. Green, and Mrs. J. E. de Ruyter.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Captain Benjamin P. Lamberton, U. S. N., Captain French E. Chadwick, U. S. N., Captain Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., and Captain William H. Whiting, U. S. N., have been advanced to the ranks of rear-admiral through the retirement of Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N., last Sunday.

Major Ogden Rafferty, medical department, U. S. A., who has been attending surgeon at department headquarters during the past two years, has received orders transferring him to Fort Monroe, Va.

Captain Charles H. Hunter, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is in command at Fort Miley, having succeeded Major Henry H. Ludlow, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who is now on duty at the State Agricultural College at Jackson, Miss.

Captain Benjamin M. Koehler, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has departed for his new station at Fort Schuyler, N. Y.

Captain James A. Cole, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., returned from the Philippines on the

transport *Sheridan*, accompanied by Mrs. Cole.

Major Ben H. Fuller, U. S. M. C., is now in command of the marine barracks at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Major Guy L. Edie, U. S. A., who is at present stationed at Columbus Barracks, has been ordered to the Philippines.

Mrs. Sehree, who has been spending the summer in Missouri as the guest of relatives, has returned to San Francisco. After a stay of several weeks here, she will sail for the Orient to join her husband, Captain Uriel Sehree, U. S. N., who is in command of the *Wisconsin*.

Colonel Charles Morris, U. S. A., accompanied by his family, arrived from the East last week, and on Saturday assumed command of the post at the Presidio.

Major John S. Mallory, U. S. A., arrived from the Philippines, en route to Washington, D. C., last week.

Major Leon S. Roudiez, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., who returned from the Philippines on the transport *Sheridan* last Sunday, is under orders to take station at Fort Reno, Okla.

Mrs. Lassiter, wife of Major William Lassiter, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., who is stationed at Monterey, has been the guest this week of Miss Laura Farnsworth at her residence on Washington Street.

Captain David S. Stanley, quartermaster's department, U. S. A., left for his new post of duty at Chicago on Tuesday.

Commander Charles E. Fox, U. S. N., and Mrs. Fox arrived from Washington early in the week and registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Tyndall's Lecture Course Drawing to a Close.

"Money: the Psychic Law Governing It" will be the subject of Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall's lecture next Sunday evening, at Steinway Hall. Only one other lecture is announced thus far, "The World Invisible," which is the subject selected for the following Sunday night, October 25th. Some capitalists of Los Angeles, who have become interested in the work of the famous exponent of psychic science, have opened an institute there, and have induced Dr. Tyndall to take the presidency. It is more than likely, therefore, that the series of lectures being given here will soon cease, unless Dr. Tyndall can be persuaded to found a similar institute here, which does not seem likely, although Dr. McIvor-Tyndall has done more for the advancement of "New Thought" ideas in San Francisco than any one who has ever visited the Coast. He possesses, in addition to a cultured mind and rare psychic powers, a modesty and gentleness of manner that is particularly pleasing to his audiences, which have been composed of the city's best element.

Model Gowns and French Lingerie Reduced.

Beginning next Monday, October 19th, the Emporium's beautiful model gowns for fall and winter, 1903-4, will be offered at a reduction of one-third to one-half of the original prices. These charming examples of the dressmaker's art, designed by some of the most famous modistes in Europe, have been in the store but little more than a month; but they have served their purpose as model gowns, and now, right at the beginning of the season, they are offered at less than the actual cost of importation.

In conjunction with this sale, a large line of French lingerie—single pieces and bridal sets—will be offered at one-third less than regular prices. Every garment is made by hand, charmingly designed, and beautifully trimmed.

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Republican
Nominee

For Tax Collector

EDWARD J. SMITH

(INCUMBENT)

Regular Republican Nominee

For Sheriff

PETER J. CURTIS

Chairman Street Committee of Present
Board of Supervisors

Democratic Nominee
Union Labor Party Nominee

For District Attorney

EDWARD S. SALOMON

Republican Nominee

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The Argonaut.

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One of the most stupendous national robberies in modern times was practically consummated by Russia on October 8th. On that date she had promised to evacuate Manchuria. Before the day arrived she demanded of China concessions which China can not grant. Her alternative was to continue holding Manchuria. "In what sauce would you like to be cooked?" the birds were asked. "Why, in none whatever," they timidly answered. "But you travel from the question," they were told; and then their fate was decided." So with China. Russia, indomitable, persistent, with a thousand

pretexts, but with a single purpose, from the first occupation to the present moment has been severing one by one the bonds that bound Manchuria to the empire, and grappling the fertile province to herself with hooks of steel. Hers now is a country embracing 400,000 square miles—thrice as large as California—containing a population of 15,000,000, rich in minerals, with vast areas that promise to rival the wheat regions of this country in production of that cereal. No great European power has an interest in Manchuria sufficient to compel interference. France is Russia's ally. Germany is friendly to her. England, with the rankling memory of South Africa, shrinks from thought of another war. We, the United States, protest, and let it go at that. China herself is supine. Indeed, so masterly is her passivity that it lends force to the charge that her highest officials have seen the color of Russian gold. Four million roubles, so Chinese papers assert, reached the authorities of the empire through the eunuch Li Lien Ying, and a "certain princess." Japan alone among all nations, trembling with rage, watches the huge and hairy paw of the Russian Bear stretch over Manchuria. Yet even she will not fight to prevent what is else inevitable. It is too late now. So there Russia stands, cool, defiant, shameless, her word of honor no longer valued at a straw's worth by any nation, but with the long-coveted ice-free port on the Yellow Sea securely held in her unrelaxing grip.

But Russia's lust for land is not even stayed by Manchuria. Between that country and the Japan Sea lies the peninsula, Corea, its northern boundary the Yalu River, its southern shore not a hundred miles across the shallow strait from the Japan coast. Over Corea Japan holds a sort of suzerainty. Strategists agree that this suzerainty's continuance is vital to Japan. It is a matter of national life and death. Russia in Corea would be a far greater menace to the island kingdom than would be to England the possession of Holland and Belgium by Germany—a thing whose mere suggestion ever stirs Britain to the depths. Therefore, when Russia, along in the summer, claimed the right to send soldiers, under the name of "forest-guards," into Corean woods, Japan was alarmed. She protested. That proved unavailing. Now, while still negotiating peaceably, she is actively preparing for hostilities. This, and natural tension resulting from the expected but wrath-provoking non-evacuation of Manchuria on October 8th, have brought about the present situation where war is every day's possibility. Most of the reports and rumors are obviously canards, but the residuum suffices to draw to the Far East the world's attention.

In event of war, which would be victorious? Japan is a nation of patriots; she is vain, and dandies fight well; her people are trained to war; those who looked on when the allies marched to Peking put the Japanese soldier above the Russian soldier; the Jap is small, but his rifle carries far, and he is well armed; the regular army numbers 200,000; the total war strength is 632,000. But it is the Japanese navy that would strike the first, and doubtless the decisive, blow. Japan's navy is to-day an efficient engine. According to Archibald Hurd and Joseph H. Longford, two naval experts, who have recently published learned articles on the subject, the Japanese navy is equal to any fighting fleet of its size in the world. It is new; it is officered by English-trained Japanese, who gained experience with English squadrons; English officers of high rank, including Vice-Admiral Douglas, have taught the art of war at the Tokio Imperial Naval College; the vessels are skillfully navigated; they are kept as clean as British ships; the men are drawn from the fishing

population, and know and love the sea; the Japanese engineers are masters of the most intricate machinery of the modern battle-ship; fatalists as they are, the little brown sailormen equal in courage, skill, and discipline any sailors of any nation. Furthermore, Japan has a naval arsenal. Cruisers of four thousand tons have been built in it; the principal dock will accommodate the biggest battle-ship afloat; it is well defended by batteries; there are two other dockyards; and it is said that short of turning out a battle-ship there is nothing of which the master mechanics of the Japanese arsenal are not capable. Deductions drawn from comparison between the tonnage of the Russian and Japanese fleets are dangerous and misleading. There are too many things that figures do not show. For one thing, the Russian fleet is scattered over the world. Some ships are in the Baltic, some in the Black Sea, the remainder in the Pacific. In the Crimean War, the Russian navy proved inefficient. In the war with China, Japan's navy was weighed, and found not wanting. It may be stated, however, inconclusive as figures are, that the Russian navy contains seventy-eight vessels, excluding fifty-three torpedo boats "built and building." The Japanese fleet, also exclusive of torpedo boats, numbers forty-seven. Considering only the more important vessels, each has six battle-ships. Japan has six armored cruisers to Russia's seven, and fourteen protected cruisers to Russia's nineteen. All things taken into account, the weight of opinion among those most competent to judge seems to be in favor of Japan. That it will be a single-handed fight is also probable. During the year, thanks to Edward the Peacemaker, France has grown too friendly to England to think of aiding Russia. The terms of the Anglo-Japanese treaty only bind England to come to Japan's aid if she is attacked by two powers.

Probably the average American, if asked which of the two nations he would rather see victorious, would say Japan. The world as a rule loves David and abhors Goliath. Japan is so small, so plucky, her progress has been so great, and her enterprise so admirable, that she has won the surprised respect of the nations. But there is another, and perhaps more philosophic and farther-seeing view that is at least worthy of consideration. It is the view of those who think with Professor Peck that for Western civilization to permit the Mongol races to unite would be a "perilous mistake," and who profoundly believe the ultimate world-conflict will be "the white race against the brown race and the yellow." Plainly, Japan victorious would be in an infinitely better position to accomplish the work of "Japanning" China; of officering China's millions with her trained men; of fitting (as Heard puts it) the steel head to the useless wooden spear shaft that China is to-day. On the other hand, Japan whipped, with Russia holding Corea, might forever be prevented from adding her military skill to China's strength of uncounted numbers, and thus menacing the world. After all, Russia is white. Russia's daughters have infused their blood into the veins of every royal family of Europe. So long as our ports are open to any European emigrants, they will be open to the Russian. But the Japanese are Orientals. No almond-eyed daughter of Dai-Nippon will ever wed with England's royal sons. The Chinese we already exclude from our shores. It is not unlikely that we shall soon bar out the Japanese as well. Why, then, should they have our sympathy in a conflict with Russia? If it be said that Russia is perfidious, we reply: True, but little more perfidious than England who, in the early 'eighties, pledged herself to evacuate Egypt in three years, but is still there. If

be said that the Japanese are no longer Oriental in spirit, but Western, we reply that they learn our science, wear our clothes, imitate our customs, but in character remain utterly unchanged. Deep down there is an intense, unquenchable hatred for the foreigner, as enduring as race itself. How else, for example, should we explain the fact that foreign professors in Japanese schools grow yearly fewer; that discriminations are forcing out every foreign business firm; and that of all the military and naval instructors Japan once had, only six remain in her service—two German officers and one Frenchman, a French tactician, an Italian ordnance expert, and a French bandmaster? On the other hand, two thousand young Chinese, sons of high officials, are getting their education in Japan. There are said to be thirteen hundred or more Japanese at Tientsin, and five hundred at Peking. They are supplanting European professors wherever they are employed in China.

Vague and distant as the "yellow peril" may now seem to some, it is a very tangible danger in the opinion of numerous students of the Far Eastern question, whose experience should give weight to their words. Dr. Pearson, in his "National Life and Character," of course long ago directed attention to it. Albert D. Ashmead, late head of the medical school at Tokio, holds that Russia's prospective victory over Japan would be "the salvation of the West." Augustine Heard, formerly United States minister to Corea, recently contributed to the *New York Tribune* an exhaustive article on the subject, in the course of which he remarked: "I believe firmly that sooner or later the fusion will come. It is fated." Further: "And when that time does come, Europe may well beware. There will then be no question of dividing China, but Europe may shudder at the thought of being overrun herself. She may try to console herself by the belief that Asiatics can never be persistent and practical, that the alliance will break to pieces at the first shock, and that there are no broad, statesmanlike minds among them capable of carrying their plans out to success, but history tells a different story. Whenever the intellects of the East and the West have been pitted against each other, it is not the Eastern which has shown inferiority." And to conclude: in "Letters of a Chinese Official," a book anonymously published, but attributed to Wu Ting-fang, occurs this prophesy, following the statement that his countryman are learning that Right is powerless unless it be supported by Might: "Woe to Europe when we have acquired it! You are arming a nation of four hundred millions—a nation which, until you came, had no better wish than to live at peace with themselves and all the world. In the name of Christ you have sounded the call to arms! In the name of Confucius we respond!"

Whether Japan and Russia fight or no, it should be clear that the prizes now at stake in the Far East are of no common sort.

Although Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, was allowed to take his seat last March, there is still a question whether he will be allowed to keep it. The question will turn on the point whether or not he is a polygamist. The same influences which were active in debaring Roberts from the House are preparing to take up the cudgels against Smoot. The people of Utah are apparently satisfied that their senators may be equally divided between Gentiles and Mormons, but they insist that the latter must be a monogamist. There are plenty of people outside of the State to lend a helping hand. The opposition to Smoot has had an agent in Utah, gathering information, and it is said that he has returned with the testimony of plenty of residents at Provo City to the effect that Senator Smoot has more than one wife, although the only reference in the Congressional Directory to the subject is that he was married "September 17, 1884, to Alpha M. Eldredge." The case in the Senate, it is understood, will be handled by Senator Dubois, of Idaho, who, as well as his State, has a definite interest in the subject. When he first went to Idaho as United States marshal, he found the Mormons arrayed against him politically, and there has been friction ever since. When the Mormon church issued its manifesto abandoning its polygamous doctrines in obedience to the laws of the United States, the church was taken at its word, and the test oath aimed against polygamous Mormons in Idaho was repealed. It is now claimed that the Mormon church has not lived up to its manifesto. Polygamy is being openly practiced, and the promise of the church to keep its hands off from politics has been repeatedly violated. In addition to the fight against Smoot in the Senate, Senator Dubois is announced to lead a Democratic campaign in Idaho, for the purpose of having the test oath reestablished. As in the Roberts case, women are preparing to aid in the battle in the Smoot case. Already thousands of petitions are being circulated, and are receiving the signatures of women in numerous communities. They are requests to senators to investigate the charges against

Smoot, and, if he be found to be a polygamist, to expel him from the Senate as a common violator of the law. The Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Interdenominational Council of Women are the active organizations. Of the latter, Mrs. Darwin R. James is president, and Miss Helen M. Gould is vice-president. Each society is preparing to send out from ten thousand to twelve thousand petitions.

The uneasiness in commercial circles has been somewhat heightened during the week by the failure of several large trust companies. Most prominent among these were the Maryland Trust Company and the Union Trust Company, both of Baltimore, with total liabilities exceeding ten millions of dollars. Odoriferous revelations in the Shipbuilding Trust investigation continue to be made. It has been shown that cheap clerks, scarcely yet of age, were directors in the corporation, and lightheartedly voted millions, though they did not know even the location of the various plants—whether the Union Iron Works, for instance, was in San Francisco or Key West. Each of these hoy-financiers had one share of stock, and voted as he was told by the lawyers. Amazing as these revelations are, more and worse are promised. President Lewis Nixon testified on Wednesday, according to the reports, that the prospectus of the Shipbuilding Trust issued to the public was absolutely false. He also gave testimony tending to show that J. P. Morgan, not Schwah, was the real mover in the shameful Bethlehem steel plant hold-up game. One remarkable thing in connection with the revelations of Mr. Dresser and others is that the editorial pages of the *New York Times*, *Tribune*, and *Sun* have been dumb on the news that stirred the whole country profoundly. Business conditions in general are stagnant. The encouraging features are increase in railway earnings and prospects of a large corn crop. Business on the Coast continues good. Bank clearings, however, have shown a falling off of 24.3 per cent from the same week last year, and prices have fallen. The poor man seems to be getting the best of it these days.

The managers of the St. Louis Exposition have so far done their best to avoid any conflicts with organized labor, but they have not been entirely successful, as the unique demands of the local plasterers' unions will show. The art features of the fair constructions are to be more than usually prominent. A large sum has been appropriated to display the work of American sculptors, and many artists have contributed. They have forwarded many plaster statues and groups of colossal proportions to the chief of the art department, Mr. Karl Bitter. These works arrive in sections, and naturally many of them are broken in transportation, and the setting up requires a high degree of skill in joining the various parts and in renewing the broken portions. Mindful of the sensitiveness of union labor, Mr. Bitter handed this work over to the best sculptors of the St. Louis modelers' and sculptors' union, thinking to gain efficiency, and at the same time recognizing the principle of union labor. But the rampant spirit of unionism was not satisfied. The modelers were, of course, content, but another union of plain plasterers promptly declared that the work should be given to them, and accompanied their demand for it with a threat to organize a general strike of all exposition workmen if their claims were not acceded to. The statues were made of plaster, and that was enough for them to base their claims upon. Mr. Taylor, the director of public works, a known friend of unionists, was appealed to, and he decided in favor of the sculptors. His decision was entirely ignored, and the matter was brought to the attention of the Missouri State Board of Arbitration, where a similar finding resulted, after a thorough examination of the matter and several public hearings. The plasterers' union flatly refused to abide by this decision, taking the ground that they could remodel a broken hand, or face, or arm as well as any "high-toned" sculptor. In despair, the chief of sculpture appealed to the head of the Plasterers' International Association, who resides at Colorado Springs. He set forth the situation with fairness, but compared the fitness of common plasterers for the work with a supposititious claim on his own part to be an astronomer because he could look through a telescope. After a month of waiting, the decision arrived from Colorado Springs that "the plasterers shall do all the pointing." Whereupon, the modelers' union got square by notifying Mr. Bitter that their wages would have to be increased ten cents an hour to avoid trouble with them, as the modeling, although not the pointing, seemed to be left in their hands. The incident shows how art may become democratized, and furnishes an illustration of the value of arbitration in disputes with labor unions.

Whatever the motives of Mr. Hearst in conveying a body of legislators across the continent to see with their own eyes whether or no the Territories are fit for Statehood, his enterprise can only bring good results. The more congressmen know about the subjects upon which they legislate the better for the country. They can't know too much or become too intelligent, that's sure. On the trip, they will not only learn a lot about the people of the Territories, but they will increase their fund of information on the subject of irrigation—a subject that is vital to California. Therefore, we say: Good for Hearst.

In reference to the admission of the Territories, two things should not be lost sight of. First, that both political parties are pledged to give them Statehood. Second, that in many matters—especially irrigation—the interests of the whole West are identical. The votes of four or six more senators are not to be sneezed at. Already it is asserted that only a rare combination of circumstances permitted the passage of the irrigation law last year. If the legislators of the West and South had known that there would be so many millions to spend, as have now become available, it is said that the

measure would never have gone through. The Eastern farmer doesn't think very highly of the idea of irrigating the waste places, and through increased production forcing the price of what he raises down still lower. It is said that any further irrigation measures will have hard sledding. This is something for Californians who have hitherto opposed the admission of the Territories to think about.

According to the *Chronicle*, the betting men believe that Henry J. Crocker stands a good chance to win, and are willing to back their opinion with their money. The hookmakers are said to be quoting Crocker ten to eight, six to five on Schmitz, and thirty to ten on Lane. According to Hatton, the sporting politician, who heldomadally sizes up the San Francisco situation for an Oakland paper, last Saturday Crocker and Schmitz were listed at six to five against each of them, while Lane was two and a half to one. If these are indeed the facts, and Lane is a had third, with "downward tendencies," among the betting men, the statement of Schmitz and his opponents, the Republican press, that the fight is between him and Crocker, would seem to be well founded.

Arguing statistically, the Crocker men now figure it out this way: Two years ago, Wells got 17,700 votes, Tohin 12,642, and Schmitz 21,774. But Wells was an old man, charged with being a tool of the bosses, and opposed by the Republican dailies. These three things, it is argued, lost him 5,000 votes, which Crocker will have. With them, Crocker will win. Again, in the governorship election, the vote was: Pardee, 24,106; Lane, 33,743. Pardee was opposed by the unions on account of his labor record. Therefore, it is said, these 24,106 votes represent the solid Republican vote which Crocker will get. The Lane 33,743 will be divided between himself and Schmitz. A third statistical reason for optimism is found in the last primary, when 13,306 Republican votes, 7,443 Democratic votes, and 5,066 Labor votes, were cast. The fact that there were more Republican votes than Democratic and Union Labor votes combined is held to argue well for Crocker.

Another statistical gentleman, who describes himself as "an observant and analytical looker-on," figures it out this way: Schmitz has the advantage of a patronage machine. Casey's opposition will not hurt him perceptibly. P. H. McCarthy, president of the Building Trades' Council, who, in the last campaign, was against Schmitz, is now for him. Here is quite a block of votes. The carmen's union, non-existent two years ago, will vote for Schmitz to a man. They number 3,000. Schmitz will have the support of the fire and police departments. Therefore, this statistician prophesies that the vote will stand: Schmitz, 26,000; Crocker, 22,000; Lane, 17,000—"unless there shall be a combination on Lane or Crocker to defeat Schmitz."

In general, the political events this week have not been of very striking character. The *Bulletin* accuses Schmitz supporters of stamping copies of that paper with a line across the top reading: "Schmitz is our choice for mayor." This, thinks the *Bulletin*, shows that Schmitz is getting desperate. The *Chronicle* also avers that the mayor is making a "rowdy fight." Lately, the *Chronicle* has been getting back at the *Examiner* by showing that, when the gas-rate matter was up before the board of supervisors, the "pet saints in the *Examiner's* hagiarchy," Supervisors Booth, Brandenstein, Brauhart, Comte, Connor, Curtis, D'Ancona, and Payot, voted to raise the price of gas to \$1.20. "Who is subservient to the corporations, now?" asks the *Chronicle*. The *Examiner* has, for the most part, left off mud-slinging this week, and devoted itself to the proposition that Herrin owns the Republican nominees body and soul. It is leaving Schmitz severely alone, but warming up in praise of Lane as the campaign progresses.

All the candidates have been hard at work making speeches, seemingly to good audiences. The Union Iron Works seems to be the centre of conflict. All the mayoralty candidates have there been treated courteously.

The charge that Lane advised the placing of policemen on the trucks during the teamsters' strike has been denied by D. I. Mahoney, who writes to Lane: "It is within my knowledge that you did not advise the placing of police on the trucks, or have any connection with the affair." Such solicitude on Lane's part is not calculated to strengthen him with the conservative classes, whose vote he must have to win.

The mayor has made at least two interesting revelations in his speeches this week. He told of a trip he made among business men, his personal friends, who told him they would not vote for him. "These men," explained the mayor, "were not against me personally, but against my principles. They frankly told me this, and it shows us plainly this is not a battle of men, but of principles. If you believe in labor unionism you must vote the labor ticket."

Another secret that the mayor has let out is that, when it was proposed by the labor party last year to put Schmitz in the field as a gubernatorial candidate, he had a conference with Lane, and told Lane that he (Schmitz) would not run for governor. Lane thanked him, and assured him that whenever he (Schmitz) ran for office, he (Lane) would not run against him. "Two months ago," Schmitz continued, "he announced that he was not a candidate for mayor. He came into the fight, not expecting election, because even his friends admit that he has no show, but to help defeat me and elect the capitalistic candidate, Mr. Crocker."

The final decision of the Alaska Boundary Commission practically gives the United States everything it contended for, with the exception of Pearse and Wales Islands on the Portland Canal. The loss of these islands was at first thought to be important, but was later pointed out that the upholding of this government claim to two adjacent islands robs them of strategic importance, which is all the importance they possess. The two Canadian commissioners have not only expressed their disgust and disappointment, but withdrew from

SMOOT MUST
ANSWER POLY-
AMY CHARGE.

HEARST
AND HIS
CONGRESSMEN.

THE ALASKA
BOUNDARY
DECISION.

the tribunal, and refused to sign the findings, which, however, do not need their signatures to be absolutely binding. The commissioners base their objections upon the allegation that the attitude of the other commissioners was not "judicial," insinuating thereby that a desire on Lord Alverstone's part to cement relations between England and the United States, or some similar purpose, entered into the case. Canada in general seems to share her commissioners' bitterness. In British Columbia, prominent men are reported to have said that if England is going to sacrifice Canada's interest to American friendship in this way, Canada had better join the United States, and have done with England for good and all. Hostility is now expressed to Chamberlain's tariff schemes, to which before Canada was favorable.

The President has called an extraordinary session of Congress. to convene on November 9th, for the purpose of approving the Cuban reciprocity treaty. This treaty was signed by representatives of Cuba and the United States on December 11, 1902, and ratified by the Senate with the amendment that it should not take effect without the approval of Congress, since it affects the revenues of the United States, with which the House is concerned. But now comes Congressman Littlefield, who is a leader in the House, and in a powerful article in the *American Economist* says that this amendment is of no effect; that the House can not approve or disapprove a treaty; that the present so-called treaty is unconstitutional; that it is a usurpation by the President and the Senate of power residing solely in the House of originating all measures affecting revenue. If Mr. Littlefield is right, the whole vicious plan to help Eastern manufacturers at the expense of Western farmers is done for. Senator Perkins appears also to be of that opinion. He recently returned from Europe, stopping in New York, where the gimlet-eyed reporters observed him conferring with Mr. Oxnard. On reaching San Francisco, he is reported by the *Examiner* as saying:

While I do not wish to be considered as criticising President Roosevelt, yet I am constrained to say that the convening of Congress in extra session is at least impolitic. Nothing will be accomplished at the extra session. It will be merely talk, talk, talk. Of course, the Democrats will make all the capital out of the session they can, and as a Republican I feel that the party should not give the Democrats an opportunity to store ammunition for the ensuing political campaign.

When the war with Spain broke out, Theodore Roosevelt was assistant secretary of the navy. John D. Long was Secretary of the Navy. The war had been on but a few months when Mr. Roosevelt resigned, and went to Cuba. John D. Long was still Secretary of the Navy when Mr. Roosevelt became President through the death of McKinley. But soon Mr. Long retired to private life, and Moody reigned in his stead. These are elementary facts, but they need to be borne in mind by readers of Secretary Long's article in the *Outlook* for October 10th, one paragraph of which is bound to make a stir. We print it without present comment:

His [Roosevelt's] activity was characteristic. He was zealous in the work of putting the navy in condition for the apprehended struggle. His ardor sometimes went faster than the President or the department approved. Just before the war he, as well as some naval officers, was anxious to send a squadron across the ocean to sink the ships and torpedo-boat destroyers of the Spanish fleet while we were yet at peace with Spain.

The law has refused to recognize the efficacy of faith cure. Two years ago, a man living in New York State refused to procure medical attendance for his adopted daughter, a minor, who had been stricken with bronchial pneumonia. He believed in faith cure, and not in medicine, but nevertheless the girl died. The penal code of New York provides that any person who omits, without lawful excuse, to perform a duty by law imposed upon him to furnish food, shelter, clothing, or medical attendance to a minor is guilty of a misdemeanor. Under this section, a conviction was had, and the case was taken to the court of appeals. The appellate court held that, while the wording of the law might be improved, the intention was clear. The law contemplates that there are persons upon whom the law casts the duty of caring for minors, and the accused was such a person. While there are persons who believe that the divine power can be invoked by faith to heal the sick, and others who believe that the Creator has supplied the earth, nature's store-house, with the remedies for the ills of the flesh, and still others who believe that nature and faith must go hand in hand, it is not the court's duty to decide which is right. It is the court's duty to interpret the law as it finds it, and the girl did not receive medical attendance within the meaning of the law. So the conviction was sustained.

The outcome of the financial legislation for the Philippines, last winter, it will be remembered, was a determination to retire the Mexican dollar as a legal tender, and replace it with a new silver coin, minted in the United States, and known as the peso. Thereupon, the Treasury authorities started in to buy silver for the new coin, and did buy eight million ounces, paying about fifty-eight and a quarter cents per ounce. There have now been sent to the islands about seventeen million nine hundred thousand dollars in pesos, and about a million more is ready for shipment. A singular condition has now put a period to the operation, and made it quite possible that the whole issue of pesos may quickly find its way to the melting pot, and the Philippines be left without a circulating medium after January 1st. The large purchases made by the United States, coupled with a heavy demand for silver in India, and by France for her Asiatic possessions, and an active silver demand in London markets, have so enhanced the price of the white metal that it is feared the silver in the peso may soon be worth more than its face value for bullion. A natural consequence would be that the peso, as well as the

Mexican dollar, would be bought up by the Chinese in the islands and shipped to China to be recoined. A further rise in price of four or five cents an ounce would make it a certainty. Another factor which supports the expectancy of such a rise in the price of silver, is the movement to furnish China with a metallic currency. The demand from that country would require more than six hundred and fifty million ounces to furnish a per capita circulation of one dollar. The fluctuation in the value of silver is quite remarkable. In 1835, it was worth \$1.32; in 1873, it sold for \$1.29. By 1883 it had fallen to \$1.10, and by 1893, to 78 cents. Last year, the ratio of silver to gold was 39.15 to 1, and now the government has stopped buying for fear the demand will force the metal up to the exorbitant price of sixty cents an ounce. What can best be done for the Philippines, under the circumstances, is being considered. One suggestion is to renew the bill offered last winter extending the United States monetary system to the islands, and another is to melt down the new pesos and recoin them with increased alloy sufficient to prevent their being bought up for bullion.

Upon the heels of the collapse of the Shipbuilding Trust come reports of trouble for the Steamship Trust. The continental lines, including the North German Lloyd, the Hamburg-American, the Holland-American, and the French transatlantic companies, have given notice of withdrawal from the North Atlantic conference agreement fixing the minimum rates of first and second class fares. Next comes the announcement that the sailing date of the American Line (of the trust) from New York is to be changed to Saturday. This is the sailing date of the Cunard Line, which withdrew from the agreement because of the Friday service of the White Star Line, and further because the *Etruria* and *Umbria* were not allowed sufficient differentials. Whether the change of the American Line means more active competition against the Cunard Line, or is caused by the sailing days of the other lines and the agreement not to interfere with the German lines, is not yet apparent. The Cunard Line announces no change for the present, and the other lines are in a state of expectancy. It is rumored that the Cunard Line's intention to put on a Mediterranean line, already announced by that company, is the cause of the trouble, but on the other hand, the French line reports that the Cunard company has received no permission to enter Italian ports, and is not likely to get such permission, the Italian Government believing that there are already ships enough to carry the business between Italy and this country.

The Western Pacific continues to be the enigma of the railway situation upon the Pacific Coast. The energy with which work has been pushed, the territory that it will tap, and its terminal points, all indicate that there is some solid financial backing behind it. But what is that backing? The fact that the project appeared shortly after Gould had announced his determination to extend his system to the Pacific Coast within two years, created a general belief that he was furnishing the money for the new enterprise. Now, however, a dispatch from Chicago asserts that it is the Burlington line that is behind the Western Pacific, and not the Gould system. The Burlington is controlled by the Great Northern and Northern Pacific lines, at the head of which combination is James J. Hill. It has long been known that Hill has had his eye upon the California field, but his intention was supposed to be to run a line from Portland to this city along the coast, tapping a rich lumber country. There would be nothing inconsistent in Hill's having both routes in contemplation. According to another theory, both Hill and Gould are behind the Western Pacific. Hill taps the northern part of the Mississippi Valley, the Gould system, the southern part. The Western Pacific, without conflict, could offer a western outlet for both systems.

The development of suburban electric railways in the Eastern States has been very rapid in recent years, and their construction has not only increased property values throughout a wide circuit surrounding the larger cities, but has made life much pleasanter for those whose business compels them to be in the city, while health and inclination suggest life in the country. The construction of suburban electric lines is only just beginning in this part of California, and while the movement is yet in its infancy, one rule should be adopted from which there should be no departure. Electric railway companies should be compelled to secure their own right of way. They should not be given the rights of way over highways that belong to the public. In Los Angeles County, there has been considerable development of electric suburban lines. To the earlier lines rights of way were granted over public roads. The result was that many people were injured, more were annoyed, and there was general dissatisfaction. The railway people themselves found it unsatisfactory, and later franchises have been over private rights of way. In Santa Clara Valley, electric railway building is very active just now. The first line, connecting San José and Los Gatos by way of Saratoga, was granted a right of way over the county road, which had been in use by the public since the valley was first settled. The result is that the public has been deprived of the use of that road, and will have to secure a new right of way, and build a new road at considerable expense. Safety and convenience both demand that electric railways should secure private rights of way.

It is said that, in ten years, 2,600 years of imprisonment have been inflicted upon those who have dared to talk irreverently of Kaiser Wilhelm. In the Reichstag, a deputy shouted out the other day: "One may mention the name of God, but not the name of William the Second." But times are changing. The socialist power is growing. It is the rumor in Berlin that the Kaiser is having a certain island fortified to which he may escape in case of insurrection.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Henry J. Crocker.

As the municipal campaign draws toward its close, people are becoming more and more impressed with the fact that there is nearly eighteen millions of dollars to be expended by the next administration, and that the one man who will direct its expenditure most wisely and judiciously is neither a lawyer nor a musician, but an energetic and successful business man. Such a man is Henry J. Crocker. Every desperate attempt that has been made during the campaign to distort the truth, and make it appear that Mr. Crocker is not a successful manager of large business enterprises, has met with conspicuous failure. When the lying story was circulated that Mr. Crocker's administration as president of the Olympic Club had not been successful, members and officers of the club—men of undoubted standing and character—came forward with facts and figures that could not be gainsaid, showing the story to be without foundation. It was proved by the testimony of Henry B. Russ, an officer of the club for thirty years, John A. Hammersmith, of the firm of Hammersmith & Field, and John Elliott, secretary of the club, that, far from having "ruined" the club, Mr. Crocker established its credit and increased its membership. When he took the presidency, the club had a floating debt of \$36,000 and a membership of 1,855. When he relinquished the presidency on account of pressure of his own business, the debt had been reduced to \$29,500, the membership had been increased to 2,267—the largest in its history.

Again, when it was alleged that the Wine Association had met disaster in Mr. Crocker's hands, Mr. Sbarboro, the one man who knew all the facts, and has the public's implicit confidence, promptly nailed the lie.

Mr. Crocker is not a politician in the ordinary sense of the word. But he is emphatically a politician as the word was defined in a notable address by the "only living ex-President," recently—"One who concerns himself with the regulation or government of a nation or State for the preservation of its safety, peace, and prosperity." Though never before has he sought a public office at the hands of the people, he has been an indefatigable laborer for developing the resources of California, and an efficient worker for the upbuilding of San Francisco. During the dark days of distress and panic in the early 'nineties, he was a prominent member of the executive committee intrusted with the disbursement of funds raised by popular subscription to give employment to men out of work in constructing drives and boulevards in the city parks. Time, money, good judgment, Mr. Crocker gave to the work that helped to make the results of the charity a permanent contribution to the welfare of San Francisco.

Again, Mr. Crocker rendered a conspicuous service to the city and State by his early work, as president of the Half Million Club, in advertising California and San Francisco. Capital was brought here, settlers were induced to come, and the movement, as a whole, resulted in substantial progress. His work at the head of the winemakers' corporation is too well known to need detailing. Suffice it to say, that wine grapes, which sold at six dollars and eight dollars a ton before Mr. Crocker took hold of the industry, have since regularly sold for nearly double that price, and have never since fallen to the level at which they once were. This achievement was of advantage not only to the wine-growers, but to every citizen of the State, since the prosperity of so important a class must affect the prosperity of all in city and country.

Benevolent, also, were Mr. Crocker's disinterested labors during the campaign of 1896. The State was in imminent peril of surrendering to the great wave of Bryanism then sweeping over the country. Mr. Crocker, uninfluenced by what have since been recognized as false and vicious doctrines, but which then deceived many intelligent men, saw the danger, and was the one to issue a stirring appeal to business men of every party to organize in support of sound money. The result of the call was a great gathering at the Chamber of Commerce, followed by the organization of the Sound Money League, by whose efforts the State was saved from the silver craze, and safely placed among the sound-money supporters and followers of McKinley.

Nor have Mr. Crocker's efforts in behalf of the commonwealth been less vigorous and valuable in recent years. Only a year ago, he was one of the organizers and president of the United Republican Club, formed to protect the primaries in the governorship contest then pending. Nor are these by any means all of his public activities. His willingness to help in all good movements, little or large, is well illustrated by the disclosure, at a meeting in the thirty-third assembly district of this city, recently, that Mr. Crocker had long been a member of the Holly Park Improvement Club. He does not live in the district; he has no property there, but simply a characteristic readiness to "lend a hand" in any enterprise likely to help the city had led him to give liberally of his time and money. Quite by accident, also, was the disclosure, the other day, that Mr. Crocker, of all the mayoralty candidates, was the only one to help defray the expense of the campaign to secure the adoption of the bond-issue. Mr. Crocker gave liberally, though at that time he was not a candidate for any office.

Is it any wonder, in view of all these facts, that the candidacy of a man so tested and tried in so many relations, public and private, should hourly be gaining strength with intelligent citizens in every class, rich and poor, workers and employers? For all good citizens, whatever their station in life, have this in common—that they desire the highest office in their gift shall be administered honestly, ably, fairly, economically.

Such an administration Henry J. Crocker will give to the people of San Francisco.

William E. Lutz.

William E. Lutz, the Republican nominee for the office of public administrator, is essentially a self-made man. Though only a boy of sixteen when the Civil War broke out, he was one of those who was prompt to enlist and hasten to the front. He served through the entire war, received an honorable discharge, and is now a member of the George H. Thomas Post of this city. He was secretary of the executive committee that had charge of the G. A. R. National Encampment, held here last August.

Like thousands of other young men, after the war Mr. Lutz turned his face to the great West. San Francisco seemed to him the city of the future, and here he settled. Here he has lived for almost forty years. At first, he worked at his trade as a butcher in the California Market. There he gained acquaintances and won many friends among those in similar lines of business. But his ambition spurred him on to improve his position in life. During the years that he was working at his trade, he devoted all his spare time to study. Soon he was able to advance himself, and for years past has occupied positions requiring strict integrity and unquestioned ability. He is at present agent of large insurance companies, with offices at 205 Sansome Street, and is also secretary of many business associations.

The public administrator is intrusted with estates where it is incumbent upon him to protect the interests of widows and orphans, and he should therefore be a man of absolute honesty and large capacity—a man of mature years and sound judgment.

William E. Lutz possesses all these qualifications. We think therefore, that he is justly entitled to the suffrages of voters of San Francisco.

ANDREW HANSEN'S DEBT.

How a Salmon Fisherman Proved His Honor Stainless.

Andrew Hansen spent an hour figuring at a desk in the outside office of the Astoria Crescent Cannery. His heavy brows were drawn down over his gray eyes, and under an unkempt beard his mouth worked uneasily. When he finished, he strode over to the cashier. "You cheat me!" he cried, thickly. "By Jee, you cheat me twenty dollars!"

"Nonsense, Andrew," said the cashier, "you're off. Your account is just eighty-three dollars and six bits due you. Not a cent more. Our books don't lie."

The fisherman hitched up his trousers, and his voice fell two notes. "You cheat me," he muttered, doggedly. "I bring in two hundred pound more fish. It's down in my book. See?"

The young fellow who had charge of the fish-delivery books received gingerly the greasy pages thrust in at him, and rapidly compared the entries there with those in his ledger. Every now and then he jotted a number on a pad of blank paper before him, and when he had run through all the pages of the fish-book, he added together his jottings, and looked up with a weary smile. "You're wrong, Andrew," he said. "See here where you've gone off your reckoning. This entry calls for only twenty pounds of fish, and you've read it two hundred. This here is forty-five pounds of steelhead, and you've made it salmon. You better be careful how you say we cheat you. You are trying to do some cheating yourself with a darned blunt pencil. Take your book and clear out."

The heavy-eyed captain of boat No. 345 loosed his neckerchief and pulled again at his trousers. "You cheat me!" he yelled, shrilly. "Ole, he put him down that way, and I know how much fish I bring in. I don't change him in the book. You cheat me!"

A rough order to clear out was the only response, and Andrew blew like a porpoise. Then his clumsy tongue gathered articulateness, and he called down the curse of God upon the Astoria Crescent, with special reference to the white-faced cashier and Ole, the weigher. His strident tones resounded in the building, and presently the manager of the cannery came from his private office to see what the matter was. Andrew turned to him with a cry for justice.

"But your account is all straight," said the manager, after a quick glance at the book the fisherman held out to him. "What the devil do you mean by making such a fuss?"

"But Ole make the wrong number," Andrew expostulated. "He put down twenty pound of fish on your book when I have two hundred on mine. He cheat me."

"If you make any more howl," said the manager, roughly, "I'll seize your boat. You owe us a hundred on last season."

There was a deep silence, while the huge fellow shambled back as if to gather himself for a blow. Then in some way he realized his helplessness, and strove to subdue his voice. "It aint right," he mumbled. "I owe you no-ting. I pay him all oop. Ole make wrong number. You can't take my boat."

Possibly the manager of the cannery was doubtful of his own position, or else he was incited by a charitable thought of Andrew's wife and small baby. He pulled a gold piece from his pocket and flung it at the fisherman. "Take this, Andrew, and don't let me hear any more of your nonsense. That's a brand new ten-dollar piece, and I'll bet you spend it in a saloon, and curse me over your glass. Now clear out!"

Hansen looked at the money in his calloused palm, and then at the retreating form of the manager. "Clear out!" said the clerk, "or we'll throw you out, you darned beggar!"

Mrs. Hansen wept when her husband told her curtly that she was to have no new dress. When he refused to buy a baby carriage for the first born, there was deep gloom in the little house tucked up under the hill above the gas-works. But Andrew did not explain, though he gazed a long time at the white-haired son, whose legs were sure, according to his mother, to be bent like the staves of a fish-barrel did he have no carriage to ride in.

Two days later, Andrew paid off his boat-puller. It took all the money to his credit at the cannery. Then he went out to the racks on which his net was hung, and worked there for a week. Later, he drew his boat out on the beach, and scraped and cleaned her through without painting a strake. From that time till September 10th he sat on the wabbling wharf over the tide, and figured in his smeary fish-book, and seemed to be nursing some secret sorrow, so that his acquaintances nodded their heads, and said with many oaths that Andrew was an ill husband, and was spending his season's wages in sullen drinking.

But when he quietly put his net in No. 345 on the tenth, and started out "fall fishing," the nods of head changed to open-mouthed astonishment. For Andrew was forehanded in his way, and enjoyed the reputation of making enough, even in a poor summer, to avoid the necessity for drifting for the slimy salmon that enter the Columbia in the later months.

Instead of six cents, fish now commanded only one cent at the cannery scales, and Andrew grew gaunt and haggard before September was out. One day he brought in two hundred and fifty pounds, his biggest catch. His balance at the Astoria Crescent was bettered some nine dollars by two weeks' work. And Andrew had no boat-puller to share his profits, but toiled alone, he and his

alarm clock that warned him to wake and work when sleep was heavy upon him.

One Sunday at noon, Andrew came down from the little house under the hill, shambling sullenly out on the wharf to where his boat lay nosing a fender pile. His pipe was gripped in his teeth, and he raged that the day should be so fine when he must go out and spend it in a dirty boat alone, while his wife sat in white anger at his parting silence.

After a slow look over the bay, he jolted down the ladder, pulled his boat in sharply, and dropped on the net-heaped amidships. Then with quick jerks he stepped the mast, threw off the riding line, and with a thrust of an oar was out in the stream. Five minutes later No. 345 was speeding across toward the deep calm in the lee of the Washington hills. Bowed in the stern was Andrew Hansen clutching his tiller in one hairy hand and holding the sheet in the other. Only once did he glance back, to see if the fish warden's launch was still tied up by her dock. For Sunday, until six o'clock in the evening, is "closed."

Sunset found him below Sand Island stowing the last fathoms of his reeking net. A dozen poor fish slid back and forth in the well to the tumble of the boat. Andrew flung in the last armful of net, and stood up to ease his aching back. His eye caught a solitary pink cloud riding high in the evening sky, and his gaze fastened on it truculently.

Gradually the ocean wind chilled, and the dusk came on like puffs of smoke before it. The crystal of the lee shores dimmed, and the bar leaped higher against the blackened embers of the west. The clear gleam from a lighthouse threaded the twilight, and No. 345 plunged wildly over gray combers. Still Andrew poised his bulk over the boat, and as the seas, rising with the tide, tossed it angrily, his grim face hardened. Before his mind rose the image of the manager who had cheated him, of the fellow fisherfolk who had looked at him quizzically, or hostilely, or pityingly. His big fists clenched because, were it not for one thing, he was strong enough to fend against them all. That one thing had hidden his heart, till the very thought of it made his teeth fasten in his lips and the blood swell his veins to bursting.

With a sudden access of rage, he pulled out of his jacket pocket his fish-book, and held its almost obliterated pages up before him. The crabbed scrawls of many weighers were jumbled in its rude columns. But hate knew the false entries, and his finger, shriveled by the cold brine, shook as it traced them out. Then the vision of the little home under the hill, a pale-faced wife, and a babe with tiny fists blurred his sight and effaced the sordid characters. And then a sand-laden wave fell on No. 345, and flooded it till Andrew was knee deep in water.

With a leap he seized an oar, swung the boat round till it met the next roller head on, and with a few swift jerks raised the sail. The wind was getting up fast, but in pure defiance he put in the sprit, and, before No. 345 could yield dangerously to its pressure, drove the boat into the eye of the gale with another sweep of the oar, and then fell upon the tiller. The fish-book floated in the water among the slimy chums.

It was black night, and Andrew set to scanning the lights before running up the bay. The roar of the surf was growing shriller and the foam that blew past him was alive, not dead from long drifting. In his wide sweep of the river's mouth he caught sight of a strange light off the south end of the bar. He looked again and again. He forgot his wrath in this new matter, and peered under the foot of his shaking sail, careless of the fact that his boat was half water-logged and that his catch was slopping about in the bottom. For Andrew knew that that glimmer was on another boat, and from its position he also knew that it was driving into the terror of all who use Astoria Bay, the chops off Clatsop Spit.

Then his anger came over him again. Had it not been for the false entry in his fish-book, and the harsh injustice of the manager, he would not now be out in the night, helplessly watching some unknown fellow struggling with death. He seemed to catch a glimpse of a smart house, with a red fire in a grate, and the manager of the Astoria Crescent toasting himself and talking to his wife. His own clothes were sour upon him, and the brine hardening about his eyes made it torture to look into the wind. Then, with a defiant curse at the transient vision, he stooped to his net, and, raising it fathoms at an armful, thrust it over the side. It is the last sacrifice a Columbia River fisherman makes. But out in the tossing surges of the bar he saw still a wavering light.

Unburdened, No. 345 answered her helm quickly. With one hand on the tiller Andrew bailed in wild haste with the other, throwing the water to leeward and looking to the lashings of the heavy ballast-bags. Then, when all was clear as he could make it, he dexterously undid his cumbersome jacket and stuffed it under the thwart. Another lull in the wind allowed him to unlash a second oar, and he, with this in reserve, settled himself down solidly to his task.

The breasts of the fishboat threw the waves aside in blinding spray as he neared the chops, and when a roaring sea swept across the tumbling raffle Andrew tautened every muscle. The sea passed in thunder into the darkness, whither he dared not look, and left the sturdy craft still heading on the starboard tack toward the feeble gleam in the murk ahead. The sail was wet to the top of the mast, and from the folds where the sprit wrinkled it the wind blew the water in white foam.

Then a short expanse of less troubled sea intervened, and Hansen managed by a quick leap and hot return to throw the sprit out. He was just in time; for a mountain of water shut out the wind, and, as the boat fell away, broke in boiling foam. Two minutes later No. 345 was again on her course, half filled, hard to hold, and dipping deeply at every plunge. But the light was close aboard and the fisherman saw to leeward of him the blotted outlines of a small yacht. It was under bare poles, and every lurch sent the spray soaring toward the shrilling stars from its bluff sides.

When he got within a hundred yards of it, Hansen shouted and luffed. The gale bore him down on the yacht in an instant, and as he was driven past, he saw a man wave his arm frantically, and then the light went out.

Steadying No. 345 with one powerful hand on the tiller, keeping her almost in the eye of the wind, Andrew Hansen waited. Suddenly his free arm went out and caught something. A strong pull, and a white face was lifted to the thwart; with a wrench that started his joints, he dragged a girl into his boat. Still he waited, edging up a little whenever he saw the chance, but still waiting. An arm was flung out at him from a rush of foam, and again Andrew snatched his prey. This time it was a man, and he fell beside the girl. "Is that all?" yelled the fisherman over them.

There was no answer, and again No. 345 was steadied into the wind, though the streaming waves now carried a thrill that warned the fisherman that but little time was left to try the last chance.

But no other form was seen, and when a towering wall of spumy water tossed the capsized yacht within ten fathoms of his boat, Andrew eased the sheet from about his leg, and then started on his way to catch the thread of the tide. He knew that for three hours yet it would be flooding in, and he felt that no mortal hand could save No. 345, unless he could make this instreaming current, and there lie to until he was beyond the clutch of the devouring bar. So inch by inch he ate his way out, rushing his plunging boat over the smaller waves, and hanging her lightly on the sheer steep of crumbling combers only to flirt her over when the cataract fell.

Time and again No. 345 rolled in helplessness till her skipper could furiously clear her of some of the impouring water; and he gave little heed to the man and the girl lying across his feet, except to avoid them as he moved. But his efforts told, and foot by foot he crept out of the edge of the chops and into the more regular wilderness of the deeper channel.

Once out of the deadly trap where every surge carried death, Andrew relaxed a little and peered down at the two people he had saved. When he got a moment's breathing space he put his hand on the girl and she stirred under it. The man shuddered to his knees, and threw his hands out to the fisherman. Satisfied, Andrew threw his weight on the tiller and eased the sheet slightly. Five minutes later they stemmed the main rush of the tide, and Andrew tied the oars together and made them fast to the painter, and threw them overside so that No. 345 rode to them, shipping no more water than could be baled out. Then Hansen pulled out his flask, and addressed himself to his passengers.

It was nearly dawn when Andrew threw his boat's nose in by the wharf of the Astoria Crescent Cannery. He clambered forward, and groped for the ladder. When his hands grasped it, he made the boat fast, and climbed up to the roadway. He returned with a lantern, and set it at the ladder's head. Then he went down into the rolling craft again, and picked up the girl. Followed by the man, he bore her up the ladder, and set her down on the planks. The other stopped in the feeble light of the lantern, and fumbled in his sodden clothes. Andrew glanced at him, and awkwardly stooped to wring the water from the girl's skirts. She shivered, and laid her cold hands on his, and spoke to him through her chattering teeth. He replied with a gesture, and picked up the lantern. Its pale rays fell on the face of the manager of the cannery, who was dragging out his purse.

"You've saved our lives," said the manager, hoarsely. "If I can ever do anything for you, say it. Take this now."

Andrew thrust his hand into the bosom of his shirt, and pulled out a handkerchief. He unknotted it, and there rolled into his palm a coin, glittering moistly. With a jerk he dropped it into the manager's hand, and strode to the ladder, taking no notice of the purse held out.

"But where are you going?" asked the other, shivering with the chill. "What's this for? Aint you going to—?"

Andrew halted on the ladder with his grim face at the level of the planks. "You cheat me!" he said, harshly. "You make wrong number, by Jee!"

The manager stumbled hastily forward. His foot struck the lantern and knocked it overboard. As its glimmer vanished in the black water, he called, shrilly, "Where are you going? Come back and let me pay you!"

There was no response. But in the faint light No. 345 put out into the channel again. Andrew was going to retrieve his net, if haply he might find it, and as he settled down in his reeking clothes he glanced up to the little house tucked under the hill above the gas-works, and smiled. He was thinking of his honor, now unstained.

JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1903.

A FAMOUS PARIS BEAUTY.

How Eugénie Fougère was Mysteriously Murdered at Aix-les-Bains—Her Long Reign as a Demi-Mondaine Queen—Costly Jewels and Beautiful Toilets.

Owing to the varied nature of her population, Paris harbors parasites of all descriptions, who are attracted in swarms by the prospect of rich returns from the pursuit of their nefarious occupations. Among this class are a peculiar set of criminals, who have come to be known here as "Apaches." They find in the gay lives led by the famous queens of the *demi-monde* a direct means of supplying the sinews of war necessary to their own execrable existence, and when these well-known beauties cease to respond to the ordinary methods of threats and cajolery, the more desperate method of assassination is very frequently resorted to.

Several such cases have recently baffled the police and sent a thrill of terror through all France. In fact, the papers now are full of details concerning the horrible crime committed on the night of September 20th, when one of the most renowned *demi-mondaines* of Paris was brutally strangled in her beautiful villa at Aix-les-Bains. One of the suspected assassins was a former lover called "Handsome Arthur," the chief of an international band of chloroform thieves.

Mme. Fougère and her companion, Mlle. Giriat, upon their return from the theatre, retired immediately. Some hours later, Mlle. Giriat was awakened by a noise in the passage, and upon rising to investigate was seized by two men; a towel was thrown with lightning speed around her neck, and she was quickly choked into insensibility and left for dead. When she recovered consciousness, she dragged herself to the window and screamed wildly for help. Then she sank again into a deep swoon before assistance arrived. Her miraculous escape from death, however, was not shared by either Eugénie or her maid. They were both found dead from strangulation. The autopsy clearly demonstrated that the maid had been dead several hours before the attack upon Mme. Fougère and her companion was perpetrated. The stranglers evidently gained entrance while they were at the theatre, and proceeded to dispatch the maid, after which they concealed themselves and awaited the return of her mistress.

In addition to a large sum of money which Fougère was known to have with her at her villa at Aix-les-Bains, she was robbed of upward of twenty thousand dollars' worth of jewels, among which were the following named articles: a necklace, consisting of four hundred pearls, valued at \$3,500; a pearl collar, \$1,000; a collar of coral, with settings of brilliants, \$800; six valuable gold chain bracelets, set with diamonds and brilliants; pearl earrings, each one formed of a large single pearl, \$2,000; emerald earrings, set with diamonds, \$500; diamond solitaire earrings, \$1,000; marquise ring, \$600; watch catch of brilliants, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, \$800; brooch formed of a gold bar, in which were set two large pearls between two solitaire diamonds, \$2,500; brooch of large rubies, surrounded by large brilliants, \$1,000; a large sapphire and diamond ring, \$1,000; numbers of valuable pins, watches, and minor jewels.

Twenty years ago, Eugénie Fougère came to Paris from the village of Chambon in the Creuse. Her beauty was a splendid example of what is called in Paris, "*le genre spirituelle*." She was possessed of a handsome figure, delicate features, and a charming personality, and succeeded in maintaining her position as one of the leaders of beauty and fashion far beyond the term of years usually allotted to the career of Parisian *demi-mondaines*. She was a great chum, by the way, of Liane de Pougy, and was often seen in the Bois in company with Emelienne d'Alençon, La Belle Otero, La Belle Guerrero, and Cleo de Merode.

Only once did Fougère leave the stirring scenes of her beloved Paris. That was some years ago, when she threw her troops of admirers into the deepest consternation by suddenly disappearing. It was during this four years' absence, spent in Brazil in company with an immensely rich South American, that she accumulated the wealth which enabled her to dazzle Paris on her return; for it was an ordinary event to see Fougère at the opera, scintillating with diamonds, surpassing with her toilets the most stylish and aristocratic ladies of Paris. So great was her vogue, that the most fashionable dress-makers not only sought her patronage with bitter rivalry, but were only too glad to clothe her for nothing, and pay her handsomely besides for launching their creations.

Like most of her class, she took a keen delight in going about at all times literally loaded down with diamonds and precious stones of all descriptions. No occasion appeared too small to satisfy her love of display. She was repeatedly warned at Longchamps and Auteuil as to the danger of wearing so much jewelry in the daytime. But she only laughed and took no heed. It was no uncommon thing, too, to see Fougère at Maxim's, wearing upward of sixty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. Another great fad of hers was to display the large sums of money which she carried. One evening, totally unconscious of the sensation she was producing, she drew out a roll of forty or fifty 1,000 franc notes to pay for a bottle of champagne. Upon the receipt of a handful of bank-notes in change, she crumpled the entire lot carelessly, and threw it to her maid, with a mild order to replace it in her bag. This off-hand sort of procedure naturally attracted the

attention of some Apache spectators, and it is quite certain that on some such occasion as described, the resolution was taken, and the plan formulated, which eventually led to her murder for the robbery of her money and jewels.

St. MARTIN.

PARIS, October 3, 1903.

DOWIE'S "INVASION" OF NEW YORK.

Marvelous Success of Elijah the Restorer—Reputation as a Fighter—His Power to Get Cash from His Followers—Founding of Zion City Near Chicago.

John Alexander Dowie, who calls himself "Elijah the Restorer," met with a strange reception in New York last Sunday, when he preached to his first congregation at Madison Square Garden. Thousands of curious people fought their way into the garden to get a glimpse of the prophet and his "restoration host," but as soon as their curiosity was satisfied and the service began, a third of the audience departed. Whereupon, Dowie ordered the doors closed and, when quiet was restored, remarked in very emphatic language: "If this is a typical New York congregation, I am in the face of a new experience. I think that some of the people that came in thought this was a Buffalo Bill show. I wonder if the congregations of the churches here enter and leave as they please. I reckon we have learned something, and will be prepared hereafter." Dowie and his four thousand followers have planned to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars during their two weeks' crusade in New York, and they are confident that a convert to the faith will be secured for every dollar spent. "If you say to me in New York, 'Get out of here,' I won't get," Dowie remarked later on Sunday, and added: "They said to me in Chicago they would drive me out of the city, but I told them the only way they could drive me out would be by killing me and driving me out in a hearse."

It was just before the opening of the World's Fair that Dowie first tried to get a foothold in Chicago. The newspapers called him a quack, a charlatan, a hypocrite, a clever man who feathered his nest at the expense of his ignorant dupes. He scored the press, too, at his services and, during the World's Fair, meetings were held daily in a small wooden tabernacle in Woodlawn, near one of the entrances to the grounds. Contrary to prevailing accounts, the attendance at first was meagre, the audiences rarely reaching fifty. In the winter of 1893-4 the tide turned. The tabernacle was packed, and crowds stood outside, trying to see or hear through doors and windows. From that time there was a steady, at times phenomenal, growth. Says a writer in the *New York Sun*:

Meetings were held in Central Music Hall, Battery D, Tabernacle No. 2, at Sixty-First Street and Stony Island Avenue, in the Tabernacle at Sixteenth Street, and finally in the Auditorium. The work was carried on at first under the auspices of the International Divine Healing Association, but on February 22, 1896, Dowie organized the Christian Catholic Church in Zion, and became its general overseer. The year 1895 will always be known by the sect as "the year of persecution." Dowie was arrested a hundred times for violation of the city ordinances relating to the care of the sick. The arrests were made at all hours, but he never failed to secure bail. He won in the end, but his counsel fees and court expenses were estimated at fully twenty thousand dollars.

Of his healing powers, a writer in the *New York Times* says:

For him the faith-cure business was as sure as "heads I win, tails you lose" proposition of youthful gaming days. If a patient recovered—and many did—the faith cure did it. If a patient died—and there were some of these, according to a record of indictments brought against Dowie at different times by the Chicago authorities—the trouble was that the unfortunate did not have the requisite faith, and allowed the devil to get the upper hand in the battle. All the glory of the cures effected Dowie piously ascribed to the Lord, but that did not injure his own reputation or financial prospects, because even if the Lord did do the curing, Dowie was his personal instrument, and such instruments were rare and valuable.

That Dowie sometimes claims special privileges for himself, however—privileges which he denies his followers—was shown at the time his only daughter, Esther, met her death in a horrible manner by fire. Says the *New York Tribune*:

Miss Dowie was using a curling-iron, and her clothing caught fire from a lamp. At the inquest, Dowie admitted that in the awful emergency, with his only child dying from her burns, he forsook his own strict teachings and summoned a physician. He made this confession in the presence of half a dozen newspaper men. The tears were streaming down his face. Dowie, the aggressive, defiant, imperious Dowie, was crying like a little child.

"I wished to give her every chance there might be," said Dowie, half apologetically, as he choked back his grief. Then he added, somewhat hastily:

"But there was nothing for the physician to do; he did nothing at all. I only wanted to assure myself, you see."

Then Dowie, restraining his tears, told the coroner's jury that his daughter had met her death in disobeying him in the use of the lamp. As an explanation for the failure of his prayers to heal her, he said his daughter's disobedience had brought down the wrath of God.

The incident of Miss Dowie's death, in the face of the prayers of the leader and his chief deacons, made no impression, however, on the implicit faith of the Zionites.

In due time a large hospital for the healing of the sick was built in Chicago, at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Twelfth Street, a college for the training of missionaries organized, a printing plant established, a rescue for erring women, and many other institutions opened. These years, however, were not free from incident:

In 1899, Dowie was nearly mobbed at Hammond, Ind., and a number of members of Zion Guard, his faithful attendants, were severely wounded by flying stones and other missiles. At Mansfield, O., his elders were maltreated and driven out

repeatedly, until Dowie ordered them to abandon "Devilsfield." At Evanston, in 1901, after a failure to disperse a mob that had gathered at a large open meeting in the little public square, the fire hose was finally turned upon the crowd of exhorters and exhorted.

Feeling that he had made substantial progress, even in hostile Chicago, Dowie, in the fall of 1899, began what thus far has been the most spectacular and successful move in his entire career:

He quietly began the purchase of a site for a city on the Northwestern road, some six miles north of Waukegan and forty-two miles north of Chicago. So cleverly were the operations carried out by his agents that options were secured on about six thousand five hundred acres without the identity of the purchaser and his plans being discovered. On January 1, 1900, the plans were made public, and in July, 1901, the lots were selected. A month later, the first building was erected. In March, 1902, Dowie took up his residence in Zion City, which to-day has a population of ten thousand.

The principal industry is lace-making, which is carried on in a building covering three acres and employing more than four hundred hands:

This was established by Samuel Stevenson, an English lace manufacturer, who was converted to Zion during Dowie's Continental trip, and married his sister. After his wife's death, Stevenson and Dowie failed to agree. Considerable litigation was in prospect, and at one time a receivership was imminent. Favorable terms of settlement, however, were offered to Stevenson. These he accepted, and returned to England. There are also a large candy factory, whose wares are eagerly sought, a box factory, a brickyard, and other industries. There is not a vacant house in the city, and new houses are constantly going up. Most of the homes are pleasant and comfortable, while many are quite elaborate and expensive for a city of the size.

In Zion City, as well as in the church, Dowie is supreme:

The title of the six thousand five hundred acres, bought with the money of the sect, rests in him, and lots are leased, not sold. It is said that this is for convenience in administration, and to avoid legal complications, that Dr. Dowie has repeatedly proposed that control be vested in a body of trustees, and that he has been urged to retain absolute control. "John Alex. Dowie" appears everywhere on the baggage wagons at the station, the stores, the hotel, and the administration building. Those who regard him in an unfavorable light point to the unlimited possibilities for self enrichment in such a plan, while his followers place supreme faith in his integrity and honesty.

In the encouragement of congregational giving Dowie is without a peer. He never pleads, never begs for money; rather, he commands, denounces, and raves. Recently in addressing a meeting at Zion, he said:

"If you will smoke, you stinkpots; if you will drink, you heerpots, and whiskypots, and winepots, and all other kinds of disgusting alcoholic pots; if you will go to the theatres and listen to Mephistopheles, the devil, and Marguerite, the harlot, and Faust, the doctor—a nasty combination; if you will devour the oyster, which is the scavenger of the sea, and the pig, which is the scavenger of the land, with which they are talking about cleaning the streets of Chicago—I say, if you will do the devil's work and eat the devil's food, you can remain with the Methodists, or the Baptists, or somewhere else. You have no place in Zion." Then, turning to the titing question, he remarked: "Do you give tithes to God? Rise you who give tithes to God." (And when some were still seated.) "That's a pack of thieves down there; they're sitting all over this place, and do not give their tithes to God. I know where those thieves are. What is going to be done to you thieves? There is nothing but Fire! Fire! Fire!"

Dowie's methods of getting cash have invariably been so successful that the envy of dreamers and "grafters" in his own fold has many times been aroused to a high pitch, and not a few imitators have sprung up for a short season of prosperity or failure. Recently, Dowie was sued by one Samuel Priddle for slander:

Priddle was a former follower of Dowie, but owing to jealousy among the members of the church, had been barred from the benefits of the community. At an unfortunate moment the prophet had dug deep into the character and acts of Priddle, and, according to the testimony, the latter saw a chance to get a little Zion money, provided the jury would look at the matter in the same light. Priddle had started out in the "prophet" business and adopted the title of Samuel the Second. His following was small, but his courage was good. The chief source of fun for the court and the loungers lay concealed in the method of both "prophets" and their attorneys. Disregarding all rules of procedure, they insisted on trying the case as though both complainant and defendant possessed supernatural powers. Samuel the Second finally recovered a few thousand dollars from Dowie by virtue of the jury's verdict, and his success has led dozens of other disaffected Dowieites to bring suit against Elijah the Restorer. At present there are scores of suits pending against Dowie, but the court bailiffs meet failure in attempts to serve processes on him.

Dowie has a strong-grounded hatred for the indefatigable reporter, whom he once dubbed "the vermin of the press." He refuses to be interviewed, and goes out of his way to keep as much information from the newspaper men as possible. They, in turn, have for years suffered in comparative silence. The opportunity to get even with Elijah the Second, however, came with the last annual call of the assessor:

For some reason or other Dowie had been able to sidetrack his taxes on much of his Zion property, presumably on the ground that Zion City was a religious institution. The reporters investigated the matter thoroughly, however, and with the assistance of a smart attorney urged the board of review to invite Dowie and his books to come before the board and show cause why he should not be assessed on his holdings, everything in Zion City and Chicago, forming the church and co-operative property, being in the prophet's name. Dowie reluctantly complied with the request, and the visit resulted in the uncovering of five hundred thousand dollars worth of assessable property.

The lesson given to Dowie by the reporters was an expensive one for him, but, much to the regret of the perpetrators, it has not altered his attitude toward the press.

The percentage of cases of diseases of the heart doubled within twenty years in the British army, as well as among the conscripts. The reasons for this increase given by medical experts are over-exertion in work, insufficient time to rest, abuse of spirits and food, and extravagances in sport.

AN INTERNATIONAL ROMANCE.

From the Annals of Alta California.

The first prominent international romance of California, and the one that surpasses in interest all that have followed, was between children of the two Powers that first settled on the Pacific Coast. While Spain was planting her banners to the south of Mexico, Russia was exploring the northern seas; and as early as 1745 a Russian fur company extended its settlements to the coast islands of America. Here it enslaved the natives, and annually secured princely cargoes of furs. As one breeding-place was devastated, the boats pushed farther southward, and following them sprang up new factories for the collection and shipment of the skins. The news of their advance was transmitted from St. Petersburg to Madrid, and thence to Mexico. Jealous eyes foresaw an intrusion on Spanish soil, and the settlement of Alta California was hastened to check the intruders.

The Spanish colonists had the advantage of a climate that demanded little labor for the necessities of existence. Time counted for nothing, and each man had whole days to devote to neighborly deeds. In the idyllic period that ensued, the colonists forgot Andalusia or Sonora, and taught their children that California was a God-bestowed home, and that they should rejoice in their birthright.

On the other hand, the Russians could secure nothing from their new environment but fish and flesh. Every kernel of grain had to be shipped to them from the home mainland. Frequently, the provision ships were wrecked en route, and every year they endured a period of almost starvation. Sickness and discontent followed. In their dreams, the old Russian home took on Edenic characteristics, and the feeling of all was expressed in a letter from one of the officers: "We live in Sitka only upon the hope of leaving it."

Into this region of dissatisfaction, some Yankee ships carried tidings of the near-by land of sunshine and plenty. In 1803, the American Captain O'Cain persuaded the Russian American official to furnish a crew of Aleuts to hunt otter on the Californian coast. This contract was kept for a dozen years, and the hunters returned annually with tales of the wonderful southland, wherein cold and hunger never intruded.

In 1805, the Russian chamberlain, Nikolai Peterovich Rezanof arrived in Sitka as imperial inspector of the north-east establishments, and as plenipotentiary of the Russian American Company. He was instructed to investigate the condition of the colonies, to make what immediate improvement was possible, and to suggest any reforms to increase their prosperity.

On the way to Sitka, Rezanof had been ambassador extraordinary to Japan, coming there with Krusenstern and Lisiansky, who were in charge of the first Russian voyage around the world. In June, 1805, Rezanof and Langsdorff, a surgeon and naturalist, sailed in the *Neva* to the Russian American settlements, while Krusenstern in the *Nadeshda* continued his voyage.

When Rezanof reached Sitka, he found that the first essential was to secure a regular food supply. While this question was being pondered, Captain Wolfe arrived in the American ship *Junco*. He enthusiastically supported the floating stories of California's abundance, while at the same time he declared it impossible to secure trade relations because of the Spanish restrictive commercial laws. Rezanof determined to bluff the California officials. He knew that the Czar had secured from the King of Spain the assurance that in all his colonies supplies and assistance would be given to Krusenstern on his scientific voyage. Rezanof calculated that Krusenstern could not yet have reached California, and that if he himself coasted down at once he might secure a supply of food for needy Sitka.

The *Neva* requiring repairs, he bargained with Captain Wolfe for the *Junco*, and purchased it and its cargo for eight thousand dollars. Then, after having scoured Sitka for every article that might prove tempting to the Californians, he and Langsdorff sailed on March 8, 1805. The crew was sick with scurvy, and they were delayed off the mouth of the Columbia, but finally, on April 5th, they entered San Francisco Bay.

To the comandante of the presidio, Rezanof explained that he was a part of the Krusenstern expedition, and wished to see the governor. With the greatest of courtesy, Comandante Arguello bade him rest and refresh himself at San Francisco, while a courier would speed to Monterey and summon his excellency to greet the distinguished visitor. In vain did Rezanof invent reasons why he himself should journey to the governor; the Spanish laws forbade exposing the interior of the country to a foreigner, and the comandante was a loyal officer. He was also a hospitable host, and never wearied in entertaining the visitors.

Among the members of his family, the most interesting to the Russians was his daughter, Concepcion, then a beautiful girl of fifteen. She was slender and graceful, with dusky eyes and heavy black braids that reached to her arched insteps. Vivacious and gracious, her repartee was fresh and sparkling. With manners that would grace any European court, she was known to be not entirely satisfied with her country. "California a paradise!" she is reported to have exclaimed. "Oh, no. A good soil, a warm climate, plenty of grain and cattle, but nothing else." Rezanof, although twice her age, a widower, and a courtier who had shone in several European capitals, soon found himself exerting all his ability to please this unschooled Californian.

His tales of the outer world naturally charmed her, and by the time Governor Arrillaga arrived at San Francisco, on April 18th, the Russians had at least one strong advocate among the Californians.

The governor agreed that it would be an advantage to California to ship its produce to Sitka, but the Spanish laws prohibited trading with foreign vessels, and so he could not countenance it. Neither would he consent to the *padres* exchanging any of their surplus for the cargo of the *Junco*. All of Rezanof's diplomacy was of no avail against the governor's strict sense of his duty. Concepcion tried by sundry suggestions to open a way for the trade, and her ready sympathy awakened a deeper feeling in Rezanof's heart.

He could not overlook the political advantages there would be in a marriage uniting Alaska and California, but there is no reason to doubt that his personal feelings were deeply involved. At this time he wrote in his journal: "Seeing that my situation was not improving, expecting every day that some misunderstanding would arise, and having but little confidence in my own people, I resolved to change my politeness to a serious tone. Finally I imperceptibly created in her an impatience to hear something serious from me on the subject, which caused me to ask for her hand, to which she consented. My proposal created consternation in her parents, who had been reared in fanaticism; the difference in religion and the prospective separation from their daughter made it a terrible blow for them. They ran to the missionaries, who did not know what to do; they hustled poor Concepcion to church, confessed her, and urged her to refuse me, but her resoluteness finally overcame them all. The holy fathers appealed to the decision of the throne of Rome, and if I could not accomplish my nuptials, I had at least the preliminary act performed, the marriage contract drawn up, and forced them to betroth us."

The formal betrothal changed the attitudes of the little group. Rezanof was no longer a visitor, but a son of the house, nearer even than the comandante's dear old friend, Governor Arrillaga. He began to rule the port as he wished. Concepcion, always well-beloved by her parents, now grew dearer in view of a future parting, and the comandante yielded to her supplications for her lover's needs. Governor Arrillaga could not resist the new logic that Comandante Arguello could now apply to the case, and a scheme was devised by which the *padres* at the mission could exchange their stores for the *Junco's* wares, with an imaginary currency payment between.

Rezanof made every effort to have the marriage ceremony performed that he might carry Concepcion with him, but the *padres* were firm in demanding a dispensation from the Pope. So he planned to go home to St. Petersburg; there to get appointed envoy extraordinary to the court of Spain; to proceed to Madrid and establish commercial relations between California and Alaska, and then to speed, via Mexico, to San Francisco to claim his bride. On May 21st he sailed from San Francisco, promising to return within two years.

It was only the prospect of the future that buoyed up Concepcion. She would surprise her lover by improving her mind in his absence, trying to make herself a worthy mate for this accomplished nobleman. The *padres* were called upon for their French and Latin, and she improvised new accompaniments on the guitar for her tender Spanish love-songs. Then she filled chest after chest with such drawnwork and embroidery as would delight the artistic for generations. Not a moment was idle, and yet the two years dragged.

Then they lengthened into three, and still no Rezanof. Concepcion's trust was unshaken; she waited patiently. Finally a ship brought a farewell message from him—a farewell of intense love and regret, uttered with his last breath. He had been seized by a fever while crossing Siberia. Eager to accomplish his mission and speedily return to California, he had started again on his journey while still too weak to travel, and had been thrown from his horse. The fall brought on a relapse, and, on March 1, 1807, in the little hamlet of Krasnoyarsk, his spirit had slipped from this world.

In the first intensity of her sorrow, Concepcion beseeched God to take her, too; but she was strong and young, and as physical strength held on, she determined to make her spiritual and mental grasp reach to the realms of her betrothed. She continued her studies, and began to teach others, just for love. She learned the healing secrets from the old women, and did sickness visit a household, Concepcion Arguello hastened to combat it. Her face grew even more beautiful. Suitors in numbers sought her hand; but, with the habit of women, she raised her dead above his own humanity to the plane of her highest ideal, and no living man could hope to rival him.

By her good works and beautiful spirit she gained throughout the country the title of "La Beata," "the pious one," and when the Dominican convent was founded at Benicia, no one was surprised to have Concepcion the first Californian to take a nun's vows. Here, in 1857, she died, but her character left a strong impression on her own people. Her memory vindicates California womanhood. Instead of the reckless, brazen creature that literature has held up as typical of our State, the ideal that has been revered for several generations is a woman as essentially feminine as any ever produced in a strictly conventional community—beautiful, gracious, charitable, helpful, and, throughout a long, unselfish life, loyal even unto death.

KATHERINE CHANDLER.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Frederick Treves, the famous English surgeon, who has just retired, established a record in performing one thousand consecutive operations for appendicitis without a death.

Great interest has been aroused in London by the announcement that the Marchese Karlo di Rudini, son of the former Italian premier, is to marry Dora Labouchère, daughter of Henry Labouchère, the noted editor of *Truth*.

During his lifetime, Gordon McKay, the wealthy inventor of the machine that revolutionized shoe-making, who died at Newport last week, deeded all his property, valued at four millions of dollars, to Harvard University, retaining an income for life.

Next month, Mark Twain and his wife will take up their residence in Florence. They have leased the Villa Papiniano, which belonged originally to the sculptor Baccio Bandinelli, a contemporary and rival of Michael Angelo. The villa is pleasantly located about half way between Florence and Tiesole, and connected with the modern town and the old Etruscan stronghold by a line of electric cars.

That much-quoted superstition, "three times a bridesmaid never a bride," seems to have no terrors for Alice Roosevelt, who has accepted an invitation to serve in this capacity at the approaching marriage of Miss Lilia McCauley and Mr. Wolcott Tuckerman, which will take place in Washington, D. C., November 25th. Miss Roosevelt was a bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Ruth Pruyn and Mr. David M. Goodrich, in Albany, last June, and also at the marriage of Miss Madeline Jackson to Mr. George C. Lee, Jr., in Boston, several years ago.

Pope Pius has appointed Mgr. Merry del Val to be Papal secretary of state. It is reported that the nomination, however, will not be made officially until the next consistory, when the monsignor will also be made a cardinal. Mgr. del Val is under forty years of age, and is descended from one of Spain's noblest families. His mother was an Englishwoman, and he was born in England, receiving his early education from the Jesuit fathers in Stonyhurst College. His higher education was received in the Academy of Nobles, in Rome, the institution of which he is president.

New York clubmen are going in for politics with a vengeance. It is evidently the intention of both Democratic and Republican parties to have representative men as aldermen. Eddie Crowninshield, who is a member of the Knickerbocker Club, one of the Rough Riders, and a leading spirit in a great many social and other enterprises, is to run on the Tammany ticket for alderman in the "kid-glove" district. In the Republican camp, there is Beverley R. Robinson, son of Dr. Beverley Robinson, who is to be the candidate in the twenty-ninth aldermanic district, which comprises the territory on Fifth Avenue, between Fifty-Second and Fifty-Fourth Streets.

Helen Keller has just begun her senior year at Radcliffe. Her studies this year will consist of Professor Kittredge's Shakespearean course, Dr. Neilson's English literature, Professor Moore's course in Plautus, Cicero, and Lucretius, and Professor Morgan and Dr. Rand's course in Latin, which covers the annals of Tacitus, the satires and epistles of Horace, and selections from Catullus. Up to the present time, Miss Keller has passed with credit all her college examinations. When she has completed this year's work, as outlined, she will have accomplished more in the way of scholarship than any other person who has been handicapped with the loss of sight, hearing, and speech.

When Eleanor Calhoun, the California actress, was married, a few months ago, to Laczarovitch, the Serbian leader, she announced to her friends that she might some day return to the stage. She has now, however, abandoned all such ambitions, and has thrown herself enthusiastically into assisting her husband with his political writings, and into looking after his three children. It will be remembered that Laczarovitch, according to his own statement, was approached by certain Serbians prior to the massacre of King Alexander and Queen Draga, and asked to accept the throne as next in line of succession should the plot prosper. Laczarovitch, however, having no desire to rule the kingdom, not only refused to be a candidate, but left the country. It was then he came to London, met the California actress, and married her.

When the Duke of Devonshire, who has just resigned from the British ministry, and the present Duke of Manchester's grandfather were young, they loved Louisa, daughter of the Count d'Alten of Hanover. Devonshire, then known as Lord Hartington, was a laggard in his love affairs, as he has been in everything else, and so the lady became Duchess of Manchester in 1852, and duchess she remained for forty years. But, though she married the other man, her devotion to Lord Hartington and his devotion to her were famous. She counseled him in all the important affairs of his public life, spurred him on, and was his nearest friend. Nobody thought of inviting one without the other. At last Manchester died, Hartington himself shortly afterward succeeded to a dukedom, and in 1892 the widow, still one of the beautiful women of England, became a bride and a duchess again.

STAGE GOSSIP.

A Romantic Costume Play at the Alcazar.

The new members of the Alcazar stock company will have another opportunity to show their versatility next week, when Edward Rose's costume play, based on Stanley Weyman's romantic tale, "Under the Red Robe," will be produced. James Durkin will impersonate the heroic swashbuckler, Gil de Beraut, and Adele Block will find her first real chance as the spirited, sensitive, but fiery and fearless ward of the great Richelieu. It is a Viola Allen rôle, and one of the sort that is best suited to the manner and temperament of the new leading woman. George Oshourne will appear as the cardinal, and Frances Starr, John B. Maher, and all the other Alcazar favorites will be in the long cast. "Under the Red Robe" has but a week to run, and then begins a month of comedy, which will be inaugurated on Monday evening, November 4th, with William Gillette's amusing play, "Too Much Johnson."

Spectacular Production of "Ben Hur."

On Thursday morning, the advance sale of the long-awaited "Ben Hur" will begin. The engagement is for a month, and it is safe to predict that there will be a tremendous demand for tickets for the opening week. Every one—even the pious people who usually shun the theatre—will want to see William Young's dramatization of General Lew Wallace's novel, for, from a spectacular standpoint, it has become universally accepted as the most magnificent and most gorgeous production on the stage. Its record since the initial performance, four years ago, has made stage history by establishing a new mark in attendance and receipts in every theatre in which it has played, both in this country and abroad. Last month the play was revived in New York on an elaborate scale, the cast being as follows: Characters in the prelude: Balthasar, the Egyptian, Charles J. Wilson; Gaspar, the Greek, T. Jones; and Melchior, the Hindoo, Thomas Walker. Characters in the drama: Ben Hur, Judah, son of Ithamar, Henry Woodruff; Messala, Charles Mackay; Simonides, J. E. Dodson; Balthasar, Charles J. Wilson; Ilderim, Harry Weaver; Malluch, James J. Ryan; Metellus, F. Walker; Khaled, Thomas F. Tracey; Cecilius, James Murphy; Sanhallat, Ben S. Mears; Drusus, George Seyholt; Centurion, William Dixon; officer, M. Cody; Iras, Annie Irish; mother of Ben Hur, Mahel Bert; Esther, Ellen Mortimer; and Tirzah, Charlotte Leslay. Whether this is the company to appear at the Grand Opera House has not yet been announced, but it is to be hoped so, for the New York press has been especially enthusiastic in its praise of the acting of Harry Woodruff, J. E. Dodson, and Annie Irish.

Robert Edeson's Last Week.

Robert Edeson has scored a well-deserved success at the Columbia Theatre in Augustus Thomas's excellent dramatization of Richard Harding Davis's stirring novel, "Soldiers of Fortune." His engagement promises to be a most profitable one, the demand for seats for the second and last week being very large. On Monday evening, November 2d, another musical comedy, "The Storks," will be presented here for the first time. It is in two acts and three scenes, the book being the work of Richard Carle and Guy F. Steele, and the music by Frederic Chopin. The cast will include Gus Weinberg, Gilbert Gregory, Francis Lieh, George Shiels, George Romain, Abbott Adams, George McKay, Alma Cole Youlin, Countess von Hatzfeld, Ada Deaves, Dorothy Choate, and Myra Davis.

At Fischer's Theatre.

"The Paraders" is still enjoying a prosperous run at Fischer's Theatre, thus enabling the company to rehearse thoroughly the next musical comedy, "Rubes and Roses," which is said to be written on different lines from any of the burlesques yet produced at this popular play-house. Several new singers have been secured for this production—Georgia Oramey, a clever souhrette, who arrived from New York last week, and Ben T. Dillon, the popular comedian, who is expected here from the East in a few days. The successful burlesque, "Chow-Chow," is to be one of the future offerings at Fischer's.

L. R. Stockwell in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

A spectacular production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the ever-popular story of ante-hellum days in the South, is to be given at the Central Theatre next week, with L. R. Stockwell in his favorite rôle of Marks, the lawyer. Others in the cast will be Herschel Mayall as George Harris, Eugenie Thais Lawton as Eliza, Ernest Howell as Uncle Tom, Myrtle Vane as Topsy, Henry Shumer as Simon Legree, and Edwin T. Emery as St. Claire. The lesser rôles will be played by Margaret Leavy, Genevieve Kane, Anita Fallon, Grace Stoddard, and Messrs. Webster, Nicholls, Booth, Whipple, and Edwards. The mounting of the seventeen scenes will be elaborate, the Central's artist having taken particular pains with his pictures of the ice-clogged river over which Eliza flees from the pursuing bloodhounds, and the entrance of little Eva into the pearly gates. A number of specialties will be introduced, including Southern plantation singing, huck and wing dancing, and a cake-walk.

The Orpheum's New Bill.

McWatters and Tyson will appear for the first time in this city at the Orpheum next week in a novel vaudeville sketch. Their stage setting shows the interior of a dressing-

room. The players make up and dress for their various rôles in full view of the audience, do their different specialties, and then the scene suddenly changes to a swamp, filled with giant lilies. The flowers open and the performers emerge from the beautiful blossoms. The other new-comers are Coleman's dogs and cats; the three Richards, remarkable acrobats; Crawford and Manning, one of the best black-face teams on the stage; and Wenona and Frank, who hold the world's championship for rifle and pistol shooting. Those retained from this week's bill are "Whistling Tom Browne," who has captured the town with his solos, duets, and imitations; Herbert Lloyd, the "king's jester," assisted by Lillian Lillian, who will continue his comedy juggling act; and the Waterbury brothers and Tenney. The motion pictures next week will include one showing automobiles speeding at the rate of seventy miles an hour in the great contest for the Gordon Bennett Cup in Ireland.

Leslie Morosco in "Spotless Town."

Leslie Morosco will make his reappearance at the Grand Opera House on Sunday afternoon in a new musical comedy, "Spotless Town," after an absence of several years in the East and Southern California. Leslie was a great matinee idol when he used to play leading juvenile in the Morosco melodramas, and his many former admirers will doubtless give him a warm welcome. "Spotless Town" is a satire on municipal government, which is said to have been popular in the East. The people of this strange town enact a law fining any one ten dollars who is found with a spot of dirt on him, or any of his belongings. As a result, each citizen is always on the lookout to catch his neighbor with a spot on his garments, or any other property he may possess. The troubles of the townspeople are increased by the arrival of two Germans, who want to buy the place. Being travel-stained and dirty, they are pounced upon by the entire municipality, and hurried to jail, for, while they might be able to buy the town, they might not be able to pay their fine. At least so reason the zealous officials, who are taking no chances. The dilemma of the unfortunate Germans entails a number of amusing complications and situations, which have their climax when they are carried through space on the sails of a windmill to escape captivity.

Grand Opera at the Tivoli.

Verdi's "Masked Ball," which has not been heard here for two years, will be given at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday nights. Agostini is to appear as Ricardo, Zani as Renato, Travaglini as Samuel, Benedetto as Amelia, and Adelina Tromben as Oscar. On the alternating nights and at the Saturday matinee, "Andre Chenier" will be repeated, with Tina de Spada in the rôle of Maddelena in place of Benedetto. Ischierdo, Gregoretti, Dado, Marchesini, and Eugenie Barker will continue in the same parts they have been singing this week.

Two Notable Theatrical Failures.

Willie Collier's season in New York has proved a costly venture for his new managers, Weher & Fields. Within a month he proved a flat failure in two productions, and now, as a last resort, he is to present Mr. Broadhurst's farce, "A Fool and His Money," in which Jameson Lee Finney has been appearing. Collier's first offering was Eugene Presbury's comedy, "Personal," which was speedily followed by "Are You My Father?" a costume play founded on Captain Marryat's old story, "Japhet in Search of His Father." The latter play was unmercifully roasted, one of the critics remarked:

How any sane creature could imagine that any modern audience would sit through such a lot of halderdash passes comprehension, and how Mr. Collier ever hypnotized himself into the belief that either he or his wife, Miss Louise Allen, was fitted to play in a costume play is another interesting question. Mr. Collier can blame neither his managers, Weher & Fields, nor his stage manager, Ben Teal, for his fiasco. They were all bitterly opposed to the production of this play, but Mr. Collier was so infatuated with it that he insisted upon its production. And after a man has let three big successes slip through his fingers, as Mr. Collier has, you can't wonder at his managers allowing him to paddle his own canoe more or less. "Checkers" was written especially for Mr. Collier. Henry Blossom worked for a year on the character to fit it to Mr. Collier's personality, only to have Mr. Collier turn it down preemptorily. Edwin Milton Royle, the author of "My Wife's Husbands," one of the merriest and most original farces in years, offered his wares to Mr. Collier, but was turned down in favor of "Personal," and "A Fool and His Money," a play which, with Mr. Collier in it, would have probably been running yet, made the third attraction which this fatuous young man threw into the discard. These remarks are not made by way of rubbing it into Mr. Collier. He is probably blue enough as it is, for it falls to the fate of few actors to run up against such a hopeless failure as he did in "Are You My Father?" But the sooner he realizes that he does not know a good play when he reads one, and the quicker he impresses his wife with the idea that she is a character and hurlesque actress, and not a leading woman, the better it will be for both of them and the public.

William H. Crane has been almost as unfortunate with his production of Edward Rose's dramatization of H. L. Wilson's successful novel, "The Spenders." Says another New York critic:

Of the charm and power and pathos of Mr.

Wilson's novel, the play gives not a trace. These characters which Mr. Rose has placed upon the stage couldn't ever bleed ice-water. Every old stage type that passed into oblivion a decade ago has been dragged out of its grave to rattle its bones in his latest case of Rose rash. Even Mr. Crane's rôle is no more than a shadow. He performed all his familiar little specialties, and was obliged to overwork and overdo most of them, because, like the little frog in May Irwin's song, "He hadn't nothin' else to do." One such crude and inexcusable performance as this is enough to wipe out the memory of a dozen "David Harums." The strongest star that ever drew an audience could not hope to survive in such a play.

The Coming Automobile Races.

Unusual interest is being taken all over the State in the automobile and motor-cycle races which are to be held at Ingleside Track on the afternoons of Friday and Saturday, November 6th and 7th, under the direction of the Automobile Club of California. It is announced that the automobile champion, Barney Oldfield, will not be the only stellar attraction. Henry Cunningham, who figures well up in the class with Oldfield, will be here with his "Gray Wolf." Both of Oldfield's cars have already been shipped with San Francisco as their destination. One of them is the Winton Bullet, with which he did a mile at the Empire City track recently in 0:36. Walter Drothe will bring a 1904 White touring car, with a wind-splitting nose. Frank A. Garbutt and H. A. Merritt, two Los Angeles drivers of national reputation, are also coming. Garbutt with a 1903 White and Merritt with his Mercedes. There will be eight races each day.

Spain in 1903.

Jerome Hart's new hook, "Two Argonauts in Spain," makes nearly three hundred pages, and will be out about the end of October. It is very handsomely printed on costly wove paper from new type.

Over a score of illustrations accompany the text, from photographs taken by the Two Argonauts. Among them are these:

"Moorish Archway, Alhambra"; "Bridge Between the Frontier and Barcelona"; "Columbus Monument, Montjuich in the Background"; "On the Rambla Roadway, Barcelona"; "Battle Armor of Charles V in Madrid Armory"; "Portrait of the Poet Becquer"; "Forest of Columns in the Cordova Mosque"; "Gypsy Group, Alhacyin Quarter"; "Torre de la Vela, Granada"; "Gate of Justice, Alhambra"; "Architecture Details, Alhambra"; "Gypsy Dancers at Granada"; "An Arcade of the Alcazar, Seville"; "Group in the Gate of a Ducal Palace, Seville"; "Puerta del Perdon, Seville"; "Seville Cathedral and Giralda Tower."

The hook has a rich rubricated title in pseudo-Arabic, framed in a Moorish archway copied from the Alhambra, and a colored map of Spain.

It is bound in a handsome cover emblazoned with the emblems of the various provinces of Spain—castles for Castile, lions for Leon, pomegranates for Granada, chains for Navarre, etc.

Only a limited edition will be printed. Mr. Hart's recent book of travel, "Argonaut Letters," also a limited edition, was out of print three months after publication.

Price to Argonaut subscribers, \$1.50. The Argonaut Company, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

Political Announcements

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HENRY J. CROCKER

Republican
Nominee

The re-election of

EDMOND GODCHAUX

(DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE)

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means a continuance of the business methods in vogue in that department of the City Hall during the past three years.

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For Tax Collector

EDWARD J. SMITH

(INCUMBENT)

Regular Republican Nominee

For District Attorney

EDWARD S. SALOMON

Republican Nominee

REPUBLICAN
TICKET
1903

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Auditor Harry Baehr
City Attorney Percy V. Long
Sheriff Henry H. Lynch
Assessor Geo. H. Bahrs
Tax Collector Edward J. Smith
Treasurer John E. McDougald
Recorder Louis N. Jacobs
County Clerk John J. Greif
District Attorney Edward S. Salomon
Coroner Dr. Thos. H. Morris
Public Administrator William E. Lutz

Supervisors:

Edward Aigeltinger
George Alpers
Maurice L. Asher
Wm. Barton
Frederick N. Bent
Dr. Chas. Boxton
Geo. Dietterle
Thos. C. Duff
Frederick Eggers
Theodore Lunstedt
Maxwell McNutt
Joseph S. Nyland
L. A. Rea
W. W. Sanderson
Dr. J. I. Stephen
Robert Vance
Geo. R. Wells
Horace Wilson

Police Judges:

H. L. Joachimsen
Ed. M. Sweeney

LITERARY NOTES.

The Impossible Heroine.

She has been longed for—mainly by the shallow-minded and disgruntled—the plain, the mediocre heroine: one whose eyes are not "unfathomed mysteries," nor "dark as midnight skies," nor yet of "azure blue"; but just ordinary, common, every-day eyes, whose color is nothing in particular, and not worth mentioning. For the most part, we want nothing of the sort. There is already too much of "everydayness": the sane reader longs for a dash of romance—"some great princess, six feet high, grand, epic, homicidal."

No novelist has had the temerity to make a heroine out of purely neutral qualities. Successful as Kate Douglas Wiggin has always been in her stories of "common" people, and as truthful as is her last story of unconditioned poverty, she still is powerless to create an unlovely heroine. And it is rather amusing to see the effort she makes in this book to keep her child-heroine from being a prodigy.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is the story of a New England child, who, by force of circumstance, is doomed to be reared by those bugaboos of New England literature, two spinster aunts. She comes to them at the age of ten, small, dark, thin, and untrained as to the proper workings of a respectable household. All her life she has "done nothing but put babies to bed at night, and take them up in the morning," and as she explains: "If you have seven children you can't keep buttonin' and unbuttonin' 'em all the time." So they wore their dresses in perpetuity buttoned "up before."

This untrained, wild-eyed little creature is welcomed into her new home with such a broadside of "do" and "don't," and the spotless neatness and order of the "brick house" so overpower her that she precipitates herself into the middle of her immaculate bed on the day of her arrival and pulls the counterpane over her head.

In school, Rebecca excels in history, but can not "cipher"; she writes verses, but can not evolve a composition that is a credit to the school; she is not a beauty, "but you never get farther than her eyes." As Mrs. Wiggin says: "Rebecca's eyes were like faith—the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Wherever the child went she was the cynosure of all eyes, and this by sheer force of her irresistible enthusiasm. Fate seems stronger than Mrs. Wiggin's pen, however, and Rebecca develops from a lanky girl into a charming young woman.

Just in the nick of time, she wins a fifty-dollar prize for an essay, and so meets the annual payment on the mortgage. A prince charming makes his appearance, too, and the book ends in the langorous haze of "love's young dream."

Much as the satiated novel reader may long for the "mediocre heroine," she can not be found here; the very words are a contradiction.

It is a good story, full of humor, and Mrs. Wiggin's readers will all take to it.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.25.

A Cross-Section from Life.

A brief, brutal, but true and striking story is "His Little World," by Samuel Merwin. The chief character is Hunch Badeau, the rough, uneducated, profane, but manly captain of a little lumber schooner on Lake Michigan. The book is the story of his generous love—a story characterized by sheer realism. It is evident that the author not only has imagination, but that he has come in contact with the hard-drinking, hard-fighting, but sterling men who work in Michigan woods or sail the little freight carriers across that shallow and treacherous lake. The poverty of language among this class of men and women has seldom been better shown in fiction than here. The conversation is like that of Ibsen's plays in its terse meaningfulness. The story is not pretty, but Hunch Badeau is likable, and the reader will be satisfied with the end. There is more human nature and truth in "His Little World" than in many a bulkier and more pretentious book.

Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York; \$1.25.

Big Intentions, Slightly Fulfilled.

Clever and industrious people who have experienced emotions or sensations which they value, frequently hasten to commit them to print. That, we fancy, is the cause for being of "Bubbles We Buy," by Alice Jones, the daughter of the lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia.

The author evidently takes a mingled inter-

est in art life and society life, and has a pronounced bent toward modern aesthetics. She has sought to blend all three elements into a story whose principal virtue is that the events which compose it are somewhat out of the ordinary.

As yet her style is crude and faulty, showing little evidence of the necessary polishing. Miss Jones, too, finds herself unable to resist the temptation of describing the women's gowns, which are invariably of picturesque design and in perfect taste.

Such a tendency, however, is one to be sternly combated by the owner, suggestive as it is of trivial aims. There are numerous evidences, however, that the writer has striven to equip herself for her task of story-telling by looking up certain subjects which figure in her book, and upon which some little knowledge is necessary. As, for instance, piracy and pirates' spoils, race instincts, growing insanity, etc. As the story stands it is one of big intentions but slightly fulfilled, being merely a fairly interesting novel that will please the summer girl by its romantic color.

Published by H. B. Turner & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

In writing his novel about "Hetty Wesley," A. T. Quiller-Couch took the true story of the unhappy, brilliant sister of John and Charles Wesley as his theme. The picture of the life at Epworth Parsonage is said to be vivid. The book, which is published by the Macmillan Company, is timely, in view of the Wesley bicentennial celebrations.

Jacob A. Riis, recently speaking of the stories in his new book, "The Children of the Tenements," said that every incident related in the book as fiction actually happened within his own knowledge. The Macmillan Company will bring out the volume at the end of this month.

William Watson's new volume of poetry is entitled "For England: Poems Written During Estrangement."

Sarah Bernhardt is engaged on a volume of memoirs, which will be published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. It will be illustrated with portraits of the actress in her favorite parts, and with caricatures which have been done of her in all the countries which she has visited.

Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin are the authors of "The Reign of Queen Isyl," an amusing story now running serially in an Eastern magazine. Besides the main story, short tales of adventure in love are interspersed.

Clara Morris has finished her new novel, "Hulda's Brat."

"Sea Scamps" is the title chosen by Dr. Henry C. Rowland for a little book of maritime adventure that has just been issued. The region in which the author's band of sailors operate is one much in public notice at present—the Philippines, China, and Japan.

The Kentucky form of feud has supplied the material for a novel written by Joseph S. Malone, and called "Sons of Vengeance."

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will soon publish "Stately Homes in America, from Colonial Times to the Present Day," by Harry W. Desmond and Herbert Croly. The book will contain one hundred and fifty full-page illustrations showing such homes as those of J. P. Morgan, the Vanderbilts, the Potter Palmer mansion in Chicago, the White House, Mount Vernon, the Astor, Carnegie, and Tiffany residences, and many others.

The heroine of Charles Major's new romance, "A Forest Hearth," is Rita Bays, who is domineered over by her stern mother. Rita loves a farmer of Indiana, and he loves her. But her mother determines to marry her to a wealthy Bostonian. The hero's love for Rita carries him through many adventures in the wilderness and in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Paget Toynbee's long-announced edition of "The Letters of Horace Walpole" will shortly be issued by the Clarendon Press in three forms: a limited edition in sixteen volumes, the regular edition in smaller octavo, and an India paper edition in eight volumes.

The biography of Dean Farrar, written by his eldest son, with the assistance of some of the friends of the late dean, will be published some time this month. It will contain much matter relating to Farrar's friendships among literary men as well as churchmen.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have imported a volume entitled "Old English Doorways," in which examples are reproduced from

the Tudor times to the present. Seventy plates in collotype have been prepared from photographs by W. Galsworthy Davie. H. Tanner, Jr., contributes the historical and descriptive notes, and also some three dozen drawings and sketches.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. are bringing out the sixth edition of Frank R. Stockton's posthumous story, "The Captain's Toll-Gate."

RECENT VERSE.

Dies Ultima.

White in her woven shroud,
Silent she lies,
Deaf to the trumpets loud
Blown through the skies:
Never a sound can mar
Her slumber long;
She is a faded star—
A finished song!

Over her hangs the sun,
A golden glow;
Round her the planets run,
She does not know:
For neither gloom nor gleam
Can reach her sight:
She is a broken dream—
A dead delight!

No voice can waken her
Again to sing;
She nevermore will stir
To feel the spring;
Through the dim ether hurled
Till Time shall tire,
She is a wasted world—
A frozen fire!

—Frank Dempster Sherman in Atlantic Monthly.

Memories.

An empty room, and yet how full
Of her since she has gone;
No trifle but becomes a thing
For thought to dwell upon.

The very silence misses her,
And moves on noiseless feet,
Fearing to wake some memory
The brave heart could not meet.

Irrevocable fate is felt
In every place, and look!
How firm its iron hand has grasped
That open half-read book.

—Edith Turner Newcomb in the Bazar.

The Empty Garden.

Garden of Love, thy soul is fled
The spirit that made thee so fair and gay!
Garden of Eros, dank and dead!

Dewy daisies, well do ye shed
Tears on this sorrowful morn of May.
Garden of Love, thy soul is fled!

Why do ye bloom on, roses red?
Know ye not she has gone away?
Garden of Eros, dank and dead!

Think ye, foolish flowers, to wed
Yours with her honied breath again?
Nay—

Garden of Love, thy soul is fled!

Silly birds that her white hand fed,
Why do ye sing? She is gone, I say.
Garden of Eros, dank and dead!

O my long-time worshiped,
Empty of thee, my life is a gray
Garden of love whose soul is fled,
Garden of Eros, dank and dead!

—Richard Arthur in Harper's Magazine.

The bibliography of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, which Colonel W. F. Prideaux has recently compiled, runs to nearly three hundred large pages. Everything that Stevenson ever wrote is recorded in the book, and the compiler has gone so far as to include also the books and articles in magazines and newspapers which have been written upon Stevenson.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Historical Works.

"Jewish Forerunners of Christianity" is the title of an interesting compilation, with illuminative notes, by Adolph Danziger, wherein he seeks to sketch from contemporary Hebrew literature the workings of the Jewish mind during the last two centuries of the Jewish nation's separate existence.

His sources, says Mr. Danziger, are mainly the Babylonian and Jerusalem Talmuds. The chief characters among those whom he has chosen to illustrate the trend of Jewish thought and ideals are Hillel, Shammai, Yochanan ben Zakai, Haninah ben Dosa, Eliezer ben Hyrkano, Joshua ben Hananiah, Akiab, Rabbi Mair, Acher, Simon ben Yohai, and Rabbi Juda. The book is dedicated to Phebe A. Hearst. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

A "History of the United States Marine Corps" has been written by Major Richard S. Collum, U. S. M. C., whose distinguished portrait appears on page one hundred and ninety-three. Beginning with the organization of the colonial marines in 1740, Major Collum carries the record forward in due order, giving an account of each instance where the marines were engaged up to 1901. Seventeen chapters suffice for the period 1740-1860, eleven are devoted to the Civil War, and thirty-three to the subsequent years. The work is alone in its special field, and, though presenting the record of the marines always in the most favorable light possible, it should be of use not only to officers of the corps, but to historical investigators in general. The insertion of insurance and bankers' advertisements in the book strikes us as a singular proceeding. Published by the L. R. Hamersley Company, New York.

The fourth number in the admirable series of source-readers in American History is entitled, "The Romance of the Civil War." The series is under the general editorship of Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard, with whom, in this volume, Elizabeth Stevens collaborates. Each volume is well illustrated, and the selections dovetail instruction and amusement very neatly. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 60 cents.

"First Lessons in United States History," by Edward Channing, is among recent school-books. The letter-press has the usual merit of such volumes, but many of the illustrations seem to us atrociously bad. By the way, who are the diminutive females in *décolleté* gowns, who seem to be hiding behind the chair in the picture entitled "Washington Resigning His Commission?" We should think they might greatly embarrass the infant mind. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 60 cents.

Few modern historians have in greater degree than Justin McCarthy the gift of making their narratives entertaining. He has the rare power of engaging the reader's attention, and holding his interest. You read McCarthy not so much for what you may learn, as for what you may enjoy. Particularly happy has he been in his "The Reign of Queen Anne"—a period distinguished by great and interesting figures in politics, as well as in literature. The multi-colored threads of interest the historian has here woven together into a seamless fabric, a task by no means contemptible considering the complexity of the bearing of events upon character and the many national movements whose boundaries must be defined, and whose relation to the period rendered coherent. Some of the figures which move across the author's stage are Marlborough, Balingbroke, Walpole, Harley, as well as Addison, Defoe, Swift, Pope, Hogarth, and many others. All are limned with a skillful pen. The handsome binding in which the work is issued accords with its high merit. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

A. G. Bradley's "The Fight with France for North America" (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$3.00) is the detailed narrative of an interesting period in American history, marred, however, by the fact that it is partially British. It covers the same field which Parkman has heretofore tilled, and is chiefly valuable because it presents the whole subject in a single volume.

New Juveniles.

What has become of the sweetness, the sympathy, and vivacious humor that made the first stories by Laura E. Richards so charming? "Captain January" and "Melody" were handed about, and even read out loud at small gatherings in country villages. But what was sentiment, purity, and grace in her former stories has developed into cant in the last two books. The publishers have spent much fine art and good printing to make them attractive; our imagination, however, fails to conjure up the child that could be held by any of the highly moral "More Five Minute Stories" (Dana Estes & Co., Boston; \$1.00), or the still more elaborate fables, "The Golden Windows" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston). In both books, the illustrations are very good.

"The Wonderful Electric Elephant," by Francis Trego Montgomery, makes the books of Jules Verne look like thirty cents. We think boys of about ten will like it, though for several days after its perusal they are likely to feel very much dissatisfied with ordinary mundane existence. It is profusely illustrated. Published by the Saalfeld Publishing Company, New York; \$1.50.

Superior to the general run of picture-books for "very little folks" is "Baby Days," a new selection of songs, stories, and pictures, with an introduction by Mary Mapes Dodge. Among the three hundred illustrations are drawings by such artists as Fannie V. Cory, Mills Thompson, and Adelaide Chase. Most of the selections have before appeared in *St. Nicholas*. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

"Tales from Wonderland," by Rudolph Baumbach, has been translated into English by Helen B. Dole, and adapted for American children by William S. M. Silber. Published by A. Lovell & Co., New York; 30 cents.

J. G. Francis's pictures in a little book called "Cheerful Cats and Other Animated Animals" are manifestly intended to bear the same relation to, and have a like effect upon, the child mind, as the chapter pictures in *Puck* and *Judge* upon obese and bald-headed men in barber-shops. And we think they will. Before being collected in book-form they ran a prosperous course through *St. Nicholas*. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.00.

"Six Fairy Plays for Children," by Netta Syrett, will surely be accepted with acclaim by all those

who have anything to do with children's entertainments; even the hostess of a summer or winter house-party, groping for something new, could not find anything more charming with which to delight her guests than these same little plays. They are especially adapted for outdoor performances. Each of the six is prefaced with a few general suggestions as to costumes and stage settings. Miss Syrett sagaciously says: "I have taken care to provide most of the plays with a sufficient number of court ladies, pages, fairies, or goblins to allow of the introduction of as many minor characters as circumstances may render advisable." Published by John Lane, New York.

Gift Books.

A pretty volume, embodying a unique idea, is "A Little Book of Poet's Parleys," selected and arranged by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. The idea has been to place in juxtaposition lines from the poets on identical subjects, wherein they differ or agree with each other. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; 75 cents.

Bound in white leatherette—whatever that may be—and decorated in various tints of green and gold to catch the eye of the holiday seeker after "gift books," are the seven small but moral volumes whose titles are as follows: "Meditations," by Joseph Roux; "The Face of the Master," by J. R. Miller; "The New Ethics," by William DeWitt Hyde; "A Sailor Apostle," by Frank T. Bullen; "How to Be Self-Supporting at College," by James Melvin Lee; "Mary of Bethany," by J. R. Miller; "The Poet's Vision of Man," by John Walker Powell. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; each 30 cents net.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and some of them like "gift books." Some don't. For those that do, here is a brochure entitled "My Desire" (\$1.00), and containing eleven quotations from various writers, one to a page, printed on gold-flecked paper, each with a hand-colored initial, the whole bound in white with green doubleures. Here also is a volume of moral essays by Leigh Mitchell Hodges, entitled "The Great Optimist" (\$1.00). It is printed from ornamental type, and every other page bears only a quotation, in old English type, with a hand-colored initial. It is bound in some sort of white composition and padded like a pillow. "The Book of Joy" and "The Book of Cheer" (\$1.00), are bound in white like the above, but their marginal decorations, in many colors, are by a clever exponent of *l'art nouveau*. The contents are quotations from Stevenson, Drummond, Van Dyke, etc. Published by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York.

The Scott-Thaw Company is making an enviable reputation for good book-printing. A first-rate example of its work is a reprint of Edward Fitzgerald's "Polonius: A Collection of Wise Saws and Modern Instances," originally published in 1852. This pocket-book of quotations, grave and gay, appears in ornamented leather binding, and is printed artistically in two colors. Fitzgerald's selections were all meaty, and the volume well deserves reissue in such attractive form. Published by the Scott-Thaw Company, New York; \$1.00.

Miscellaneous Publications.

"Something in the City," a trashy novel by Florence Varden, is published by F. M. Buckles & Co., New York; \$1.25.

"The Knocker" is a little volume of "con" talks by Frank C. Voorhies, with pictures by E. B. Bird. All the drummers will like it. Published by the Mutual Book Company, Boston.

"Wide Awake Dialogues," by T. S. Denison, being a collection of playlets suitable for "last days" at country schools and similar occasions, is published by the author, Chicago; 25 cents.

"Loyal Traitors," by Raymond L. Bridgman, is the story of three Americans who, inspired by what they consider lofty patriotism, go from Boston to fight on the side of the Filipinos. Published by the James H. West Company, Boston; \$1.00 net.

The title-page adequately describes the contents of a compact little volume compiled by the Rev. Charles H. Pope. It runs: "The Gospels Combined, parallel passages blended, and separate accounts connected; presenting in one continuous narrative the life of Jesus Christ, as told by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. His words in special type." Published by the Author, Boston.

"Principles and Ideals for the Sunday-School" (\$1.00), by Ernest De Witt Burton and Shailer Matthews, professors in the University of Chicago, is the fruit of long experience, mostly with girls and boys of grammar and high-school age. The book should prove helpful to Sunday-school teachers similarly placed. Loran David Osborn, Ph. D., the author of "The Recovery and Restatement of the Gospel" (\$1.50), believes that the real teachings of Christ have become obscured in the course of the Gospel's historical development. The "guiding thread" of this book was "the turning from contemporary theology, where there are such widely differing opinions, back to the New Testament, in an earnest and open-minded desire to understand its teachings." Published by the University of Chicago Press, Chicago.

Imogen Holbrook Vivian is the author of an interesting little book about her husband, entitled "A Biographical Sketch of the Life of Charles Algernon Sidney Vivian." It was Vivian who, in 1867, founded the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, which has since grown into a great and powerful organization, with lodges the country over. The account is straightforward and entertaining, and illustrated with a number of photographs. It also contains a poem in memoriam, by Joaquin Miller. Published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco; \$1.00.

The small books belonging to the Golden Treasury Series to our mind are extremely neat. The last, like all, is bound in blue, decorated in gilt, has uncut edges, and is printed on thin paper from a pretty face of type. It is "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," and contains a portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and an introduction by Leslie Stephen. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.00.

Mary J. Holmes still writing! So it seems, for here is "The Merivale Banks," a novel, with her name on the title-page. But we doubt whether young people of to-day "have" Mary J. Holmes, as they have measles. That was the blissful privilege of the oldsters. The saner generation of the present do not, we think and hope, shed copious tears

over "Darkness and Daylight" and "Hugh Worthington"—though the publishers claim that three million of her books have been sold, and that they are still selling well. Published by the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York; \$1.00.

Educational Publications.

"The Lady of the Lake," by Walter Scott, edited by James Chalmers, Ph. D., LL. D., is among the school-readers published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Among recent school-books are "Primary Arithmetic" (25 cents), by William J. Milne, Ph. D., LL. D.; "Stories of Great Artists" (40 cents) (in Eclectic School Readings), by Olive Browne Horne and Katharine Lois Scahey; and "Le Petit Robinson de Paris," by Mme. Eugénie Foa, edited with notes and vocabulary, by Louise de Bonnaville. Published by the American Book Company, New York.

Among Appleton's recently published text-books there are three on languages—"A First Latin Book" (\$1.00), by Clifford Herschel Moore, Ph. D., assistant professor in Harvard, "intended to provide the necessary preparation for the reading of Nepos and Caesar"; "Greek Lessons for Beginners" (\$1.10), by Frederick Stillman Morrison, of the Hartford High School, and Thomas Dwight Goodell, professor of Greek in Yale; and "First Six Books of Virgil's Aeneid," with introduction, notes, and vocabulary, and many illustrations from old prints, by Jesse Benedict Carter, professor of Latin in Princeton. Two other text-books are "First Book in Hygiene" (60 cents), by William O. Krohn, of Yale, intended for very small children, and containing many illustrations; and "Animal Structure" (75 cents), a laboratory guide in the teaching of elementary zoology, by David Starr Jordan and George Clinton Price. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Byron's Shorter Poems," edited by Ralph Hartt Bowles, A. M.; Macaulay's "Life of Samuel Johnson," edited by William Schuyler, A. M.; and "Oliver Goldsmith," by Washington Irving, edited by Gilbert Sykes Blakeley, A. M., are new additions to the Series of Pocket American and English Classics. Each volume contains an introduction, notes, and a portrait. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 25 cents each.

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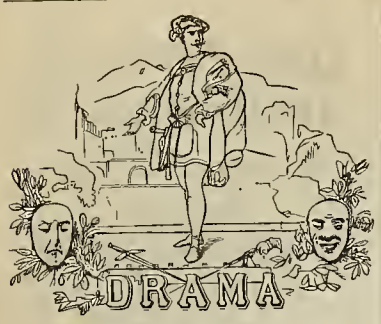
By the author of "The Blazed Trail," is one of the most satisfying juveniles issued in a long time, with fascinating drawings in the text appropriate to the story of a boy's summer among Canadian Indians in the deep northern woods, besides other illustrations in colors.

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NEW YORK



We Americans are often moved to a good-natured contempt for the hazy knowledge, or lack of knowledge, displayed by the English: concerning the geographical locations of our glorious republic. On the other hand, we rarely stop to think of our own limitations in that respect when it comes to the political institutions and divisions of our sister continent below the equator.

No doubt South Americans reciprocate the polite lack of interest we feel in them and their affairs. We regard the whole continent, with more or less correctness, as a collection of mushroom republics, the rise and fall of whose comic-opera governments are less important than the fluctuations in the wheat market. They probably unite in regarding us as a reprehensible aggregation of frantic and misdirected energy—which occasionally disturbs them by an incursion into their own territory, stirring them into lazy and easily discouraged competition.

Occasionally, but not often, we get side-lights thrown upon the South American character from a literary quarter. Novel-writing men of the present are so young that they have adventurous blood bubbling in their veins, and turn it to account by gaining color and realism for their novels. Once upon a time, the story-writer imagined adventures. Now he experiences them.

It is odd, with all those Latin admixtures seething in the hot blood of the South American, that he does not figure more oft and picturesquely in fiction. It may be that the mongrel breeds predominating there offer little opportunity for romantic idealization. At all events, contact with these alien races seems to inspire in the American or British mind no greater emotion than distrust and hearty contempt.

This contempt finds free expression in Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune," in which all the virile, hardy, resourceful characters are American or English, while the knaves and cowards are natives of Olancho, the imaginary republic in which Mr. Davis has located his story.

South American history is limited in interest; necessarily so, for the indolent population en masse is incapable of heroism. It merely looks on idly at the petty squabbles of petty rulers with petty insurrectionists, and as Clay says in the book, in speaking of the pueblos: "Different parts of the same tree furnish them with food, shelter, and clothing; the sun gives them fuel, and the government changes so often that they can always dodge the tax-collector."

The South American characters, however, make excellent dramatic material in the play; even more so than in the book, in which, with the exception of Mme. Alvarez, they play a much smaller part than the Americans. Mr. Davis's book shows a knowledge of the country and conditions there that lends it novelty of atmosphere. But the story proper is of no great merit, having a tendency to ramble, and become diffuse over characteristic gallery-play diversions that are not essential to the plot.

Mr. Davis, judging from "The Taming of Helen," can not carry out his love of dramatics into practical, working shape. Lucky he was, that so experienced a playwright as Augustus Thomas took hold of "Soldiers of Fortune" and cast it into dramatic form.

The book offered Mr. Thomas the opportunity to develop his great specialty—the bringing out of local atmosphere. Thus, the whole play smacks of South America—just what part of South America troubles us not. Davis makes reference in his book to Olancho's boundary disputes with Venezuela and Ecuador. So, if we like, we may locate Olancho in the space held by the United States of Colombia, although it is elsewhere mentioned as being on the north-eastern coast of South America. Alvarez is its president, and Mendoza the leader of the opposition—two names common in South American political and military annals. They sound so like truth that they lead one to wondering vaguely if they are not borne by real personages, and to recalling one's hazy impressions as to the identity of

deposed rulers and their audacious antagonists. In slight but telling touches, Mr. Thomas lays on his color, indicating the climatic heat, the indolence of the native character, the worthlessness of the army, the corruption of officials, and some slight glimpses into social customs. His dialogue is pat and crisp, the situations follow each other logically, and there is plenty of good American comedy carefully hedging in the love scenes.

For the discerning dramatist has now thoroughly recognized his cue—every burst of sorrow, sentiment, or seriousness must, of necessity, have its antithesis in a burst of humor. That is one of the essentials demanded by the American people in the native drama. And so "Soldiers of Fortune" is a capital play. Yes, one says quite positively, "a capital play," and comes away remaining placidly unstirred to any particular emotion by this capital play—the fault, I fancy, of the original author rather than the dramatist. For Mr. Davis does not write things that go deeply; they merely stir the surface sensations. In the book, Robert Clay makes frequent mock, during Hope Langham's offerings of hero-worship, of his having performed certain heroic feats as gallery-play, and, oddly enough, the reader detects a certain gallery-play in his belittling of himself. And that is the trouble with the book and the lack in the play, even in its most melodramatic moments—the conventional twist in the Davis mind which enfeebles his sentiment to the color of claptrap or sentimentality.

The piece is capably acted by a company which has held together for some time, although one may see from the illustrations in the 1903 edition of the book that there have been changes in the original cast.

Mr. Edeson, in his forthright Americanism, is perfectly adapted to the character of Robert Clay. He gives good, clean comedy, as sincere sentiment as the Davis groundwork will allow, and carries the melodramatic situations with dash and vigor. He has almost escaped the prevailing fault of the long-run player, which generally tends toward the purely mechanical.

Miss Ellen Burg, from a superficial description, would be, one would say, well adapted to the rôle of Hope Langham. Miss Burg, or Mrs. Edeson, as she is in fact, is tiny in size, and clever. Hope is "not out," is frequently referred to as "little girl," and is full of animation. Miss Burg, although not otherwise physically adapted to the rôle, fills out these three qualifications fairly well, but, at the same time, there is something in her personality that utterly refuses to fit into the character of Hope Langham. One feels no illusion. This is not the daintily pretty American heiress, bewitching with her frank enthusiasm, her American grit, and her delicate girl's beauty, the men who out of the dullness of their arid lives yield manly homage to her young graces. Rather it is the painstaking actress, who speaks her lines with correctness of inflection and expression, but who, nevertheless, evinces a temperamental inability to sink herself in the character that is so marked as to cause her to seem like a cleverly manipulated, exclamationary little toy.

Dorothy Tennant, who at first seemed almost too impassive, turned out to be just the actress for the rôle of Alice Langham, the elegantly self-contained product of later New York. Miss Tennant has style, beauty, and self-poise, and fell admirably into the spirit of the thing in the glacial marriage proposal scene; a bit, by the way, of Mr. Thomas's own apparently, since the scene does not appear in the book. The dramatist has done wisely, I think, in eliminating Clay's previous tendresse for Alice, such changes, frequent and inevitable as they are in life, being rather disturbing to romantic unities—if there be such a thing—of a play.

The company has fortunately retained its original comedian, for Mr. Thomas has enlarged the part of MacWilliams for the necessary comedy element. The man who plays the part is mentioned on the bill as Harry

Harwood; that, however, is an insignificant detail, for he is MacWilliams so completely—the Gus Thomas's MacWilliams, that is—that it will be absolutely impossible to remember him by any other name. Helen Ware, a graceful and picturesque woman, played the part of Mme. Alvarez, E. W. Morrison that of the luckless president, and Edwin Brandt, the perfidious, white-teethed Mendoza, all with a very good effect of foreignness. Indeed, the company throughout is, with the exception already mentioned, well chosen, and in harmony with the various characters represented. An important rôle, that of Captain Stewart, assumed by Mr. Macey Harlan, has much to do with the purely theatrical movement of the play, and hence conveys in some degree an effect of insincerity. I rather think the audience was in a state of polite amaze over the emotion displayed by Clay when Stewart was shot—a state of mind resulting from the close friendship of two Anglo-Saxons in a land of mixed races, which Mr. Thomas, in the restricted action of the play, was unable to make sufficiently clear. The original scene, however having dramatic possibilities, he transferred it almost bodily.

Mr. Thomas, himself, is occasionally guilty of claptrap, as witness in "Arizona" Denton's needless acceptance of the onus of having stolen Estella's jewels. And as Richard Harding Davis has freely and hospitably thrown open his pages to buncombe, it is scarcely surprising, in spite of its quietly realistic opening, that "Soldiers of Fortune" becomes rather wild-eyed toward the close. From this and many shallow Davisisms of sentiment as well, it follows that one regards the play as wholly entertaining, but not exactly in the line of serious drama.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

It is announced that Helen Bertram, the comic-opera singer, and Edward J. Morgan were recently married in Windsor, Canada. This is Miss Bertram's third matrimonial venture. She was a chorus singer in the McCaull Opera Company when Signor Tomassi, then the conductor, discovered what a good voice she had, saw that she was promoted, and afterward married her. He secured a divorce from her in 1892, and she married E. J. Henley, the actor. Tomassi soon afterward committed suicide, and Henley five years ago died of consumption.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Metropolitan Symphony Orchestra.

On Tuesday evening, the Metropolitan Symphony Orchestra will give its first concert at the Alhambra Theatre, under the direction of J. S. Duss. The programme will include Weingartner's arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance"; "With Pomp and Circumstance," the march composed for King Edward's coronation by Edward Elgar; the overture to Goldmark's "Crickets on the Hearth"; introduction to "Parsifal"; Tschai-kowsky's overture, "1812"; and numbers from the Copella ballet by Ollibes. Lillian Nordica will be the soloist, her selections being the "Liebestod" from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," and the polonaise from "Mignon," by Thomas. Wednesday afternoon will be a popular concert, at which the suite to "Lorna Doone," by Nevin, and solos by Mrs. Katharine Fisk, the noted contralto, and Nathan Franko, the violinist, will be the special features. Thursday night, the concert will be under the auspices of the Twentieth Century Music Club. On this occasion, for the first time, local music-lovers will have an opportunity to hear Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan." Other numbers will be the "Dream Pantomime" from "Hansel and Gretel," the "Dance of the Sunfast" (American Indian), by Waller, and other notable works. Mrs. Fisk will sing the aria, "Softly Awakens My Heart," from "Samson and Delilah," and "A Summer's Night," by Goring Thomas, with cello obligato by Paul Miersch. Nathan Franko will play "Theme and Variations," by Correll. Friday matinee will be the farewell concert, when another interesting programme will be rendered, with Nordica and Franko as soloists.

Ellery's Royal Italian Band.

Following the Metropolitan Symphony Orchestra at the Alhambra Theatre, comes Ellery's Royal Italian band, which is to play an engagement for one week, under the management of Will Greenbaum, beginning Sunday afternoon, November 1st. The band has a new leader in Signor Manfredi Chiffarelli, one of Italy's greatest bandmasters, and a composer of reputation. The personnel of the band is about the same as last year, but four new soloists have been added, among others Signor Decimo, a clarinetist of note. The repertoire has been increased by many new operatic works and a large number of popular American compositions. The prices will be popular, ranging from fifty cents to one dollar. The sale of seats will be open Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co's. The programmes will be changed nightly, and matinees will be given on Saturday and the two Sundays during the engagement. A new sounding board is being placed over the Alhambra stage for this engagement.

"The World Invisible" is the title which Dr. Alex J. McIvor-Tyndall has chosen for his next lecture and, as most people are interested in hearing such topics as mental healing, spiritual vision, prophecy, thought-transference, and all the phases of invisible forces, intelligently discussed, there will doubtless be another large audience at Steinway Hall on Sunday night. Dr. Tyndall will supplement his talk with some marvelous experiments in telepathy. On Sunday night, November 1st, Dr. Tyndall will talk on "Spiritualism."

It is a peculiar coincidence that of eleven wrecks that have occurred since 1868 on the stretch of land lying a few miles below the Cliff House, six of the vessels were beached on Fridays. They were as follows: Italian bark *Brignardello*, Friday, September 4, 1868; lumber bark *King Philip*, Friday, January 25, 1878; whaling bark *Atlantic*, Friday, December 17, 1886; schooner *Parallel*, Friday, January 14, 1887; lumber schooner, *Neptune*, Friday, August 10, 1900; coal bark *Gifford*, Friday, September 25th.

Fritz Scheff, who became quite a favorite here when she was a member of the Grau Opera Company, is to star in comic opera this season in Victor Herbert's new opera, "Bacchante." In her support will be Eugene Cowles, William Castleman, Joseph Bartlett, and Louis Harrison. The opera is set in rural France about the middle of the eighteenth century.

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VANITY FAIR.

The visit of King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena of Italy to Paris last week brought about a revolution in the status of the wife of the chief magistrate of the French Republic. Until now "Mme. la Presidente" has been to all intents and purposes officially ignored. There has been no place for her on the statutory table of precedence. It was expressly stipulated that she should not be regarded in any sense of the word as an official personage, and to such an extent has this principle been enforced that the president could make no use of a military mounted escort when he had his wife with him. Thus, for instance (points out the Marquise de Fontenoy in the New York Tribune), when he drives each year in state to the Grand Prix at Longchamps, he is unable to have his wife beside him in the carriage, but is obliged to content himself with the company of either the premier or one of the ministers. He rides in a carriage and four, followed and preceded by a cavalry escort, while "Mme. la Presidente" follows in a carriage and pair unobtrusively, without any escort. When the Czar and Czarina paid their memorable visit to Paris, neither the wife nor the daughter of President Faure took any official part in the reception of the imperial guests. They were seen nowhere in public with the latter, the president alone accompanying the Czar and Czarina everywhere. Mme. Faure and Mlle. Faure did not even appear at the gala opera, and if they were present at the state banquet given in honor of Nicholas and his consort at the Elysée Palace, it was because, living on the premises, it was impossible to prevent their attendance. When monarchs have visited Paris and called at the Elysée it has always been considered in the light of a delicate but unnecessary piece of courtesy when they asked leave before quitting the palace to pay their respects to "Mme. la Presidente," and while every queen and empress who has sojourned on the banks of the Seine has received a call from the president of the republic, none of them have ever taken the trouble of returning the call at the Elysée on his wife, invariably contenting themselves with merely sending their principal gentlemen-in-waiting or the chief dignitary in their train to acknowledge in their stead at the Elysée the president's courtesy. Last week, however, at the triumphal entry into Paris, at the state banquet, at the gala opera performance, at the grand military review at Vincennes, and at all the other entertainments planned in honor of the royal visitors, Mme. Loubet played an important rôle.

It is true that there has been reason for this treatment of some of the wives of the former French presidents. Mme. Grévy, during the presidency of whose husband much of the ceremonial was arranged and royalties commenced once more to frequent the French capital, was entirely unsuited to social and ceremonial scenes. Queen Victoria spent a few days at Paris when Grévy was president, and while he called upon her at the English embassy, she did not dream of visiting Mme. Grévy, who was ignored in a similar fashion by the now widowed Czarina of Russia, by her mother, the Queen of Denmark, and her sister, Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, when they came to Paris to attend the marriage of the daughter of the French Duke de Chartres to Prince Waldemar of Denmark. Great ladies in France in the past have seen fit to take their cue from the foreign queens and empresses, and to treat the wife of the president with a disdain that was apparently due more to the fact that she was mistress of Elysée Palace than owing to her personal character. For Mme. Casimir-Perier, a charming woman, related to several houses of the oldest aristocracy, found herself, during her husband's brief tenure of the presidency, shunned by all the great world in which she had been accustomed to move prior to taking up her residence in the Elysée. Now, however, that Queen Helena of Italy has established a precedent, it may safely be taken for granted that every other foreign empress, queen, or royal princess who visits Paris will be obliged to treat the wife of the president with the same consideration and respect, and, this being the case, French society will doubtless follow suit, and honor itself by honoring the woman who occupies for the time the position of the First Lady of France.

A movement has just been started in Berlin to abate, if possible, the practice of tipping in cafés and restaurants. An anti-tipping league has been founded in Berlin, with branches in the principal cities of Germany.

The members of the league sign a pledge to frequent only those restaurants and cafés in which tipping is strictly prohibited. The proprietors of the establishment which abolish the tipping will be supplied gratis with a big sign bearing the letters "O. T." (*Ohne trinkgeld*) meaning "no tips," printed in large type. The waiters themselves profess to be in favor of the innovation as long as their employers pay them a wage sufficiently large to enable them to dispense with tips. It would be a great relief to the traveling public, and particularly to American tourists, who at home are not accustomed to be taxed at every turn, if the league should become a success.

Vesta Tilley, the English actress, who is famous for her male impersonations, and is starring in the East this season in "Algy," a musical comedy, has long been regarded as the best-dressed "man" on the London stage. In an interview, the other day, she thus described a new waistcoat intended for morning wear, which is now popular in London: "They are made of pure Spitalfields silk, and have a dainty, well-defined floral or feather pattern resembling the old-fashioned brocade used for waistcoats by our grandfathers. Several titled ladies in London, about eighteen months ago, formed an association or guild to revive the old Spitalfields silk industry, and King Edward was so pleased with the material produced that he forthwith ordered various patterns of it to be made up into vests for his own use. I was fortunate enough to get the second selection, and I have five or six of the vests with me, which I expect will make a sensation. They are all in subdued colors, with light backgrounds, and some of them are iridescent, producing a particularly beautiful effect. The vest ought to be double-breasted, cut high and tapering from the waist down to a sharp point in front. I ought to say, perhaps, that they are expensive, costing six dollars in London."

The New York Evening Post points out the fact that Carlyle's favorite definition of respectability, a "gigman," seems obsolete in the light of modern developments. In place of the old standard "he keeps a gig," we have substituted "he has a steam yacht." Most amusingly was this latter-day measure of wealth brought out in the letters from Paris of the promoter in search of an underwriter. Question arose as to the financial responsibility of one ready subscriber (apparently without ready cash), and the astute American applied himself to the task of rating the fellow. But how did he go to work? Did he go to the banks, the agencies, the Bourse? No, he simply observed the man's manner of life. When he discovered that the backward underwriter kept a yacht, his doubts were instantly relieved, and he cabled the joyful news to New York. Evidently, we say, in the lexicons of to-day we must look to see the entry: "Gigman; modern, yachtsman."

In commenting on that interesting and now historical episode in which she was said to have playfully sent a lump of ice tobogganing down the spinal column of the present Edward Rex, Lily Langtry said to Acton Davies, the other day: "There is no reason in the world why I shouldn't tell the truth about that little matter, for the very good reason that it never occurred. When the king, then the Prince of Wales, heard the story, he asked me if I knew how on earth it could have been started. Of course I couldn't. However, my old friend, Mrs. Cornwallis-West, finally solved the mystery of how the story started, and her explanation, though a very weak one I admit, is the only peg on which any of us have been able to hang this story. An informal dinner was given one night at which Mr. and Mrs. Cornwallis-West and myself were guests. The Prince of Wales was not present. It was a very jolly little party; we all knew each other very well, and every one was having a beautiful time with the exception of Mr. Cornwallis-West, who was tired and wanted to go home. Several times he asked his wife to make a start, but she was enjoying herself and refused point blank. Finally he became quite angry, and begged her to start. The ices were still on the table, and, taking a spoonful of hers, Mrs. Cornwallis-West laughingly slipped it under her husband's collar, with the remark: 'There, my dear boy, that will cool you off for a few moments.' This story must have been repeated by some of the guests, and enlarged upon until it was landed upon his royal highness and myself. That, I assure you, is all I know about the matter. Even my enemies must admit that I have always been noted for gentle manners,

and that I or any other woman would ever have dared take such a liberty with the prince is too ridiculous. His royal highness was charming and most good-natured about the whole matter. In fact, only this past summer, when the king was talking to me at Newmarket about my last American tour, he remarked, with a twinkle in his eyes: 'I suppose they are still telling that lump of ice story on us in America,' and I answered, 'Yes, and I'm afraid they will continue to do so for all time.'

According to the London Express, the favor of the cake-walk abroad is waning. Those who went into raptures over the rhythmic wiggling imported from this country are beginning to believe that, after all, it is no dance for the home circle or the ball-room. Germany, we are told, has condemned the cake-walk as rowdy, improper, and ungraceful. Paris has vetoed it with the label of bad form, and now London is becoming tired of it also. A popular English dancing-master is quoted as saying: "For a little while I engaged a colored lady to come to my class once a week to show how it should really be done. But after awhile the craze began to dwindle. My lady pupils realized that the cake-walk was not suited to the decorum of modern ball-rooms. Nor am I sorry. The effects of the cake-walk were not good. It had too disturbing a tendency. It caused some of my very best waltzers to acquire a suspicion of a jump in their step. How can you have a good dance if the waltzing is open to criticism, and how can waltzing be good if those who ought to do it spend half their time prancing about like marionettes on a string?"

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SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
October 15th.....	84	58	.00	Clear
" 16th.....	66	54	.00	Clear
" 17th.....	80	54	.00	Clear
" 18th.....	84	56	.00	Clear
" 19th.....	80	58	.00	Clear
" 20th.....	64	52	.00	Clear
" 21st.....	60	50	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, October 21, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Bay Co. Power 5%	10,000	@ 103½	103½	104
Oakland Transit				
Con. 5%.....	5,000	@ 102	103	105
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	15,000	@ 109¾	108	108¾
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	30,000	@ 116		117
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909.....	7,000	@ 107- 107½	107½	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910.....	5,000	@ 108¾	108¾	109¾
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd.....	3,000	@ 108¾	108½	109
S. V. Water 6%.....	9,000	@ 106	105¾	106¾
S. V. Water 4%.....	2,000	@ 99½	99	100
	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa.....	10	@ 40	39¾	50
Spring Valley W.....	820	@ 40		39¾
Street R. R.....				
Presidio.....	10	@ 39		
	POWERS.		Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Giant Con.....	40	@ 67	65¾	67½
	SUGARS.		Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Hutchinson.....	175	@ 10	10½	10½
Makaweli S. Co.....	75	@ 21	21	22
Onomea S. Co.....	25	@ 32½	32	
Paauhau S. Co.....	50	@ 16	15½	16½
	GAS AND ELECTRIC.		Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Mutual Electric.....	85	@ 11- 11¾	10½	11
Pacific Gas.....	10	@ 53	52¾	
S. F. Gas & Electric	280	@ 66- 67	66½	66¾
	TRUSTEE CERTIFICATES.		Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
S. F. Gas & Electric	50	@ 66½	66¾	67

The market has been exceedingly quiet during the week with few fluctuations.

Spring Valley Water on sales of 820 shares sold down one and one-quarter points to 40, closing at 39¾ bid.

Giant Powder on small sales advanced one and three-quarters points to 67; closing at 67½ asked.

The sugars were traded in to the extent of 325 shares and made fractional declines.

The lighting stocks closed in good demand, with quotations unchanged. San Francisco Gas and Electric closing at 66½ bid, 66¾ asked.

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THE

Argonaut

CLUBBING LIST FOR 1903

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	5.50
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Ont West.....	5.25

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"What is the difference between a misfortune and a calamity?" somebody once asked Disraeli. "Well, if Gladstone fell into the Thames," was the reply, "that would be a misfortune; and if anybody pulled him out, that, I suppose, would be a calamity."

The other day, an Irishman bought a copy of "Irish Melodies" at a second-hand London book-store for a shilling. The book-seller was surprised, a few moments later, when the excited purchaser returned and, shaking his fist at him, cried: "I could kill ye for selling these immortal gems so cheap!"

At the Hamilton Club banquet in Chicago recently, Speaker Cannon said: "I never wrote a speech in my life, and never but once used one that another man had written. I envy the man who can sit down in cold blood and achieve a thought, then dress it—put clothes on it, pants, coat, vest, shoes, and collar, and turn it out in full attire, as Minerva sprouted from the brain of Jupiter."

At a dinner in Boston, the other evening, the guests insisted upon George Ade, of "slang fable" fame, making a speech. Finally, in sheer desperation, after all the others present had sang songs or told stories, he rose and said: "I will tell you of an excellent trick in parlor magic. You take a tumbler and fill it two-thirds full of filtered water. Then you insert in the water a lump of sugar and a spoon, and you begin to stir. In a few minutes the sugar will become invisible."

A medley of young literary men were once gathered to meet Robert Browning. The most aggressively literary of the group was first introduced, and at once began to pour out his personal delight and admiration with so unceasing a flow that the other introductions were being held in abeyance, and the other literary young men starved. Browning endured it with great good humor for some time. At last, he put his hand almost affectionately on the egotist's shoulder, and said: "But I am monopolizing you."

The story of how Chopin composed his famous "Funeral March" is related by M. Ziem, the celebrated painter, who still lives in Paris. Ziem was the friend and comrade of Chopin, and it was in the former's studio that a bohemian repast was given, with Ludre, De Polignac (the musician), Richard (the painter), Chevandier de Valdrome, and Chopin, as gay and festive spirits around the table. There was an old rickety piano in the corner, all the panels having been taken out for pictures, as Ziem was poor, and had to economize. Behind a curtain was a skeleton, and this gave an idea to Ziem, who brought the skeleton out, covered it with drapery, and began to agitate it with realistic effect. De Polignac then took the skeleton to the piano, and sat with it as though to make it play. It was at this moment that Chopin, who had been rather quiet, was seized with sudden inspiration. Uttering an ejaculation, he rushed forward to the piano, pushed aside De Polignac, and to the stupefaction and awe of his friends, improvised the world-famous "Funeral March."

Mr. Spielmann, the art critic, tells the following story of Morland, the painter, who was popular enough to have his work forged in his lifetime: A dealer, unknown to him, employed Morland to paint so many pictures, provided him with a studio, free, in an upper floor of his (the dealer's) house, and begged that he would not trouble to paint for longer than the morning. The terms were good, and the artist, who was more than ever in want of money, readily agreed. But what Morland did not know was that as soon as he had left, in and from the very first day, the dealer introduced some six back copyists into the room with similar canvases, to reproduce exactly what the painter had done in the morning; and in the evening all traces of the nucleus were removed. Each day, until the completion of the picture, the process was continued, and thus, at the end of the engagement, the dealer not only possessed the original pictures, but six copies of each, produced stage by stage in the same way as Morland's own. This, perhaps, accounts for some of the best copies extant.

That Pope Pius is very loyal to his old friends is evidenced by his decision, recently, to make a bishop of a certain village curé with whom he was once closely associated.

He had a telegram sent to him requesting him to come to Rome without delay. The Padre Cavallari, a homely, rubicund, pleasant old priest, at once took the train for the Eternal City and went to the Vatican, where Pius received him with unaffected cordiality. In the middle of the conversation the Pope remarked quite casually: "Do you know that I shall have you consecrated bishop next Sunday?" Cavallari is said to have turned red and commenced to fidget in an embarrassed manner. "But your holiness, I have only my plain curé's cassock with me, and—and I am not prepared," he stammered. There was laughter in the Pope's eyes. "That will be well. I shall see that you are provided with all that is necessary," he said. He touched the bell and Mgr. Bisletti entered. To him Pius the Tenth gave this order: "You will have the needful bishop's vestments made for Don Cavallari here. Also put down the cost of the reception and all other incidental expenses which his consecration will entail. Afterward bring the bill to me."

At one of his lectures, just after his return from the Klondike, Joaquin Miller told the following story: "One night I was invited to a dance in a miner's cabin, and while Bill Dalton scraped away on his fiddle we just hoed it down. But the miners tramped in and out so much between dances that before midnight the ladies declared the floor was so slippery they couldn't dance another step unless something was done. Then something was done that never was possible in mining days in California. Each miner gallantly opened his buckskin powder pouch and sprinkled gold dust on the floor! And this was repeated throughout the night. And in the morning, ladies and gentlemen, those miners never troubled themselves about sweeping up that gold dust. They just hitched up their dog-sleds and rode away." At this point of Miller's narrative, there was a slight agitation in the audience, an ominous sign of incredulity, but Miller was equal to it. With a wave of his hand toward one of the boxes, he said: "And my old friend up there in the box, Captain John Healy, will substantiate what I say." It was a master stroke of the poet, for the house burst into applause, and greatly embarrassed the modest millionaire mining and railroad promoter of Alaska, who, unsuspectingly, had accepted Miller's invitation to attend the lecture in the afternoon.

As It May Be.

"Hello, Laura, is that you?"
"Yes."
"This is George. Say, I can't get anything to eat down town here to-day. The hotels and restaurants are all closed on account of the strike. Have a good dinner ready for me this evening when I get home."
"I can't do it, George. The girl says all the grocery stores and meat markets out here are closed on account of the strike."
"Well, cook up a pudding or something of that kind."
"Can't do that, either. No milk to-day. The milkmen are all on a strike."
"Well, great Scott! Can't you send one of the children in with a luncheon of bread and molasses?"
"No. Johnny says there are no trains or street-cars running. All the men have just gone on a strike. But, say, maybe I can—"
"Well, go on. Maybe you can what?"
But there was no response.
Everybody at the telephone office had gone on a strike.—Chicago Tribune.

The Way of the World.

"When we were poor," remarked the prosperous man, reflectively, "we looked forward to the time when we could have a summer home."
"Well?"
"Well, when we got rich enough to have one, we didn't like going to the same place every summer, because it was monotonous, and we looked forward to the time when we could have another for variety."
"Well?"
"Well, we got another, and then we began to long for a winter place, so that we wouldn't have to be so much in the big house in the city."
"Well?"
"Well, we've got them all now."
"And are you happy?"
"I suppose so. At least, I suppose my wife is. She keeps them all shut up, and spends most of her time in Europe, but she knows she has them."—Chicago Evening Post.

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cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

What Mary Had.

Mary had a little lamb,
Likewise an oyster stew.
Salad, cake, a piece of pie
And a hottle of pale brew—
Then a few hours later
She had a doctor, too.
—Chicago Daily News.

For Manners, Mexico!

For your vines, to Rhenish regions; for your olives, to the land
Of the Argive; and for women, fair beyond the telling and
The believing, to New Orleans!—but for manners, there is no
Spot in all the world they grow in as they grow in Mexico!
Don Clemente de Morales, as he welcomes you, his guest,
Will assure you, while he's bowing with his arms across his breast:
"Sir, this bone of mine—I wish it were a truly royal place—
It is yours, ay, house and acres, tho' too humble for Your Grace!"
At the cost of a centavo, which is Mexican for sou,
Beautifully varied blessings will the heggar call on you.
The policeman who arrests you—when you're wicked—is a prize—
For his hand upon your collar deeply he'll apologize.
Market women, ancient Aztec dames—of prehistoric days
To the seeming of the stranger—too, have sweet and gentle ways.
"True," they'll cry, "these aguacates are not good enough for one
Such as you, lord, tho' there never ripened finer in the sun!"
And the Jehus, far from swearing, hullyling, or hawling threat
After threat at him who hasn't generously tipped them yet,
Never lose the suave politeness of the race, hut drive along
Puffing softly a cigarro, humming happily a song.
Last, the noiseless, swift assassin, whom your enemy has hired
(Cheap), will tell you ere in darkness of his knife-thrust you've expired:
"Good señor, I pray, you hear me no resentment; nay, forgive;
You're a worthy caballero, doubtless! But a man must live!"
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Overpopulation.

We have often read the Scriptural command about increasing,
Multiplying and replenishing the earth;
Which the same the human race has been respecting without ceasing,
Since the time our first progenitors had birth.
We have also read the Malthus screed, in which the fact is stated
That if we don't stop this programme we'll be overpopulated;
And it frankly is admitted, if some lines had been abated,
Or had never seen existence,
We'd be better situated;
As, for instance:
There's the man who gets a job because he is somebody's son;
He's too numerous.
There's the man behind the jimmy, there's the man behind the gun;
He's too numerous.
There's the fossil who is out of date, and should be on the shelf;
There's the pauper as to intellect, who's left a wad of pelf,
Lives by other people's work, and never does a lick himself;
He's too numerous.
There's the fellow who imagines he's the whole, blamed, blooming show;
He's too numerous.
There's the man who thinks he knows it, and lays out to tell you so;
He's too numerous.
There's the man who's after dollars and who has no higher aim;
There's the man who has all truth staked in his theologic claim;
There are several million others whom I haven't time to name;
They're too numerous.
—J. A. Edgerton in Life.

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New York...Nov. 21, 9:30 am | Phil'd'phia...Dec. 5, 9:30 am
Philadelphia—Queensstown—Liverpool.
Noodland...Oct. 31, 9 am | Westland...Nov. 14, 9 am
Friesland...Nov. 7, 10 am | Marion...Nov. 28, 3:30 pm

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Min'haha...Oct. 31, 1:30 pm | Min'e'nka...Nov. 14, 1:30 pm
Mesaba...Nov. 7, 9 am | Min'apolis...Nov. 21, 7 am
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Camhron...Oct. 29 | Columbus...Nov. 12
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Southwark...Nov. 7 | Canada...Dec. 6

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Victoria...Nov. 3, 3 pm | Celtic...Nov. 13, noon
Cedric...Nov. 4, 3:30 pm | Armerian...Nov. 17, 3 pm
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21 Post Street, San Francisco.

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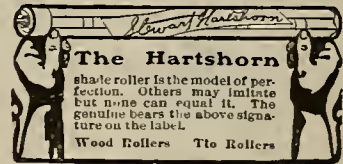
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows:
Coptic...Oct. 29, 12:30 pm | Nagasaki, Oct. 31
Gaelic (Calling at Manila) Wednesday, Nov. 25
Doric...Tuesday, Dec. 22
Coptic...Friday, January 15, 1904
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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America Maru...Tuesday, November 10
Hongkong Maru...Thursday, December 3
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Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
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LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.
LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1895—35,000 volumes.
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1899—108,000 volumes.
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.
PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POSTER PICTURES.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Caroline Rixford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Rixford, and Mr. Covington Johnson. The engagement is announced of Miss Clara Lewys, of Boston, to Mr. Charles P. Hubbard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hubbard, of Vernon Heights, Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Jean Nokes, daughter of Mrs. M. L. Nokes, and Lieutenant John B. Murphy will take place on Thursday afternoon at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Rodgers. Miss Anna Sperry will be the maid of honor, Dr. Harold Greenleaf the best man, and Mr. H. C. Rodgers, Jr., Mr. J. Brockway Metcalf, Lieutenant Edward Shinkle, U. S. A., and Lieutenant P. K. Brice, U. S. A., will act as ushers. Lieutenant Murphy and his bride will leave on Friday for his new post at Fort Russell, Wyo.

The wedding of Miss Elinor Glynn, niece of Judge R. J. Tobin, and Captain John Mooney took place on Wednesday at St. Mary's Cathedral. The ceremony was performed at noon by Rev. Father Prendergast. Miss Louise Glynn was her sister's maid of honor. The church ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast at the residence of Judge Tobin, on Geary Street. After a wedding journey to Southern California, Captain and Mrs. Mooney will settle at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor Olney, daughter of Mrs. E. M. Olney, and Mr. George Babcock took place at the home of the bride's mother, in East Oakland, on Wednesday. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Carson Shaw. Miss Donaldine Cameron was the maid of honor, and Mr. Benjamin Pendleton was the best man. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Babcock will take up their residence with the bride's mother in East Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Irene Hazard, of San Diego, and Mr. George Gerlinger took place at St. Mark's Church in Berkeley on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George Swan. Miss Gladys Hazard was her sister's maid of honor, and Miss Elizabeth Mills, Miss Myrtle Simms, Miss Elsie Everson, Miss Alice Treanor, Miss Gladys Meyer, and Miss Elsa Lichtenberg were the bridesmaids. Mr. Paul Bates, of Portland, was the best man, and Mr. Arthur Traphagen, Mr. William Powell, Mr. Alvin Powell, and Mr. Paul Milton served as ushers. A reception was held after the ceremony at the Kappa Kappa Gamma House, to which fraternity Mrs. Gerlinger belongs.

Miss Bertie Bruce, whose marriage to Mr. Ferdinand Stephenson will take place at Trinity Church next Thursday noon, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Miss Gertrude Van Wyck on Wednesday. Others at table were Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. George Toland Cameron, Mrs. Arthur V. Callahan, Mrs. John Rodgers Clark, Miss Sinclair, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Lucie King, and Miss Bernice Brown.

Mrs. Edward L. Eyre gave an informal luncheon on Wednesday at her residence on Sacramento Street, in honor of two of the season's debutantes—Miss Christine Pomeroy and Miss Olga Atherton. Covers were laid for ten.

Miss Lucie King gave a luncheon on Friday in honor of Miss Bertie Bruce and Miss Bernice Brown. Miss Brown will be the guest of honor at a tea given by Miss Juliet Garber, of Berkeley, this (Saturday) afternoon.

Miss Julia de Lavaga, whose engagement to Mr. Andrew Welch was recently announced, was the guest of honor on Wednesday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Charles H. Harter at her residence on Devisadero Street. Others at table were Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Louis Welch, Miss Fortmann, Miss Deming, Miss Florence Callahan, Miss Alice Butler, Miss Anita Meyer, and Miss Margery Gibbons.

Mrs. Henry F. Dutton will be "at home" on the third and fourth Fridays of the month at her residence, 2515 Broadway.

Mrs. Charles Deering gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence on Broderick Street, at which she entertained Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, Mrs. Ferdinand Peterson, Mrs. Angelo Duperru, Mrs. A. H. Vail, Mrs. W. D. Warren, Mrs.

Eugene Bresse, Mrs. Julian Sonntag, Mrs. M. Porter, Mrs. William H. Sherwood, Mrs. James Irvine, and Mrs. W. H. Morrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. McCutcheon gave a tug-party last Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Bernice Brown and Mr. Samuel Boardman. Among the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Schmidell, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Miss Sara Collier, Mr. Harry Poett, and Mr. Philip Tompkins.

Miss Maye Colburn gave a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Henry Dutton at the University Club on Thursday.

Mrs. George Toy, Miss Toy, and Mrs. Harvey Marshall Toy will be "at home" on the first and second Fridays in November, at their residence, 1806 Vallejo Street.

Miss Margaret Sinclair gave a luncheon on Tuesday at "Level Sea," in Fruitvale, in honor of Miss Bertie Bruce. Those at table were Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, Miss Bernice Brown, Miss Lucie King, Miss Ethel Cooper, Mrs. Clifton Macon, Mrs. Robert Lee Stephenson, and Miss Edna Barry.

Mrs. Carey Friedlander will give a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Monday, November 2d, in honor of Miss Mary Harrington and Miss Louise Harrington.

General and Mrs. Corbin recently gave a dinner at their residence in Washington, D. C., complimentary to Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Kohl, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moody. Those invited to meet the guests of honor were Lieutenant-General S. B. M. Young and General Crozier, ordnance department, U. S. A.

Mrs. Charles L. Rhodes will give a luncheon at the Colonial Hotel to-day (Saturday), complimentary to Mrs. Charles D. Rhodes, who leaves on the next steamer for Honolulu to join her son, Paymaster Stewart Rhodes, U. S. N. Those invited to meet the guest of honor are Mrs. Merrill Miller, Mrs. F. J. Drake, Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler, Mrs. Joshua Freeman, Mrs. S. B. Blake, Mrs. Frank G. Sanborn, Mrs. John Gue Barker, Mrs. A. T. Vogelsang, Mrs. A. L. Coombs, Miss Hughes, Mrs. A. L. House, Mrs. George F. Richardson, Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman, Mrs. Marvin R. Higgins, Mrs. Peek, Mrs. J. K. S. Latham, Mrs. W. W. Grissim, and Mrs. S. B. Johnson.

The cruiser *Baltimore*, which has been out of commission since she returned from Manila, where she participated in the great battle under Admiral Dewey, is soon to act as escort to a unique torpedo-boat flotilla, which will leave the Eastern coast for the Philippines. It is figured that six months will be required for the torpedo-boat flotilla to reach Manila. Five boats—the *Decatur*, *Brandburg*, *Barry*, *Chouinard*, and *Dale*—will go, and a remarkable course of sixteen thousand miles has been mapped out. A straight course will be taken from Hatteras to Bermuda, then the Barbadoes will be made, and continuing south by east the northern shore of South America will be hugged, stops being made every day or two. From Brazil a course will be steered back over the equator for the open sea. The flotilla will proceed up the West African Coast and past the Cape Verde group to the Canaries. The next stop will be the Madeira Islands, whence the course will be set for the Mediterranean and Suez Canal.

The Yosemite Valley Commissioners have again leased the Sentinel and Glacier Point Hotels for a term of four years to J. B. Cook, the lessee, who offered \$2,200 a year for both hotels, and agrees to expend \$3,340 in improvements, which will revert to the State. He also agrees to live up to the one clause in the lease, which forbids the lessee to have an interest in either stage line or road leading to the valley, and demands impartial treatment for all guests. The commission decided upon a new telephone and a new water system for the valley. The water is to come from the new source, a spring across Glacier Point trail.

The following railroad changes are announced: Trains leaving San Francisco for San José at 4:30 P. M., 5 P. M., and 8 P. M. are discontinued; also those leaving San José 8 A. M. and Wrights 6:40 A. M., also Sunday excursions to Monterey and Santa Cruz. The 3:30 P. M. train will run to Gilroy only; 3 P. M. to Del Monte daily. Sunset Limited leaves at 6 P. M. instead of 7 P. M. Train for San José formerly leaving at 2 P. M. now leaves 1:30 P. M. daily. New train for Los Gatos making all stops will leave San Francisco 4:45 P. M. and Los Gatos 7:15 A. M., Sundays excepted.

Miss Marie Archer, formerly of Milwaukee, who sued the Sacred Heart Convent of London for damages for dismissal from the order and incarceration in an asylum, on the ground of insanity, and also for remuneration for seventeen years' services, has been awarded \$8,000 damages, \$3,000 for wages and \$5,000 for wrongful dismissal after her liberation from the asylum. The verdict of the jury was cheered in court.

Have you ever visited the beautiful Tavern of Tamalpais, which stands near the summit of Mt. Tamalpais, at the terminus of the Scenic Railway? It is built on solid rock, is lighted by gas, and is furnished throughout with every convenience. The water supply is from pure mountain springs, and the sanitary arrangements are faultless.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 745 MARKET STREET.

When Noted Artists Disagree.

A heated conflict has broken out between Frederic Remington and Charles Schreyvogel, painters of Western scenes. Mr. Schreyvogel recently exhibited, in New York, a painting, "Custer's Demand," which he claimed to be a historical representation of one of General Custer's peace negotiations. Indians and frontiersmen are grouped about in the foreground, and the painting is very striking in effect. But Mr. Remington says he objects to such "half-baked stuff" being considered seriously as history. He says Schreyvogel has shown his ignorance by putting pistol holsters on the horses, when as a matter of fact holsters were not generally used until long after the time in which the scene is laid. Also he objects to Sioux war bonnets on South-Western Indians, and to white campaign hats on the soldiers, which he says were not worn till years afterward. The yellow stripes in the saddle blankets he also declares to be a mistake, and that Custer's boots, as shown in the picture, are in reality of a much later design. Stirrup covers, he declares, were not worn at that time, and Custer never rode a horse of the size depicted in the painting. To all this criticism Mr. Schreyvogel has made a spirited reply, intimating that Remington is merely jealous of his reputation as a painter of Western scenes.

In France such a controversy would doubtless lead to a duel," comments the *Denver Republican*, "but in this country it will prove not only harmless, but beneficial. It shows that our painters are seeking to depict the realities of life, and that false canvases will not be tolerated. Remington is to be commended for his attack, and Schreyvogel for his spirited defense. No doubt, between the two artists the truth will be thrashed out, and many future mistakes will be avoided. If Western authors were only as careful of their 'local color' as the artists seem to be of their canvases, this section of the country would be rid of a lot of irritating misrepresentation."

Visiting Bankers at the Hopkins Institute.

The visiting delegates of the American Bankers Association, which has been holding its twenty-ninth convention in San Francisco during the week, were tendered a reception at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Wednesday evening. Among the ladies who assisted in receiving were Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Mrs. K. J. Wilson, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Homer King, Mrs. Lovell White, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. T. B. Bishop, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies and Mrs. John F. Merrill.

During the evening the following musical programme was rendered under the direction of Henry Heyman:

"Greeting," Batkin, Knickerbocker Maie Quartet (Herbert Williams, first tenor; Dr. R. W. Smith, second tenor; D. B. Crane, first bass; L. A. Larsen, second bass); organ, "March Triumphant," Lemmens; song, "Hosanna," Granier, S. Homer Henley; aria, "Pagliacci," Leoncavallo, Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup; organ, "Largo," Haendel; recitative and air, "My Heart Is Weary," Goring Thomas, Mrs. Carroll-Nicholson; song, "If I Were King," L. Campbell-Tipton, S. Homer Henley; duet, "The Gypsies," Brahms, Mrs. Northrup and Mrs. Nicholson; quartet, "She Is Mine," Dudley Buck, Knickerbocker Male Quartet; organ, "Au Revoir," Wilson.

Special attention is directed to the advertisement elsewhere in these pages of the International Banking Corporation, which is the chief American bank authorized to do business outside of the United States. The bank is already doing a large and profitable business in China and the Philippine Islands, where it is the designated fiscal agent of the United States Government, and is doing splendid work in advancing the interests of American commerce abroad. It must not in any way be confused with the International Bank and Trust Company of America, which, according to recent dispatches from the City of Mexico, has closed its doors. The branch bank of the latter company was established here early in August of the present year, but it has not yet engrafted itself sufficiently into the business of the city for its closing to have any appreciable effect.

"The Cross and the Crescent," the English opera that won the prize of \$1,250 offered some time ago by Charles Manners, head of the Moody-Manners Opera Company, was produced by that organization recently at Covent Garden Theatre, London. It is by an Englishman, Colin MacAlpin, and is founded upon Copée's play, "Pour la Couronne."

The Flood place at Menlo Park, which Miss Jennie Flood recently re-purchased from the State University and presented to her brother for a summer residence, is being renovated and modernized thoroughly.

Genuine Works of Art.

One of the principal attractions of the city, is the Gump collection of fine oil paintings, embracing a number of canvases from this year's Paris Salon, and from all the different art centres of Europe, also a very choice selection of beautiful water colors. S. & G. Gump Co., 113 Geary Street.

A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,

Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth

Pears'

People have no idea how crude and cruel soap can be.

It takes off dirt. So far, so good; but what else does it do.

It cuts the skin and frets the under-skin; makes redness and roughness and leads to worse. Not soap, but the alkali in it.

Pears' Soap has no free, alkali in it. It neither reddens nor roughens the skin. It responds to water instantly; washes and rinses off in a twinkling; is as gentle as strong; and the after-effect is every way good.

Established over 100 years.



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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. J. Downey Harvey has returned to San Francisco, after an absence of several months in Europe. Mrs. Harvey and the Misses Harvey have remained abroad, and are now in France.

Mr. Henry T. Scott and Mr. Walter S. Martin were in New York during the week. Mr. Martin will return soon with his wife, who has been visiting Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison in New York.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin spent last week in New York, but has returned to Newport, where she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin.

Mrs. Abby M. Parrott and family will come up to town from San Mateo for the winter on November 1st.

Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Cecilia O'Connor, Miss Isabelle O'Connor, and Miss Ella O'Connor have returned from Coronado, and have taken apartments at the Hotel Granada, where they will remain for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs have been making a short stay in New York before sailing for Europe.

Mrs. Winthrop Lester with her two children is staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Loughborough and Miss Josephine Loughborough, who have arrived in New York, are making a brief visit with Mrs. Allen Wallace before going abroad.

Miss Gertrude Eells, who spent last week at Mare Island as the guest of the Misses McCalla, has returned to San Francisco.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Mrs. Florence Frank have closed their country place at Burlingame, and are occupying their house on Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant leave for the East October 28th. They will stop at Milwaukee on their way to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and family are at the Hotel Granada for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin have closed their country place at Closter, N. J., and are in New York for the winter.

Mrs. George Oulton has returned to the Hotel Richelieu from a visit to Mrs. McCalla at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander have been visiting at Newport.

Miss Helen Bowie is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Bowie-Detrick, at her residence on Jackson Street.

Mr. E. M. Greenway has returned from an extended trip in the North-West.

Mr. Walter L. Dean was a guest at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mrs. J. I. Falk and the Misses Falk arrived on Monday on the Oceanic steamship *Sierra* from Sydney, and are stopping at the Hotel Granada.

Mrs. Malcolm Henry and her children are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Voorhies. They expect to remain in San Francisco until the end of November.

Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett, Miss Margaret Fassett, and Miss Ella Margaret Bender expect to leave for Elmira, N. Y., next Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macfarlane are expected here from Honolulu about December 1st, on a visit to Mrs. Macfarlane's sister, Mrs. Henry F. Dutton.

Mrs. Horace Hill, after having placed her son Horace in school, will spend a few weeks in Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, and New York before returning to San Francisco.

Mr. James Phelan, Miss Mollie Phelan, Mrs. Frank Sullivan, and the Misses Alice and Gladys Sullivan, who have been spending the past month in the East, have returned to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer and family and Mrs. Terksburg have returned to the city, and are settled for the winter at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. and Mrs. William Giselman are expected back from Europe soon. Mr. Marshall Giselman is in London pursuing his musical studies.

Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent has decided to remain with her mother, Mrs. A. A. Cohen, at "Fernside," Alameda, until the return of Captain Bent's regiment, in December, when she will go East with the regiment, which has been ordered to the Department of the Missouri.

Mrs. G. T. Fife and Miss Beatrice Fife were in New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Spieker and their daughter Georgie have returned, after a year's absence in Europe.

Mr. Thomas Hill, the artist, whose summer residence is at Wawona, will spend the winter at Raymond.

Mrs. F. W. Van Sicken and son and Miss Pillsbury were in New York last week. Mrs. Van Sicken has been visiting friends, and will place her daughter at school before returning home.

Major and Mrs. B. C. Truman and Miss Truman, who have been sojourning at Wawona for three months, have returned to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope and Mrs. Frank expect to leave for the East soon.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick was in New York during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart are registered at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. John Morrissey, the popular resident manager of the Orpheum, accompanied by Mrs. Morrissey, left Tuesday morning for a brief sojourn in the southern part of the State. Mr. and Mrs. Morrissey will spend a few days at Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and Catalina Island.

Mr. and Mrs. William Romaine have returned from a two months' stay in Marin County, and are residing on Jackson Street for the winter.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Bowden, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Behrendt, of Los Angeles, Mr. F. C. Edminston, of Cincinnati, Mr. John Landford, of Sydney, Mr. F. P. Sherwood, of London, Miss Ada B.

Sissons, of Santa Rosa, Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Sosso, Mrs. J. K. Umhens, Miss H. A. Umhens, Mr. W. E. Donnallan, Mr. Leland S. Ransdell, Mr. Leon L. Gassner, Mr. Clarence Cook, and Mr. John Hoffmann.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., retired, arrived in Los Angeles last week, after a leisurely trip through Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, during which he investigated oil lands in Texas in which he is interested. He will remain in Los Angeles for several days, and then come to San Francisco for a short stay. During a recent interview, General Miles stated that he might eventually build a home in Southern California and locate there.

Lieutenant-Colonel F. N. Robinson, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Fifth Cavalry to the Thirteenth Cavalry, and will return to the Philippines, from whence he so recently arrived.

Captain James A. Cole, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Cole, left last Thursday for Fort Meade, N. D., which is to be his new station.

Captain John Stafford, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to Governors Island, New York Harbor, for duty.

Dr. Henry S. Kierstedt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kierstedt will spend the winter in Washington, D. C., where the doctor has been assigned to the army medical school.

Lieutenant Robert K. Spiller, Twenty-Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., recently invalided from the Philippines, is on leave at his home in Virginia.

Lieutenant Commander T. D. Griffin and Mrs. Griffin, who have been spending some time at St. Helena, have returned to the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Lieutenant-Commander R. F. Lopez, U. S. N., has been detached from the Pensacola Naval Station, and ordered to the *New York* as navigator.

Captain J. T. Nance, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., who has been on duty at Camp Wood for several months past, arrived from Wawona on October 12th, and is at the Presidio awaiting orders.

Mrs. Rifenberck, wife of Colonel Richard P. Rifenberck, U. S. A., retired, and her son, Lieutenant Richard P. Rifenberck, Jr., Twenty-Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., are visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Major Ogden Rafferty, Medical Department, U. S. A., expects to leave for his new station, Fort Monroe, Va., about November 1st.

Mrs. Charles D. Rhodes has been visiting Mrs. Franklin J. Drake, wife of Commander Drake, U. S. N., at Mare Island during the week.

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The big store's entire stock of beautiful hand-made imported French lingerie, is also on sale during the coming week at a reduction of one-third from regular prices. This means French-made garments of the very finest materials and trimmings at the price of fine domestic under-muslins. It is an unusual buying chance for prospective brides.

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At John Alex. Dowie's big religious circus in little old New York—undoubtedly the greatest show of its kind on earth—the country stands at gaze. The man in the street is genuinely curious and mildly amused, though he doesn't much concern himself about the morals of the affair. The press regard Dowie with a gently cool scientific interest, tinged with a certain temperamental jocularity. In fact, nobody has thought it worth while to get very excited—except the New York clergy. They alone are wrought up and denunciatory. Is this professional jealousy? Do they regard Dowie as a rival?

Not to draw the parallel too severely close, we think

the average reader of these lines watches the career of the young millionaire who has established three big papers in three great cities, and now has aspirations to the Presidency, with feelings similar to those that Dowie inspires—interest not anger, amusement, perhaps, but not alarm, curiosity rather than disgust. Not so the daily press. They know that Hearst is a bad, wicked man. The editors who live in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, are much more sure of it than those who live in towns where the yellow press is but a name. Yet even they slang-whang him when they can. Who knows when Hearst may swoop down upon them with a new paper that shall debauch the city's youth, demoralize its homes, corrupt the government, encourage anarchy, and—horror of all horrors—steal away their subscribers? Business!

But Mr. Hearst is not a competitor of ours; our withers are unwrung; and therefore we view with perfect equanimity and considerable interest the reports that he is about to invade lovely Los Angeles and pluplivial Portland with two brand-new newspapers.

Doubtless the character of these journals will depend largely on the character of the newspapers already established in each of these towns, and upon the towns themselves. That is the case with Mr. Hearst's present papers. Those who see both the New York *Journal* and the *Examiner* know that the former is much the more saffron of the two. And the reason is plain. Here the *Examiner* has only to be a little more sensational than its fairly respectable morning competitors to catch all the readers who like sensationalism. In New York, the *Journal* has a formidable competitor which is also yellow—the *World*—and, in order to get subscribers, the *Journal* has been forced to a lower plane. The *World* has gradually grown better. Thus the two papers occupy, as it were, the two halves of the yellow field, which in San Francisco is monopolized by the *Examiner* alone.

Curiously enough, New York really has better newspapers than that city deserves. The papers are more moral than the people. The mayoralty campaign now on proves it. The issue is simply between vice and virtue, a "wide-open" town and decency, an honest government and Tammany graft. Yet the result is in doubt. The betting favors Low only a little. But the great newspapers—the *World*, *Times*, *Sun*, *Evening Post*, *Tribune*, *Commercial Advertiser*, *Herald*, *Mail* and *Express*, *Journal of Commerce*, *Press*—are solidly for Low. Only the *Journal* and *American* take the Tammany side. In other words, nine-tenths of the newspapers are expressing opinions in their editorial columns with which close to half of the people of New York disagree. There's a virtuous press for you!

But to return to our muttons. In Portland, the newspaper conditions are queer. Though a city of nearly a hundred thousand, Portland has only one morning and one evening paper. The evening paper's circulation is slight outside the city, and its influence small. But the Portland *Oregonian* is a power in the land. It was established in 1850. Harvey W. Scott has been its editor since 1862. Its editorial page is more brilliantly conducted than that of any daily newspaper whatsoever on the Pacific Coast. Though claiming a circulation of only thirty-five thousand, the *Oregonian* reaches the most intelligent people of the North-West. But the paper has its faults. For one thing, it is in politics; its editor ran last year for United States senator, and was defeated by only a few votes. The *Oregonian* has plenty of political friends to serve, and enemies galore to punish. During its fifty years' career it has made thousands of bitter, uncompromising foes. Many web-feet hate the *Oregonian* like poison. Recent labor troubles in Portland found the *Oregonian* on the fence. It is solid neither with the

unions nor with employers. It is Republican in politics, but the State is now Democratic, a Democrat having been elected governor last year by a small majority. As for Portland itself, it is not a puritanic city. In fact, its tenderloin is extensive and worse than anything in San Francisco.

These are the conditions, favorable and unfavorable, that Mr. Hearst's new paper will face. On the surface, it looks as though he would be able to make it a success, but the fact is that many a paper has confidently gone up against the *Oregonian* ere this and met defeat. Old man Scott has so far proved too much for every one of them. In the case of Hearst we shall see what we shall see.

The Los Angeles *Times* is in many respects like the *Oregonian*. Both papers are edited by grizzled veterans—good haters, politically ambitious, and unafraid. The *Times* prints all the news, and is read by many who dislike its editor and disagree with its policies. It far outstrips its two competitors, the *Express* and *Herald*. And judging by its appearance, size, and all the reports from various sources that come to us, the war of the labor unions against it has operated to its advantage. It is obvious, however, that in the *Times*'s strong stand against unions, Mr. Hearst thinks he sees his chance. Certainly Otis will find Mr. Hearst a different sort of a fighter than the editors of his two present newspaper competitors. Los Angeles is a growing city, but the character of the population is higher than in Portland. Too many of its families are respectable, well-to-do Easterners for a journal of pronounced yellowness to find all at once a large and eager constituency. Altogether, Mr. Hearst seems to have his work cut out for him in both the northern and the southern city.

Mr. Cleveland's address on good citizenship at Chicago recently was the signal for all his editorial enemies to let fly at him winged shafts of criticism, and for all those who regard his candidacy with auspicious eye to renew their oaths of allegiance. This, therefore, is a good moment to estimate the condition of the Cleveland boom. Plainly it is far from being in state of collapse. We find Senator Jones, of Arkansas, saying that, although Mr. Cleveland could get no votes, in convention, from the South, yet if he were nominated, he would get every Southern electoral vote. Some Southern papers take a more favorable view than this. The Nashville *American*, an influential journal, says that "there is a large sprinkling of Democrats in the South who favor the nomination of Mr. Cleveland." The Charleston *News and Courier* avers that "the strongest man in the party is Mr. Cleveland." Ex-Congressman Jefferson M. Levy, of New York, who has just returned from a Southern trip, finds "the tide in the States he visited setting strongly toward Mr. Cleveland." Senator Cul- lom is reported as saying, in an interview, that "if Grover Cleveland could be nominated he would get more votes than any other Democrat in the country. . . . He would get a lot of Republican votes; . . . the rabid Populists and unconverted Silverites against him would be more than offset by the support he would receive from Republicans." The Chattanooga *News* is sure that "Cleveland could carry New York by 100,000 majority." Most of the papers seem to think that the anti-third term sentiment will not amount to much. According to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, of those who pressed forward to shake hands with Mr. Cleveland after he had spoken, every third man, on the average, expressed the hope of having the opportunity to vote for him. According to the New York *Sun*, a vote on the question, "Who should be the Democratic candidate for President?" taken by *Home and Farm*, a Spring-

field, Mass., weekly, resulted in 12,833 Cleveland votes, more than were received by Bryan, Tom Johnson, Hearst, and Hill combined. Another test ballot taken by the Iowa State Register gave Mr. Cleveland 1,838 votes. Mr. Bryan was second with 938. There is no doubt that the New York Sun would support Cleveland in the event that both he and Roosevelt are nominated.

In preparing for the coming long session of Congress, a most important, though not the most spectacular, part of the work falls to Speaker Cannon in the arrangement of committees, and the selection of members of the House to fill them.

That work is necessarily under way, and some of the conditions affecting it have been interestingly outlined in newspaper columns, which, though not "inspired," are guided by astute observers of political movements in the national capital. An important question now occupying the attention of Speaker Cannon is the formation of the Committee on Rules, which, acting in conjunction with the Speaker, plays a leading part in the game of practical legislation. The new Speaker finds on that committee of the last session the names of Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, and Grosvenor, of Ohio, who were the trusted lieutenants of Speaker Henderson. They hold seniority positions on the committee, which traditionally entitle them to reappointment by a Speaker of their own party. Besides, they are strong men in the House and in the party, and can not easily be ignored on that account. At the same time, it is being considered that they practically represent only one small section of the country enclosing the few hundred miles between Lake Erie and the Alleghenies. They both represent the one idea of uncompromising opposition to any change in the schedules which tends toward a lowering of duties. The subject of tariff revision is more popular in the West, and the difference of opinion on the subject of the steel schedules, for instance, between Dalzell, who represents the producers of Pittsburgh, and Governor Cummins, who regards with more interest the consumers of Iowa, is decidedly marked. For these reasons, Mr. Cannon finds it necessary to make that committee more representative of the whole country. It is suggested that his purpose is not to displace Grosvenor and Dalzell, but to enlarge the committee in order that their influence may be diluted, and other sections and other opinions given some scope for activity. Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, has advocated the election of the Committee on Rules in order to insure their individual independence, which is liable to be endangered when the membership of the committee is determined by the Speaker alone. If the House caucus decides on an enlargement, the places are expected to be filled by some of the younger members drawn from different sections of the country.

There is also some speculation that the Post-Office Committee will be materially changed, and it is predicted that Overstreet, of Indiana, will be made its chairman, although he is now not even a member of the committee. He is at least being seriously considered. What member he will displace if the appointment is made is one of the delicate subjects for the new Speaker. The committee ought to be composed of the ablest men of the House from a business standpoint. It is in reality the governing body of an immense business establishment. The appropriations handled approximate one hundred and fifty millions of dollars a year, and are increasing rapidly. The men who direct its expenditure must be not only good judges of business policy, but must have the clearest discernment, that the measures they may propose will have the support of the House.

The Appropriation Committee, in the long session, does its most exhaustive work, and though the special session will be confined to consideration of the Cuban treaty, this committee may be appointed in November, so that it may organize, name its sub-committees, and begin the work of studying the financial requirements of the government. The composition of the new Committee on Ways and Means offers an unusual opportunity for new men. Of its Republican members, Hopkins, of Illinois, and Long, of Kansas, have been elected senators, while Newlands, of Nevada, a Democrat, has received the same promotion. Another Democrat, George B. McClellan, is running for mayor of New York, and if elected would leave another Democratic vacancy on the Committee of Ways and Means.

Sometimes the newspapers may talk too much about the virtues of advertising, but in San Francisco the practice of non-advertising at times is carried to an extent bordering on the ludicrous. In New York City, one may take up the Herald with the certainty of finding the advertisement of every railway line running into or near New York, every transatlantic line, every coast line, and every steamer line running to the West Indian Islands. In San Francisco one may take up the daily papers with the certainty of finding all the transportation advertisements in no one paper, and few of them in all the papers. Yet these advertisements are really news, and their absence vexes many readers. In some cases, the transportation people have a quarrel with the editors; in others, the editors have a quarrel with the transportation people. In still others the various parties are rivals in business—the publisher may be in the transportation business on the side, and the transportation people may be in the newspaper business on the quiet. Then again some of the transportation men here are back numbers, who want to save a nickel and lose a dollar. In the East, they would be sidetracked at once; here they soon will be, by the new Eastern men who are coming to the front here in the transportation business.

With all these particular and peculiar cases, we have no quarrel. If any man, anywhere, must go anywhere, by rail or steamer, go he must; but on this Coast, he must go in one way, and by one line and be damned to him, or else walk. Therefore, it may make no difference to the transportation

people whether they advertise or not. It makes a great deal of difference to their patrons, but that is of no consequence. That is the old, back-number, or Pacific Coast idea—that "the man who is going to travel has got to go, he has got to go over our line, and what's the diff?" The modern or Eastern idea is that in addition to the man who has got to go, there are many men who had no idea of going, but who may be persuaded to go. Thus there is just so much new travel created.

The old non-advertising Pacific Coast ideas may do for the transportation business in a country where there is only one line, called "the railroad." In the matter of elections, however, things are different. While there are many candidates who idolize animals, only one person can be elected pound-keeper. Many are called, but few are chosen. Therefore, why the many who are striving for place should also strive so assiduously to keep their candidacy a secret is matter for marvel. There is no law compelling a man to run for office, but when he does, why should he conceal the fact? Modesty is an excellent virtue, but that which is excellent in a maiden or a timid wood-violet, is out of place in a politician. The leather-lunged Rienzi who clamors loudly for office in market-place or forum, stands the best show. The modest candidate, who sits in his white toga in the far corner of the forum, waiting for the multitude to come and crown him, is sympathetic and dramatic, but he rarely gets there.

These remarks are not designed to drum up advertising for the Argonaut. As the election takes place before our next issue, it would be too late, even if that were our object. But it is not. These reflections are inspired by the following curious fact: On October 24th, only a few days before the election, we sat down with the three San Francisco morning papers before us, intending to write a few personal paragraphs urging the election of a few personal acquaintances. There are men on both the Democratic and Republican tickets whom we know personally, and we think that some of the men on the Democratic supervisory ticket are better than some of the men on the Republican supervisory ticket. There are over a hundred candidates in the field, and it is difficult to remember so many names, much less so many men. We went through the daily papers carefully, but we saw no ticket—Republican, Democratic, or Labor Union. We went through them again. We went through them three times. We found no tickets at all. We were obliged to give it up. The only names that we could remember were Crocker, Schmitz, Lane, and Washington Dodge.

In default of specific names, therefore, we can only assure our readers that there are some excellent men running on the Democratic ticket for supervisor, and that there are some weak, some corrupt, and some bad men running on the Republican ticket for supervisor. Owing to the extreme economy of the various campaign committees, the tickets do not appear in the advertising columns of the dailies.

We close as we began by saying that modesty is an excellent thing; that the man who shrinks from the glare of publicity we all admire; that the good citizen who keeps his personality out of the lime-light and his name out of the papers meets with the approval of his fellow-men. But when a man is running for office he should not bide his talents in a napkin; he should not put his light under a bushel, but let it shine forth and be seen of men; if he is a candidate, he should not keep the fact concealed; for if he does, he may conceal it so skillfully that no one may know he is running, and the procession will pass him unheeded by—he will get no seat in the bandwagon, but will remain in the darkness outside the circus-tent, where the small boy waileth and there is gnashing of teeth.

A few weeks ago, the Argonaut printed a paragraph in which we summarized the statements of assessors before the State Board of Equalization regarding the prosperity or lack of prosperity in their respective counties. These statements of the assessors were in tone lugubrious. The Argonaut did not comment upon the showing they made. We merely appended to the summary the statement: "This is the sad story, the very distressing tale, told by the county assessors to the State's tax-gatherers."

The paragraph we refer to seems, like many another of the Argonaut's editorials, to have been extensively copied by Eastern papers. We have noticed it in the Springfield Republican, Philadelphia Public Ledger, and in many other widely circulated papers. As is usual in such cases, the paragraph has been reprinted from these influential journals by small town and country papers, and will doubtless continue to be heard from for many months to come.

In printing the paragraph, one agricultural journal said: "We would like to know what our California readers have to say about it," and the Philadelphia Public Ledger draws therefrom unflattering conclusions. A Thompsonville, N. Y., correspondent of a Los Angeles paper writes thus to that journal: "I enclose clipping from a California paper that has been copied very extensively by the Eastern papers, and it has created a bad impression. Is this a true account of the real condition of the State?"

In answering these several questions and replying to criticisms, California editors, rural and otherwise, have some of them been constrained verbally to rap the Argonaut over the knuckles. Look how the Colusa Sun emits moonshine in discussing this theme:

Sometimes people get sarcastic and say too much. The San Francisco Argonaut is an illustration. The editor wanted to satirize the several counties who went to Sacramento to show why the assessments should not be raised, and the first thing it knew the Eastern papers began to reproduce the article, and then the Argonaut would have been glad if it had resisted the temptation to become sarcastic.

Indeed! We compliment the Sun's editor on the possession of such remarkable "psychic" powers as to enable him—even at the distance of Colusa—to tell what is going on in the Argonaut's editorial mind. But passing that, may we be per-

mitted, very mildly, to ask how it can be that we got "sarcastic" and said "too much," when the fact is we said nothing at all. The Argonaut only printed what the county assessors said. It neither added to, subtracted from, or otherwise embellished, the county assessors' statements to the board of equalization. All this was printed in the daily newspapers. What the Argonaut did was to collect and summarize. If the Eastern press took notice of the Argonaut's summary rather than of the daily-paper accounts, it was perhaps because the Argonaut circulates more widely in the East, or is more attentively read, or peradventure because what is printed in it carries greater weight. Why, then, should we be repentant for anything? Are we the keeper of the county assessors? Must we shout from the housetops all the promotion committee tells us about the glorious prosperity of California, but preserve a dense silence on what is said about local adversity? If the assessors are telling the truth are we estopped from publishing it, and if they are lying, are we supposed, like Brer Rabbit, to "lie low an' say nuffin'?" In short, what are the ethics of this matter, wherein the Colusa Sun and others think they have a grievance against us? Is what we did in bad taste, like mentioning rope in a family where somebody has been hanged? A diplomat has been defined as an honest man at home, sent abroad to lie for his country. Are assessors to be regarded in the same light—as honest men sent before the board to lie for their county? By all means, let us be informed.

Passing over the remarks of the Imperial Press, which gravely naively asks us if we don't know "that at tax-paying time the property-owner has his saddest tale to tell," we observe that the gentleman who writes signed editorials for the Bulletin charges us with having "given our Eastern friends some ground on which to oppose the Eastern movement West," and also refers to us as his "doleful contemporary." It is rather odd that the Western Empire, in explaining the true inwardness of the Argonaut's article to its correspondent, should characterize this journal as "a funny paper of somewhat the same character as Puck, Judge, and Life." Now how the deuce can we be both a "doleful contemporary" and like Puck, Judge and Life all to one?

It remains for the Alameda Encinal (whose article we note the Examiner reprints) and the Riverside Enterprise to lift the staggering burden of responsibility off our shoulders onto those of the county assessors. The Encinal hopes that "those erring officials will take warning from this experience, and in future refrain from giving any ground for such criticism," while the Riverside paper courageously condemns the "silly system of knocking practiced here in California by each county upon its own industries and resources for the sake of saving a few dollars of its share of the State tax," and adds:

The board of equalization hears nothing but calamity. For a few hours each year all the energies and influence of the several counties are directed toward making it seem that their sections are upon the verge of bankruptcy. The result is the absurd showing which the Argonaut has printed. For the sake of the State's reputation abroad, California valuations ought to be raised where they belong, and then maintained there. The assessor who "knocks" his county ought to be ostracized as a public nuisance. We might then have a tax rate which would not give the Easterner a cold chill every time it is quoted to him, and which very often scares him so completely that he decides to invest his capital elsewhere. The Argonaut's article bears home a good lesson here in California.

It almost seems as if our article might have encouraged so commonplace a virtue as telling the truth.

Elsewhere we have remarked that we could not find the Democratic ticket in the dailies, and therefore had no means of segregating the few sheep from the large majority of goats. Five days have elapsed, and we have not seen the ticket yet. However, we have heard in conversation a few names mentioned as being on the Democratic ticket—among them that of T. Carey Friedlander. We have known Carey Friedlander for many years, and never knew anything against him, except that he was a Democrat. We have labored with him—struggled with him—argued with him. No use: he remained a Democrat still, stubbornly devoted to free trade, State sovereignty, Jeffersonianism, and the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798. So we gave it up—we concluded that he was born so, and would probably die a Democrat. But waiving this curious mental squint—which probably he can not help—he is a man of intelligence, of civic spirit, and will make a very much better supervisor than some of the candidates on our ticket. We hope some of our Republican readers will vote for him—all of our Democratic readers will.

We would like to say a word to our Republican readers concerning the candidacy of Dr. Washington Dodge for assessor. Although he is on the Democratic ticket, we think no Republican would make a mistake in voting for Dr. Dodge. He has been in office now for some years, and he has shown, in our opinion, not only honesty and ability, but marked qualifications for the assessorship. It is a very difficult post to fill. Dishonest men make corrupt money out of it; weak men let evil bosses rule them; routine men let moldy precedents do harm. Dr. Dodge has reformed much of this. He has made the tax-shirkers pay their share, and thus relieved the honest men who do pay from the unjust burdens imposed on them by those who do not. He has hunted down the millionaires who hide their wealth in safe-deposit boxes here or in New York, or who temporarily pauperize themselves about assessment time by dummy draft-drawing. At least, he has hunted down some of them—no one man could hunt down all of them, and no mortal man could make them pay all they owe. There is nothing meaner than a mean millionaire. Further, Dr. Dodge has battled stoutly for his city against the attempted hold-up of the hay-seed equalizers. For this, Mr. Lane is now attempting to steal his thunder—we think most unjustly. And lastly, Dr. Dodge has not attempted to make a record by squeezing the ultimate dollar out

SPEAKER CANNON
AND THE HOUSE
COMMITTEES.

MODESTY AND
PUBLICITY
IN ELECTIONS.

THE ASSESSORS,
THE ARGONAUT,
AND THE PRESS.

FRIEDLANDER
FOR
SUPERVISOR.

DR. DODGE
FOR
ASSESSOR.

of the taxpayers. He has reduced as well as raised. There are thousands of taxpayers in San Francisco who for years have been paying at the same rate on old buildings—sometimes structures a third of a century old. This was unjust and preposterous, and Dr. Dodge has wiped away this injustice. But at the same time he has increased the assessment roll by fifty millions of dollars. He is an honest and able man, and has made a good assessor. We recommend Republicans to vote for him.

Among the names on the Democratic supervisory ticket, there is one to which we would call the attention of our readers. It is that of Henry Payot. Mr. Payot is an old and valued citizen of San Francisco. He has been in business here for many years, and has accumulated a competence. While devoting much of his well-earned leisure to the pleasures of travel, he has considered, and rightly, that there are civic duties incumbent on the man of means and leisure. So believing, he accepted the nomination for supervisor at the last election, and has since filled the post conscientiously and well. He is a good man to vote for, whether you are Republican or Democrat. Vote for him.

The nominees for police judges on the Democratic ticket are George Cahaniss and E. P. Mogan. When the teamsters' strike was on, and when in-offensive workmen were having their wrists broken with iron bars, and their heads battered into a bloody pulp, these two judges let most of the assailants go scot-free. All those in favor of the same will so signify by saying "NO!"

We would like to say a word urging *Argonaut* readers to vote for John McDougald for treasurer. He is the present incumbent, and is the Republican nominee. Mr. McDougald is an honest man, a good Republican, and has made a good treasurer. We have known him for many years, and never knew anything but good of him. Vote for him—you will make no mistake if you do.

The mental typhana of most voters must, we think, by this time be pretty weary of political clamor. The shrilling of the daily newspapers for and against the various political Toms, Dicks, and Harrys has this year been exceptionally incessant and loud. We are now close upon the end of it all, and we opine that everybody is glad that it is so. After Tuesday, a restful silence will prevail. Tom Moore wrote, nearly a century ago:

"As bees, on flowers alighting, cease to hum,
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb,"

and time has not yet robb'd the couplet of appositeness.

San Francisco has discovered, during the week, that she owns two great Caseys. Michael we all know. "Ed" had greatness thrust upon him by the *Bulletin* on Sunday. That paper is, indeed, making a game and resourceful fight for Lane. Without the *Bulletin*, the last ten days of the campaign would have been dull enough, but as it is, the Republican papers have been kept busy denying the *Bulletin's* sensational allegations, while the interested citizen has been hard at work trying to figure out who's the liar.

As to "Ed" Casey, the *Bulletin* alleges that he "is very intelligent and truthful"; that he is a clerk in the county clerk's office; that he is working for John D. Greif, the Republican nominee; that in pursuance of his labors Casey visited Lou Brown; that Lou Brown is a "tool" of W. F. Herrin, of the Southern Pacific; that the wicked Lou Brown said to the "intelligent and truthful" Casey: "You are to turn your strength to Schmitz. Go and see Reuf. He will deliver to you a big bunch of votes. Those are Herrin's orders." The *Bulletin* further alleges that John D. Siebe, also said to be Herrin's representative, shocked the "truthful and intelligent" Casey by saying: "It's Schmitz and Bahr. That is the programme. Crocker is a goner." It seems to make no difference to the *Bulletin* that Mr. Siebe and Lou Brown deny, over their signatures, that they ever thus shocked Casey, and one of them that he ever met Herrin. Casey, for his part, proves his intelligence, if not his truthfulness, by sticking to his story. Another last-days-of-the-campaign specialty of the *Bulletin* is discovering "prominent" Republicans who will vote for Lane. Among these are John E. Quinn, W. S. Morrill, B. P. Flint, once Republican candidate for mayor, and Asa R. Wells, candidate for mayor at the last election. John M. Murphy, Union Labor assemblyman from the twenty-eighth assembly district, also writes to the *Bulletin*, and says he is for Lane. Wells, in the statement published over his signature, says that "the defeat of Crocker is inevitable." The *Bulletin* declares that it has received "statements similar to that of Mr. Wells" from P. B. Cornwall and W. R. Wheeler, and it also alleges that F. W. Dohman, Ernest A. Denicé, John Nightingale, George K. Fitch, L. H. Bonestell, E. J. Le Breton, J. B. Stetson, Lewis Gerstle, and Horace Davis are for Lane.

One funny thing about this list is that, the day after it was printed, the *Bulletin* editorially explained: "Through an inadvertence the name of Lewis Gerstle, who is dead, was printed on this list yesterday instead of Mark L. Gerstle." It is to laugh!

Meantime, the Republican press has not been altogether idle. The *Chronicle* announces the formation of a Henry J. Crocker Club among the workmen, and presents an imposing array of officers and members. The president is F. P. Nicholas, a carpenter. The vice-presidents are J. Hamersley, electrical worker; Charles A. Nelson, carpenter; Emmett Brannan, bricklayer; Joseph A. McAuliffe, plumber; C. E. Travis, roofer; Robert McCann, engineer; C. M. Hayble, polisher. Many other names are printed, and all trades seem to be

represented. Lengthy resolutions have been passed by the club, denouncing Schmitz as a traitor to unionism, and espousing the cause of Crocker.

The *Chronicle* has also printed a formal statement from the Republican campaign and organization committees, reading:

The undersigned, after a careful investigation and canvass, do positively declare that Mr. Lane has no possible chance of election. Mr. Crocker has made accessions from the Democratic ranks and from voters who are members of labor unions. The contest is strictly between Mr. Crocker and Mr. Schmitz. Mr. Crocker's election is certain.

This statement is signed by the following: A. P. Williams, Dr. W. F. McNutt, Henry Ach, David Rich, John C. Lynch, W. J. Dutton, Arthur G. Fiske, John S. Partridge, Daniel A. Ryan, Edgar D. ~~McIntosh~~, J. Steppacher.

Several unions have lately passed resolutions denouncing the mayor. The Theatrical Employees Union is one of these, their denunciation being particularly fierce. Other unions have endorsed the mayor by resolution, while still others have denounced the Crocker Workmen's Club as an attempt to mislead the real workmen, and still others have written to the Lane papers that their names were used without their consent. In the hettling, Schmitz and Crocker are still said to be neck and neck, with Lane a had third.

These are the principal new developments in politics this week. They none of them are of a sort to convince anybody with his mind made up to the contrary. The word of the "truthful and intelligent" Casey will scarcely send Republican thousands into the Lane camp, and the Crocker Workmen's Club will not wean the labor unionists from Schmitz. The cleanest campaign of the three, however, has been made by Mr. Crocker, and looking back over the events of the past few weeks, and considering only general outlines and larger tendencies, we see no reason why good Republicans should not vote a good Republican into the mayor's chair next Tuesday.

General Manager Kruttschnitt, of the Southern Pacific Company, has been explaining the recent changes in operating that road. He says that the changes are in the line of taking advantage of recent improvements rather than of retrenchment. Millions of dollars have been expended in straightening out curves, reducing grades, and improving roadbeds, and these improvements result in a saving of operating expenses. On some lines, trains that were not justified by the volume of business have been discontinued, and this has enabled them to use the locomotives on other lines to better advantage, for the general volume of business has increased so rapidly that they have been unable to increase the motive power sufficiently to handle the business. The Ogden-Lucien cut-off will probably be in shape to be used by November 20th, when President Harriman visits Salt Lake, though it will probably not be used regularly until some time after that date. The Chatsford Park cut-off, which will afford an easier and shorter route to Santa Barbara, will probably be completed by the end of the year. There are three tunnels on the line, all of which are completed. All that remains to be done is to lay the track and put the roadbed in proper shape. The crooked line between Montalvo and Saugus and the heavy grades over the San Fernando Mountains will be avoided by this cut-off.

There is a persistent rumor to the effect that the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company has succeeded in absorbing the rival companies only to have a new opposition spring up. The identity of the promoters of the new enterprise is still shrouded in mystery, but the rumor has it that the company will be in operation within a year, and some well-known names are being mentioned in connection with it. One of these is Rudolph Spreckels. He resigned from the directorate of the San Francisco Company when W. B. Bourn was voted a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars, and he was known to be strongly opposed to that generosity. But he represents fifty-two thousand shares of the stock of the company, and to unload this would be a slow operation. Henry Bothin, who is also mentioned, is in a similar position. He also resigned from the directorate when the president's salary was fixed, and he also represents a large block of stock. W. R. Whittier, who is also spoken of as one of the promoters, is not at present interested in gas stock. Opinion as to the wisdom of starting a new opposition to the San Francisco Company is divided. Some hold that the old company would be a hard corporation to fight with its present capitalization, for it could cut rates to crowd out any opposition. Others regard the bonded indebtedness as a disadvantage rather than an advantage, while still others hold that the opposition would be inadvisable now, but that in a year there will be a field for it.

Under a government by parties, machine politics are sure to have a strong influence on the Presidential elections. The machine work done in the way of organization, presenting the issues, and getting out the vote, is frequently vastly aided by the entourage which a President may have built up by appointments to the Federal offices. These naturally want to continue under a new administration of the power which appointed them. When not too conspicuous, they are a powerful aid to the candidate, and sometimes when too aggressive they repel votes. But there are "outs" as well as "ins." There are plenty of Republicans not in office who would like to be, and the question comes up as to how the "outs" will look upon President Roosevelt's election. His administration has practically been a continuance of that of McKinley. Continuing the same policies, he has in a large number of cases continued the same men in the important Federal offices which are distributed among the States. Some of the influential workers who want to get into office, are noting that the in-

cumbents have served through four years of McKinley, will have served four more with Roosevelt, and are now asking if their terms will be extended to twelve years if Roosevelt becomes his own successor. The expectation of men who control votes of getting into office by the use of them adds a vim to a national campaign, which is apt to suffer inertia when the chances of changes in office are not encouraging. The alternation in office between the parties during the periods when Cleveland twice broke into the White House, supplied the campaign vigor required by political machines on both sides. Even prior to that, during the long Republican occupancy of the Presidency, similar incentive was not lacking. President Arthur's administration was not in harmony with that of Hayes, whom he in effect succeeded. That of Hayes was hostile to the Grant administrations, and consequently promised a readjustment of the important Federal offices. The administrations of McKinley and Roosevelt have all the practical outward effect of one administration so far as the politicians are concerned. In some of the Middle West States the party managers are asking if the same set of office-holders are to continue indefinitely, or whether new men will be given a chance at the honors. It is one of the weaknesses of a long period of control by a single party, and is apt to have a henumming effect upon the efforts of the machine in a campaign. How to surmount the obstacle is a delicate question for any Presidential candidate. On his second election, President Cleveland announced that he would not reappoint his old office-holders. If President Roosevelt should make a similar stand before election, it would be matter of conjecture whether the atrophy which would settle on the incumbents would be worse than the supineness now apt to prevail among the ambitious "outs."

The mayor, who is to be elected next Tuesday, will have considerable patronage at his disposal. The terms of eleven members of executive boards will expire immediately after he assumes office. On the board of public works will be Marsden Manson, with a salary of \$4,000; on the civil service commission is P. H. McCarthy, salary \$1,200; on the board of education is Lawrence F. Walsh, salary \$3,000; on the police commission is Thomas Reagan, salary \$1,200; on the fire commission is Rolla V. Watt, salary \$1,200; on the park commission are A. B. Spreckels and Jasper McDonald; on the board of health are Dr. R. W. Baum and Dr. V. P. Buckley; on the election commission are Jeremiah Deasy and Oliver Everett, salary \$1,000. Should Dr. Lewitt resign from the board of health, as he has intimated he would, there would be another vacancy to fill. In January, 1905, there will be eleven more vacancies on these boards, and the filling of these vacancies will give the control of the boards to the incoming mayor for the first time. Besides the executive boards, there are several other positions at the disposal of the mayor. The term of Registrar of Voters Walsh will expire on January 8th. The position of the secretary of the public works board depends upon the election. The success of Schmitz would seal his doom; the success of either of the others might enable him to hold on. In a similar way, the tenure of a number of other subordinates, among them the city engineer, whose salary is \$5,000, the city architect, and a number of employees in the health department, depends upon the personality of the new mayor.

The revolution effected in transportation methods by the discovery of how to utilize steam-power to land travel, has until very recently closed the eyes of the people of this country to the fact that the transportation problem has two aspects. There must be rapid transportation for goods whose nature is perishable, or whose value is sufficient to allow high freight payments; and comparatively slow transportation for goods on which the freight charges form a more important element than the time does. For slow and cheap transportation canals and interior water-ways offer an economical service that has almost been overlooked in this country. In Europe, the struggle for existence is more strenuous than it is in this country, so such factors can not be overlooked there. France has probably done more than any other European country to develop its interior water-ways. The rivers of France are not large, nor are they particularly favorable naturally for commercial highways. But the channels have been improved, and connecting canals have been constructed. Until now France has an elaborate system of interior water-ways. More than four thousand miles of rivers have been improved, and these have been connected by three hundred thousand miles of canals, built at a cost of one-third of a billion dollars. At the mouth of the Rhone—as a special instance illustrating the policy—a canal is being built to assist up-stream commerce, that will cost fourteen million two hundred thousand dollars when completed. The people of this State can not take up the problem of improving the interior water-ways for commerce too soon, for favorable conditions exist, and the necessity is already here.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

The next issue of the *Argonaut* will be a special Publishers' Announcement Number. It will be largely devoted to announcements of forthcoming books, reviews of the books of the season, portraits of authors, half-tones of unique book-covers, and other illustrative matter. In addition, it will contain the usual miscellany. The number will be printed on heavy coated paper, handsomely illustrated, and will consist of forty pages. Price, ten cents. Newsdealers would do well to send their orders in advance.

JOSIAH THE CLAIM-JUMPER.

How a Shot in the Dark Went True.

Josiah Godbolt was new to the Shasta hills. He was new to any hills, and, of course, he was new to the mines. He was new to everything Western, and new to almost everything not relating directly or indirectly to the swamp lands of the Mississippi, where boys grow so fast into human saplings that by the time they are stubbly of chin their legs are long enough for them to stride away, or to the locomotion of a St. Louis street-car. Godbolt had been a conductor on a street-car until that eventful day when his car collided while he was engaged in helping a small girl with her basket, and he was discharged. He had had wages due him sufficient to pay his fare to California, which seemed the place most distant from the scene of his yielding to a weakness. Hither he had come in a hurry. But Josiah knew, or, to be precise, he "allowed" that he wanted a copper mine. As he had no snug fortune with which to buy one, his recourse was to discover a new ledge and plaster his notice of location upon it. These are sidelights upon the trail along which Fate led Josiah to Pete Barclay.

Barclay was a tenderfoot—nearly twenty years before Josiah was born. Four decades he had spent in getting into such close and fortune-hunting communion with the "likely spots" of the Sierra Nevadas and the Coast Range, that he had really become a part of the mountains. He was so gray and weathered, and so perfectly attuned to the surroundings, that he could squat among the little boulders on a Shasta hillside and a jack-rabbit might hop over and scratch its back against a corner of him without noting the difference. Fortune had not always been mean to him, and if he was forever at the ebb it was mainly because, like all chronic prospectors, he knew a good deal more about hunting for mineral than about using it after he found it. Once, at Cherokee, he took out nuggets as large as buzzards' eggs; at Oak Bar he piped down a bank which washed ten thousand dollars in ten days, and a week later, in a gambling-house—but that is not this story.

Josiah Godbolt, tired of mucking at the Iron Mountain, and resolved to make a find for himself, drew his stipend and went to Redding. Pete Barclay, driven away from the high altitudes of Coffee Creek by the flying snow, was in town with the price of four weeks' living used out of his shallow dust-sack when he met Josiah in the Blue Goose resort "You're fresh enough from nowhere to have some greenhorn luck with you," commented Barclay. "You're long enough on the belt to teach me how to find a copper mine," was Josiah's theory. And so the partnership was formed.

Barclay did know of a copper prospect which seemed large enough to meet the ideas of the young Missourian, to say nothing of his own hopes, now modified by experience. He knew where a streak as of half worn off red paint ran through a ravine and over a hill-top, back from Copley, within rifleshoot of the great Balaklala. This red gossan meant more than an iron cropping, of that he was certain. On the Fourth of July, when every miner of the section had gone to Redding for the celebration, he had improved the unwatched opportunity to pick into the vein where the hill sloughed away, and he had found copper sulphurets. The obstacle which prevented Barclay from taking up the two claims which the red streak crossed was that they already bore the location notices of Henry Flatfoot, half-breed, drunkard, and fighter. The half-breed had been keen enough to see that there was value there, but too lazy to get down to it, or even to do his assessment work, required by law. Pete Barclay had waited this opportunity. In another night the year would expire, and with it the location notices of the half-breed. The first man upon the spot after the hour of midnight could re-locate those two valuable claims. The surest way was for a man to be on each of the claims exactly at twelve o'clock to tear down Flatfoot's notices and post new ones of their own. This was what Pete Barclay had in mind in taking a partner.

An old miner and a young one dropped from the caboose of the afternoon freight train at Copley, and slung down their packs while they went in to patronize the bar, which constituted half the town. The older miner was careful to explain to the dispenser of refreshments and the loungers in the place that he and his companion were going to the Balaklala to work. "Seeing you've got jobs, it aint worth mentioning," said the proprietor, "but Injun Flatfoot, who's a-gambling in the back room now, says he's willing to pay big for somebody to go up the hill with him to-night and keep some old claim or other from being jumped."

The remark was not lost upon Josiah Godbolt, and as he toiled after Barclay along the trail, winding up hill-sides and around little peaks, sometimes under trees and usually through dense chemise, he asked: "Will this Flatfoot party try to interfere with us to-night, do you reckon?"

"You'd better save your wind to get up these hills, instead of wasting it asking questions," answered old Pete; "and besides, a pine-tree, such as you be, with a six-shooter handy, ought to be able to bluff off a half-breed, anyway."

It was while they were cooking supper in a secluded spot in the ravine, just below the first of the claims they had come to operate upon that night, that Josiah

learned more of Henry Flatfoot. It would seem that he must be the boss bad citizen of Shasta County. Barclay told Josiah that the half-breed had shot at many men in various fights, had stabbed one or two, and bore the record of his encounters in scars over his body and a long knife mark across his left cheek. "He served a term in San Quentin," went on Barclay, ruminating. "It was after he tried to hold up the Bieber stage, up yon way, and was shot in the shoulder. They chased him for five days. He was so near petered out that he even threw away his gun, or some of them wouldn't have been so hot to overtake him. At last they caught him in a deep cave on the McCloud, and how do you s'pose they knew he was back in the dark hole? It was by the shine of his eyes; they were just like an animal's. People say it's due to the fact that a wildcat crawled into his mother's cabin one night not long before he was born."

It was very dark in the hills at nine o'clock. At that hour, Pete Barclay stationed Josiah Godbolt beside the scrub-oak upon which Henry Flatfoot's location of the claim was posted, with the instruction that when he could feel both hands of his big silver watch, from which the crystal had been removed, pointing straight upward, he was to tear down the half-breed's notice and tack up their own as noiselessly as possible. Then he was to stand guard beside the sign of their possession until morning. Pete would do the same on the other claim.

"And what if somebody comes snorting around here and wants to clean me out?" asked Josiah.

"Well, the law gives a man the right to defend his property in the certainest way he knows how, and that's my best gun you've got in your belt there," replied Pete, as he felt his way into the little trail which led to the other claim, half a mile away over the hill.

Josiah found his vigil growing tedious rapidly. He feared to move about in the darkness, lest he should lose the tree, and he had been advised not to disclose his presence to chance prowlers by striking a light. For the same reason he checked a half-involuntary impulse to whistle. He slid to the ground, with his back against the tree, and occupied himself with thinking over all he had heard about the half-breed, who would own the very ground upon which he was sitting for more than two hours to come. Supposing Henry Flatfoot should take a notion to visit the claim while it still belonged to him? Who would be the intruder then, and on whose side would the law be? Josiah moved his big foot, and the crackling of a twig beneath it startled him and set his heart to beating.

The darkness was so intense that Josiah could see as little with his eyes open as with them shut. He could not see the hand on his crooked-up knee, and he could not see his right hand, which, somehow, seemed comfortable only when it rested upon the butt of the revolver swung loosely in his leather belt. Many the night when he had followed the dogs at a run in the bottoms along the Mississippi until the 'possum was treed and the axes could be swung to fell the perch, but he had not supposed that a night, when neither snow nor rain was falling, could be as dark as this. Clouds hid every star. In shifting his position he was delighted to discover a glow-worm. He seized the insect, and drawing up his cowhide shoes, smeared phosphorous on the toe of each. He could now follow the motion of his feet when he moved them, and he felt more collected.

With limbs numb from sitting so long in this posture, Josiah pulled out his watch in haste. Surely it was already past midnight. The long hand was undoubtedly pointing straight up, but an angle separated the short hand from it. It was eleven o'clock. If Henry Flatfoot were coming to try to save his claims he would arrive during the next hour. Josiah tried to keep thoughts of the desperate Indian out of his mind. The night had been very still. Suddenly the brush crackled slightly. Josiah found when all was silent again that he had unconsciously risen to his feet and was supporting himself with one hand against the tree while in the other he gripped his revolver. It was only a rabbit moving in the chemise, of course. He restored the weapon to its place, and sank down again. After a time a sound in the brush off to the other side set him a-quiver again, but he convinced himself that only a toad could make such a wee noise, though it had sounded loud enough at first. When a strange night bird cried out he did not move or touch his gun, and he told himself that he had banished his silly fears. The night was cold, but somehow he did not feel the chill.

During the last half-hour before midnight, Josiah held his watch on his palm, and with his fingers followed the long hand as it mounted the dial. Anybody would know that if the half-breed Henry Flatfoot were coming to prevent his location notice from being torn down, he would not have waited until so late to come.

Josiah could feel his palm perspiring beneath the cold case of the watch when at last both hands were squarely upon the figure twelve. In a moment he was upon his feet ripping the half-rotten cloth sign from its place upon the tree. The new piece of cloth a foot square he spread against the trunk, whether right side or wrong side to the bark he neither knew nor thought, and began to drive in tacks with his heavy pocket-knife. The sound of the hammering was like the thundering of a stamp-mill to him, and yet his ears caught that cautious sound in the chemise. He dropped his knife and drove in the rest of the tacks with the sheer strength of his callous fingers. Then he dropped to the ground upon his knees, and waited.

The quiet was absolute. Yet Josiah knew that the

sound he had heard was not made by a rabbit or by a toad. Something a good deal larger than either had moved in the brush within a hundred feet of him. He was on his own ground now, but somehow he was more nervous than before. Tensely he waited. At last it came again, just as he knew it would. Something or somebody was moving slowly toward the little clearing, in the midst of which was the tree beneath which he crouched. Two steps, three steps, the thing would stop, wait in silence, and then come on. With his long pistol across his knees and gripped tightly, Josiah bent forward. The sound was most like that which a man would make in crawling. Only one man on earth could have any reason to approach that lonely spot by stealth at that hour of the night, and that man would be Henry Flatfoot, the half-breed desperado, coming to see whether the notice by virtue of which he had held this mining claim had been disturbed. The sounds were repeated, and again ceased. Another sound broke the hush: "Henry Flatfoot, the law is now on my side; you'd better go back—so help you Gawd!"

There was a light commotion in the chemise. Perhaps the unseen had heeded the warning, and was now retreating. But in another ten seconds the steps came on again.

Upon the strained gaze of Josiah there burst two balls as of yellow fire. They dazzled him even as his senses told him what they must be. Such eyes as those burning out of the darkness there into his own, Josiah Godbolt had never dreamed existed, and he knew negro superstitions like a book. The hellish eyes were growing into the size of full moons, and they seemed to be coming, coming.

Silence, awful, ominous; then a pistol shot rang out. Two screams succeeded almost on the instant. One shrill cry was from Josiah, who had fired, the other from the spot where the eyes had vanished, and the brush crackled as with a heavy body plunged back into it.

When, just as daylight was chasing away the last shadow, Pete Barclay stepped from the trail into the clearing where he had left his partner, the spectacle which met him caused him to stop and utter a characteristic exclamation. In a heap upon the ground by the tree was Josiah. His face was white and drawn almost past recognition. His eyes were bleared and teary. In both hands his pistol was clutched, and it was held ready for instant use. Barclay moved up to him and gently wrenched away the weapon. "What in the name of all the ghosts has happened to you, Jo?" he asked, with a tenderness of which no one would have suspected him.

"Over there," whispered Josiah, pointing.

"What's over there, the ghosts?"

"The half-breed," piped Josiah. "Lord Gawd, I had to kill him." He sank his head upon his knees.

Pete Barclay went over to where the brush was beaten down, and peered into the thicket. There, lifeless, lay a gaunt, ugly form. Josiah had shot the panther squarely between the now half-closed eyes.

RUFUS M. STEELE.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1903.

It is somewhat of a coincidence that Lord Salisbury's will should disclose an estate within a couple of thousands or so of his father's which, thirty-five years ago, was valued at \$1,500,000. The present premier, Arthur Balfour, is much wealthier than was his uncle, his income, it is said, being about \$350,000 a year. The money came from his grandfather, who earned a vast fortune in India at the beginning of last century by contracting for the navy, making as much as \$1,500,000 in four years. When the income tax stood so high during the Boer war, it was stated that Mr. Balfour handed over to the inland revenue an amount equal to his salary as prime minister. Lord Rosebery is another exceedingly wealthy man who has been premier. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, was a comparatively poor man, although so skilled at finance. He was fairly wealthy at one time, but unfortunate investments in mines reduced his capital very much.

Professor Jonathan Hutchinson, the well-known surgeon and expert on leprosy, in a letter to the London *Times*, renews his former endeavor to establish the connection between the eating of decayed fish on religious fast days and the spread of that loathsome disease. In India, he points out, where in vast districts fish is forbidden food, the ratio of leprosy is 6 per 10,000; in Colombia, where the consumption of fish is stimulated by religious ritual, the leprosy ratio is nearly 70 per 10,000. Mr. Hutchinson again expresses the hope that the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church will devote earnest thought to the subject.

Eight valuable photographic films, which Professor George Grant McCurdy, of Yale, used to secure pictures of special interest in Europe last summer, have been ruined by the inspection of the New York customs service. Dr. McCurdy had packed the films in a box, and sent them to the United States, as he preferred to have them developed here. The box was opened and light let in on the films.

The photographers of Great Britain and the Continent of Europe are up in arms against the illustrated post-card, which is charged with ruining the traffic in photographic views, from which they formerly derived large revenues.

THE MOMENT'S NOVELTIES.

Autumn in New York—The Effect of the Wall Street Panic—Styles in Vehicles—Maxine Elliott and Other Actresses—Dowie—A Singular Painting.

New York is having a late autumn. The season for early frosts is almost here, and the air is still mild and surcharged, with just the faintest underbreath of cold. If one were in the country now, the distances would be gray and misty, the woods densely brilliant masses of crimson and orange and yellow. There would be a continual, slow circling downward of browned leaves, a smell of wood fires in the air, and clear, red-glowing sunsets. The West offers nothing finer than autumn in the country round New York. It has a curious intimate charm. Nature in her beautiful decline comes closer than ever to man, surrounds him with an atmosphere of poetic melancholy, stimulates him with the whispered suggestion of winter and its bracing cold.

One sees nothing of this in the city. Here and there a little park shows an expanse of damp, grizzled turf, or a few half-bared trees, with a scattering of leaves fluttering raggedly from black boughs. But the air is warm, almost balmy, and the sun shines benignly on streets full of people still wearing their summer clothes. Nothing suggests that winter is lurking just outside the door.

Nevertheless, though the season is late and quantities of houses still have the blue blinds down, the town looks very full. Women, who last year flourished about in watering-places and country houses till late in November, are this year coming back in October. A good many of them look rather down on their luck, and are wearing much less radiant clothes than formerly. The recent failures and dropping of stocks in Wall Street have hit aristocratic New York hard. It is said to have been "a rich man's panic," and families who last year spent fifty thousand, are this year cutting things down to a thirty-thousand rate of expenditure. That in New York's "hupper suckles" really means pinching. The red automobile is laid upon the shelf, and one no longer gets one's clothes from Paris.

To the eye of the traveler, there is no difference in the gayety, brilliancy, and general splendor of the crowds on the Avenue, in the shops, and at the theatres. Everybody seems to be spending money as freely as of yore. From what I hear, dressmakers are not going down in prices, and all the world cheerfully pays two dollars and a half for its theatre tickets. There are still lines of footmen holding dogs outside the big department-stores, and hansoms are still ranged along the kerb at Mrs. Osborne's dressmaking establishment, the face of which is decked with rows of flower-boxes, and within which one can buy a "sweet little frock" for two hundred and fifty dollars. Every afternoon, the Avenue is so crowded that the vehicles congest at the wider cross-streets. They have set up a mounted policeman at Thirty-Fourth Street, where he sits immovable, with the traffic breaking round him like the Johnstown flood, and where he yells and uplifts his hand all day. I don't notice so many automobiles as I did last year, but the smart private turn-outs are just as numerous. A high basket phaeton seems to be one of the innovations, the seat set aloft on slender red wheels. From that to the respectable family landau, which is so wide and roomy that the occupants have the appearance of sitting in a large, deep bath, every sort of city conveyance is represented.

Interesting professional people are beginning to appear, for the theatres are all opening. I saw Maxine Elliott in a hansom, the other afternoon, quietly dressed and not looking half so handsome as she does on the stage. The story that she almost starved herself in her efforts to get thin she denies. She says she got herself down to her present sylph-like proportions—for she is slim as a young girl—by athletic exercise. Behind the footlights she is as beautiful as ever—quite the handsomest woman on the stage in this country. Her blonde rival—rival as far as beauty goes, I mean—Lillian Russell, is also to be seen taking an afternoon outing in a very elegant victoria. Lillian is, as ever, made up in the most miraculous manner. She has the appearance of being in a painted case or shell, which looks as if it might come off at night and be hung on the gas. She has a strange, unreal sort of beauty, like an idealized painting, and with her golden hair in a scoop on her forehead, and a bright purple hat on her head, is really a sight to take away your breath.

Rose Coghlan, who has reappeared after some years of seclusion to make the hit of "Ulysses," and be in the mouth of every one who knows anything of good playing, goes tooling by in her hansom with a woman friend beside her. Rose must be getting on in years, but she is a personable looking woman still, with a good deal of color left in her blue eyes, and a handsome, masterful sort of face. It is wonderful how actresses wear. Their life is one of hard work, perpetual strain, and incessant worry, yet they retain their looks longer than any other class of women in the world. They furnish a direct refutation of the theory that beauty is preserved by an easy life and a freedom from strenuous endeavor. Look at Patti and Bernhardt! In their 'sixties, and from their childhood two of the hardest-working women of their day.

Of the sensations and *on-dits* of the moment, the most prominent at this writing is John Alexander Dowie—otherwise Elijah the Restorer. If the Chicago prophet (or "profit," as the irreverent call him), wanted to create an excitement he has certainly done so. The city is deeply wrought up over him—not as a missionary, but as an astonishing personality. I can't write about him in this letter as I have not room enough, but he has stirred up Gotham to its depths. Every one has an anecdote to communicate about the bands of Zion to any one who will listen, and as one walks by the Madison Square Garden one is constantly greeted by hails of "Peace to thee!" When a Dowieite says this to you, you are supposed to respond: "Peace to thee multiplied!" It is as if the hosts of Brigham Young, before they became as rich and powerful as they are now, had come and settled in the midst of an old and conventionalized community, loudly voicing their intention of converting it.

The newest things after Dowie are of varying importance, according to your point of view. If you are of the female persuasion and find the weird and unaccountable fluctuations of fashion matter of moment, it may interest you to know that when a lady wears heavy gloves she does not button them. I drove up Fifth Avenue, the other morning, in a stage which was filled with women of varying ages, all prettily and richly dressed. Their hands were in their laps and, it being in the morning, each pair was encased in dog-skin or castor gloves, and each glove was unbuttoned, with the wrist hanging down over the back. It struck me as so odd that a whole stage full of women should have forgotten to button their gloves, that I asked a wise friend about it, and my ignorance was enlightened. Heavy gloves are not buttoned, and it is the correct thing to wear the wrists of them turned over and pulled down. I think it very kind of me to have noted this and imparted it to that wild section of the country where such useful information would be long in arriving.

This is the latest fad I can report in fashion. There may be others, but I have not come upon them yet, and I don't think any others could be more singular. Purple is the new color—so loud you hear it calling out greetings like the Dowieites as it comes down the street. If you have a bright purple hat with a bright purple feather flowing over your hair, and your gloves not buttoned, you will do. Have no fears. Elijah the Restorer may call you "a miserable mosquito" or "a dirty dog" (two of his favorite epithets in addressing the unruly members of his congregations), but well-dressed New York will approve of you, and what can one want more?

In matters artistic, the metropolis boasts of but one novelty. This is a picture which has suddenly bloomed in every window where photographs and engravings are for sale. It bears the inscription: "The Sensation of the Paris Salon of 1903," and its name is "Vertige." Need one say after this that it represents a gentleman kissing a lady? Pictured kisses are rarely graceful or beautiful. However attractive a kiss may be in the doing, it is not a thing which lends itself well to pictorial representation. Great artists have avoided it as a dangerous snare. The Old Masters only painted such peaceful and holy kisses as that with which Elizabeth greeted Mary, or the Madonna gave her babe. Correggio's "Jupiter and Io" is, at this moment, the only celebrated painting I can think of which represents a kiss, and the two groups of Rodin and Canova the only pieces of sculpture.

"The Sensation of the Paris Salon" is well drawn and graceful. The artist has avoided the *banalité* of painting the two faces, and this, I should fancy, was the reason of the picture's success. The lady, in modern evening dress, sits on a sofa, one arm, in its long, loose glove, thrown along the back. The man has been standing just behind the sofa, and to speak to him she has had to lean her head far back on the cushions, and thus presents her upturned face to his scrutiny in what must have been a very tempting manner. He was evidently of the opinion of that modern philosopher who said "that the best way to get rid of a temptation was to yield to it." The picture represents him in the act of yielding. He has bent down over the sofa back, his hand closed lightly on the woman's arm in its long glove. The top of his smooth dark head is presented to the spectator, and of the woman's face one only sees a portion of her cheek and ear. The kiss is thus artistically concealed, and of the two figures—which are excellently drawn—one really only sees the woman's, which is lithe and elegant, suggesting a proud, fine beauty.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, October 22, 1903.

According to Charcot, of the school of the Salpêtrière, hypnotism is an artificial neurosis, and can be produced with hysterical persons only. It can be applied but rarely, the dangers of hypnotism being greater than its advantages, because it may bring to life the latent hysteria and unbalance the nervous system. Liébault and Bernheim, the founders of the Nancy school, assert the contrary, that nothing can be more erroneous than the above-mentioned supposition; that every person is more or less suggestible, and that no harm or inconvenience whatever results from hypnotization, provided the suggestive method be used. The Nancy school defines hypnotism as a physiological state, closely allied to sleep, in which the suggestibility of a person is greatly exalted. It bases hypnotism and its therapeutic action entirely on suggestion.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF DICKENS.

The City of Portsmouth to Make a Museum of It.

The sale at Portsmouth, on Tuesday last, of the home where Charles Dickens was born, and its purchase by the corporation of that city for the purpose of converting it into a museum of relics and articles of interest connected with the famous novelist, has brought to light a flood of reminiscences in the papers. When I was last down at Portsmouth, during the visit of the American squadron under Admiral Cotton in July, I saw the house—a small, red brick residence of two stories and a basement, which stands back from the road, with a little "garden" in front, an iron railing enclosing it from the thoroughfare, Commercial Road. It is really situated at the end of a row of pretentious modern houses, known as Mile End Terrace, and is a fine sample of the better sort of house of the early part of the last century, which were inhabited by middle-class people in easy circumstances. It is what is known in England as semi-detached, and over the front door is the number 393. In Dickens's time the number was 387, but the corporation renumbered the house.

The last occupant of Dickens's birthplace was a Miss Pearce, and it was her executors who sold the house. The rent-book in the possession of Miss Pearce's executors shows that the father of the great novelist was a clerk in the navy pay office, and that he rented the house from June 24, 1809, and entered into possession shortly after his marriage in that year. The first child of this marriage was born in the second year of the tenancy, and was named Frances Elizabeth, but was commonly known and referred to by the novelist as Fanny. Here about two years later, on February 17, 1812, Charles Dickens first saw the light. He was born on a Friday, like David Copperfield; in fact, Dickens is known to have regarded Friday as his lucky day, as many important things happened to him, and many of his books are said to have been begun, on that day. Whether the latter was intentional on his part no one knows.

When hardly a month old he was baptised at the parish church at Portsted. This church has now become one of the finest and most imposing edifices in the South of England. It is the church whose lofty spire at once attracts the eye of the passenger approaching Portsmouth by train, and can always be seen from the windows on the right of the carriage as you draw near to the famous dock-yard city of Hampshire. The church was restored at a large outlay some years ago, the chief contributor to the extent of many thousands of pounds being Mr. W. H. Smith, the head of the great firm of railway stall news-venders, who hold the monopoly of selling books and papers at every railway station in England. Dickens was baptised by the name of John Charles Huffam. This is incorrectly spelled "Huffham" in the church register. It is well known that Dickens never used either his first or third Christian name. They are not included in his signature on his marriage certificate. The stone slab which marks his last resting place in Westminster Abbey does not bear them, as all good Americans who come to London know full well. Just outside the house in the pavement, a tablet is fixed, which says: "In this house Charles Dickens was born," giving the date of birth. Several of the letters of the inscription are missing, no doubt the prey of vandal relic hunters. Indeed, precautions against depredations have been found necessary for some time past. The two cellar windows have been backed with iron, and the street door has no less than five bolts.

The rooms within are exactly eight in number, and include a parlor and dining-room, and two good bedrooms, back and front. Which of these was the novelist's birth spot is not known, but it is naturally assumed to have been the "best," or front bedroom, whose windows look on the street.

In those days the house was far out of town; now it is quite within reach of everything, as electric tram-cars pass the main street of Portsmouth. The town-hall, the railway station, the general post-office, and the leading theatre, as well as all the best shops, stand upon it. The Dickens family left the old house in 1812, and went to live in Hawke Street, Portsted. Here they lived until Charles was ten years old, and it becomes incidentally a matter of interest to think that, as a boy, he undoubtedly witnessed the fitting out of the frigate *Shannon*, which afterward captured the *Chesapeake* in the famous naval battle.

It is needless to say that the sale of the old house by auction has attracted much attention all over England. The Portsmouth city authorities, after much cogitation, decided to buy it. There was considerable opposition from unsentimental rate-payers. Fortunately, Sir William Dupree, the city's mayor, is a man of wealth, and, though essentially self-made, has a soul above buttons. His influence prevailed, and at the sale he became the purchaser at the high price of five thousand six hundred and twenty-five dollars, more than twice the real market value of the premises. There have been some groans about it, but on the whole I think the mayor and the people of Portsmouth are to be congratulated. Years hence, the property will be priceless. One reason for its purchase by the city was the fear of the house being altered or pulled down. This would, indeed, have been a calamity, for the Dickens's home has always been one of the chief points of interest in Portsmouth, and has attracted many visitors and tourists.

LONDON, October 3, 1903.

COCKAYNE

GABRIEL AND URIEL.

By Jerome A. Hart.

On our second day in Jerusalem, when our dragoman, Gabriel (Armenian and Christian), took us into a Turkish bazar, and said that he thought the Turkish shopkeepers were more honest than the Latin Christians, the Greek Christians, the Syrian Christians, or the Jews, he rather surprised me.

"How about the Armenians, Gabriel?" I asked.

"They are the most bad of all," he replied.

While Gabriel was trying to persuade the Turkish shopkeeper to show us some goods (Turks are not "hustlers"), I stepped across the street to look at some photographs in a window there.

I was immediately beset by touts. I shook them off—all but one. Of him anon. Let me preface my experience with him by some moral reflections on anger. To begin with, never get angry when traveling. It is a grave error. Anger congests your cerebral blood-vessels, affects your nerves, gives you pipe-stem arteries, and seriously interferes with digestion. Never get angry, particularly while traveling—there are plenty of things which occur while traveling calculated to make you angry, but never permit them to do so.

But sometimes you may permit yourself to pretend to be angry. In the Orient, much business is transacted by means of personal abuse. For example, the man on horseback always abuses the man on foot; the man driving a carriage always abuses the pedestrian; the footman hurls back the abuse at the horseman, but takes care to get out of his way. The policeman in the Orient abuses everybody; true, he frequently uses a stout cane to chastise, but he rules the populace principally by abuse. Therefore, it is often useful in Oriental cities to indulge in loud and noisy talk in order to accomplish whatever end you may have in view. If a tout annoys you by his loud importunities, abuse him even more loudly. If a dragoman or a boatman tries to impose upon you and begins to yell at you, always yell back at him, and yell louder.

Jerusalem is infested by the most noisy and pestiferous shop-touts I ever saw. As I said, gangs of them lie in wait for the unfortunate tourist; they pester him, dog his footsteps, and almost pull him into their shops. This particularly persistent tout addressed me as I was approaching his photograph shop. I immediately worked myself into a furious rage.

"What do you mean?" I bawled, "I was about to go into your shop, where I would have bought at least 20 francs' worth of photos, when you get between me and the window, and prevent me from seeing the very views I intended to purchase."

In Oriental countries most people have nothing to do, and a crowd speedily gathered. The proprietor hastened out of the shop—he was alarmed—he tried to pacify me. But I would not be pacified.

"What sort of a shop do you keep, anyway?" I yelled. "And what sort of shopmen? I would have bought 50 francs' worth of photos if it were not for this fellow's interference."

The proprietor again tried to mollify me, but I would not listen.

"But, sir," said he, appealingly, "I beg you to overlook it."

"Overlook nothing!" I replied. "I will not overlook it. I will warn all the other tourists in the hotel to keep away from your place, and I will tell them to go to the shop across the street."

Here I started ostentatiously for the rival shop.

The proprietor played his last card. He pointed to the crest-fallen tout, who stood with almost tearful countenance, listening to my bitter indictment.

"Pardon the young man, sir, I beg of you," he said, "really he did not mean it. He knows no better, sir. He is not from Jerusalem. He comes from Bethlehem."

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On our third day in Jerusalem, our dragoman, Gabriel, fell ill. I do not wonder at it. How any one can stay well in Jerusalem with its awful filth, its mephitic air, and its rain-water tanks full of the foulness of ages, is to me incomprehensible.

Anyway, Gabriel fell ill, and his son dragomanned in his stead. Like his father, the youth was named Gabriel. But in order to avoid mixing up young and old Gabriel, I concluded to call the youth "Uriel." Close students of "Paradise Lost" will remember that Uriel slid down to Gabriel on a sunbeam—"gliding through the even swift as a shooting-star." This simile of Milton's seems to me a poetic way of indicating how old Gabriel acquired young Gabriel much more poetic than is the old story of the stork.

We found the youthful Uriel rather more interesting than his father, for these old dragomans get to be frightful bores. They are like music-boxes—when they get wound up they have to go through the whole tune without missing a note. If you stop the music-box by asking a question, the mechanism clicks, and the dragoman goes back to the beginning of the music-barrel, and gives it to you all over again. Young Gabriel, being new to his business, had not learned his lessons thoroughly, and therefore could answer questions. Furthermore, he was quite intelligent, fairly educated, and spoke both French and English as if he had been taught them in schools. I asked him where he learned his languages, and he told us that he had been a pupil at the Franciscan monastery. He offered to take us to his *alma mater*, whither we went willingly, and were repaid with a fine view of Jerusalem from the flat roof of the lofty building.

**

Jerusalem is no longer confined within walls. As we stood on the flat roof of the Franciscan monastery, and surveyed the extensive prospect, we observed that the ground covered with buildings outside the walls exceeded the area within. In fact, there has been a building boom at Jerusalem.

NATIVE AND FOREIGN

This has brought about a vast deal of grading and filling outside the walls, for the country is mountainous, and abounds in deep gorges. The physical changes taking place around Jerusalem to-day give one an idea of how the ancient city has come to be buried, for in places it lies more than a hundred feet below the present level.

In reply to my questions, our young friend Uriel gave me some data about Jerusalem and the Jerusalem Jews. When it came to proper names, he very obligingly wrote them in my note-book. Unfortunately, he put Jewish names in Hebrew characters, Syrian names in Syriac—in fact, each language in its own character. When I was forced to admit that I could not read them, Uriel was surprised, but sympathetic. Between us, we transliterated them into English—with what success I do not know. Some of Uriel's facts and names are here set down.

There has been a vast influx of people to Jerusalem of late years, principally Jews. There are no census figures obtainable, but the foreign consuls estimate that there are about fifty thousand Jews in Jerusalem—about twice as many as all the other inhabitants combined. The Jews are divided into two groups—the descendants of the ancient Israelites (Sephardim) and the new immigrants (Ashkenazim). There is no love lost between the Sephardim and the Ashkenazim. They differ radically in language and in customs. The Sephardim speak Oriental dialects, while the Ashkenazim from Germany, Poland, and Russia speak Yiddish. The Jewish immigrants from Asia and Africa consort with the Sephardim, and the two clans seem to be divided on Oriental and Occidental lines.

Uriel rather surprised me by saying that the number of Spanish-speaking Jews is very large, and that the Spanish Jews consort with the Oriental clan.

One of the causes of jealousy between the two groups is the enormous charitable fund, called the *Halucca*, which is sent to Jerusalem by Jews all over the world. Prior to the Jerusalem boom, and the advent of the new-comers, the Sephardim lived in luxury on the *Halucca*. They were well treated by the Turks, practiced polygamy like them, and were quite friendly with the governing people. But with the arrival of the Ashkenazim all this was changed. The Ashkenazim brought to Jerusalem all manner of European prejudices against the Turks, and the Turks speedily resented their attitude. Before long, the Turks lumped the two Jewish clans together, and treated the Sephardim as severely as they did the Ashkenazim. Thus the Sephardim have suffered both socially and financially. Prior to the boom, the Sephardim received from the *Halucca* enough to live on in comfort—sometimes even in luxury. Since the arrival of the Ashkenazim, the *Halucca* has been so divided up that both clans are barely able to exist. Some of them have been forced to go to work. Playing on the feelings of charitable Jews throughout the world, and thereby increasing the *Halucca*, is quite a business in Jerusalem. On mail day the various post-offices of the different European nations are crowded with Jews sending off begging letters.

In addition to the thousands of Jews who are maintained individually by the *Halucca*, there are many colonies of Jews subsidized by foreign associations or individuals. Baron Rothschild supports one at Mt. Carmel. There are other colonies in different parts of Palestine. They are not attractive places, and do not compare with the Russian and German settlements, where the colonists are self-sustaining. The acceptance of alms seems to cause atrophy of the moral fibre. I never saw a Jewish beggar in the United States, and I know of no race or religion that takes better care of its weaklings than do the Jews in our country. But the condition to which these pauperized Jews have fallen in these subsidized Palestine colonies shows the depths reached by him who has ceased to support himself.

**

When we had finished our inspection and Uriel had finished his lecture, we descended from the roof of the Franciscan monastery to view the interior.

Young Uriel took us all over the establishment, which includes a number of buildings. Among them there is a school conducted by the Christian Brothers. Hanging on the wall are specimens of the pupils' handwriting. A glance at this collection shows how curiously jumbled the nationalities are. The autographs are in Roman, in Cursive, in Arabic, in Hebraic, and in other Oriental alphabets.

With great pride, young Uriel took us into the "Club Room." It seems that the Alumni of the institution, of whom he was one, had formed a club, and the Franciscan fathers had placed at their disposal quarters in the monastery. Here they had reading and writing rooms, although I saw no facilities for drinking and smoking. In their club-rooms, they held assemblies at stated intervals, where papers were read, short plays acted, and other entertainments given.

I complimented young Uriel on the up-to-dateness of the Jerusalem youth. "I belong to several clubs," said I, with much gravity, "but I have never seen one exactly like this." This was strictly true.

Young Uriel was much gratified by my implied flattery, and replied: "Yes, we are all very pride of our club, but it has many of the difficulties."

"What are they, pray?" I inquired, sympathetically.

"The principal difficulty," said young Uriel, severely, "is that much of the members refuse to fill the offices at the club, and when they do fill them, they refuse to perform their performances."

"Plait-it?" said I; "come again, please."

"To transact their acts," added Uriel, explanatorily; "to make their duties."

"Ah, yes," I interrupted; "to do their doings, you mean."

"Yes," said Uriel, "to do their doings. Thus all the work falls on the government committee, and the members hold the government responsible for everything, and abuse at the gov-

ernment committee all the times. I appertain to the government committee," added young Uriel, with a pained air, "and we are all very much broken-hearted, and we have thought of resigning our functions so ungrateful."

The good fathers, I learned, are very much surprised at these hitches in the club; they think that if club-rooms are provided, a club should run smoothly and automatically. The worthy fathers are unworldly men, or they would know that this is the weakness of all clubs.

**

The most interesting sights of this monastery are the workshops, where all sorts of crafts are followed. There are workers in iron and workers in wood, workers in leather and grinders of grain; all sorts of primitive crafts

are taught in that primitive country, from turning the berry of the wheat into flour, making the flour into bread, the dressing of hides, making leather into shoes weaving cloth and making it into garments. The highest of the crafts here represented was the typographic art and kindred crafts, for there was a large establishment here devoted to type-setting, printing, engraving, lithography, and book-binding. I inspected the machinery with some curiosity; I found that it came from Germany, Belgium, and Italy—none from the United States. It did not seem to me to compare in workmanship and finish with the printing machinery made here. In addition to type-setting and printing, there was also a small type-foundry in operation. I watched the youths who were being trained in operating the type-casting machines. They knew nothing of the linotype machine. When I described to them this machine, which casts a solid type-bar with letters on its face, their surprise was amusing. They none of them spoke English, but all spoke French, and some Italian. It was a little difficult for me to describe so complicated a machine in a foreign language, but I succeeded in describing something, for after I had gone to the other end of the room the type-founders assembled in a body, talked it over, and sized me up. They either believe that the linotype is the boss machine of the twentieth century, or that I am the boss liar, and I am not quite certain which.

As a souvenir of our visit we purchased one of the books printed by the Franciscan establishment. It was a guide-book in three volumes, and very neatly printed and bound. Its author was one of the reverend fathers belonging to the monastery. The book begins with a most sweeping retraction of anything he might say that might be condemned by the Holy See. Translated, it reads as follows:

"I, the undersigned, hereby declare that I am ready to retract and to strike out from my book anything which may have crept into it without my intention that might be contrary to the Christian faith and to the teachings of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. As I belong to the great Franciscan family, I have learned from its venerable Father the most docile submission to the Church of Rome, mother and mistress of all churches. FATHER LIEVIN DE HAMME."

Next comes this:

"Having had this book examined by two theologians, they permitted its publication. FATHER AURELIUS DE BUJA. "Custodian of the Holy Land."

And the third declaration is this:

"Let it be imprinted. FATHER LUDOVICUS. "Patriarcha Hierosolymitanus."

The last gentleman, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, thus permits its publication. Otherwise, it would be anathema. And yet it is only a guide-book.

**

When we left the Franciscan monastery, and walked down one of the Jerusalem stair-case streets, we met a veiled Turkish woman climbing up. I noticed an apparent movement of recognition on the part of Uriel, and the Turkish lady's balloon-like form undulated slightly all over, as if she noted the recognition.

"Come, come, Uriel," said I, severely. "This will never do. This thing of flirting with Turkish ladies is strictly prohibited by the Koran, article steen, sections 4, 11, 44. You are young and heedless. I have often heard of foreigners being done to death by the indignant Turkish husbands of lady Turkesses at whom foreigners had winked. Much as it would pain me to think of your losing your young life, it would pain me more—infinite more—to think of your losing mine. Prithee no more of this, good Uriel. If you are going to mash any more Turkish ladies, please do it when you are not taking us through Turkish towns."

Uriel turned, and knocked me out with a phrase: "It is my mother, sir," he responded, simply.

I gazed at him and gasped. When I had recovered my breath, I cried: "Your mother! How is it that you, a Christian, a student at the Franciscan monastery, should have a Turkish mother?"

"My mother is not Turkish," said Uriel, with a smile, "but many womans here, Christians, Jewesses, and others, wear the Turkish dress in order to avoid insult. Mohammedan womans are respected of all. But womans who are not Mohammedans are not respected of the Mohammedans. It is not proper for me to recognize my mother in public, but I could not help a slight motion. You will pardon me, will you not, sir?"

"But how can you tell your mother? All these women in Turkish dress look alike."

In truth they do. They may be any age from nineteen to ninety, and they may be beautiful Circassians or Abyssinian women as black as charcoal—they all look alike, and they all look like — We never mind, they all look alike.

"I can not tell," said Uriel, reflectively. "I do not know every woman that I know but I think every man he know his mother."

It seems likely, on the whole, and I felt quite apologetic toward Uriel for having suspected him of trying to mash his mother.

TROWBRIDGE'S "OWN STORY."

Some Interesting Literary Reminiscences.

One of the most popular writers a generation ago was Johnson Townsend Trowbridge, whose entertaining autobiography, "My Own Story," has just been brought out. Mr. Trowbridge is now in his seventy-sixth year. He has been in turn school-teacher, farmer, newspaper writer, writer of short stories, of novels, of boys' stories, and of hooks of travel. He contributed to the first number of the *Atlantic*, and was a friend of the New England immortals. "That something of the freshness of dawn," he says, "is preserved for me in the evening of my days, I believe that I owe primarily to a sound though delicate constitution: to an instinctive, never ascetic obedience to the laws of health, and above all to a mind open to the 'beauty and wonder' of the existence in which we are 'embosomed.'"

Mr. Trowbridge made his reputation with "Neighbor Jackwood" before the Civil War broke out. This he followed with "The Drummer Boy" and "Cudjo's Cave," and other successes. He had a pretty knack at poetry, too, and even to-day some of his poems, like "The Vagabonds," "We Are Two Travellers, Roger and I," and "Darius Green with His Flying Machine" are included in the school-readers or selected for recitations.

"A Backwoods Boyhood" is the title of Mr. Trowbridge's opening chapter, in which he tells of his youthful struggles to secure an education at Ogden, in Western New York, then almost a wilderness. He attended the primitive district school of those days, and at thirteen began to write verses. The young poet made his first appearance in print at sixteen, in the county newspaper. His verses, on the Tomb of Napoleon, had been written as a school exercise, and owed their publication either to his teacher or to his father. After much private reading and study, a taste of the classics at a Lockport academy, and two terms of school-teaching, he started at nineteen for New York City to earn his living by his pen—of course, with the traditional roll of manuscript in his pocket or in his carpet-bag.

He applied to Major Noah, then editor of the *Sunday Times*, for advice as to his pursuit of writing as a profession. He submitted samples of his verse and a story to him, and Major Noah, after reading them and learning that he had no other means of support unless he went back to school-teaching or farming, advised him to write, sticking, for the time being, to prose: "If you devote yourself to it there is no reason why you shouldn't succeed," Mr. Trowbridge adds:

I do not know that ever in my life any words had made me so happy as these. In subsequent years of struggle, when more than once I was on the point of flinging down my pen, I sometimes wondered whether they were wise for him to speak or good for me to hear. But now that more than half a century has passed, and I can look back upon my early life almost as dispassionately as if it were that of another person. I can thank him again for the first authentic judgment ever pronounced upon my literary possibilities.

Here is an amusing anecdote which Mr. Trowbridge relates that will endear him still further to his admirers:

After I had been so far prospered as to be able to place a small deposit in a savings-bank, the father of a family once hesought me for a loan of sixty dollars. When I told him, to my sincere regret, that I had no such sum at command, he made answer that his quarter's rent was due, that he had been unable to collect some bills he had relied on to make up the needful sum, and he didn't know which way to turn, if I couldn't help him. "I haven't it," I repeated: "but"—I thought of my poor little savings-bank deposit, and of a family man's natural distress on being unable to pay his rent—"I might possibly raise it for you." Although I knew there would be a loss of accumulated and prospective interest if I withdrew my money from the bank, and I could not think of taking interest from a friend, his expressions of gratitude paid me in advance for any such sacrifice. I went at once and drew the sixty dollars, which I handed him without saying how I had come by it. He paid me in a week or two, thanked me warmly, and added this naive remark: "If you hadn't lent me the money, I should have had to take it out of the savings-bank, and have lost the interest." I smiled and held my peace.

In his interesting chapter on "Recollections of Noted Persons," Mr. Trowbridge proves conclusively that Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" was not written until the poet had become a reader and admirer of Emerson. He describes one early interview with Whitman in which the poet told him how the chance reading of a volume of Emerson's essays had aroused his powers:

His half-formed purpose, his vague aspirations, all that had lain smoldering so long within him, rushed into flame at the touch of

those electric words. He freely admitted that he could never have written his poems if he had not first "come to himself," and that Emerson helped him to find himself. I asked him if he thought he would have come to himself without that help. He said, "Yes, but it would have taken longer." And he used this characteristic expression: "I was simmering, simmering, simmering; Emerson brought me to a boil."

The eccentric poet's sturdy defiance of criticism is illustrated in a small way by his refusal to correct a false phrase, *Santa Spirita*, which he had coined and printed as good Italian, although it was pointed out to him afterward that *Spirito Santo*, or, indeed, Holy Spirit, would serve his purpose equally well. But he perversely retained the original blunder in later editions.

As a lecturer, Mr. Trowbridge says that Emerson was curiously unconventional and quite without art. He was at times amusingly careless with his manuscript, "losing his place and searching for it with stoical indifference to his patiently waiting audience—'up to my old tricks,' as I once heard him say when he was an unusually long time shuffling the misplaced leaves." Mr. Trowbridge adds:

He had the same habit that marked his conversation, of seeming often to pause and hesitate before coming down with force upon the important word. His voice was a pure haritone, and a perfect vehicle for his thought, which in great and happy moments imparted to it a quality I never heard in any other human speech. . . . Emerson was no orator. He had no gift of extemporary utterance, no outburst of improvisation. But in the expression of ethical thought, or in downright moral vehemence, I believed, and still believe, him unequalled. Well I remember how he once thrilled an immense audience in Tremont Temple in the Kansas Free State war days, in speaking of the principles of the Declaration of Independence, which Rufus Choate had recently brushed rather contemptuously aside as "glittering generalities." Emerson quoted the phrase, then, after a moment's pause, hurled at the remotest benches these words, like ringing javelins: "They do glitter! They have a right to glitter!" with a concentrated power no orator could have surpassed.

Apocryphos of Bronson Alcott's extraordinary indifference to the necessity of providing for his family, and his readiness to submit to any kind of money obligation, Mr. Trowbridge relates this story:

A friend of mine once saw him on a Nantasket boat, without a ticket, or money to pay for one. When called to account by the fare-taker, he remarked innocently that the trip had attracted him, and that he believed "there would be some provision"—a belief that was immediately vindicated by a passenger recognizing him and stepping up to make the "provision."

Mr. Trowbridge called upon Longfellow one day just after he had received a visit from Oliver Wendell Holmes. Longfellow had a headache:

When I inquired the cause, he replied: "The movement of my mind is so much more rapid than mine that I often find it difficult to follow him, and if I keep up the strain for any length of time a headache is the penalty." Every one who knew the autocrat must have been impressed by this trait ascribed to him by Longfellow—the extraordinary roidity of his mental processes. Not that he talked fast, but that his turns of thought were surprisingly bright and quick, and often made with a kind of scientific precision agreeably in contrast with the looseness of statement commonly characterizing those who speak volubly and think fast.

Over thirty illustrations—mostly portraits and many of them unfamiliar—supplement the text and add not a little to the attractiveness of the volume.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$2.50 net.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

President Roosevelt celebrated the forty-fifth anniversary of his birth in Washington, D. C., on Tuesday.

The board of trustees of Princeton University have elected H. A. Garfield, son of the murdered President, professor of politics, the post formerly held by John H. Finley, now president of the College of the City of New York.

Sands, Queen Victoria's old coachman, who drove her for more than forty years, and without whom she would not go out in a carriage, may be seen daily upon the streets of Windsor, and if you can warm him up a little, says William Curtis, he will relate anecdotes of the late queen by the hour. He is retired on a pension of seven hundred and fifty dollars, and has been given a little cottage on the royal estates at Eton to live in.

Three of the five women on the Revolutionary War pension roll are New Englanders. They are Hannah Newell Barrett, of Boston, one hundred and three, pensioned by special act as the daughter of Noah Harrod, who served two years as private with the Mas-

sachusetts line; Esther S. Damon, of Plymouth, Vt., eighty-nine, pensioned as the widow of Noah Damon, who served in the Massachusetts line from April, 1775, to May, 1780; and Rhoda Augusta Thompson, of Woodbury, Conn., eighty-two, pensioned by special act as the daughter of Thaddeus Thompson, who served six years as private in Colonel John Lam's New York regiment.

Ex-Queen Ranavalo of Madagascar has been spending a short holiday in France by permission of the French authorities. The queen resides at Algiers, where the government provides her with a house and a miserable pittance that barely allows her to keep herself decently. During the first week of her stay in Paris, she was forced to live so modestly that the papers chided the government for not providing her with an extra allowance of spending money. As a result, sympathizers came to her rescue. One lady loaned her her carriage, others sent her various tickets and invitations, so that after all she has had a fair time.

Robert W. Wilcox, who died in Honolulu on October 24th from consumption, played a prominent part in the political affairs of the Hawaiian Islands. In January, 1895, he led a revolution against the government of Hawaii to restore Queen Liliuokalani to the throne. His plans were a failure, and he was sentenced to death by a court-martial of the Dole government. On the intervention of the United States, however, the sentence was commuted to thirty-five years' imprisonment at hard labor and a fine of ten thousand dollars. In January, 1896, he was given a conditional pardon by President Dole, and in 1898 a full pardon. In November, 1900, he was elected by the Independent Native party as the first delegate to the Congress of the United States from Hawaii, defeating Samuel Parker, the Republican, and Prince David, the Democratic nominee.

John Alexander Dowie's recent threat to spank the Rev. Dr. Hillis and the Rev. Dr. Henson, of Brooklyn, recalls the incident in his Western experience which is thought to have been responsible for his hostility to the Plymouth Church minister. Dr. Hillis, in the early stages of Dowie's Chicago evolution, occasionally attended a Zionite service. Dowie knew him well by sight, and was noticeably uncomfortable when he was present. One day, "Elijah the Restorer," was explaining to a gaping multitude his own relation to the moral system of the universe. "Men and brethren," said the prophet, "I am not as other religious leaders have been. I am myself. I stand or fall by myself. The first Elijah went gloriously into the desert—probably on a camel. When the Founder of Christianity entered Jerusalem he rode in the beauty of modesty upon an ass. If it comes my hour to triumph—when I enter some great city, through gates flung wide to receive me—I shall know how to go humbly. I shall have not even an ass to carry me. I shall go on foot." From a seat under the tabernacle gallery, and suspiciously near that of Dr. Hillis, came the response: "Quite right, Dowie! One ass will be enough."

Political Announcements

For Mayor

HENRY J. CROCKER

Republican Nominee

The re-election of

EDMOND GODCHAUX

(DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE)

COUNTY RECORDER

means a continuance of the business methods in vogue in that department of the City Hall during the past three years.

BAHRS

For Tax Collector

EDWARD J. SMITH

(INCUMBENT)

Regular Republican Nominee

For District Attorney

EDWARD S. SALOMON

Republican Nominee

REPUBLICAN TICKET 1903

Mayor	Henry J. Crocker
Auditor	Harry Baehr
City Attorney	Percy V. Long
Sheriff	Henry H. Lynch
Assessor	Geo. H. Bahrs
Tax Collector	Edward J. Smith
Treasurer	John E. McDougald
Recorder	Louis N. Jacobs
County Clerk	John J. Greif
District Attorney	Edward S. Salomon
Coroner	Dr. Thos. H. Morris
Public Administrator	William E. Lutz

Supervisors:

Edward Aigelinger
George Alpers
Maurice L. Asher
Wm. Barton
Frederick N. Bent
Dr. Chas. Boston
Geo. Dietterle
Thos. C. Duff
Frederick Eggers
Theodore Lunstedt
Maxwell McNutt
Joseph S. Nyland
L. A. Rea
W. W. Sanderson
Dr. J. I. Stephen
Robert Vance
Geo. R. Wells
Horace Wilson

Police Judges:

H. L. Joachimsen
Ed. M. Sweeney

LITERARY NOTES.

"Old English Comedies."

For the benefit of the student of literary history, Professor Charles Mills Gayley has compiled a number of representative old English comedies, many of them heretofore inaccessible to the public, and so arranged as to indicate the development of a literary type by a selection of its representative specimens.

The volume begins with an essay by Professor Gayley himself, in which is reviewed the beginnings of English comedy, including necessary discussion of the early saints' plays and parodies, and the miracle cycles, and coming down to the period of transition, which finally resulted in the evolution of the secular drama.

There follows representative plays, arranged in the order of their production, and selected from the works of some half-dozen or more notable dramatists who flourished prior to Shakespeare's time.

These comedies are accompanied by biographical and critical essays, and interspersed by occasional monographs, in which are indicated important dramatic periods or movements contemporary to the epoch discussed.

The essays are by different authors—learned men well known in the field of English letters—but they follow a general plan outlined by Professor Gayley in order to secure continuity and scientific value.

To the student whose interests are closely concerned with the evolution of the literary drama, the volume will be one of unusual interest and high authority, for it includes, both by example and precept, so comprehensive a view of the growth of English comedy within the time indicated that the attentive reader may perceive for himself its gradual evolution, from the embryonic struggles in Heywood's "Play of the Wether" to Henry Porter's realistic comedy of middle-class life and manners in "Two Angry Women of Abington."

This brings the reader to the period of Shakespearean productions, and the volume closes with a fine and analytical essay by Professor Gayley on that side of Shakespeare's multifarious genius which found its expression in his immortal and ever-joyous comedies.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

A Strenuous but Satisfying Romance.

What a villain was John Buckhurst! "His eyes were almost stone white in the lamp-light," we read on page 50 of Robert W. Chambers' "The Maids of Paradise"—"white as his delicately chiseled hands." And again, on page 93, this description: "Small of hand and foot—too small even for such a slender man—clean shaven, colorless in hair, skin, lips, he challenged instant attention by the very monotony of his bloodless symmetry. There was nothing of positive evil in his face, nothing of impulse, good or bad, nothing even superficially human. . . . There was in his ensemble nothing to disturb the negative harmony save, perhaps, an abnormal flatness of the instep and hands." How Whistler would have liked to have painted John Buckhurst.

But with all his villainous shrewdness, John Buckhurst was no match for M. Scarlett—that is, in the end. Scarlett was an officer of the Imperial Military Police, and while the Prussian army was fearfully descending upon fair France in that memorable August of 1870, we find Scarlett at the home of the lovely Countess de Vassart, near Morsbronn, his mission being to arrest Buckhurst for the theft of "a big gold crucifix, marvelously chiseled from a lump of the solid metal," set with countless diamonds, belonging to the crown. Thus goes the story from the lips of Scarlett:

"Stop! Stand back from that table!" I cried.

"I beg your pardon," he said, coolly.

"Madame," said I, without taking my eyes from him, "in a community dedicated to peace, a revolver is an anachronism. So I think—if you move I will shoot you, Buckhurst!—so I think I had better take it, table-drawer and all."

"Stop!" said Buckhurst.

"Oh, no, I can't stop now," said I, cheerfully, "and if you attempt to upset that lamp you will make a sad mistake. Now, walk to the door! Turn your back! Go slowly!—halt!"

With the table-drawer under one arm and my pistol-hand swinging, I followed Buckhurst out into the hall."

But this time Buckhurst got away, after all. A company of Uhlans swept down like a storm on the villa. Scarlett was wounded and taken prisoner along with Countess de Vassart. Buckhurst, who, besides being a thief and an anarchist, was a German spy, got out from under at the proper moment. Then events followed fast. From the high

window of a house in Morsbronn, Scarlett and his fair nurse looked down upon the awful slaughter of the French cuirassiers in the barricaded streets. From Morsbronn, a little later, Officer Scarlett escaped to Paris. There he found a traitor at the head of the police. He himself was dismissed, disgraced. But soon he found himself again mixed up with Mr. Buckhurst, whose fierce hope was to seize all the treasure and jewels of France as they were being sent to the port of Paradise to be conveyed on a French cruiser to Aden. Of course, Scarlett foils the scheme, with the help of the Countess de Vassart, whose gray eyes, we are pleased to say, now lighten at the sight of the gallant officer.

"The Maid of Paradise" is a very good romance, and when the war is over, the misunderstandings cleared up, the wrongfully dismissed reinstated, and the vile traitors dead or fled, we are deeply satisfied to hear Scarlett say of the lovely countess: "She turned in my arms and clasped her hands behind my head, pressing her mouth to mine."

Published by Harper Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Canon Ainger's "Life of Crabbe" will be the next volume to appear in the English Men of Letters Series. The Macmillan Company announce for publication this fall in the same series a biography of "Lowell," by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, and H. C. Beeching's "Life of Jane Austen." A little later there will be Owen Wister's "Benjamin Franklin," Professor Woodberry's "Life of Emerson," and Sir Leslie Stephen's "Hobbes."

Harry Furniss, the well-known caricaturist, is writing his first novel, a love-story, which he will illustrate, following the example of Du Maurier, his one-time colleague on the staff of *Punch*.

The scene of Joseph Conrad's new novel, on which he is at present working, is laid in South America, a country which he has never hitherto treated in his stories, but with which he is familiar. Mr. Conrad has also just written, in collaboration with F. M. Hucifer, a new volume, entitled "Romance: A Novel."

Albert Bigelow Paine has just completed a set of papers called "Tom Nast, Cartoonist." Mr. Nast, shortly before his death, invited Mr. Paine to look over his old scrap-books and memoranda containing the materials out of which he had built his great cartoons. He then told Mr. Paine that he intended to make the latter his literary executor. Mr. Paine assented, and the present memoirs show an ample fulfillment of his office. They will be presented serially in an Eastern magazine in six or eight parts, the first dealing with Nast's early career.

General John B. Gordon's "Reminiscences of the Civil War" has just been issued by Charles Scribner's Sons. The extracts already published in *Scribner's Magazine* indicate a valuable historical contribution as well as a most interesting book of memoirs.

The great pioneer missionary of the Episcopal Church in the North-West, Dr. J. Lloyd Breck, is to be the subject of a volume of missionary biography and reminiscences soon to be published, under the title of "An Apostle of the Wilderness." The author is the Rev. Theodore I. Holcombe.

John Lane will soon bring out a posthumous volume by Aubrey Beardsley. It will contain essays in prose and verse, including the unfinished story, "Under the Hill," from which the book will take its title. There will be a number of illustrations.

C. D. Gibson's double-page cartoons, entitled "The Weaker Sex," have been collected in portfolio from *Collier's Weekly*, where they originally appeared, and will be published uniform with former Gibson annuals by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish "Christmas Songs and Easter Carols," by the late Phillips Brooks, Bishop of Massachusetts, in two editions—one with broad margins, paper boards, and vellum backing, and the other in popular form. Both will have appropriate wood-cut frontispieces and designs.

"The Land of Heather" is the title of the new book by Clifton Johnson which the Macmillan Company are publishing, uniform with his "Among English Hedgerows" and "Along French Byways."

"John S. Sargent: A Collection of Sixty Reproductions in Photogravure of the Finest Paintings," with a critical introduction by Mrs. Alice Meynell, will be published this week by Charles Scribner's Sons. It includes, among others, portraits of Mrs. Mey-

nell (frontispiece), Carmencita, Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, Lady Hamilton, Miss Daisy Leiter, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, the Duke of Portland, Mme. Duse, Henry Marquand, Paul Helleu, and Theodore Roosevelt. The book appears in folio edition and a limited *édition de luxe*.

The Dodge Publishing Company has in press new editions of two books by Mary W. Tileston which they will issue for the holidays—"Daily Strength for Daily Needs," in two editions, and "Joy and Strength for the Pilgrim's Day," a companion to the first, also in two editions.

Robert Hichens is writing a new novel, to be published in the spring, entitled "The Woman and the Fan." He is now in Algeria.

Messrs. Holt & Co. have in preparation for publication this month an American edition of Werner's "Heimathklang," edited for schools by Marian P. Whitney. The story has had some success in Germany, and is said to be a graphic tale, with a slight element of sentimental love.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Raggedy Man.

Oh, the Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the gooddest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobbly calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.
Aint he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, the Raggedy Man—he's ist so good
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at boys can't do.
He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—
An' nother'n, too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' nother'n, too, fer The Raggedy Man.
Aint he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' the Raggedy Man—he knows most rhymes,
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes;
Knows 'bout Giants, an' Griffins, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers their selves!

An' wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!
Aint he a' funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time when he
Was makin' a little bow'n-n'-orry fer me,
Say, "When you're big like your Pa is,
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchant—an' wear fine
clothes?—
Er what air you go' to be, goodness knows!"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says, "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!—
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

—James Whitcomb Riley in "Rhymes of Childhood."

Arthur Brereton has written a book on "The Lyceum and Henry Irving." It is a complete history of the theatre from its origin in 1772 to the present day, with many illustrations which have never appeared before. The book contains color reproductions of Edwin Long's painting of Sir Henry Irving as Hamlet, and of Sargent's portrait of Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, and has a special chapter on the Sublime Society of Beef Steaks, which met at the Lyceum for sixty years, and which included many of the most noted men of the day among its members.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Some Good Children's Books.

The decorated covers of the volumes in the series of Twentieth Century Juveniles are exceptionally artistic and pleasing. These books are all similar in style, but not uniform; they are well printed, and the illustrations from photographs, as well as the drawings, are interesting.

"The Mislaid Uncle" (60 cents), by Evelyn Raymond, is a story of a little girl who was duly ticketed and labeled, and consigned by her mother on the Pacific Coast to an uncle in Baltimore. She reaches the wrong Uncle Joseph, and complications, pleasant and unpleasant, follow, though the ending is happy. The little girl is preternaturally good, though otherwise natural, and the illustrations from drawings will please children.

"How the Two Ends Meet" (60 cents), by Mary F. Leonard, is the story of how the rich and poor people living on a certain city square come finally to fraternize through the friendship of a rich and handsome young man with a poor but pretty little girl. There are four illustrations.

Anna Chapin Ray has made use of her intimate knowledge of the lives of children of the slums in the story "Sheba" (60 cents). Sheba is a little Jewish girl—a pathetic figure—whose joys and sorrows are sympathetically chronicled. Jacob A. Riis is said to have remarked of this book: "It tells the whole story of the children of the poor." There are many illustrations from photographs.

"Twilight Tales Told to Tiny Tots" (50 cents) is the suggestive title of a volume of fairy-stories, by Anita D. Rosecrans. They are all short and simple, and read as if they might be interesting to small folks.

It is stated that Clarence Hawkes, author of a book of animal stories, entitled "The Little Foresters" (60 cents) has been totally blind since boyhood. The reader of his animated volume would never suspect it; for not only are descriptions accurate and graphic, but many things that keen eyes fail to see are noted. The fact of the author's blindness will impress the young readers of the book. The drawings of bird and beast by Charles Copeland are unusually good.

"Jim Crow's Language Lessons" (50 cents) contains a series of stories by Julia Darrow Cowles, intended only for very small children. There are illustrations.

Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

New Publications.

"Character Reading," by Mrs. Symes, is published by the Saalfeld Publishing Company, New York; 50 cents.

"A Red, Red Rose," a mild novel of English life, by Katherine Tynan, is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, New York; \$1.50.

A prettily decorated edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses" is published by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York; 50 cents.

Four mildly amusing short stories of an Irish poacher are contained in a small volume, by Seumas MacManus, entitled "The Red Poacher." Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; 75 cents.

Among recent text-books is Charles Wright Dodge's "General Zoology," "practical, systematic, and comparative, being a revision and rearrangement of Orton's comparative zoology." Published by the American Book Company, New York; \$1.80.

"Bible Stories for Young People," by Sarah E. Dawes; "Æsop's Fables," and "Fairy Legends of the French Provinces," translated by Mrs. M. Cary, are among neatly bound and illustrated holiday juveniles. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; each, 60 cents.

It is to be feared that "A Girl's Life in a Hunting Country," by "Handasyde," is a book which, like some flowers, will not bear transplanting from the English soil in which it grew to American fields. The title sounds interesting, but the story certainly is not. It is told in the first person, the characters are queer and thinly drawn, nothing much happens, and the so-called climax, where the girl-author becomes engaged, is flatly flat—even though the beloved did have "ineffable eyes." Published by John Lane, New York.

"Things Fundamental" is a volume by Charles Edward Jefferson, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, con-

taining thirteen sermons. As the title indicates, they deal with basic questions in religion, such as "Miracles," "The Deity of Jesus," "The Immortality of the Soul," etc. In general, Dr. Jefferson takes what is called a conservative position. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Whatever mature and critical persons may think of Cyrus Townsend Brady's novels, it is certain that he can write dashing stories for boys. "In the War With Mexico," which this quondam parson has contributed to the Boys of the Service Series, we have a stirring story of war and adventure with an historical setting of uncommon interest. The book is well illustrated. In the way of a gift, scarcely any book will suit twelve-year-olds better. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.20.

We scarcely know which has contributed most to the dainty little book, "Following the Deer," the artist, Charles Copeland, or the author, William J. Long. The former's wash and line drawings, of which he has been liberal, are both equally clever, though plainly patterned after the work of Thompson Seton, while the letterpress, by Mr. Long, is animated and full of feeling. He holds the opinion, which, by the way, is fast gaining ground, "that an animal's life is vastly more interesting than his death, and that, of all the joys of the chase, the least is the mere killing." Published by Ginn & Co., Boston.

The fifth volume of "The Philippine Islands, 1493-1803"—a series of translations by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, which will be completed in fifty-five volumes—covers only the two years 1582-3. But they were momentous ones. In the latter year, the Inquisition reached out its skinny arm over half a world and its cruel fingers curled about the islands of the archipelago. The letters relating to the establishment of the Spanish ecclesiastical court are of peculiar interest. Another important and valuable document contained in this volume is the relation by Loarca. He describes therein each island of the group, noting size, contour, population, and enumerating the towns, officials, and products. He also describes the primitive religious beliefs; notions about creation, the origin of man, heaven, deities; mortuary and mourning customs; the institution of slavery; marriage customs; penalties of adultery, murder, theft; and curious sexual customs. Published by the Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland; \$4.00 net.

The personal testimonials that accompany Robert Brent Mosher's "Executive Register of the United States, 1789-1902," are quite unlike those from jay-town big-wigs which usually come with books. John Hay writes that "it forms a most valuable, and I may say almost indispensable, addition to our historical books of reference," while Grover Cleveland says: "I believe I have never seen a volume containing a greater amount of valuable information in the same space and better arranged for easy use." The book "contains a list of the Presidents and their Cabinets, to which have been added the laws governing their election, appointment, qualification, and term of office, the electoral and popular vote at each election," and other interesting records which are not to be found elsewhere in print. It is a work that the student of politics should find indispensable, and also one without which reference libraries of any pretension will be incomplete. Published by the Author, Washington, D. C.; \$2.00.

The study of zoology with Dr. Jordan's new text-book as a guide ought to be more than interesting—fascinating. "Animal Studies" is not only a lucid exposition of the essential and most interesting facts about living organisms, but the illustrations alone have great teaching value. With Dr. Jordan there have collaborated in the production of the book Vernon Lyman Kellogg, professor of entomology, and Harold Heath, associate professor of invertebrate zoology, both of Stanford. The work is intended as a text-book of elementary zoology for use in high-schools and colleges, the chapters on parasitism, commensalism, animal communities, social life, protective resemblances, and mimicry being especially fresh and valuable. It is rather surprising, however, to find sexual selection credited with no influence whatsoever in producing the brilliant coloring of inedible organisms; and that the dorsal horn of the "tomato-worm" is believed to be a sting by any creatures except female and immature male members of the genus *homo* may reasonably be doubted. Three pictures of the "milk-weed" butterfly seem rather more than a sufficiency. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.80.

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That extraordinary aggregation of stripes and sprays on the Alhambra stage wall-paper formed an unabashed background to a distinguished company on Tuesday night, when J. S. Duss rallied his symphony orchestra, and, with Nordica for the central jewel, presided over a programme that was as a chaplet of musical gems.

In spite of an unavoidable delay that might well have ruined the temper of the audience, the evening was a booming and blooming success. In the first place, the programme was particularly well selected, beginning with Elgar's brilliant and showy "Pomp and Circumstance," which, with Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth," with its lovely burden borne so tenderly by the cellos, and Massenet's "Herodiade," brought us to Nordica's place on the programme almost before we were aware.

Duss is the kind of leader whose sway is exerted without undue demonstration on his part. He is outwardly quiet, but intensely pervasive in spirit, prompt as a clock, when the moment for action comes, and dominating with his musical interpretations of the first and least of the musicians under him.

Nordica, with a tiara of diamonds and turquoises on her chestnut hair, and strings of the same jewels circling neck and arms, almost rivaled their brightness with the warmth and glow of her response to San Francisco's greeting. She has a delightful presence on the concert platform, and returns to us with her vocal abilities practically unimpaired.

It is really extraordinary for how long a term the voices of great artists can stand the wear and tear of an operatic career, and remain untarnished. Nordica has been before the public for thirty years. Yet one can close one's eyes while she is singing and almost believe that hers is the voice of youth. Not quite, perhaps, for while it has absolutely no threadbare spots, its dramatic power, flawless technique, and unbroken volume suggest rather the strength and poise of maturity than the fresh, lyric, flute notes of youth.

To Nordica, acting is so much a part of singing that during the great Wagnerian numbers it is impossible for her wholly to refrain. Her body sways, her foot retains itself with difficulty from an imperious stamp, and her arms visibly feel the impulse to stretch forth in the familiar dramatic gesture that seems to undam the rushing vocal flood and give it vent.

She was generous on her opening night; more generous than we had a right to expect. I wonder what the audience, who had paid, let us say for four numbers (she was down for two, which with encores means four), and got double the number, would have thought if, in response to their insistent and determined demand for more, Nordica had suddenly called out: "Well, my lads, let me see the color of your money first." They would have been shocked, affronted, disgusted, and utterly oblivious of the fact that they had been begging a world-renowned singer to give them of her almost priceless wares for nothing. It is always apparent, too, that an audience is fatuously pleased with itself when artists are "held up" on the platform and compelled, willy-nilly, to disgorge. True, Nordica yielded with the best grace in the world. Her abounding cheerfulness and good will are a part of her charm. Her voice seems tireless, and, withal, she employs the pianissimo effect with remarkable ease, taming and subduing its great volume to the softest murmur.

Although, through the early delay and unexpected extension of the programme, dozens were obliged to leave before the conclusion, the orchestra, after Mme. Nordica's final disappearance, held a rapt audience to the close. Their numbers throughout were of the choicest. We heard the "Vorspiel" from "Parsifal," and listened to long-drawn, strangely penetrating harmonies that were to the thrilled ear as a broad band of blinding light shining upon the Grail. Following its final rally of glorious chords came a couple of numbers by Delibes, delicate shimmering things, in which one could hear the rhythm

and slide of dancing feet, and the frou-frou of whirling drapery.

A pleasant feature in the evening's entertainment was the unexpected hearing of "Traumerei," given as an encore, more particularly by Nahan Franko, the violinist, who played the solo part, and whose pure and mellow tone had already won warm appreciation in a previous number.

Mrs. Fiske, the contralto, did not appear, the series of concerts having been so arranged that Nordica sings again at the Friday matinee concert, while Mrs. Fiske is to be the soloist on Thursday evening.

As is usually the case, you could walk over heads at the Orpheum this week, and find scarcely a vacant space to slip into. Although one specialty scarcely rises above another in general interest, Wenona and Frank, the champion shooters, are without doubt the superior attraction in actual merit. They do wonders, shooting at a swinging target, at a ball whirling in the air, or held in a man's fingers, at a candle's flame, and at the lighted end of a cigar in a man's mouth, and practically striking the object aimed at every time.

"Whistling Tom Browne" flutes like a bird, being especially expert in the prestissimo movements, and possessing a curious and apparently unexplainable ability to whistle two parts simultaneously.

Goleman is here again with his trained dogs and cats. Poor little beasties, how one pities them, thwarted of their natural destiny of taking life easy. It is plain to see, in spite of the occasional perfunctory pat of the trainer, and his "Look pleasant" expression, that the animals are not trained by moral suasion, a trainer of dumb brutes discovering no resemblance whatever to a Sunday-school superintendent. One feels ashamed of one's self for laughing at a wild-eyed tabby taking a jolting ride on the back of a leaping dog, and trying desperately to hang on to her usual aspect of feline sedateness; but even the most thoughtless has a fellow-feeling for the plucky animal when she pauses at the top of a tall ladder, and makes up her little mind to jump.

The remainder of the programme consists of the usual mixture of idiotic fooling, which awakens laughter at the time, and leaves scarcely a coherent recollection behind. Herbert Lloyd, I remember, hypnotized the audience into a state of profound attention while he removed various sections of a rummage-sale wardrobe which adorned his person, being especially attentive to several dozen dummies which, in spasms of burlesque frenzy, he plucked, in time to rapid music, from the place where his shirt front ought to be.

"André Chenier," the opera of the week at the Tivoli, has its share of the faults of the new school, the most noticeable of which is a tendency to introduce meaningless, harmonic (and sometimes inharmonic) orchestral clamors at stages in the performance, when the vocalization is unduly obscured.

The complete work, however, inspires respect, both for Giordano, and for Illica, the dramatist. The opera, which in its totality is one long crescendo, begins lightly, with the festal music and action of the fête. The spectator when he sees, in the first act, its most dramatic character in livery, singing an aria, with his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, and a feather duster in his hand, perceives anew that the epoch of operatic realism is here.

One's imagination is not held in thrall during this act, more particularly as Benedetto, in virginal blue and white, is disillusionizingly massive as the girlishly sportive Maddalena.

Benedetto, however, in spite of the tremolo and unevenness of her voice, has the soul of an artist tucked away somewhere under that expansive bodice of hers. She was able, during the dramatic scene in which Gerard pursues Maddalena with his thwarted and jealous passion, to make us forget the unromantic breadth of her solid little person; and, indeed,

she maintained that hard-won dignity during the remainder of the opera. A lady of her proportions, nevertheless, should be allowed to renounce the prescribed costume, and dress in more flowing garments that would disguise her shape more effectively. Even her face could have its width partially concealed by allowing the hair to fall Madonna-wise over the ears.

Gregoretti sings beautifully, and acts with fire. He is a joy. His voice is in that state of perfect balance when its young glory is not obscured by a single overworked note. He looked, in his curious costume of a revolutionist, something like a majestic Indian chief in borrowed finery, more particularly during the curtain-calls; at such times, he always refuses to mar his Indian stoicism by the weakness of an acknowledging smile. Fine actor that he is, he just falls short in temperament, being unable, at odd times, to prevent his thrilling gaze from falling on the nearest pretty woman in the audience, and silently and soulfully absorbing her hero-worship.

Ischierdo acts the part of Chenier with dignity, but repeatedly forces out notes that beat distressingly on one's tympanum. He is following in Agostini's path—Agostini, the prodigal, who is singing all the velvet of his voice away. They all do it, more or less, but Ischierdo's tenor, which lacks in lower-note solidity, has a quality that can very easily deteriorate into shriekiness or bleatiness, unless the owner guards himself against forcing the notes that make the sensation-lovers shout bravos.

Marchesini has her big moment in the opera, singing with emotional fervor the farewell of Madelon, grandam to the pretty youth whom she dedicates to the service of his country. When the scene is over, however, she ruins the effect of her dramatic abandon by dropping the broken-hearted business and stepping out of her rôle, acknowledging with a broad and beaming smile the plaudits of her admirers.

What a very pretty girl they have chosen for the soldier boy; intelligent, too, for she managed to keep up an expression appropriate to the occasion during the whole episode—far ahead in this respect, I should say, of the chorus in general. The latter, by the by, did badly in the choruses, a fact which even the most fervent optimists in the audience perceived for themselves.

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Note—Performances begin at eight sharp, Saturday matinee at two sharp.

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Prices always the same—25c, 50c, and 75c. Telephone Bush 9.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Two weeks, beginning Monday, November 2d, every night, including Sunday, matinee Saturday, the merry musical fantasy,

THE STORKS

A glorious production by the best singing company on tour, with the famous Rosebud Garden of girls. Every song a hummer.

ALCAZAR THEATRE. Phone "Alcazar."
BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.

"The new stock company a triumph for the Alcazar."—*Town Talk*.

Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. Week commencing Monday evening next, November 2d,

TOO MUCH JOHNSON

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 15c to 50c.

Monday, Nov. 9th—**The Private Secretary.**

CENTRAL THEATRE. Phone South 533.

BELASCO & MAVER, Proprietors
Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Week beginning Monday, November 2d, matinees Saturday and Sunday, the Revolutionary War drama,

AT VALLEY FORGE

Magnificent production. Brilliant cast.
Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, 25c.
Week of November 9th—**The Counterfeiters.**

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Four weeks, beginning Monday, November 2d, every night except Sunday, matinees Wednesday and Saturday, Klaw & Erlanger's stupendous production of General Lee Wallace's

BEN HUR
Dramatized by William Young. Three hundred and fifty people in the production.

Prices, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c.

Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, November 1st. Jovial vaudeville! "Village Choir" Quartette; Max Waldon; Clivette; Two Roses; Goleman's Dogs and Cats; Three Richards; Crawford and Manning; Wenona and Frank; and last week of McWatters and Tyson.

Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c; Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

Fischer's THEATRE

Monday night, November 2d, an original, rural musical comedy,

RUBES AND ROSES

A triple cast of principals: Kolb and Dill, Barney Bernard, Winfield Blake, Maude Amber, Georgia O'Raney, Ben T. Dillon.

Reserved seats—Nights, 25c, 50, and 75c. Saturday and Sunday matinees, 25c and 50c. Children at matinees, 10c and 25c.

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DIRECTION—WILL GREENBAUM

Beginning to-morrow, Sunday matinee, and night,

ELLERY'S ROYAL ITALIAN BAND

Half a hundred artists, conducted by CHIAFFARELLI.

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SAN FRANCISCO

VANITY FAIR.

Forty years ago, the French girl was modest, retiring, simple in dress, diffident in talk, and respectfully obedient to her parents—either from natural bent and the powerful influence of her surroundings, or through the discipline of education and the weight of public opinion in her own country. That some French girls were by nature coquettish, fond of finery and show, impatient of restraint and control, can not be doubted, but when these tendencies did exist, they had to be carefully hidden behind the outward appearance of a willing and contented self-effacement in all circumstances by every girl who wished to be thought *bien élevée*. For the slightest deviation from this strict rule was sufficient to mark her as *mal élevée*, and to banish her from the intimacy of all friends who wished to be *comme il faut*. To-day, Mrs. Philip Gilbert Hamerton says, the modern French girl would be astonished were she told not to take the leading part in conversation, not to giggle loudly, not to set her arms akimbo, and never to talk privately with a young gentleman. "She would think," adds Mrs. Hamerton, "that such recommendations were perfectly ridiculous as preventing all possible flirtations, for the art of flirtation is never at its best unless practiced in private. But forty years ago, when parents deemed that marriage was not a proper subject for the thoughts of their daughters, flirtation—even as a word—was unknown in France. At that time simplicity in dress was the order of the day for young maidens, and even conferred a certain distinction, being carried as far as possible among the aristocracy. There were special light silks and inexpensive trinkets for *jeunes filles*, set with corals, enamels, and pearls, among which the tiniest of diamonds would never have been tolerated any more than costly laces, furs, or elaborate trimmings. At a glance it was easy to ascertain by the style of dress whether a young woman was married or not, whereas it is not by any means so easy now, the same satins, velvets, feathers, and jewels being worn alike in both cases. And it is not any easier to guess from the behavior in society, for it may happen that the conversation is taken up and carried on by the girls in their desire to shine and to attract attention—the married ladies being silenced and ignored in the midst of the excitement and amusement artfully created by free sallies, unrestrained laughter, and much attitudinizing. No doubt, the conventional restrictions of forty years ago were somewhat excessive, and kept French girls till after marriage in a state of prolonged childhood; nevertheless, it remains to be seen whether the rapid change which has supervened is a real gain, for if it has remedied some evils of the old system, it has also engendered new ones, and on that account many thoughtful French parents are now seriously disquieted about the future of their daughters."

The social outlook for the winter season in London is most promising now that the English royal family is out of mourning, and King Edward and Queen Alexandra have begun to entertain lavishly. The sisters of the king are also throwing off the mantle of sorrow. The papers comment enthusiastically on the recent brilliant dinner-party, followed by a ball, given on the Isle of Wight by Princess Beatrice, the widow of Prince Henry of Battenberg, the handsomest of all the "handsome Battenbergs." Her mourning for Prince Henry has been long and sorrowful, but she would have emerged sooner from the gloom that enshrouded her life for so many years had she been less the principal companion of Queen Victoria, and been allowed to follow the natural bent of her years, for of all the children of the late queen there are none that seemingly love the pleasant things of this world more than her eldest son, King Edward, and her youngest daughter, Beatrice. According to the London correspondent of the New York Herald, she is far more attractive than some of the younger members of the royal family in manner and appearance, although prone to stoutness, like Princess Christian, her eldest sister now living, and of late also the dispenser of considerable hospitality at her new, beautiful town house in Pall Mall. The most attractive of the king's sisters is Princess Louise, otherwise the Duchess of Argyll, whose London residence is Kensington Palace, where her youngest sister, Princess Beatrice, has also had will to her for life a suite of spacious apartments. Princess Louise has never acted as hostess to any great extent, and even since the accession of her husband as the sixth Duke of Argyll (who has nearly a dozen other

hereditary titles in addition, and innumerable posts that increase his income), the expenditure of Princess Louise for purely social hospitality is very limited, both in London and at her Scottish seats.

According to the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph, a determined suitor recently found a new way of using the motor-car for matrimonial purposes. The object of his affection was willing to wed him, but her parents were obdurate. He pretended to give up hope, and to be reconciled to the idea of being merely a friend of the family, and he took out the girl and her father for an automobile drive to Havre. At a dangerous part of the road he suddenly put on full speed, and the car sprang away at a terrific rate. The girl sat still and showed no fear, but her terrified father shouted to the man who wanted to be his son-in-law to stop. "Consent to my marriage with your daughter" was all the motorist replied. Still the car tore along, and if any obstacle had appeared in the road at least three fatalities would have occurred. "Stop! We shall all be killed!" the girl's father continued to cry. "Most certainly we shall," said the determined young man, grimly; "if you don't consent at once I am going to send the machine into the ditch, and at this rate that means quick death." As he spoke he imparted violent lurches from side to side to the car. "I consent!" gasped the now vanquished parent. Immediately the car slowed down, and the rest of the journey was done at a steady touring pace. But during the motor's previous mad career a policeman had jotted down its number. When the girl's father, to whom the machine belongs, appeared in court to answer to the summons, his future son-in-law accompanied him, and looked exceedingly pleased with himself. When a fine of sixteen francs was imposed, the younger man said he would pay it himself with pleasure. He confided to the magistrate that the day has been named.

In a recent issue of *Truth*, Henry Labouchère says: "I have never, as yet, been able to understand why the sovereign of a country should array himself in a military uniform when he visits a brother sovereign, or why he should assume this uniform when he appears in some ceremony within his own dominions, although he may not himself be a soldier. The etiquette, too, seem to be that the visitor should, on seeing his royal brother, be arrayed in a uniform of the country that he visits, and the host in one pertaining to the country of his guest. To me all this is as absurd as it would be for a person visiting another to exchange coats with him. It is apparently a habit peculiar to monarchs, for their staffs do not travesty themselves; nor did President Loubet on his visit to England wear either an English or a French uniform."

It is filthy lucre and not family jars, as a rule, that causes so many popular married Thespians to separate and star at the head of their own companies. So long as they are nobodies, marriage makes no difference, but once they stand in the fierce light that beats on the centre of the stage it seems best for them to separate. Maxine Elliott, who has just broken loose from her husband, Nat Goodwin, so far as her theatrical efforts are concerned, had become quite too popular to share business and public favor with her clever husband. C. B. Dillingham, who is starring her, was confident that she would, in a successful play, draw audiences just as large as she and her husband had drawn together. That his judgment was good is proved by the fact that in Clyde Fitch's latest play, "Her Own Way," she is crowding the Garrick Theatre in New York. In the present arrangement, Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin are able to get parts that suit them without having to struggle to find plays that show them both to equal advantage. James K. Hackett is another popular actor who no longer appears with his wife. It is not probable that their earnings would be materially increased if they played together. The case of E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harned is the same. They find it much more profitable to be single stars. Richard Mansfield is also able to do better work now that his wife has retired from the stage. Charming as Beatrice Cameron was in many rôles, there were others totally unsuited to her; but as the wife of the star she had to have always the part next to his. This not only damaged many of the Mansfield productions, but it was a great injustice to the actress, who was called on for work she could not do. Now that Mrs. Mansfield has retired, her husband can

engage the woman best suited to the leading parts in his play. Julia Marlowe's great financial success began only after her appearance as a separate star without the support of her husband, Robert Taber. One of the crimes charged against the theatrical syndicate was that it forced Robert Taber and his wife, who were acting together, to go into different companies. As they were divorced a short time after this artistic separation occurred, however, the separation could not have been very difficult for them to bear. Miss Marlowe's position is better now than it ever was, and Mr. Taber is one of the most successful London actors to-day. No American has, indeed, done half so well in London for such a long time. Were he in this country, he would certainly be a star. Difficulties in finding plays for co-stars have always troubled managers, and ultimately lead to the artistic separation of the actors. Louis Mann and Clara Lipmann, who were married before they made their first success in "The Girl From Paris," tried for four years to get a play that would suit both of them, and met with very moderate success. Now they have separated, and prosperity once more perches on their banners. Kyrle Bellew has been a much more successful actor during the last few years than he ever was during the days of his artistic partnership with Mrs. Potter. And she, too, has fared better since they have been traveling in single harness.

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SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

		Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
October	22d.....	60	52	.00	Clear
"	23d.....	62	54	.00	Pt. Cloudy
"	24th.....	64	54	.00	Clear
"	25th.....	68	52	.00	Clear
"	26th.....	76	54	.00	Clear
"	27th.....	60	52	.00	Clear
"	28th.....	68	54	.00	Pt. Cloudy

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, October 28, 1903, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Bay Co. Power 5%	2,000	@ 103 3/4		103 1/2	103 3/4
Los An. Ry 5%	10,000	@ 113		112 3/4	113 1/4
Market St. Ry. 5%	5,000	@ 113 1/2		112	113 1/2
N. R. of Cal. 5%	3,000	@ 114 1/4		114	115
North Shore Ry 5%	1,000	@ 100 1/4		100	101
Oakland Gas 5%	2,000	@ 108 1/4		107 3/4	109
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	2,000	@ 109		108 3/4	109
S. P. R. of Arizona 6 1/2%	6,000	@ 108 1/4-109		108 3/4	109 1/4
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%	1905, S. A.	10,000 @ 102 1/2		102 1/4	102 3/4
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%	1905, S. B.	2,000 @ 103 1/4		103	105
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%	1906,	2,000 @ 105		104 1/2	106
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%	1912,	10,000 @ 114 1/4		114	114 1/4
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%	Supd.	7,000 @ 108 1/2		108 3/4	109
S. V. Water 6%	5,000	@ 106		106 1/4	106 3/4
S. V. Water 4%	12,000	@ 99 1/2		99 1/4	100

	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa	80	@ 40-42 1/2		41 1/4	45
Spring Valley	330	@ 39 1/4-40		39 1/4	40
Banks.					
London, Paris, and American	50	@ 160		160	
Powders.					
Giant	10	@ 66 1/2		65	66 1/2
Sugars.					
Hawaiian C. & S.	10	@ 44 1/2		44	45
Honokaa S. Co.	525	@ 13 1/4		13 1/4	13 1/2
Hutchinson	260	@ 10-10 1/2		9 3/4	10 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.	115	@ 21-22		22	
Onomca S. Co.	100	@ 32 1/2-33 1/2		32	32 1/2
Gas and Electric.					
Mutual Electric	135	@ 11-11 1/4		12	
Pacific Gas	25	@ 55		55	
S. F. Gas & Electric	625	@ 66 1/2-69 1/2		69 1/2	70
Trustees Certificates.					
S. F. Gas & Electric	695	@ 66 1/2-69 1/2		69 1/2	70
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers	7	@ 154		155	
Cal. Wine Assn.	110	@ 92 1/2-94		93	94 1/2

San Francisco Gas and Electric was strong, and advanced three and three-eighths points to 67 1/2, on sales of 625 shares, closing at 69 1/2 bid, 70 asked, with small offerings.

The sugars have been weak, and on sales of 1,000 shares sold down from one half to one and three-quarters points; the latter in Hutchinson.

The water stocks have been quiet, with no change worth mentioning.

California Wine Association closed in better demand, at 93 bid, 94 1/2 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

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THE

Argonaut

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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican)	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic)	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly	6.70
Argonaut and Judge	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine	6.20
Argonaut and Critic	5.10
Argonaut and Life	7.75
Argonaut and Puck	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan	4.35
Argonaut and Forum	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly	5.50
Argonaut and International Magazine	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion	4.35
Argonaut and the Ont West	5.25

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mrs. Disraeli once said to an astonished circle in an English country house: "Dizzy has the most wonderful moral and political courage, but he has no physical courage. I always have to pull the string of his shower bath."

It is related that a woman, who visited the British Museum recently, said to an attendant: "I have been looking about for a skull of Oliver Cromwell. Have you no skull of Cromwell here?" "No, madam," the attendant answered. "How very odd," she exclaimed; "they have a fine one in the museum at Oxford."

On his first visit to London, an Aberdeen youth visited a refreshment parlor and, noting a woman eating an ice, said to the waiter: "Hi, man, gi'e me yin o' thae." Being supplied, he took a spoonful, and made a wry face. "I'm dootin' it's a bit frost bitten, mister," said he. "Oh, no, sir," remarked the waiter, "it's an ice." "Gosh! Do they eat ice in London?" asked the wondering Aberdonian; "man, we slide an' skate on't in Aberdeen!"

James M. Barrie, the novelist, has no patience with reporters who try to pry into his private affairs. On one occasion he was asked to pen a short autobiography. At first he refused, and then, when the reporter began to coax him, he stopped him, took up his pen, and wrote as follows: "On arrival in London it was Mr. Barrie's first object to make a collection of choice cigars. Though the author of 'My Lady Nicotine' does not himself smoke, his grocer's message-boy does. Mr. Barrie's pet animal is the whale. He feeds it on ripe chestnuts."

One afternoon during a lull in the bathing demands on a certain transatlantic liner, George, the youth who had charge of the five bath-rooms used by the saloon passengers, decided to take a bath, so he locked himself in one of the rooms used by the men. Suddenly he was disturbed by a rap at the door, and heard a woman's voice: "Honey Honey! Are you there?" No reply coming from the room, the lady spoke again. "Honey, are you there?" As an explanation was needed, George spoke: "Beg your pardon, lady, but this aint no beehive; this is a bath-room."

Apropos of the Hugo Museum, *Le Gaulois* recalls the story of the young man who at one of the poet's receptions became engaged in argument, and lost his temper. Hugo solemnly rebuked him, and he subsided. Presently the guests retired. One of them, however, had forgotten his umbrella, and returned to get it. Looking through an open door from the vestibule he perceived the young man on his knees before the poet, sobbing out his apologies for his disrespect, while Victor Hugo, with almost regal dignity, extended his hand to him and bade him rise.

Walking home from school, the other day, some children were discussing the perfection and usefulness of their respective fathers. "My father's the best man in the world," said one little girl; "he is a minister. He makes people go to church." "Mine is the best," piped up another; "he's a doctor. He makes sick people well so they can go to church." Three or four more enlarged upon the benefit the world derived from their fathers, when finally a sweet, blue-eyed little girl said: "My papa's the best of all. He's a poet." "A poet!" said another, in sympathetic surprise; "why, a poet isn't a profession! It's a disease!"

It is the custom in Abyssinia for all foreign missions to bring presents to King Menelik. The French, some years ago, brought a lot of Parisian mechanical toys—sheep that squeaked, pigs that ran about on their hind legs, and dolls that talked. They thought such things would be certain to tickle the fancy of a dusky king. Menelik looked at them for a moment with disgust and rage, then he thrust them aside. "Do you think," he asked, "that I am a child or a savage, that I should delight in toys?" The Russian and English emissaries showed a truer insight into his character. They brought him Mauser pistols, revolvers, and the latest and best rifles they could buy. He was delighted. "These are gifts worthy to be received by a warrior and a king," he declared. The influence of the Russians and English over Menelik dates from that lucky incident, but

the French have always been badly represented at his court. After Kitchener's victory at Omdurman, the French at Addis Abeba assured Menelik that the English had been beaten, with the loss of 16,000 men. When he heard the truth later, that Kitchener had crushed the dervishes with the loss of only 323 of his soldiers, he exclaimed in disgust: "What liars they are!" Since then he has never believed a word the French envoys have told him, and he always speaks of them with contempt.

One evening, during his recent visit to England, Rear-Admiral Charles S. Cotton was entertained at dinner. Among the other guests were the Bishop of Durham, a clergyman noted for his wit, and a millionaire manufacturer, a stout man with a loud, coarse laugh, who ate and drank a good deal, and who cracked every little while a stupid joke. He did not know the bishop from Adam, but seeing his clerical garb, he decided he must be a parson, and that there was a chance for him to poke a little fun at the parson's trade. "I have three sons," he began, in a loud tone, nudging his neighbor and winking toward the bishop—"three fine lads. They are in trade. I had always said that if I ever had a stupid son I'd make a parson of him." The millionaire roared out his discordant laugh, and the Bishop of Durham said to him, with a quiet smile: "Your father thought differently from you, eh?"

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Prairie Poet at Work.
"Hard by yon hedge that skirts the lane—"
(I guess that line will do—
It's quite like any Goldsmith strain.)
— "A modest flower grew!
It flung its perfume to the air—"
(That sounds a little slow,
But some one's calling "Copy!" there,
I'll have to let it go!)

A flower it was of beauty rare—
"Oh, Lord! That's worse and worse!
Now shall I use "compare" or "fair"
To finish out the verse?"

"It's sweetheart, Westwind, hending low
Pressed on its tips a kiss—"
(I think I certainly deserve
To get a hand on this!)

"The Westwind stooped, its love to slake
At morn and night and noon—"
(Say, Finnegan, for heaven's sake
Don't whistle that darned tune!)

"All through the summer, though unheard,
They pledged their love anew—"
(I wish I had some other word
To rhyme hack there with "grew"!)

"In autumn we will wed," said he,
And brought a rosy blush—
(I've got to work in something here
About the twittering thrush.)

"He made his sweetheart then good-night—"
(How much? Two verses more
You say you need? This is a fright!
I wish I'd known before!)

"In autumn then the Westwind came,"
(Now what will rhyme with that?
Oh, yes!) "His bride the Flower to claim—"
(I call those two fines pat.)

"But lo! His sweetheart lay in dust—"
(I hate "Chill winter's breath,"
But here goes! If I must I must!)
His bride was wed with Death!

"And that is why the Westwind sighs,
Because his heart is sore—"
(I'd like to quit here, but I've got
To work in six lines more.)

"He's chanting dirges o'er her grave,
The Flower whom Death had won."
(Hi there! Here is that Sunday stuff!
Thank Goodness that is done!)

—Bismarck (N. D.) Tribune.

Melancholy Days.

We're bored to death by arguments on Russia and Japan,
The barge canal, on politics, does Kipling's poetry scan?
Will Langley ever sail through space? Will Peary reach the pole?
Is Maeterlinck a dramatist or poet of the soul? Will steel securities he squeezed until they're limp and dry?
Will Carnegie be poor enough in fifty years to die?

Oh! what's the use of anything? What matters how or where?
And yet we keep on living, and keep right on breathing air;
There's nothing new to startle us, same sun and same old moon,
Same getting up for breakfast, same grah-bag lunch at noon;
Same stories by same authors, and same songs, and same old plays,
The same old smoky autumn and the same November days.—Rochester Post-Express.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,
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Literary Notes.

Owing to the great interest manifested in the "MS. in a Red Box," so ingeniously advertised by John Lane, it is announced that Modd, Dead & Co. will soon publish an adventure story to be known as the "MS. in a Brown Paper Parcel." It is explained that the story was picked up by the wife of one of the publishers in mistake for a parcel of rolled oats she had bought in a grocery store. The firm has advertised for the author, but he or she, apparently, has been ashamed to claim the book, a feeling that will be quite intelligible to those reading it.

Moughton, Hiffin & Co. are about to publish the "MS. Wrapped Around a Pork Chop." The story was bought by Mr. Hiffin because, as he explains, it had something good in it.

"The MS. found in an Ash Barrel" (Mobbs-Berrill Company) is said to be a sure success. It was discovered by Mr. Mobbs's son as he was hunting for a tomato can to hold bait. As the ash barrel belonged to the Booth Tarkington Doughnut Factory, it is evident the story must be a good one.

The next book promised from Rentano's is the "MS. Found on the Pantry Shelf." This priceless story was being used by Mrs. Rentano to keep jam stains off the shelf, when it was discovered by Tommy Rentano, who had gone to swipe sugar. He became so absorbed in the story that he read four shelves of it, throwing pots of jam to the floor as they obstructed his view.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Hongkong Maru..... Thursday, December 3
Nippon Maru..... Wednesday, December 30

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New York.. Nov. 21, 9.30 am | Phil'd'phia Dec. 5, 9.30 am
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
West'mland.. Nov. 14, 9 am | Haverl'd... Dec. 5, 9 am
Marion... Nov. 28, 3.30 pm | No'r'd'd... Dec. 12, 3.30 pm

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Min'et'uka.. Nov. 14, 1.30 pm | Min'elaha... Nov. 28, noon
Min'apolis... Nov. 21, 7 am | Menominee... Dec. 5, 9 am
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Commonwealth..... Nov. 19
Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Southwark..... Nov. 7 | Canada..... Dec. 6
Kensington..... Nov. 29 | Southwark..... Dec. 20

Boston Mediterranean Direct
AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.
Vancouver..... Saturday, Nov. 21

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 10 a. m.
Vaderl'd.. Nov. 14, 10.30 am | Zeeland... Nov. 28, 10.30 am
Kroonl'd.. Nov. 21, 10.30 am | Finland... Dec. 5, 10.30 am

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Majestic..... Nov. 11, noon | Oceanic..... Nov. 18, 5 am
Celtic..... Nov. 13, noon | Cymric..... Nov. 20, 6 am
Armenian..... Nov. 17, 3 pm | Teutonic..... Nov. 25, noon
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Cretic..... Dec. 10, Feb. 11
Cymric..... Dec. 24, Jan. 28, Feb. 25

Boston Mediterranean Direct
AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.

Romanic..... Dec. 5, Jan. 16, Feb. 27
Republic (new)..... Jan. 2, Feb. 13, Mar. 26
Canopic..... Jan. 30, Mar. 12
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Gaelic (Calling at Manila) Wednesday, Nov. 25
Doric..... Tuesday, Dec. 22
Coptic..... Friday, January 15, 1904
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S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, Nov. 19, 1903, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Dec. 1, 1903, at 11 A. M.
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SOCIETY.

The Murphy-Nokes Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Virginia Rodgers Nokes, daughter of Mrs. M. L. Nokes, and Lieutenant John B. Murphy took place on Tuesday afternoon at the home of the bride's grandparents, Captain and Mrs. Augustus F. Rodgers, 2616 Broadway. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by Chaplain Harle, of the Presidio. Miss Anna Sperry was the maid of honor, Dr. Harold Greenleaf the best man, and Mr. Henry C. Rodgers, Jr., Mr. J. Brookway Metcalf, Lieutenant Edward Shinkle, U. S. A., and Lieutenant P. K. Brice, U. S. A., acted as ushers. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast, and later in the day Lieutenant Murphy and his bride departed for Southern California. On their return from their wedding journey in a fortnight, they will proceed to Fort Russell, Wyo., the groom's new station.

The Stephenson-Bruce Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Bertie Bruce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce, and Mr. Ferdinand Stephenson took place on Thursday at Trinity Church. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Clifton Macon, assisted by Rev. Frederick Clappett. Miss Gertrude Van Wyck was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Lucie King, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Margaret Sinclair, and Miss Bernice Drown. Mr. Philip Clay acted as best man, and Mr. James K. Moffitt, Mr. Franklyn Wakefield, of Oakland, Mr. Eugene Beck, and Mr. Samuel Boardman served as ushers. The church ceremony was followed by a small reception at the home of the bride's parents on Jackson Street, at which only relatives and intimate friends were present.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Louise Catherwood Montagne, daughter of Mrs. John A. Darling, and Mr. C. E. Maud, of Southern California.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Quatman, daughter of Mrs. H. Quatman, and Lieutenant Alexander N. Mitchell, U. S. N., son of Judge J. M. Mitchell, of Ohio. Miss Quatman is a sister of Mrs. George E. Perkins, of Oakland, and a niece of General J. F. Sheehan, formerly adjutant-general of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan have sent out invitations for the marriage of their daughter Genevieve and Mr. Henry Williams Poett on Tuesday, November 17th, at noon, at their residence, 1714 California Street.

The wedding of Miss Edythe Wardwell Marion, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Irving Marion, and Mr. Joseph Charles Meyerstein took place at the home of the bride's parents on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. I. C. Meserve, pastor of the Plymouth Presbyterian Church. Miss Florence Sankey was the maid of honor, and Dr. Harold Bruna acted as best man. A wedding supper followed the ceremony. Upon their return from their wedding journey in Southern California, in three weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Meyerstein will occupy apartments at the California Hotel until their new residence on California Street is completed.

The wedding of Miss Alice Belau, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Belau, and Mr. Emory W. Elliot, son of Mr. Charles E. Elliot, took place at the home of the bride's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Siebe, at 2217 Sacramento Street, on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed at six o'clock by Rev. Bradford Leavitt. Miss Elsa Hoesch was the maid of honor, and Mr. William Sherman Bacon acted as best man. Upon their return from their wedding journey in a fortnight, they will reside at the California Hotel.

The wedding of Miss Rosa Hooper, daughter of the late Major W. B. Hooper, and Mr. Charles Albert Plotner took place in Philadelphia on Sunday afternoon. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Alfred P. J. McClure, of Church House, Philadelphia. Among others at the wedding were Mrs. Hooper, the bride's mother, Mr. George Kent Hooper, of

San Francisco, the bride's brother, who was best man, Lieutenant Perry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Perry, the bride's sister.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a luncheon in the Palm Garden of the Palace Hotel on Wednesday, in honor of Mrs. Maus. Among others at table were Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Henry Glass, and Mrs. Schwerin.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Evans Cook announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Edna Francina Cook, to Captain Edwin Towne Huffman. The wedding was celebrated on Tuesday, October 20th, in the study of the First Presbyterian Church. Only the families and intimate friends were present. A reception followed at the bride's home.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will give a birthday dinner at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening. Covers will be laid for about sixty guests.

Mrs. Harry N. Gray gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. J. Malcolm Henry and Miss Marie Voorhies, at which she entertained Mrs. Spalding, Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Lyle Fletcher, Mrs. E. A. Belcher, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, and Miss Florence Ives.

Mrs. William J. Dutton will give a luncheon in honor of her daughter, Miss Gertrude Dutton, on Monday, at the University Club. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton will give a dinner at the Bohemian Club in honor of Miss Dutton on Tuesday evening, November 10th.

Mrs. Charles Morrison Woods (*nee* Gunn) will be "at home" at her residence on Pierce Street on Wednesdays in November.

Mrs. George D. Toy and Miss Mabel Toy gave a luncheon on Wednesday, at which they entertained Miss Mabel Cluff, Miss Norma Castle, Miss Florence Callahan, Miss Eleanor Eckart, Miss Lita Gallatin, Miss Rachel Hovey, Miss Belle Harnes, Miss Mabel Hogg, Mrs. Charles Harley, Miss May Colburn, Mrs. Harvey Toy, Miss Elizabeth Painter, Miss Georgie Spieker, Miss Paula Wolff, Miss Eleanor Warner, and Miss Amy Porter.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Ellery's Royal Italian Band.

The popular Ellery's Royal Italian Band, which played such a long season here last winter, returns for a season of ten concerts, beginning Sunday afternoon and concluding Monday, November 9th. On Monday night no concert will be given, as the theatre has been engaged for that night by other parties. There will be matinees on next Saturday and Sunday. The prices will be popular, ranging from fifty cents to one dollar. The programme will be changed nightly, and the ten great soloists of the organization will be heard in some fine new numbers, recently added to the repertoire of the band. The new leader, Manfredo Chiffarelli, is a composer of fine reputation, and a number of his works will be played. The programme for the opening concert on Sunday afternoon is as follows: March, "American Belle"; Bentley; overture "La Fanciulla"; Secchi; suite "L'Arlesienne"; Bizet; selections from "Prince of Pilsen"; Lueders; "Love in Idleness"; Macbeth; grand fantasia; "Faust"; Gounod; and a march by Chiffarelli. The soloist will be Antonio Decimo, the famous clarinetist.

In the evening, the overture to "Tannhauser," the "Albumblatt," by Wagner, the sextet from "Polito," a grand potpourri from "La Bohème," and the fantasia from "Carmen" will be played. The special features will be a trumpet solo from "Mignon," played by Signor Palmaudo, and a quartet of saxophones which will render "Oh for the Wings of a Dove."

A Notable Orchestral Concert.

One of the most enjoyable and meritorious musical events given in San Francisco for a long time was the orchestral concert which Henry Heyman directed at the reception in honor of the visiting bankers at the Hopkins Institute of Art last week. The orchestra was composed of thirty of the finest musicians of this city. The programme, which was given in the Mary Searles Gallery, included the following numbers:

March, "King John," Hauschild; overture, "Tannhauser," Wagner; melody, "Solitude," Ole Bull, harmonized for strings only by Svendsen; selections, "Faust," Gounod; serenade (horn solo and flute obligato), Titi; waltz, "Artist Life," Strauss; songs, "Serenade," cornet solo, "Am Meer," trombone solo, Schubert; selections, "Carmen," Bizet; "Dance of the Hours," "Gioconda," Ponchielli; and American national airs, Gilmore.

Adelina Patti and her supporting company of musicians will arrive in New York this week. Among the soloists will be Miss Vera Margolies, pianist, heard principally in London; Anton Hegner, 'cello virtuoso; Wilfred Vrgio, tenor; Miss Kathleen Howard, contralto; Miss Rosa Zamels, violinist; Claude A. Cunningham, baritone; and Signor Sapio, conductor.

The first concert of the 1903-1904 season of the Minetti Orchestra will be given at the Alhambra Theatre on the evening of December 14th. The weekly rehearsals are being held on Monday evenings at eight o'clock at the hall of the Century Club, 1215 Sutter Street. The organization is a very creditable one, and its prospects are extremely promising.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 746 MARKET STREET.

THE LADIES' SHIRT WAIST CUTTER OF THE COAST IS KENT, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

The Automobile Races.

The automobile and motor cycle races at Ingleside Track on next Friday and Saturday are to be preceded on Thursday night by a monster automobile parade, in which over one hundred machines will be in line. Three special prizes—a one-hundred dollar cup, fifty dollars in cash, and a fifty-dollar handsome trophy—are to be offered for the best decorated automobiles. The starting point will be at the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Golden Gate Avenue, and the route of the procession will be down Market, up Kearny to Bush, then over to Montgomery, and back Market Street to the starting place. At Ingleside, for a week sixteen men have been getting the track in fine condition. There will be eight races each day, with a half-hour intermission between each event. Barney Oldfield, the automobile champion, is to arrive from Denver Wednesday with his two cars, the Winton Bullet and the Bullet No. 2. Two other strong competitors will be F. A. Garbutt, whose White won several of the races at the recent Del Monte meet, and H. C. Merritt, whose sixty-horse-power Mercedes is said to be a wonder.

George P. Snell, one of the best known hotel men on the Coast, has just accepted the management of the Hotel del Monte at Monterey. The selection of Mr. Snell as manager of the Monterey resort will meet with public favor, for during his connection with the Hotel Vendome he has succeeded in getting it out of a rut and placing it on a paying basis, much to the satisfaction of the stockholders, who, through Mr. Snell's efforts, were finally relieved of the disagreeable necessity of paying assessments. It was his success at the Vendome, together with his long and creditable management of the Jick House, that suggested his name to Manager Shepard, of the Pacific Improvement Company, when he began to look around for a new manager for the Hotel del Monte.

Senator William Morris Stewart, of Nevada, was married in the private parlor at the Piedmont Hotel, Atlanta, Ga., on Monday evening to Mrs. May Agnes Cone, of Madison, Ga., the widow of Theodore C. Cone. Judge Thomas M. Norwood, of Savannah, was best man, and the only other witnesses were State Treasurer R. E. Park and Mrs. Park, Clark Howell, and the minister who performed the ceremony, Rev. H. S. Bradley, of the Methodist Church. Senator Stewart's first wife, the daughter of Governor Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi, whom he married in 1855, was killed by being thrown from an automobile in Alameda last year.

The following officers were chosen directors at the annual election of the Bank of California: William Alvord, James M. Allen, Frank B. Anderson, William Babcock, Charles R. Bishop, Antoine Borel, Warren D. Clark, George E. Goodman, Adam Grant, Edward W. Hopkins, John F. Merrill, and Jacob Stern; William Alvord, president (for the twenty-sixth consecutive term); Frank B. Anderson, vice-president; Charles R. Bishop, vice-president; James M. Allen, attorney; Allen M. Clay, secretary; Irving F. Moulton, cashier; Samuel H. Daniels, assistant cashier; and William R. Pentz, assistant cashier.

Judge M. M. Estee, for many years one of the most prominent lawyers of California, died in Honolulu on Tuesday, from the effects of an operation performed for kidney trouble. Mr. Estee is survived by a widow and daughter, Mrs. Charles J. Deering. Mr. Estee was twice the candidate of the Republican party for governor of California, but each time was defeated. In 1889, he was appointed by President Harrison as delegate to the Pan-American Congress, which met at Washington in October of that year, and in June, 1900, he was appointed by President McKinley as United States District Judge for Hawaii.

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THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Sprague leave next week for their Louisiana plantation. After a short stay there, they intend going abroad.

Mr. Amadée Joulain leaves San Francisco in a few weeks for a prolonged stay abroad. He expects to be in Paris for much of the time.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan were in London when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs sailed from New York for Europe on October 20th. They expect to remain abroad for a year.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin returned last week from her visit to Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin at Newport.

Miss Marie Voorhies will sail to-day (Saturday) on the transport *Sheridan* for Manila, where she will be the guest of General and Mrs. Luke Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis (*née* Morgan) have returned from their wedding journey, and will be the guests of Mrs. Morgan until their residence on Pacific Avenue is ready for occupancy.

Mrs. Edith B. Coleman, who will spend a part of the winter in San Francisco, is expected to arrive here in a fortnight.

Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and her daughter, Miss Ethel Lincoln, have returned from their long absence in the East and Europe, and are at their residence on Harrison Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Burke Holladay are visiting relatives in New York.

Mrs. Onatvia (*née* Hastings) is here on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Darling, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope and Mrs. F. A. Frank left for the East last week, and will be away the rest of the year.

Mrs. Ketchum, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. W. C. Little, in Oakland, has returned to the East.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood was in Southern California during the week.

Mr. Valentine G. Hush was in New York during the week.

Mrs. S. L. Bee has returned from a visit to the Eastern States, and is residing at 1055 Bush Street.

Mrs. Sidney H. Smith, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Bertha Sidney Smith, and Mrs. Philip Lansdale were in Geneva when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and Miss Helen de Young were in Boston during the week.

Mrs. Henry Scott and Miss Laura McKinstry, who at present are traveling in India, expect to reach San Francisco before Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Van Wyck and Miss Gertrude Van Wyck are occupying their residence on Steiner Street.

Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head were in Germany when last heard from with Mr. A. E. Monteny Jephson, Miss Head's *fiancé*, whose health is still far from satisfactory.

Dr. Clinton Cushing has returned from Europe.

Miss Elise Clarke has returned from her visit to Mrs. H. McD. Spencer at Menlo Park.

Mrs. H. R. Muzzy, Miss Irene Muzzy, Mrs. Margaret Jones, and Master Russell B. Jones sailed from New York for Europe last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Baker, of New York, Mrs. Frederick W. Van Dyne, and Mr. and Mrs. Edmond Baker visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Starr have taken a house on Ridge Road, Berkeley, for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard, who have been abroad for several months, expect to sail from Europe for New York on November 11th.

Mrs. A. H. Voorhies will leave this week for Charleston, S. C., where she goes as a delegate to the National Convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Voorhies will be absent about a month.

Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett and Miss Margaret Fassett, after a visit of several months to California, have departed for their home at Elmira, N. Y. They were accompanied by Miss Ella Bender, who will be absent for about a year.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller was in New York last week.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht leaves for Boston in a few days to meet her daughter, Mrs. Helen Hecht, who has been traveling abroad the past four years. They intend to spend the greater portion of the winter in New York.

Sabit Bey and Mme. Sahit Bey, of Paris, are visiting Mrs. J. Dennis Arnold. Sahit Bey is the Khedive's nephew and cousin of Prince Devlet Guerii, aid-de-camp to the Czar.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. William Gaul, Mr. G. E. Lewis, and Mr. Daniel B. Curtis, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Chandler and Mr. Ellis H. Roberts, of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Hayes and Miss Florence E. Hayes, of Eastland, Mr. A. W. Burnett, of Orange, N. J., Mr. J. R. Mainster, of Philadelphia, Mr. Hanfro, Mr. R. W. Grenfell, and Mr. Charles B. Swift, of London, Mrs. Guy T. Wayman, Mr. Will H. Stinson, Mr. A. J. Carmany, and Mr. C. J. Hunt.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral Bowles, chief of the bureau of construction and repair of the Navy Department, has tendered his resignation as an officer in the United States navy to the President, and requested that it take effect November 3d. Constructor L. W. Capps, now on duty at the New York Navy Yard, has

been selected by the President for the vacancy. Admiral Bowles has the distinction of being the youngest officer (forty-five years) who ever held the title of rear-admiral. He was also the first member of the instruction corps to graduate from the Naval Academy.

Major Benjamin H. Randolph, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted a month's sick leave, which he intends spending in Southern California.

Captain and Mrs. John Robert Rigby Hannay (*née* Young), of the Twenty-Second Infantry, arrived here early in the week, and registered at the Occidental Hotel. They will sail to-day (Saturday) on the transport *Sheridan* for Manila.

Colonel Marion P. Maus, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Maus, has been spending the week in San Francisco, en route to the Philippines. They will sail with the regiment on the transport *Sheridan* to-day (Saturday).

Major William E. Birkhimer, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who is one of the board of officers selected to choose a site for a military post in the Hawaiian Islands, sailed for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Sierra* on Thursday.

Major William Lassiter, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., who is stationed at Monterey, was in town during the week, and stopped at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain Robert H. Nohle, Third Infantry, U. S. A., is expected here before long, en route to Washington, D. C., from Manila, with Judge Taft.

Dr. Henry S. Kiersted, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kiersted left on Monday for Washington, D. C., where they will pass the winter. Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, who accompanied them, expects to be away several weeks.

Captain Charles H. McKinstry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as engineer at the School of Application, Washington Barracks, and ordered to take station at Los Angeles, relieving Major Joseph H. Willard, U. S. A.

Colonel Robert L. Meade, U. S. N., who, at his own request, is shortly to be retired from the navy, after forty years of active service in the marine corps, will leave Mare Island next Monday, accompanied by Mrs. Meade, and after a stay in San Francisco will proceed to New York, where he will reside.

Major Robert R. Stevens, U. S. A., upon his arrival from the Orient, will proceed to Fort Sheridan, Ill., to assume charge, under the direction of the quartermaster-general of the army, of construction work at that post, relieving Captain Morton F. Smith, U. S. A.

Dr. Tyndall's Sunday Lectures.

"Spiritualism" will be the subject of Dr. Melvor-Tyndall's psychic science lecture at Steinway Hall on Sunday night. Although Dr. Tyndall has accepted the presidency of a newly organized Institute of Suggestive Therapeutics, in Los Angeles, the large audiences that attend his public lectures here, and more particularly the private classes he is teaching, will keep him here for another month, and possibly longer. A splendid audience greeted him last Sunday night, the lecture being on "The World Invisible." Some seemingly miraculous proofs of an invisible world about us were deduced from recorded instances, and the lecture on the whole was an exposition of advanced and advancing thought along this line. On Sunday night, November 8th, Dr. Tyndall will talk on "Hypnotism and Crime."

Don't fail to make a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais before the rainy weather sets in. The trip through Mill Valley is delightful, and the advantageous views of the gorgeous sunsets at this time of the year alone ought to be incentive enough to make people anxious to take the journey.

Belle Thorne, a former favorite at the Tivoli Opera House, is to be the soloist at Holy Cross Church on Sunday, when the first mass, Opus 5, by her husband, Herman Perlet, will be sung for the first time.

Genuine Works of Art.

One of the principal attractions of the city, is the Gump collection of fine oil paintings, embracing a number of canvases from this year's Paris Salon, and from all the different art centres of Europe, also a very choice selection of beautiful water colors. S. & G. Gump Co., 113 Geary Street.

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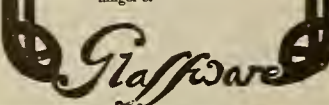
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Will prosperity continue? That is a question that pierces the shell of indifference for all who wear it. It is a question of bread and butter, and questions of bread and butter are everybody's questions. Will prosperity continue?

Perhaps there is no really good reason why this question should be asked at this time. But the fact is, it is being asked. More, it is being answered by different people in different ways. Some authorities, little and large, say: "A crisis is impending, but may be averted." Others publicly scout the possibility, but secretly have doubts. Others, still, will prove to you by figures that a commercial crisis can not be. Others say that conditions in the East are dubious, but the West stands on firm foundations. And so it may be interesting, at this time, to array the facts *pro* and

contra as fairly and impartially as may be, taking first those of pessimistic tone.

It is everywhere agreed that the panic in Wall Street was local. It had its origin in methods akin to those of "marked-card" gamblers, green-goods men, and gold-brick operators on the part of a small body of "financiers," and in a wild, foolish orgie of speculation on the part of a somewhat larger number. Now the day of reckoning has come. The few have lost their paper millions. So far so good. But sound securities have diminished in apparent value with the unsound. This affects capitalists, here and there, all over the country. It makes them "feel poor." They hesitate to put money into any new enterprises. They feel like "going slow"—there is no doubt about that. The only question is, How catching is this "go-slow" germ? How favorable a nidus for its growth does the country's financial organ present? It seems, at least, to have gained a foothold—if such an expression may be used of so apodal an organism—among some railroad magnates. "No recent movement in corporation finance has excited more combined interest and perplexity than the sudden movement of the railways to reduce expenditure," says one financial journal. It was the Pennsylvania that sounded the first note of severe retrenchment in '93. It is the Pennsylvania that now announces that work involving ten million expenditure has been deferred. It is not a question of lack of money, for that railroad is not hampered in that way. It is not a question of decreased earnings, for earnings have increased. The only discoverable reason is the fear of future falling off in traffic. The United States Steel Corporation's cut in wages seems to be capable of similar explanation.

Other ill-omened events are the failure of banks and trust companies in Baltimore and Pittsburg, and a singular run on the trust companies of St. Louis, started by a mere street rumor that spread like wild fire, and died out almost as quickly as it began. Surely it betrays a strange condition of doubt and suspicion when a panic of depositors can be so easily caused.

This is about all adverse that is tangible, though distributing centres like Chicago report that the "edge is off" the demand for manufactured articles—in some lines a decrease of ten per cent., in others, of twenty-five.

On the other side of the question there are many encouraging facts applying especially to the West. While Cassett, of the Pennsylvania railroad system, is cutting down expenditure, the Gould interests are preparing to spend between \$40,000,000 and \$50,000,000 in the Mississippi Valley. Whatever may happen in the future, railroad earnings are still up to the mark. The corn crop will be near two million bushels. The wheat crop is almost average. The cotton crop is estimated at eleven million bales. Prices for the products are good. Treasurer Roberts points out that, by January 1st, the amount of gold in the United States will exceed that in the whole of Europe, with a population five times as large. Since 1898 the money circulation in this country has increased by \$588,000,000, or from \$24.24 to \$29.75 per capita. Great Britain's per capita is \$18.29, Germany's \$20.48. We annually produce more than one-fourth of the world's gold supply.

It is also pointed out in many quarters that conditions on the Pacific Coast are somewhat different from what they were in '93. It is alleged that whether or no the Far East has a period of depression the Far West is likely to remain prosperous. It is estimated that \$10,000,000 once paid to the East for fuel is now here produced by oil wells and power plants. Mines which were unproductive a decade ago now annually yield \$15,000,000. We find markets for an increased fruit

production not only in the East but in England, Australia, and other places. The commerce on the Pacific has practically been created since 1893. And added to all this, the falling off in trade reported from the Middle West cities has here no counterpart. It is these facts that lead the Sacramento Union to say: "We are standing more than at any former time upon an independent, productive, and commercial footing, and it is difficult to see how events which do not affect our independent and foreign connections can ever seriously limit our activities or our general prosperity." In like manner, the leading paper of the Pacific Northwest points out that the wheat, fruit, hop, livestock, and lumber industries are flourishing. "All the securities which Oregon, Washington, and Idaho have to offer," it says, "are easily 'digestible.' Steel stocks are said to have shrunk \$300,000,000, but there has been no shrinkage in livestock. We are long on the latter and short on the former."

The bankers, when they were here, contributed largely to the body of encouraging opinion. The president of the Illinois Bankers' Association said: "The disturbed conditions in Wall Street do not indicate any serious trouble." The president of a Chicago bank said: "The so-called Wall Street crisis is largely a matter of bookkeeping, and no general business disturbance will follow." The comptroller of the currency remarked that prosperity "is not going to disappear or vanish in a day because of a slump in stocks or the collapse of a few underwriting syndicates." President Hardy of the association declared that "general conditions are sound."

In spite of this gravamen of favorable fact and opinion we are constrained to say: "But——" All nature is periodic. Everything in nature is in a condition of flux and change, progression and recession, ebb and flow. In organic evolution, scientists tell us, short periods of rapid change are followed by long periods of comparative quiescence. The progress of no world-movement is in a straight line. Who shall say what is the deep fundamental cause why empires grow, expand, reach high levels of civilization, and then decline? How strange that the art of sculpture should burst into perfect flower in ancient Greece, then wither and decay. How comes it that English literature should be suddenly illumined by such a constellation of poets as were Keats and Shelley, and Byron, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. "All progress," said Goethe, "moves in a spiral." And so it is perhaps not unreasonable to wonder, as we look back at the series of panic-periods at intervals of ten years, whether their causes lie deeper than we can see; are, in fact, in the nature of things, largely independent of material conditions. If all bodily ills were real, not imaginary, there would be a million less Christian Scientists. Perhaps it would be worth the financial doctors' while not only to test the strength of the commercial pulse-beat, but to ascertain if the patient is a victim of incurable periodic hysteria.

Not long ago, in San Francisco, three British tars—Riley, Sheehan, and Davis—deserted from that stout lime-juicer, the *Cloch*; thereafter, while going along the San Francisco water-front they maliciously, feloniously, and contrary to the peace and dignity of the State of California, did steal a certain case or box of apples with which to regale their inner man (or men). For this, they were arrested by the harbor police, and put in the municipal tank. While the sword of justice was still dangling over their heads, the stout lime-juicer *Cloch* sailed for home. Thereupon, a certain North, Federal Commissioner of Immigration, discovered that the three British tars were illegally upon our sacred soil; that they had no right to disembark thereon.

legally they did not belong here; and Commissioner North hastened to lay the facts before Federal Judge De Haven. The Federal judge was shocked by this invasion of Federal territory and infraction of Federal laws; he at once issued an order to the Federal Immigration Commissioner. With this order the commissioner hastened to the chief of police, who held in his possession the bodies of the three illegal British tars. When threatened with all the terrors and powers of the Federal Government, the alarmed chief of police made haste to turn the tars over to the Federal commissioner. The commissioner at once took the derelict tars out into the stream, intending to place them on board the *Invership*, another British lime-juicer belonging to the same line as the *Cloch*. But here a stumbling-block was found. The *Invership* skipper declared that the three British tars were sons of everything except their mothers; he talked freely of rope's-ends and belaying-pins; he more than hinted at Davy Jones; and he flatly defied the Federal Government and denied its right to put the derelict tars aboard his ship. So the tars were shipped ashore again. Somewhat puzzled over his predicament, the Federal commissioner attempted to return the tars to the police chief. But the chief, with a grim smile, remarked that the commissioner could keep his tars—he would none of them.

At last accounts the Federal Commissioner of Immigration still had in his custody—illegally—three immigrants for whose presence here he has no warrant.

It is painful to see an administrator of Federal laws thus deliberately breaking them, and with the derelict bodies in his possession as evidence of his crime.

The outlook in national politics is that the long-delayed solution of the question of Cuban reciprocity will engage the attention of the public during the month of November. The subject is expected to be the single proposition to be taken up by the extraordinary session of Congress which the President has called to meet on the ninth of this month. That body is called upon by the President's message to give its sanction, or refuse it, to the tariff concessions granted to Cuba by what is known as the Bliss-Zaldo treaty. The proposed compact was laid before an extra session of the Senate last March for its approval. It was at that time confirmed by the Senate, but was so amended as to require the concurrent approval of the House. The latter body has not since been in session, and the treaty has hung in the air all summer. What Congress will do with it this month is a matter of much speculation, and the result of its deliberations is not confidently forecasted by either the friends or the opponents of the treaty. Some features of the question seem to be clear. The treaty is not entirely satisfactory to Cuba. It does not grant all the tariff concessions which that country would like to have, but it does include all that can be at present hoped for from its more powerful neighbor, and is therefore accepted on the principle that half a loaf is preferable to no bread. The "moral obligation" which was formerly so vehemently urged has practically disappeared. Cuba's dire needs and our responsibility for their relief are no longer valuable arguments for the treaty. Economic distress and financial disaster no longer threaten immediately to engulf the island republic. Though still poor, the Cubans have a decidedly more hopeful outlook. They have pulled themselves together, confronted their misfortunes, and in a large measure conquered them. There remains, however, another obligation, definitely potent and moral, to-wit: that the question should be determined *pro* or *contra*. That consummation is equally desirable on both sides. If our markets are to be opened to them on more favorable terms, the Cubans are entitled to know it. If not, they should be promptly informed of the alternative in order that they may adjust their affairs to that condition.

The "moral obligation" having fallen flat, the main argument of the friends of the treaty is the shrinkage of our trade with the island which European nations have eagerly seized. "Not long ago," they say, "under Spanish rule eighty per cent. of the imports into Cuba were shipped from the United States, while now we furnish only about forty per cent. A recent report of Consul-General Steinhart, saying that our merchandise sales to Cuba were \$29,181,700 in 1899, and \$26,053,395 in 1902, is one of the basics of the argument. The total purchases of Cuba in those years suffered a diminution of \$4,500,000, but it is pointed out that our percentage of those purchases has fallen from forty-four to forty-two. The strongest objection to the treaty heretofore has been that the most important concession proposed relates to facilitating the entry of Cuban sugar to our markets through lower duties. That involved the certainty that the growing interest in beet-sugar production in this country would have to bear the burden of Cuban reciprocity, and the result has been that the beet-sugar States have put up a strenuous fight. At present, beet-sugar people seem to be resting on their oars. Michigan has been the centre of opposition to Cuban reciprocity to such an extent as to threaten a factional division in Republican party councils. The announcement has now been made that the Republicans who blocked reciprocity legislation in the Fifty-Seventh Congress have given up the fight, and that Representative William Alden Smith, of Michigan, a most active leader of the opposition, would no longer oppose the treaty concessions. Whether true or not, it is also said that ten of

Michigan's eleven congressmen met at Grand Rapids, the other day, and, after some discussion, decided "to postpone committing the delegation to any position on Cuban reciprocity until the opening of Congress." This, in conjunction with the fact that both Michigan senators voted to ratify the treaty last March, indicates some weakening on the part of beet sugar. Only one explanation of this condition appears. The American Sugar Refining Company—the Sugar Trust—has been quietly buying up controlling interests in the beet-sugar plants, which make it appear that the tacit assent of the beet-sugar people to the treaty is really the assent of the trust. If the treaty is ratified, a great quantity of Cuban sugar will come to this market. The trust will handle ninety-five per cent. of it. The trust will also produce an enormous amount of it in Cuba, and being the only buyer will give the outside Cuban planter none of the benefits of a reduction in duty. The profits would enable the trust to buy up and shut down the beet-sugar factories, and so reduce prices as to prevent new capital from engaging in the business.

The number of States holding general elections in "off" years is not so large as formerly, when such elections, held in the fall preceding a national election, came to be taken as a forecast of the next Presidential contest. This year there are only seven States which have balloted on full State tickets. Massachusetts Republicans have elected everything from governor down. The party has not lost the governorship in twelve years. As a Democratic candidate for the office last year, William A. Gaston cut down the big McKinley plurality by half. He was again the nominee this year, but was beaten by John L. Bates by over 35,000 plurality.

In Ohio, Myron T. Herrick, Republican, has been elected governor over Tom L. Johnson, Democrat, by a majority of 115,000—a figure which has only once been exceeded in the State. It seems that now Johnson's political measure has been taken in Ohio finally. Last year, he was practically the issue, and though not a candidate, was running the Democratic campaign autocratically. His party was then beaten by over 90,000. This year, he was the candidate for governor, and has made his usual whirlwind campaign, in which he has strained every nerve to elect a legislature which would compass Senator Hanna's defeat for senator. The result is overwhelmingly against him. Not only has he been defeated as stated, but the legislature elected shows a majority of 93 on joint ballot for Senator Hanna. Two years ago, when Foraker was elected, the Republicans had 35 majority on joint ballot, which was considered unprecedented. The figures indicate the magnitude of Johnson's defeat, which will put him out of the Presidential class, if not out of politics. Had he lost the governorship, but defeated Hanna, he might still have been in the ring.

While, at this writing, the returns are incomplete, it appears probable that Maryland has gone Democratic, electing Edwin Warfield for governor. The issue there, under the direction of Senator Gorman, has turned largely on race questions. During the campaign, President Roosevelt was severely attacked for his acts, letters, and general attitude on the color question. "Negro domination" has been the slogan in every part of the State. The President has also been charged with summoning Maryland Republicans to the White House to confer on the election outlook in the State, which furnished ground for another issue of "Presidential interference in State politics."

Rhode Island has again gone Democratic, reelecting Lucius Garvin as governor, but by a reduced majority. In Iowa, the Republicans were victorious, and reelected Governor Albert B. Cummins, and the whole ticket goes in with him. The Populists had a full ticket in the field. Kentucky and Mississippi have elected Democratic State tickets as might have been expected. Among the States where minor State officers only were balloted for, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, and Colorado have all given Republican majorities.

The off year in New York was made unusually interesting by the struggle in New York City for the mayoralty. During the campaign, the result has been considered close, but the returns show that George B. McClellan, the Tammany candidate, has defeated Seth Low by over 60,000. The great city has chosen to go back under Tammany rule. Edward M. Grout and Charles V. Fornes were elected two years ago as fusion candidates to the offices of comptroller and president of the board of aldermen, respectively. This year they were both renominated by fusion, then indorsed by Tammany, and thereupon stricken by the fusionists from their ticket. They have been reelected by the largest majorities of any candidates. The indications are that most of the voters in New York City have tired of civic virtue, and are out for a more open, if not a wide open, town.

In New York State at large, the Republicans have succeeded in electing their ticket of minor offices, of which a judge of the court of appeals was at the head. The question of improving the canals has been a burning one there for some years. The legislature has voted \$100,000,000 for the purpose, and the question was before the voters this year in the form of a referendum. It was carried by a majority of about 250,000. The project is to widen and deepen the Erie and other canals to accommodate larger barges, in order to prevent the railroads from making exorbitant rates for freight transportation. The first issue of bonds, covering two years' work, and running eighteen years, is to be for \$10,000,000.

The long-expected revolution in the State of Panama is a reality. Its cause was the practical veto put by the Colombian Government upon the construction of the Panama Canal by the United States or anybody. Its hope is to make the canal property legally, as it is geographically, the possession of Panama, and then to negotiate a treaty with the United States and let us go ahead and "dig the ditch," thus bringing pros-

perity to the Isthmus. Already the new government has asked for recognition from the United States, and though our State Department has declined to grant it, recognition is said only to await the official advices from our consular officer at Panama that the Panama government is duly established.

The revolution lacked none of the picturesque features of such South American episodes. It was scheduled for 2 p. m., Wednesday, but the unexpected landing of five hundred Colombian troops at Colon caused a change of date to 5 p. m., Tuesday, and later the leaders decided that 7 p. m. would be a more convenient hour. But the rank and file got tired of waiting, and revolted on their own hook shortly after five o'clock. Thereupon the "leaders" fell in with the idea and got busy. General Tovar—whose troops were at Colon—and his staff were arrested. The flag of Panama was "given to the breeze." Independence was proclaimed, and the names of the ministers of the government, of finance, foreign relations, public instruction, justice, and war and marine were announced. While the ministers were conferring on high questions of state, the commander of the Colombian warship *Bogota* sent word that he would fire on the city of Panama unless the revolutionists "restored the government." He kept his word. The revolutionists' gunboat *Padilla* and the guns of the town gallantly returned the fire. It was a fine battle and, fortunately, nobody was hurt—or at least only a Chinaman.

This was on Tuesday. On Wednesday, Colon was still in the hands of the Colombian authorities. Trains were running between that city and Panama. The United States cruiser *Nashville* had landed marines to preserve order, and Commander Hubbard had prohibited the transportation of troops by railway in either direction. Dispatches from Washington said that the commander of our cruiser *Boston* had been directed to prevent the *Bogota* from resuming hostilities; and that the *Marblehead*, *Wyoming*, and *Concord*, then in adjacent waters, had been ordered to Panama.

The right of the United States to intervene in this manner rests upon treaty provisions, in which this country agrees to keep an uninterrupted right of way. The tone of Washington dispatches and the facts themselves indicate that the Washington government intends to take high ground and construe almost any hostile act as a possible hindrance of traffic. Such a course is evidently of immense assistance to the revolutionists. In fact, there is reason to think that, though Secretary Hay knows his business too well to violate any international laws, substantial encouragement is being given to the revolution. This surmise is made almost a certainty by the latest dispatches which announce that, through the good offices of Commander Hubbard, the Colombian troops at Colon—28 officers and 435 men—have been induced to sail on the steamer *Orinoco* for Carthagena, leaving Colon, Panama, and consequently practically the whole isthmus, in undisputed possession of the revolutionists. Washington dispatches tell of protracted conferences between the President and army, navy, and Cabinet officers. The Isthmus is now the focus of attention, and it is likely to remain so for some time to come.

It is the prime function of a political party to elect its candidates, but it has been fourteen years since the Republican party of San Francisco has placed its nominee in the mayor's chair. Ellert, non-partisan, served as mayor from 1891 to 1895; Sutro, non-partisan, from 1895 to 1899; and Phelan, Democrat, from 1897 to 1901, when Schmitz was elected on the Union Labor ticket. Here is an amazing record of municipal unsuccess on the part of the Republican party. It is a timely moment to ask, To what has it been due?

It can not have been due, in the first place, to an absolute lack of Republican votes. In 1900, San Francisco gave McKinley a majority of 7,214. In 1896, she gave him a small plurality. Even this present year, 13,306 Republican votes were cast at the primary election, against 7,433 Democratic and only 5,066 Union Labor votes. This showed, at least, that the Republican electors were alive to their civic duties and ready to do their part if but given the chance.

If, therefore, Republican failures can not be attributed to the inherent numerical weakness of the party, then their cause necessarily lies in bad generalship, or unwise nominations, or the insistence upon suicidal policies by those in position to bring pressure to bear upon committees or conventions. No other sufficient reasons can be adduced.

So far as the failures of the past are concerned, we shall not discuss them. But perhaps the Republican readers of the *Argonaut* will tolerate a suggestion or two regarding the municipal election just past—not, indeed, showing how the final result could have been altered, but, in our opinion, showing how the Republican party here might have avoided becoming—as it is not elsewhere—an anti-union party, arraying "business men" against workmen, engendering bitter hatreds, and driving from the Republican ranks thousands of citizens, who happen not to work with their heads but with their hands.

In its issue following the primary on August 9th, the *Argonaut* advised the Republican party to indorse the nomination of Mayor Schmitz. We said that he was a Republican in national politics; that no nominee having only the Republican vote could be elected this year in this city; and that, by his indorsement, the success of most of the minor Republican nominees would be assured. We think all that we said then was true. But the party managers thought differently. They secured the nomination of Mr. Crocker. They did more. There is authority for the statement that when the name of Treasurer John E. McDougald came up in party councils on a question of indorsement, it was objected to on the ground that he was a union workingman. Let us just pause to remark that McDougald was reelected by 41,625 votes, the highest on the list! Let us add to this the further remark that we know John McDougald—that we have known him for many years—that he is a fine type of the American workingman, as good a man as ever stood in shoe-leather, and a good deal better than some of the cheap politicians

who "doubted the expediency of nominating a union workman." It is that kind of counsel which wrecked the Republican party at this election. It is also asserted that another one of the "inner circle" proclaimed the present a good time to make a fight against organized labor. Whether true or not, one of the first acts of the organization committee was to force Ruef out of the party because he would not take up the cudgels against his friend Schmitz. With Ruef went a host of Republican workmen, and the issue was joined between class and class.

Scarcely yet do people realize the mischief that has been wrought. The smoldering embers of the fires of hatred, kindled by the great teamsters' strike, have again been fanned into flame. The forcing of Ruef from the Republican party can only make him bitter toward it, and his influence, heretofore conservative, is likely henceforth to be tinged with radicalism. How much better would it have been for the Republican party to have indorsed Mr. Schmitz, making him thus equally responsible to all classes of the community. As it is, he is placed in the position of being the champion of one-half of the body politic against the other. Furthermore, all the union workmen in the Republican party, and a good many others besides, have been driven into the ranks of the Union Labor party. They are now talking of running a State ticket at the next election.

With the kind of leadership in the Republican party that drives out voters and wrecks party prospects, no wonder we have not elected a mayor in fourteen years. If that kind of leadership continues, we shall not elect a mayor in forty.

Our readers will know that the *Argonaut* is uncompromisingly hostile to the violent and lawless methods that have been too often employed by labor unions. But we do not for that reason oppose labor unions as such. We think it spells ruin for any political party to do so. Their right to organize is deeply imbedded in the minds of American workmen.

In this election the Republican campaign leaders chose to raise the issue of class against class. It was not the other side that did it. It was not until toward the end of the campaign that the Republican dailies began it. The moment they did so, the workmen took alarm. The ugly echoes of the teamsters' strike two years ago had died away. There was no need to reawaken them. But it was done, and when it was done the Republican ticket began to drop behind. Up to that time we think Henry Crocker was leading. But, day by day Republican workmen deserted the party, as their party organs clamored against the "working classes," and day by day Crocker's chances declined. He made a gallant, a clean, and a manly fight. But it was a forlorn hope. We are sorry for the party defeat, and we are sorry for Mr. Crocker. Like Horace Davis, four years ago, another good and loyal Republican, Henry Crocker, has been offered up by the local Republican leaders as a sacrifice on the altar of faction fights.

The demands of the three thousand carmen of this city on the United Railroads were for a working day of nine hours and a raise in wages from twenty-five cents per hour to thirty cents. The decision of the arbitration commission, consisting of Patrick Calboun for the company, W. D. Mahon for the men, and Oscar Straus, rejects the first demand, and grants an increase to twenty-seven and one-half cents an hour to men that have been in the company's service more than two years, and an increase to twenty-six and one-fourth cents per hour to all others. The wage scale in force hitherto is higher than in any large city of the United States. This was not denied. But the men asserted that the cost of living is higher here than elsewhere, supporting the assertion by voluminous testimony, to which the company offered evidence in rebuttal. The decision is a compromise. The railway's arbitrator did not assent to it, but the president of the company announces that it will be considered absolutely binding, though "the news was disappointing." Richard Cornelius, the president of the carmen's union, finds it more than "disappointing." He is reported as saying that Arbitrator Straus was "prejudiced against the carmen"; "that arbitration, so far as the workingman is concerned, is a failure"; and that the carmen here will never resort to arbitration again. However, he says that they will abide by the decision.

The hearing before Commissioner Heacock to determine whether James W. Erwin should be sent to Washington to be tried for complicity in the frauds connected with the adoption of the device of the Postal Device and Improvement Company by the government, was reopened to take the testimony of D. S. Richardson and Post-Office Inspector Wayland. Richardson, who was president of the Postal Device Company, frankly told all he knew about the matter. Four years ago, the device company sent Richardson, as president, and Erwin, as a stockholder, to Washington to advance the interests of the company. The two representatives were allowed seven hundred dollars for their expenses and one thousand shares of the stock of the company in fifty-share certificates to use in "forwarding the interests of the company in every legitimate way." Upon their return, a report was presented, signed by both of them, accounting for the money but silent as to the disposal of the stock. It was during this visit to Washington that Machen and Beavers were made stockholders in the company. Richardson testified, however, that Erwin knew nothing of the transfer of the stock to Machen and Beavers at the time. With the charge of participating directly in the bribery thus disposed of, the evidence against Erwin narrows down to the question whether he dealt with Machen concerning the devices after knowing that Machen had been bribed. In this connection, three letters written by Erwin to Machen about the business of the device company and the memorandum of matters he was to talk to Machen about while in Washington, given by Richardson to Erwin, are produced. One of these letters asking that the matters of the company be

expedited, Erwin declared was written by Richardson and brought to him to sign. In another letter, he asked that the devices be introduced in Sacramento, and Attorney Woodworth attempted to wring from him a confession that he suspected the bribery before this letter was written. Erwin, however, testified that he knew nothing absolutely about the bribery until Richardson told him of it on July 20, 1903, and that he could not fix the time when he began to suspect that there had been bribery. Erwin gave as a reason for not telling his suspicions to the inspectors when they were first aroused, that the inspectors did not ask what he suspected, but only what he knew. Concerning the fact that the device had been adopted without bids being called for, while the law provides that no patented device shall be purchased until after bids have been received, Erwin pleaded ignorance of the law, and it was urged that there being no other such device bids would be useless. To refute this, Inspector Wayland testified that there were a number of similar devices, one, in particular, being as good as this, and far cheaper. Wayland further testified that, when he investigated the case a year ago, Erwin's testimony was not given freely, but had to be extracted from him by the production of other evidence. Richardson's evidence, whatever effect it may have upon the attempt to implicate Erwin, certainly incriminates himself, but it is believed that he has been promised immunity in consideration of his full confession, which weaves the net closely around Machen and Beavers.

The complete election returns in this city disclose many interesting facts. The total vote, 59,767, exceeded by over 6,000 the total vote two years ago. It was only a few hundred less than the vote on governor last fall, and was only exceeded by about 3,000 in the Presidential contest of 1900. Over 5,000 voters, who did not vote for Schmitz two years ago, cast their ballots for him this time. Lane actually got fewer votes than Tobin, despite the larger total vote. Crocker secured a little less than 2,000 votes more than Wells. Lane carried only one precinct in the entire city. The number of voters who cast a straight Union Labor ballot was much smaller than the number of those who voted for Schmitz. Twelve of the Union Labor supervisory candidates received between 14,000 and 16,000 votes, which may be taken as the party strength. Only one Union Labor supervisor was elected, Thomas F. Finn. Nine Democratic supervisors were reelected—Booth, Brandenstein, Braunhart, Comte, Conner, D'Ancona, Payot, Loughery, McClellan—and one Democrat, E. R. Rock, was elected. The Republican supervisors reelected were Algiers, Bent, Borton, Eggers, and Rea. The last had the Union Labor indorsement, and got 30,013 votes. There are two new Republican supervisors, Sanderson and Lundstedt. Some of the pluralities of other candidates were simply huge. Treasurer McDougald (Republican and Union Labor) leads with 29,525, Byington was reelected district attorney with 24,657 votes to spare, Dodge's plurality was 19,425, Baehr's 11,491, Smith's 16,049, Godchaux's 10,233, Leland's 9,498, Hynes's 7,342. These were all second-terms. The new names are Percy V. Long, Republican, city attorney, by 22,505; Peter J. Curtis, Democrat and Union Labor, sheriff, by 10,110; John J. Greif, Republican, county clerk, by 7,305. The number of persons elected to municipal office on Tuesday was thirty. Of these twenty-three are reelected. The *status quo* is preserved with the exception of four supervisors, and three other minor officers.

The people of Santa Clara County are up in arms. A corporation known as the Bay Cities Water Company has been formed, which proposes to impound the waters of the Coyote, Uvas, and Llagas watersheds in Santa Clara County, and furnish to the cities of San Francisco and Oakland one hundred million gallons of water daily. To oppose this proposed diversion an association has been formed, known as the Home Protective Association, which proposes to raise a fund to pay the expenses of any necessary litigation. The basis upon which the land-owners of the valley rest their opposition is not that the water is to be diverted from the streams, but that it is to be prevented from irrigating the orchards of the valley through percolation. It was claimed that the artesian belt of the Coyote is closely connected with the belts of the Los Gatos, Alamitos, Guadalupe, San Tomas Aquinas, Campbell, and other creeks of the valley. This belt furnishes water in any part of the valley when it is tapped, and also furnishes moisture for vegetation. On the Coyote, a gauge showed forty million gallons flowing a day, while not one drop was to be found flowing on the surface a few miles farther down the channel, thus proving the extent to which the water is distributed by percolation. On the basis that it requires one cubic foot of water to irrigate each square foot of land, it is figured out that the quantity of water which it is proposed to divert would be sufficient to irrigate one hundred and forty square miles, or more than one-fourth of the whole area under cultivation in the county.

Should the question be brought into the courts, some very interesting legal questions will be raised. It will be remembered that, when this city was considering Lake Tahoe as a source of water supply, a few years ago, the people of Nevada entered a very decided protest. The waters of Lake Tahoe drain into Nevada through the Truckee River, and the water of this river is largely used for purposes of irrigation in Nevada. In this case, however, it was proposed to divert the water for San Francisco from the river beyond the boundary line, and these questions of jurisdiction complicated the questions of riparian rights. The general riparian doctrine is that owners of land abutting upon streams may not divert the water to an extent that will diminish the flow over lands farther down the stream. In the Santa Clara case, however, it is not the flow of water above the surface, but that below the surface that is involved, and we are not aware that the relative rights in such a case have ever been determined by an American court of law. There is a leading English case

—"In re the Town of Croydon," we believe—which bears upon the matter. There is the general principal that no person shall use his property in such way as to injure the property of another, and this proposed decision would injure the property of the fruit-growers of Santa Clara Valley. But, on the other hand, how are these rights underground to be determined? Can a man be restrained from sinking a well on his property because he would thereby diminish the flow of another man's well? And how is it to be determined, with the certainty required by law, whether the flow would be diminished? There are some hard questions here for the lawyers to solve.

Mr. Hearst is conducting a more extensive Presidential press-bureau than any other candidate. It is engaged in manufacturing popularity by what seems an artificial process. Small papers are being subsidized in many communities, and a staff of experienced and trained men are boosting his candidacy in every quarter.

Much of the work so far has been given to securing the indorsement of labor unions everywhere. Political agents are being sent continually to members of labor organizations to induce them to work up an enthusiasm for Mr. Hearst, and express the same publicly in resolutions adopted by the bodies. The Hearst boom is said to have taken the place of that of Judge Parker in the Southern States, and it is now dividing the sentiment among Democrats in that section with the adherents of Senator Gorman. It now has the support of Congressman Griggs, of Georgia, who is chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee. Another strong card for Mr. Hearst is the National Association of Democratic Clubs, of which he is president, but it is not known to what extent that organization is being used for its executive head. One of the many circulars distributed by the Hearst press-bureau contains the following *résumé* of Mr. Hearst's claims on the Presidency:

Politician enough to obtain the greatest popular indorsement at the polls ever given any one in New York State. Young enough to be progressive, yet old enough to have exceeded Bryan's age when the latter was nominated in 1896, and Roosevelt's age when Roosevelt was nominated in 1900. Philanthropic enough to endow seats of learning, sell coal at cost to the freezing poor, and give away hot coffee and sandwiches nightly to New York's homeless and starving thousands in the winter time, etc.

This is an effective sort of argument among certain classes, and the heaven seems to be working. The *staid Providence Journal*, for instance, remarks:

Especially in the South has sentiment that does not bear the earmarks of New York manufacture sprung up in favor of him, and day by day we hear of Democrats and Popocrats eminent in their immediate localities who speak with surprising charity of his candidacy for the Presidential nomination.

Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, helps the boom along by inscribing his new volume, "The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson," to Mr. Hearst. Here are the impassioned words:

Because he has dedicated his wealth, talent, and energies to the improvement of the conditions under which the masses of our people live; because he has shown an earnest, fearless, and consistent interest in the cause of the weak and oppressed; because he is to-day working with splendid ability along the same lines which Mr. Jefferson marked out a hundred years ago, I dedicate this book to William Randolph Hearst.

How to Fix the Trust Promoters.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 2, 1903. EDITORS ARGONAUT: The following appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of October 30th:

SAN BERNARDINO, October 29.—Colonel J. J. Sullivan, president of the Cincinnati clearing-house, was interviewed here to-day regarding the failure of the Shipbuilders' Trust. He declared that the trust was purposely organized by J. P. Morgan and Charles Schwab to swindle the people, and its success had been complete. Speaking of the business outlook of the country, Sullivan viewed the situation with alarm, saying: "The disclosures brought about by the crash of the Shipbuilders' Trust make it natural for the public to conclude that the United States Steel Corporation and kindred combines formed by Morgan are also nothing but swindling schemes, and have no substantial basis. An uneasiness has been created in financial circles which has led to bank disasters in Baltimore and St. Louis, and I believe will result in further crashes in other sections, if it does not cause a repetition of another Black Friday. The financial interests of the country are so closely woven together that such disturbances in one part will be communicated to all parts. A crisis is impending, but may be postponed."

This must have wounded the sensibilities of that particular class of bankers engaged in the flotation of paper on the confiding public.

To think that a hrother-banker should make such a statement was altogether too much to believe, and was no doubt explained as being probably a fake interview, a newspaper man's concoction.

But recent flotations of paper by this class of bankers, who take themselves seriously and imagine themselves to be immune from severe criticism, have made the American public ponder, and hereafter it will not be as easy for them to deceive the public with their flotations. Unfortunately, the banker to whom clients can safely go for advice about investments is becoming more difficult to find, and is being replaced by that class of banker who is ever on the alert to work off flotations he is interested in.

It is about time to pass laws to curb cupidity by compelling corporations to issue *actually* fully paid up stock, by limiting the issuance of bonds to say from fifty to sixty per cent. of the *actually* fully paid up stock (a margin such as a savings bank requires on loans) by making bond issues salable for not less than par (in California public bonds can not be sold for less than par), and by compelling stockholders to hold stock in their individual names.

It would do away, for example, with the present practice of forming corporations with millions of dollars of capital stock by a coterie who put up practically no money, issuing bonds to the full extent of the capital stock, which the board of directors usually proceed to sell to a "syndicate" at whatever price they see fit, the "syndicate" being generally largely composed of the directors under some form or guise. The "syndicate" then proceeds to work off the bonds on the public at a large profit, notwithstanding the anomaly that a profit to the "syndicate" is usually a loss to the stockholders! *Leslie's Weekly* of October 29th states: "One excellent result of this speculative craze through which we have been passing will probably be found in a general uprising of shareholders against promoters who have 'milked' them and the corporations so heavily. If it were possible to overthrow some of the combinations thus illegally formed, and to despoil the promoters of their booty, and even to punish them by fine or imprisonment, as they deserve, some good, after all, would come out of the 'reign of terror' through which Wall Street is passing." STOCKS AND B.

THE HIGHER HYPNOTISM.

How Cristoforo Won the Prize of Death.

When they found Cristoforo, a third of the blade was buried in his breast, and the rest of the machete stood straight up. Though Maria lay on the pavement of the court before the church not far away, all her muscles were paralyzed, remained so for months; and even after she recovered, it was proved that she could not have had the strength to drive that machete so deep.

Yet it is now clear from Cristoforo's papers that at the time he returned from abroad, his ealm exterior hid a terrible thirst for revenge because she would not wed him; and that, even while he mingled in society, life was but bones to him; and he had sworn the destruction of them both.

In San Angel, an hour from the City of Mexico by electric cars, is a cosmopolitan circle. Editors, travelers, Basque musicians, poets, astronomers, a world of eccentric genius; no American thimble-parties to dawdle over; no English teas. Bohemianism lifted into philosophy, science and its occult shadow rushing from brain to brain—such is their unusual life. It is an upper, rarefied stratum of the Mexican society.

Don Cristoforo, back from a year in Paris and Vienna, sat next to Flora at one of her eleven-o'clock suppers. Opposite was Maria (whom all the world knew he had tried so hard to marry) as placid, as glorious in Andalusian beauty, as ever, and just as able to look him straight in the eye. Because it used to be hinted that Cristoforo had even tried hypnotism in his desperation to win Maria, Flora, the malicious (who would have given her head to marry the Machiavellian fellow herself), would keep the conversation on that science; which nettled Cristoforo.

"The old stupid sort of hypnotism—controlling one mind by another—is a back number," said Cristoforo, stroking his lean, sallow face after a custom of his, and looking solemnly cunning. "It is as bungling as telegraphy with wires."

There was a general outburst; ladies forgot their dessert; musicians ceased sipping black coffee. Flora cried out: "What! He has brought home to us some new European mystery. Explain. Is the new hypnotism to be more—ah—more effective than the old?"

Some of the company politely chortled in their throats. That was a direct stab at his failure to win Maria. Cristoforo turned his cold eye from Flora to Maria (who answered it with wide glowing orb of self-possession) and back again. Then, piqued, daring, he replied: "It is."

"Oh, tell us!" cried a dozen men and women, leaning eagerly over the board.

Cristoforo cleared his throat and toyed with his coffee cup. "The higher hypnotism has arrived," said he, slowly. "As in telegraphy, we are now on the point of doing away with cumbersome wires, and send the spark of intelligence leaping the sea by Marconi's system, so in hypnotism. The old way is stupid, my mind acting on yours, leaving yours to move your muscles. But as psychology, electricity, and chemistry are now approaching one another, and the greatest minds begin to see that life is electricity, that chemical action and brain power are electricity, so hypnotists begin to comprehend that the mind of one person may act directly on the muscles of another—that is, upon the nerves that move those muscles—with no clumsy substituting of the second mind. The spark of my brain's power might leap the gulf between me and your hand, and move that hand. Your mind would play no part in that. In a few years the hypnotist will no more act upon the subject's brain, clumsily suggesting that it move the muscle. No. The hypnotist's own brain will move it!"

The company gazed on Don Cristoforo's sharp, leathery countenance. Flora sneered. Maria's full red lips smiled idly, but her eyes were winking in curious fashion.

"What!" cried Flora, sarcastic, "will you be able to move the other person's tongue, too?"

"I?" asked Cristoforo, cold and surprised. "Not I. The hypnotists."

He had a queer, strained look, as though all his muscles were powerfully contracted. His brow was moist as with great effort. His eyes wide, lids motionless, stared at the coffee cup. Across the table the lids of Maria's black Andalusian orbs were batting with unwonted rapidity. She put up her hand and rubbed them, surprised at their nervous tricks. A long sigh as of immense effort suspended, escaped Cristoforo; his own lids shut and opened; he let down from his tenseness, and turned with polished, clever ease to Flora.

"As for tongues," he said, "some day when you are inclined to be cutting, I may, at a distance, hold yours."

The company applauded that breezily. Flora was one of those women who think they may finally win an old bachelor after all, if they keep jabbing at him long enough. An editor, an astronomer, and a *dilettante* in art took up the subject. The conversation became rare, imaginative, racy.

Maria was always wearied by Don Cristoforo. She was inclined to yawn. She thanked her stars that she had not been fool enough to marry so repulsive a man, and sat looking at a diamond that flashed on her right

middle finger. As she did so, the finger twitched. It seemed that she was extraordinarily nervous. Then unawares the finger lifted itself, made a tiny circuit, and fell back. She shivered, sweeping the company with furtive glance. All were absorbed in the higher hypnotism—save Cristoforo, on whose forehead she saw the gleaming beads of sweat. Again she heard that long sigh of effort suddenly suspended.

"Do we intend to linger with Flora all night?" said he, with easy camaraderie; and the company arose. Maria was dumb, as she retired with her uncle, the astronomer, to that old walled domain of theirs, just beyond the great trees of the Plaza de San Jacinto.

Cristoforo kept bachelor rooms in the house of a French acquaintance, who was rapidly ruining himself at Monte Carlo. The building was opposite a quaint church, with a paved court, surrounded by a wall. In his bedroom, Cristoforo looked at his eyes in a mirror.

"They smart; they are inflamed," he said.

Then he wrote in a journal:

FEBRUARY 3D—Succeeded in controlling eyelids. Find that it reacts on my own. My eyes smart as though they had been held open too long. Succeeded in controlling finger. Find that my own is a little stiff so that I write with difficulty.

There are no others of God's creatures so calm as certain Mexican-Andalusian women like Maria. But as the days went on, she grew nervous, suffered from insomnia, lost color and flesh; and among her friends it was whispered that she had grown eccentric.

On a Sunday, Maria and Flora went to mass together. As they entered the little paved court of the church they passed Cristoforo going in, too, dressed as for a promenade on the Parisian boulevards. Maria, haughty and splendid being, did not even look at him, but Flora made one of her polite jabs at his expense. The women knelt bareheaded on the stone floor of the church, he seating himself on a bench behind them. The devil was in him.

Of a sudden the shapely right arm of Maria raised, made a circle through the air, and landed a blow on the head of Flora. An instant's profound amazement, then Maria toppled over in a faint. A hubbub arose; Flora, at first angry, then excusing the act as a nervous accident, got her now reviving companion home.

Immediately upon the fainting of Maria, Cristoforo had been seen walking briskly out of the church. In haste he had retired to his rooms, where he arrived in an exhausted condition, heart failing him, cold sweat dripping from his brow, yet with a demoniac exultation expressed by every line of that cunning, leathery face. His right arm hung stiff at his side. Having lain down for an hour till his exhaustion was relieved, he wrote in his book:

FEBRUARY 24TH—Progress is on the whole rapid. Succeeded in controlling whole arm. But the reaction on self becomes more and more plain. Using the power on her seems to impair the use of it on me. My right arm was helpless for an hour, and is now so numb I write with difficulty.

When he had written that, he sat for a long time with his head in his hands. His arm felt paralyzed. So terrible were the possibilities into which his thoughts ran; so dreadful the results that might ensue, did he succeed to the utmost in his diabolical plan of revenge, that at length when he arose he looked like a physical wreck.

"I will not give it up if it kills me," he said. "She has ruined me as it is; I shall conquer her and die for it if I must."

Two weeks went by; it was whispered about that Maria was certainly crazy, so queerly she acted; also that Don Cristoforo, her old lover, was losing his health alarmingly; he suffered from an intermittent paralysis. Ah—how powerful his love for her had been, that these mental eccentricities of hers so affected him. No wonder that Cristoforo looked like a wreck, when he loved Maria so that all Europe could not keep him away from her; when she still drove him to despair with scorn; and when, to cap the climax, before his very eyes was the magnificent beloved losing her mind.

Even yet, however, both occasionally appeared at little social functions of the distinguished circle in which they had been wont to move.

Again into Flora's dining-room (hung with tapestries of the Empire, by the way) the same guests appeared on a night in March. Through the doors they trooped, gayly ehauffing Cristoforo about some occultism or other. Maria was before him; he, like a skull, a smile dried on his lips, walked after. It was then that there occurred a thing so unaccountable and distressing that the company halted where they were, as though attacked with some sickness. Maria had just uttered a particularly scornful sentiment derogatory of his position in some psychological matter. Then it was that her long antagonism so maddened him that the whole of his queer power leaped up to humble her. He stopped. His muscles seemed drawn into knots. His eyes were on the floor; his face became ghastly; and the force began to act.

She suddenly ran before the guests and, wheeling so that she faced them, deliberately sat herself down upon the table and swung her feet like a school-girl sitting on a fence. But the puerility and misplaced frolic of that act were offset, rendered sickening, by the agony of struggle depicted upon her countenance. Her free mind protested, fought for her body's liberty, and as she sat she shrieked, and fell senseless across clattering dishes.

They carried her out; but here was Cristoforo fallen to the floor.

"Help me up," he said, hoarsely. "I've lost the use of my limbs somehow."

He, too, was borne home. There was no supper at Flora's that night, but the guests remained there another hour to hear news of the two stricken ones.

"Plainly insane," whispered they. "Terrible! Terrible! And poor old Don Cristoforo, how incredibly her misfortune affects him!"

Grim, Cristoforo lay gritting his teeth in his bed. He had a nurse sent to care for him. His legs were completely paralyzed, and many of the muscles of his trunk were temporarily useless.

In a few days, he had himself wheeled out in an invalid chair. Sometimes he could hobble a few steps himself. He met all his old associates in the Plaza de San Jacinto, and sat there on a bench chafing with them, scoffing at their sympathy. Always his eyes looked hither and thither, searching for Maria.

One day she, ghost of herself, came walking near, unconscious of him. Cristoforo lay in his invalid chair under the big trees chatting with a Basque musician. The musician saw his muscles stiffen, saw the sweat upon his brow, saw the glare in his eyes. Then he perceived that Maria, walking yonder, acted strangely. She raised her arms, and went crying out in a loud and solemn tone: "I have loved Don Cristoforo all my life!"

This she cried three times, her face drawn into an expression of horror; the while she walked before the public of San Angel. Staggering like a drunken woman, she disappeared into her uncle's house. And Cristoforo lay dumb.

They wheeled him home, and his friends, coming there, shook their heads over him, and whispered of the latest freak of the mad Maria. Could it be? Had she really loved him all this time? What was the awful thing, then, that had held them apart—that was slaying them?

Cristoforo slowly grew a little better. He could speak thickly; he could move his legs and arms a little. But his will would not give up yet; the last ignominy was still to be heaped upon her. See how surely he recovered—though slowly—after every fresh blow.

One week later they wheeled him into the plaza. It was noised about as a sort of gala occasion for Don Cristoforo, that being his saint's day, whereon he was going to celebrate the fact that the paralysis was leaving him. A dozen of his friends came through the plaza to cheer the bachelor up, and the astronomer, too, walked yonder with his niece, Maria, approaching. Here was Flora, still bantering Don Cristoforo, and here came the editor, the musicians, the *dilettantes* in art. The supreme moment was at hand.

It seemed that Don Cristoforo was all at once thrown into a cataleptic fit. Staring at him, the company was alarmed by the terrible look on his face, the sweat there, the knotted muscles, the diabolical smile. He lay stretched out in his invalid chair, still, cold, staring up at the trees of the beautiful Plaza de San Jacinto.

Maria yonder disengaged her arm from that of her uncle, and approached. Her face wore its look of horror. Solemnly she came forward among the sympathetic company of her friends, and, pausing before Cristoforo, bent down and kissed him on the lips.

"I love you," she said. "I want to marry you."

The mad act stupefied them. Don Cristoforo, with a last effort that seemed to crack his bones, and was the fierce fight with the paralysis that then accomplished his doom, cried out in exultation, guttural and thick: "Woman, what do I want with you?"

As usual, she became helpless; and they carried her home. Cristoforo was also taken to his house, being now dumb and motionless. Hardly any of his muscles could he move; but after a day he was able to whisper a little again and make his wants known.

Now, her humiliation fully accomplished, he, with no real desire for life, nevertheless bent his mind toward health. He watched his muscles for a week; they improved no more. A month. They improved not. His mind staggered; his doom was surely at hand. He had gone too far. Calmly, he decided to slay himself.

But how accomplish that self-destruction now at last so passionately desired? He had some little use of his own limbs to be sure; but no power to strike a blow, no means of obtaining poison. Throughout the unspeakable hours of a dozen lonely nights he lay planning. And the new science, the accursed secret, should die with him—but how? Ah—illuminating thought at last. True that he had no control over his own muscles; he had transferred that control to hers. Hers would still, perhaps, obey him.

"Juan," muttered he to the servant, "come; put me in the chair; wheel me out to the church-yard. I want to bask in the sun of that still spot."

The summer day was beautiful and warm. The paved court of the church was very lonely when they came through the big wooden doors and rested therein.

"Leave me, Juan, and go buy me some oranges," muttered Cristoforo, stretching out stiff in his chair and turning his eyes to the sky. "I want to swallow a little of the juice. You can squeeze it into my mouth for me, Juan."

Juan's white clothes, Juan's sandals, Juan's black hair, disappeared.

The church doors yonder were closed; the shadows of trees lay on these paving stones; and here in a secluded and lonely corner lay Don Cristoforo stretched out stiff, like a mummy.

For the last time the muscles on his face moved.

knotted, and the cold sweat stood out in beads. For ten long minutes thus he lay.

In the astronomer's house, beyond the beautiful Plaza de San Jacinto, Maria, who had seemed better of late, arose from her chair. Her face wore its look of horror again; its evidences of fight between the free mind and the enslaved, controlling muscles. On the wall hung swords, daggers, machetes—a style of ornament affected by her uncle and familiar to her friends. One of the machetes she took, huge, heavy, blunt thing, and withal murderous.

Out of the house, under the trees, Maria walked steadily; the whole width of the plaza, and on into a narrow street. Here was the high wooden door, giving entrance through the wall into the court of the church. Maria walked through. All was still, warm, the air dreamy with summer; yonder lay Don Cristoforo, the sweat glistening on his forehead, his body stretched out. Maria came to him, and both hands, holding the machete, were raised. She tried to shriek; a convulsion shook her body; her whole soul strove against the crime. But he, too, strove. His eyes were shut; his face was drawn and quivering; his nerves were like wires that break. For one instant their minds fought; conflict terrific. But the spark of command leaped the gulf; he operated the muscles of her arms. She raised them high. She struck.

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1903.

THE CASTING OUT OF LOVE.

A Plea for the Heart Interest in Novels.

The other day, looking over a list of popular novels, I was struck by the fact that several of them were tales that concerned themselves but little about what publishers call the "love interest." Other factors and emotions in the great game of life were introduced as leading preoccupations and motives. One of the books—Jack London's "Call of the Wild"—entirely ignored all suggestion of amatory sentiment. There was but one woman in the story, and she passed through it as a peevish, futile shadow.

Others of them had "love interests" that were secondary to the aim and matter of the plot. The book concerned itself with an outside problem like "The Leopard's Spots," the *raison d'être* of which is a lurid presentation of the race problem in the South. There is love and a woman in the story, but both are obviously "lugged in" as a concession to popular taste, and have little weight and no influence in the real attracting power of the book. Even "The Pit," by Frank Norris, while it had a sentimental complication and two women, each with a separate love imbroglio of her own, gained all its force and interest from the financial situation that was its pivot, and the large and masterful manner in which that situation was presented.

It will be interesting to watch this tendency and see if it is to make a lasting impression on our romantic literature. Every year the field of fiction grows wider. History has always encroached on it. The reformer has entered it as the best vantage point from which to exploit his ideas. Men of science have condescended to employ it to put forth their opinions. Any one with a message to deliver takes the novel as the best vehicle of delivery. The romanticist, pure and simple, whose mission was to delight, entertain, and amuse, has been joined by a great throng, who are eager to instruct, guide, and enlighten. The socialist, the anarchist, the doctor, the astronomer, the politician, the prima donna, the clergyman, when they happen to have anything new to say, say it in a novel.

With this multitude of other objects and interests crowding in, love gets rather squeezed out. The doctor who wants to demonstrate his theory that all mental force is abnormal and the result of disease, does not care to hamper the flow of his ideas with an ordinary love-story. The politician, who intends to expose the fraudulent methods of the ninth ward, finds that the "heart interest" gets decidedly in his way. The socialist, who is going to prove to his own and every one else's satisfaction that the only true civilization is for the world to unite in brotherly love and share the ill-gotten gains of the millionaires, does not want to diminish the force of his arguments by dragging in such extraneous matter as the love of man and maid. Even the clergyman, who is trying to show to an ignorant world that the Scriptures are inspired, and that David was behaving as the Lord's favorite should when he stole the wife of Uriah, finds it hard to drag in a love-story that won't look pale and tame beside the Biblical one.

It is from among this class of writers that we hear a plaint rising against the "tyranny of the heart interest." We are told that modern life is offering so many other occupations and activities that love is ceasing to hold the prominent place it has occupied for centuries. The romance of business is coming to the fore. The tragedies of financial distresses are taking the place of the tragedies of passion. If Shakespeare had written "Romeo and Juliet" in New York in 1903 instead of in London some time in the end of the seventeenth century, he would have made old Capulet a Captain of Industry, while old Montague would have been a small financier he was wiping out, and to this great drama the little drama of the loves of their children would have been a pale pendant.

This is what the male writers and the male readers

tell us. With women, both as readers and writers, love is still the preoccupying emotion of the novel. As far as I know, no woman ever wrote a great romance that did not concern itself principally with the "heart interest," except Harriet Beecher Stowe. And "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written, not as a work of fiction, but as a sort of evangel of freedom; in the same spirit in which Julia Ward Howe wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Both women were lifted out of themselves by the fever of the times. Neither gave forth a typical expression of her temperament or her sex. In a white flame of excitement each produced a work that was beyond her powers. Neither ever again touched the same high-water mark of achievement.

What a woman wants to read of in a novel is love, and where one man reads a novel ten women do. The woman's life is arranged on a basis of sentiment, and love is the core of it. Money making, the excitement of business, the thrill and struggle of work, are nothing to her when pitted against that great passion by which she lives and fulfills her destiny. She may be a money-maker herself. She may have an office down town and wear a tailor suit and men's shoes, and drive hard bargains, and be "a sharp customer to get ahead of," but when she turns to literature for relaxation you will notice that she will not read Kipling's "Day's Work" or Stevenson's "Kidnapped." What she will take up will be "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," or "The Little Minister," or "Eleanor," or, perhaps, even "Moths" or "In Maremma."

The novelists who neglect love are in turn neglected by women. How many of us know a woman who really loves Stevenson? I have heard innumerable men—men who read little, men who find their bank-books and their ledgers interesting enough literature—suddenly become enthusiastic in speaking of the author of "The Master of Ballantrae." But not women. That he had little to say of them they might have borne. But that he had little to say of the sentiment which fills up and illumines their lives was the unpardonable sin. I often wonder if "Wier of Hermiston" had been finished would it have placed Stevenson in the same position in the estimation of women that, say, Mrs. Humphry Ward holds? It was a love-story. What some one has called "the thrill of sex" was there from the entrance of the heroine on the scene. The disturbing tone of dormant passion stirring into life vibrated through each page. It is one of the tragedies of literature that it should have remained a fragment.

One of two elements are found in all the great romances of the world—heroism or love. While men and women have blood to be stirred and hearts to be moved, the doing of heroic deeds—the endangering or sacrificing of life and happiness for the advantage of others, will cast a spell upon them. Horatius at the bridge can thrill others than school-boys to-day. Leonidas and his Spartans will be a living story when Macaulay's New Zealander is looking at the ruins of St. Paul's. The heroic legend goes back farther than the amatory one. Perhaps love was not held in the high esteem it enjoyed later because of the subject condition of women. The woman had little say or choice about the disposal of herself, and her sentiments on the subject—if she dared to have any—were not usually expressed.

Bravery was the inspiration of the early romancer's muse. The loves of Helen and Paris were not of so much moment as the conflicts of the Greek and Trojan chiefs. The woman and the complications she brought with her, were of subsidiary interest. She was the warrior's reward, the entertainment of his leisure hours, taking the position in man's life that Nietzsche thinks she should hold to-day; that of the most dangerous and alluring toy that man in his times of play can find for his diversion. Even in stories of such universal human interest as that of Joseph and his brothers in the Bible, the woman plays a very meagre part. Joseph's loves are not of sufficient moment to be recorded. His repulsing of the wife of Potiphar was one of the ascending steps in his wonderful career. It was his heroism and ability as a man, and above all, his largeness of heart, the vast magnanimity of his nature, that was the point the biographer dwelt upon.

It was with the Christian era that love entered into even competition with heroism, and finally conquered it. The Anglo-Saxons felt the charm of "the heart interest" from the first. Shakespeare only wrote three plays without it. The political and revolutionary side of "Julius Caesar" are so interesting of themselves that they "make it go." But in "Coriolanus" the lack of amatory sentiment is keenly felt, and one is conscious all the time that the drama suffers from their absence. "Timon of Athens" is never played. Queen Elizabeth admired Falstaff, the fat knight, above all Shakespeare's creations, and Pepys thought "Romeo and Juliet" "the worst play that ever I heard," but it is by the pieces that turn on the pivot of love that the bard has lived.

From his time on to our own, what great work of imaginative literature is there that has no "heart interest"? The only one that at this moment I can remember is "Robinson Crusoe." But that is a unique production—never before or since repeated—the story of one human being isolated from his kind. No great romancer has given us comedy or tragedy without a woman in it—a woman who either feels or evokes love. Many may have attempted, but no one has succeeded in making a successful romance without a woman and the turbulence she is bound to create either quite in the centre of the stage or only a little to one side.

GERALDINE BONNER.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Richard Strauss—now, since his recent degree in philosophy from the University of Heidelberg, "Dr." Richard Strauss—is to be the editor of a new magazine soon to make its appearance in Berlin under the title of *Die Musik*. It will be devoted to musical æsthetics and biography.

German scholars are noted for their longevity, but few even of them retain their mental powers as long as Professor Edward Zeller, who, at the age of eighty-nine, has just brought out the last volume of the fourth edition of his history of Greek philosophy, with sixty-three pages added.

Henry A. Garfield, of Cleveland, who will accept the chair of politics at Princeton University, and expects to begin work next February, has a law practice in Cleveland which is said to be worth twenty thousand dollars a year. He is a member of the firm of Garfield, Garfield & Howe. The Garfields (James R. and Harry) are sons of the late President Garfield. James R. is now United States Commissioner of Corporations under Secretary Cortelyou.

Edward W. Stewart is said to be the first naturalized citizen of Chicago to renounce his allegiance to the United States. Recently, he wrote to the clerk of the circuit court of Cook County from Falcorage, County Donegal, Ireland, saying: "I forward to you my citizenship papers. Hereafter I relinquish all rights to same, also all claims of any kind I have had up to the present against the United States of America. It is with regret I do this, but necessity compels me."

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, who was married at Atlanta last week, is a picturesque character in Washington. He is six feet tall, broad-shouldered, has a flowing white beard of the patriarchal fashion, and always wears a big black sombrero. Though seventy-six years old, he is very active. In the Senate, he is a frequent talker, and, as his speeches are usually long-winded and not very much to the point, Walter Wellman says, his fellow-senators shudder whenever he takes the floor. He has been dubbed by them "Senator Polonius." Senator Stewart was first elected to the United States Senate in 1864, and has been there ever since, except from 1875 to 1887.

John Alexander Dowie's "invasion" of New York with his Restoration Host has proved a big frost. When he left Zion City for the metropolis, Dowie promised that he would fill Madison Square Garden with converts, festoon the walls of the garden with crutches and canes of those who were healed, baptize thousands, drive the devil from Manhattan Island, and take fifty millions of dollars back to Zion. As a matter of fact, his sermons have made absolutely no impression on New Yorkers because they were composed principally of billingsgate and abuse; he did not heal a body or convert a soul; he did not baptize a man, woman, or child; he had his horses attached by the sheriff; he publicly proclaimed himself of illegitimate birth; and spent something like a quarter of a million of dollars without taking in enough even to pay the gas bills of Madison Square Garden, which cost him one thousand dollars a day rental.

The murderer of Eugénie Fougère, the noted Parisian beauty, of whom our Paris correspondent, "St. Martin," recently wrote, has at last been discovered through the suicide of Ladermann, an accomplice. The crime, it appears, was planned by Fougère's maid, Mlle. Giritat, and her lover, Henri Dussat. Ladermann agreed to assist in the theft of Fougère's jewels upon condition that there be no killing. He secreted himself in the garden of the murdered woman's villa. When Fougère's maid came into the house she was bound and gagged by Mlle. Giritat, who then treated Fougère in the same manner. After handing Ladermann the jewels, the Giritat woman strangled Fougère, whom she hated. Then, in order to dispose of the witness to the crime, she strangled the maid. Mlle. Giritat then ordered Ladermann to bind and gag her. This he did before leaving the villa with the jewels, and the plan worked so admirably that it took the police a long time to discover that Mlle. Giritat's miraculous escape from being strangled was really only a bit of clever acting.

Sir Mortimer Durand, who is to be the new British ambassador at Washington, is a man of different stamp and career than his recent predecessors in that office. Sir Lionel Sackville-West, Lord Poncefote, and Sir Michael Herbert were all what London society calls "foreign office" men. They were trained in the foreign office itself. They served in secondary legations and in subordinate posts in embassies, and finally gained what has come to be one of the prizes of the service, the post at Washington, D. C. All three lived their lives in civilized places, and did their work among civilized men. Sir Mortimer, on the other hand, until he was sent as ambassador to Madrid, in 1900, made his career in India and in Central Asia. His appointment in another respect is notable. It has been won on the merit of work done and high qualities proved. Few men of his rank in the British diplomatic service have had less social influence at their command or have owed less of their advance to it than has he. A cloud of feminine intrigue for and against Sir Michael Herbert hung about his appointment. It has been active of late to further the interests of some who would have succeeded him.

THE FIRST DIVORCE.

From the Annals of Alta California.

In the days of pastoral California, the command, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder" was obeyed without question. Marriage was a sacrament bestowed by heaven; and if crosses sometimes accompanied it, they were considered part of the discipline of the all-wise Father, to be borne with patience, though without understanding. If life seemed unbearable to a certain couple, the Church stepped in and pointed out to each the other's virtues, and enjoined them to set aside selfish desires and become examples to the neighborhood. Generally a reconciliation was effected, and these sometimes blossomed into the happiest marriages. In the few stubborn cases of positive dislike, a legal separation was allowed, although deplored; but neither party was free to marry again until the other's death. That would have violated a sacrament which the Church regarded as most holy. Yet when the first divorce occurred in the province, it was the Church that granted it.

One of the earliest papers issued by the first Bishop of California after his arrival here in 1842, was a letter to the prefect of Los Angeles, denying his "faculty to pass on the validity of marriage, a faculty which belongs only to the Church," and ordering him to send all the testimony in the case of Sepúlveda *versus* Trujillo, upon which he had presumed to act, to the ecclesiastical see at Santa Barbara. The prefect's answer explained that he was forced to act in the case, since the parish priest had neglected his duty when appealed to. He accompanied his reply by many documents, and from these we get the story in detail.

The recital of Casilda, the wife, is intensely dramatic. She was but fifteen years, and "had no desire to marry any one." Her father, Enrique Sepúlveda, was in love with the widow Matilde Trujillo, a Mexican, who would not consent to marry him unless Casilda would marry her son, Antonio Teodoro Trujillo. Casilda had "no desire to marry this Trujillo," and "resisted absolutely." (Whether her "resistance" was due to personal dislike or to the Californian's usual feeling of superiority to the Mexican, she does not state.)

Her father urged, prayed, and commanded in vain. The more he was opposed, the more "violently in love" with the widow he became; and the firmer the Señora Trujillo stood on her condition that she "would not go to church with him" unless Casilda would go at the same time with her son.

Finally Casilda pitied her father, and "condescended to go to church with them," but in her mind she was still firmly resolved "never to marry Teodoro." The four went together to the Mission San Gabriel, and stood before Father Estenaga to be joined in the bonds of holy matrimony. First the *padre* "joined the hands" of Matilde Trujillo and Enrique Sepúlveda and had them exchange vows. Then he told Casilda to "give her hand" to Teodoro, but she answered, "No, no, no." The priest questioned her, but she "always answered 'No,'" and he finally said: "God be with you, my daughter. If it is not your wish to marry, no one can force you." Then he advised her to go to the home of her grandmother, Fernanda Tapia. At the same time, he cautioned her father against punishing her, and assured her that she could feel safe, as after his warning her father would "not dare touch a hair of" her "head." Casilda preferred to return with her father and his new wife to their ranch.

The marriage occurred on Sunday, and her father did not mention it to her until the next Wednesday morning. Then, as she was strolling in the wheat field, he came to her and urged her to marry Teodoro so that "he would not break his word." She refused. He exclaimed: "That is all right. Go home and I will fix you."

She returned to the house, and her statement tells what ensued: "My father came into my room. He beat me, slapped my face, hit me in one eye, threw me on the floor, struck me several blows on the head, and left me stunned. Then he went out, locked the door, and left me." In a little while he returned, and found her sitting up, with one eye swollen closed. He said: "I have given my word that you should marry, and you have made a fool of me; but you shall marry, and this very day." He ordered her to get ready, as the animals were waiting to carry them to the Mission. Before their departure, he led her into a room and showed her a rope hanging from the ceiling. "Look at that," he said, "and take warning. If you refuse to marry at the church, I will hang you up there when we return."

All the way to the Mission, Casilda wept, and she naively describes how unprepossessing she looked with her black eye and her shower of tears. At the altar, Father Estenaga asked her "three times" if she "wished to marry that Trujillo," and she "always answered 'No.'" Then the *padre* insisted that she give her hand to Teodoro. The poor child writes: "Being flustered with the excitement," "remembering the threats," "not knowing how to get out of my situation," "but knowing that my father was the principal author of my misery and that he would keep his word, I finally gasped 'Yes,' but only through fear." Then, with her rejoicing family, she rode back to the ranch, weeping every step of the way.

The next day, her grandmother, Fernanda Tapai,

complained to the prefect of Los Angeles of Sepúlveda's cruelty, and he took Casilda from her father's ranch, and brought her to "the respectable house of Abel Sterns" in Los Angeles. After listening to her story, the judge declared her marriage "null and void."

Then Father Estenaga interfered, and produced an order from the bishop, which, Casilda writes, empowered him "to join me to the man whose hand I had held, to confess me, and to give me nuptial benediction." Upon this order, the judge allowed Casilda to go to the Mission. There the priest put her in charge of Victoria, a good old neophyte. That afternoon, during the *siesta* hour, an employee from her father's ranch passed Victoria's rooms, and warned Casilda that her father was coming that night to take her back to the ranch. So the little girl stole away, while the others slept, and was taken back to the home of Abel Sterns. From there she petitioned the prefect "to order Father Estenaga to know that he had no authority" over her and "to appoint a guardian to protect her." She added that she hoped that the prefect would overlook the fact that her petition is written on common paper, as she could not obtain the proper stamped sheets.

The prefect's account to the bishop emphasized the facts of Casilda's tale, and more sharply criticised Father Estenaga. The priest, he said, knew all the "violences the father had committed," and "lacked in the duty of his ministry" by giving up "the said Casilda into the hands of her executioner, her father, for so he must be called." "The blows, threats, and scandal were in the open sight and knowledge of the parish," and it was only "the priest who took no notice and wished to carry on the marriage." However, "such marriage could not be legitimate," as it "wanted the girl's consent." The prefect added that he sent the bishop such a detailed history of the case, not because he lessened his own authority, but to give his grace "all points of the compass."

When all the evidence of the case was presented to the bishop's court, the ecclesiastical lawyer, Father Narciso Duran, argued that "lacking the full and deliberate consent of Casilda, without which there is not, nor can there be, a valid marriage, as the Holy Church has held and constantly holds, the marriage is of no value."

The bishop supported this opinion, and declared "the marriage of Antonio Teodoro Trujillo and Casilda Sepúlveda to be null and void," and that "both are as free as they were before the thirteenth day of April, or before the celebration of this fatal and scandalous marriage." His grace also decreed that Casilda was "not to be punished for perjury" in finally saying "yes," but rather "to be treated charitably and justly," and she was to be placed in some respectable house by the prefect, and there maintained at the expense of her father. He admonished Sepúlveda, and ordered him to regard Casilda "with love and sweetness, throwing a veil over what is past," or else be prepared to "suffer all the rigors of the law." Two copies of the decision were made August 20, 1842, one for the prefect and the other for Father Estenaga, to be read at high mass at the Mission San Gabriel on the first feast day after its receipt.

In the whole case, the bridegroom remains skulking in the background, never stepping forward to win Casilda, nor seeming to have any will in the matter. Whether he cared mostly for herself or for her broad inheritance, or whether he was but a tool in the hands of his mother, the papers do not reveal. All the testimony dwells on the contest between Casilda and her cruel father.

Sepúlveda could not be reformed by a bishop's decree, and suit had to be brought against him to secure Casilda her property rights. His temper was not improved by his legal difficulties, and evidently his "violent love" for Matilde Trujillo did not exhibit itself in acts of consideration for her when she was once Señora Sepúlveda. And on her side, she regretted the day she had listened to his pleadings. Much as she had criticised Casilda for breaking her involuntary marriage vows, she herself, in less than two years, secured a divorce. Evidently, the blame was Sepúlveda's in this case, also, as both civil and ecclesiastical courts warned him that no longer would the community endure any of his ill-doings, and that if he scandalized it in the future, he must expect the just punishment his acts deserved, but from which he had hitherto escaped.

And so the first divorce in the territory, granted by the Church to remedy a flagrant injustice, speedily served as a precedent to relieve other marital miseries, and in time led on to the abuses our legislature has had to condemn. Whatever laxity may underlie these latter-day cases, no suspicion of criticism can be attached to Casilda Sepúlveda, who, although only a child of fifteen, really introduced divorce into California. Her suit was based on her belief in the sanctity of marriage, and the resulting necessity of personal agreement between the parties most concerned. As such, it could not invoke prayers nor commands for patience with another's faults and for a revival of a former affection. Its very character forced the dear old Bishop Diego y Moreno to decree that "the consent of both parties is indispensable for the value of this holy sacrament," and in pastoral California "the consent of both parties" usually signified an abiding love that founded a happy home and had little need of the divorce court.

KATHERINE CHANDLER.

OLD FAVORITES.

Concepcion de Arguello.

(PRESIDIO DE SAN FRANCISCO, 1800.)

Looking seaward, o'er the sand-hills stands the fortress, old and quaint,

By the San Francisco friars lifted to their patron saint—
Sponsor to that wondrous city, now apostate to the creed,
On whose youthful walls the Padre saw the angel's golden reed;
All its trophies long since scattered, all its blazon brushed away;
And the flag that flies above it hut a triumph of to-day:
Never scar of siege or battle challenges the wandering eye;
Never breach of war-like onset holds the curious passerby;
Only one sweet human fancy interweaves its threads of gold
With the plain and home-spun present, and a love that ne'er grows old:

Only one thing holds its crumbling walls above the meaner dust—
Listen to the simple story of a woman's love and trust.

Count von Zeranoff, the Russian, envoy of the mighty Czar,
Stood beside the deep embrasures where the brazen cannon are;
He with grave provincial magnates long had held serene debate
On the Treaty of Alliance and the high affairs of state;
He from grave provincial magnates oft had turned to talk apart
With the Comandante's daughter on the questions of the heart,
Until points of gravest import yielded slowly, one by one,
And by Love was consummated what Diplomacy begun;
Till beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
He received the two-fold contract for approval of the Czar;
Till beside the brazen cannon the betrothed bade adieu,
And, from sallopport and gateway, north the Russian eagles flew.

Long beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are,
Did they wait the promised bridegroom and the answer of the Czar;

Day by day on wall and bastion beat the hollow, empty breeze—
Day by day the sunlight glittered on the vacant, smiling seas;
Week by week the near hills whitened in their dusty leather cloaks—

Week by week the far hills darkened from the fringing plain
Of oaks;

Till the rains came, and far-breaking, on the fierce south-wester
tost,
Dashed the whole long coast with color, and then vanished and
were lost.

So each year the season shifted—wet and warm and drear and
dry;

Half a year of clouds and flowers, half a year of dust and sky.
Still it brought no ship nor message—brought no tidings, ill or
meet,

For the statesmanlike Comandante, for the daughter fair and
sweet.

Yet she heard the varying message, voiceless to all ears beside:
"He will come," the flowers whispered; "Come no more," the
dry hills sighed.

Still she found him with the waters lifted by the morning breeze—
Still she lost him with the folding of the great, white-tented seas;
Until hollows chased the dimples from her cheeks of olive brown,
And at times a swift, shy moisture dragged the long, sweet lashes
down;

Or the small mouth curved and quivered, as for some denied
caress,

And the fair young brow was knitted in an infantine distress.
Then the grim Comandante, pacing where the brazen cannon are,
Comforted the maid with proverbs—wisdom gathered from afar;
Bits of ancient observation by his fathers garnered, each

As a pebble worn and polished in the current of his speech:
"Those who wait the coming rider travel twice as far as he";
"Tired wench and coming butter never did in time agree";
"He that getteth himself honey, though a clown, he shall have
flies";

"In the end God grinds the miller"; "In the dark the mole has
eyes";

"He whose father is Alcalde of his trial hath no fear"—
And be sure the Count has reasons that will make his conduct
clear.

Then the voice sententious faltered, and the wisdom it would
teach

Lost itself in fondlest trifles of his soft Castilian speech.
And on "Concha," "Conchitita," and "Conchita" he would
dwell

With the fond reiteration which the Spaniard knows so well.
So with proverbs and caresses, half in faith and half in doubt,
Every day some hope was kindled, flickered, faded, and went out.

Yearly, down the hillside sweeping came the stately cavalcade,
Bringing revel to vaquero, joy and comfort to each maid;
Bringing days of formal visit, social feast, and rustic sport
Of bull-baiting on the plaza, of love-making in the court.
Vainly, then, at Concha's lattice, vainly as the idle wind,
Rose the thin, high Spanish tenor that bespoke the youth too
kind;

Vainly, leaning from their saddles, caballeros, bold and fleet,
Plucked for her the buried chicken from beneath their mustangs'
feet;

So in vain the barren hill-sides with their gay serapes blazed,
Blazed and vanished in the dust-cloud that their flying hoofs had
raised.

Then the drum called from the rampart, and once more, with
patient mien,

The Comandante and his daughter each took up the dull routine—
Each took up the petty duties of a life apart and lone,
Till the slow years wrought a music in its dreary monotone.

Forty years on wall and bastion swept the hollow, idle breeze,
Since the Russian eagle fluttered from the California seas;
Forty years on wall and bastion wrought its slow but sure decay,
And St. George's cross was lifted in the port of Monterey;
And the citadel was lighted, and the hall was gayly drest,
All to honor Sir George Simpson, famous traveler and guest.

Far and near the people gathered to the costly banquet set,
And exchanged congratulations with the English baronet;
Till, the formal speeches ended, and amidst the laugh and wine,
Some one spoke of Concha's lover—heedless of the warning sign.
Quickly then cried Sir George Simpson: "Speak no ill of him,
I pray;

He is dead—he died, poor fellow, forty years ago this day.
Died while speeding home to Russia, falling from a fractious
horse.

Left a sweetheart, too, they tell me. Married, I suppose, of
course?

Lives she yet?" A death-like silence fell on banquet, guests,
and hall.

And a trembling figure rising fixed the awe-struck gaze of all.
Two black eyes in darkened orbits gleamed beneath the nun's
white hood;

Black serge hid the wasted figure, bowed and stricken where it
stood.

"Lives she yet?" Sir George repeated. All were hushed as
Concha drew
Closer yet her nun's attire. "Señor, pardon, she died, too!"

—Bret Harte.

A French physician, Dr. Maréchal, advocates the passing of a law making the wearing of a corset by any woman under thirty an offense, punishable by three months' imprisonment if she is of age, and a fine of \$20 to \$200 imposed on her parents or guardians if she is under age.

A NEW BOOK ON SPAIN.

"Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart.

TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN. By Jerome Hart. San Francisco: Payot, Upham & Co., 1904. Pages i-xii, 1-256, and Index. Sixteen full-page half-tone plates; illustrations and facsimiles in the text; colored map of Spain. Cloth binding, with stamp on side in two colors and gold. Bound in boards with full gold stamp on side. Gilt top. Price, \$2.00.

The book, "Two Argonauts in Spain," is a handsome 12mo. volume of nearly three hundred pages. It is the fruit of a flying trip through Spain, entering it from Southern France by the Gate of the Pyrenees; traveling thence through the North of Spain, by way of Barcelona, Saragossa, and Lerida to Madrid; thence into Andalusia by way of Toledo and Cordova; then follows an account of a stay at Seville; thence the Two Argonauts cross Andalusia, and make their way over the mountains to Granada; the Alhambra is touched upon; from there they make their way out of Spain by the southern gateway, Algeciras, and Gibraltar.

The book discusses Spanish railways, hotels, theatres, operas, circuses, bull-fights, and Spanish amusements generally. It touches at some length on the hotels of Madrid, and pokes good-natured fun at the much-overrated square there, the Puerta del Sol, or "Gateway of the Sun." Other Madrid topics discussed are the costumes of the women at the opera, the theatres, and the bull-fights; the people in the parks, including those in carriages, on horseback, and on foot; the great picture galleries of Spain; the beautiful Armory of Madrid; the Spanish newspapers; the Madrid dailies, with their illustrations, their web-perfecting presses, and their semi-American methods; the "society weeklies," with their portraits of "society ladies"; the theatrical weeklies; the bull-fighting journals; and the Spanish press generally is interestingly dwelt upon. The peculiar Spanish amusements, such as the bull-ring and the pelota games, are also described. The writer shows good judgment in giving less space to the bull-fight itself—a somewhat hackneyed subject—than to the spectators and to the incidents around the bull-ring.

Not a little space is devoted to the cigarette habit in Spain, and to its effect on the Spaniards. The writer seems to believe that their physical and mental degeneration is largely due to the abuse of the cigarette. In a chapter on Cordova, considerable space is given to Spanish beggary, some manifestations of which are as peculiar as they are amusing. It is stated in the book that Spanish beggars who go to work are thereafter looked upon with scorn by their kindred.

An amusing incident of travel is that told of the trip between Cordova and Toledo, where the travelers were assured that a fellow-voyager was the Alcalde of that ancient city, Toledo. The unexpected *dénouement* will be found in the book.

On reaching Granada, the author was much surprised at its size and importance; he devotes a number of pages to the city, its shops its newspapers, its churches, and its sugar-beet industry. From him we learn that this ancient city, like some of our Western towns, is also expecting a boom. Further, he tells us that Granada is much troubled with labor strikes. In fact, all over Spain the author observes indications of labor troubles and continual strikes.

In Granada he buys some Spanish translations of Irving's books, and is moved to severe criticism on the wretched typography, comparing it disadvantageously with that of the early Spanish printers. He tells some amusing incidents of the lightning tourists who shoot into the Alhambra and shoot out again on the same day. It will surprise many people to learn what numbers of American tourists go to the Alhambra via Gibraltar, and what rapid time they make.

While the writer freely admits the beauty of the Alhambra, he thinks that many tourists and travelers are apt to gush unduly over it, and he does not hesitate to point out the many unattractive sides of the pilgrimage thither.

Oddly enough, he devotes more space to Granada itself than to the Alhambra. In fact, all through the book it is the unusual which seems to strike him. Therefore, the book is certainly unhackneyed, and not the usual commonplace narrative so often found in books of travel. The writer visits the gypsy quarters, both at Seville and Granada; he does not find the female gypsies so beautiful nor the male gypsies so picturesque as we are generally told they are. He warns tourists that in Granada—as in all the Spanish cities—practically no English is spoken at the hotels, and very little French. He also warns

them that "sunny Spain" in winter is a very arctic place; that the hotels are all unheated, and that if they go to Spain, they ought to take their winter clothes.

Probably the most attractive chapter in the book is that devoted to Seville. Although the Granada and Madrid chapters are both interesting, the author seemed to be more fascinated by Seville. From his narrative it certainly must be a city of great charm. He briefly touches on the usual sights of Seville, dismissing the famous tobacco factory with the remark that "the beautiful cigarette girls of song and story turned out to be some thousands of tired, sallow females, many of whom are old, most of whom are middle-aged, and all of whom are ugly." He describes humorously the well-dressed professional men in Seville going home to lunch along narrow, crooked lanes—streets so narrow that the laden donkeys fill them from wall to wall; as he expresses it, the prominent citizens make their way along "jumping into doorways dodging donkeys."

The writer tells us of the clubs in Seville, which, it seems, are not few—they are luxuriously furnished, and somewhat resemble the London clubs in the way their windows give prominently upon the streets.

If at times the writer takes us into well-trodden places, like the cathedral and sacristy of Seville, he finds there unusual sights, such as the Columbus Monument. This, he tells us, was moved from Havana when it ceased to be Spanish soil, and was established in Seville with a new pedestal commemorating the fact. He also gives some

which are admirably reproduced in the book as half-tone plates. The book begins with a unique and handsome rubricated title-page; it is a half-tone of a Moorish archway in the Alhambra; framed in the black arch is a rich red design—apparently an Arabic inscription. But on a closer inspection the Arabic letters resolve themselves into the legend, "Two Argonauts in Spain." The lettering is most cunningly designed, and at a cursory glance nine out of ten would take it for an Oriental inscription.

Among the other pictures in the book, there are the following:

"Bridge Between the Frontier and Barcelona."

"Columbus Monument, Montjuich in the Background."

"On the Rambla Roadway, Barcelona."

"Battle Armor of Charles V in Madrid Armory."

"Portrait of the Poet Becquer."

"Forest of Columns in the Cordova Mosque."

"Gypsy Group, Albaycin Quarter."

"Torre de la Vela, Granada."

"Gate of Justice, Alhambra."

"Architectural Details, Alhambra."

"Gypsy Dancers at Granada."

"An Arcade of the Alcazar, Seville."

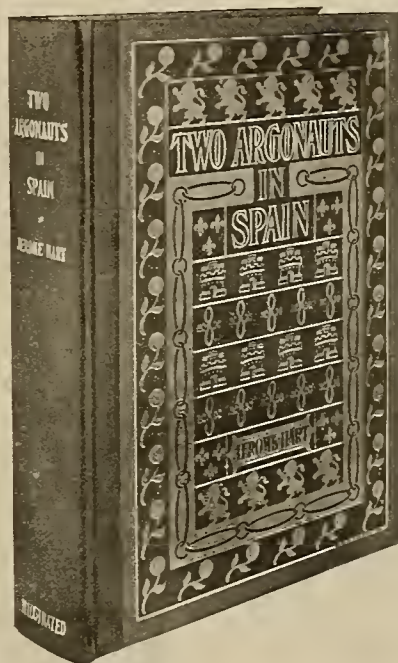
"Group in the Gate of a Ducal Palace, Seville."

"Puerta del Perdon, Seville."

"Seville Cathedral and Giralda Tower."

Most of these contain spirited groups, notably the "Gypsy Dancers at Granada,"

"Group in the Gate of a Ducal Palace," and



Cover Design of Jerome Hart's New Book of Travel Sketches.

interesting notes about the enormous number of books on the Seville cathedral—of which we learn there are five hundred and ninety-four.

He tells us that while sherry may be had in Seville as cheap as forty-five cents a bottle, some of it sells for four dollars. We also learn that the sherry sold there is a light, dry wine, utterly unlike the strong beverage we know under that name.

A visit to the House of Becquer, the passionate Spanish poet, is described, and the book closes with a chapter vividly painting a scene on the tower of the Giralda. This is a graphic piece of work. It was at the sunset hour, but the sunset itself is barely touched upon. What so vividly struck the writer was the ringing of the great chime of bells in the tower by a band of men and boys. The men were the regular bell-ringers, and the boys were apparently apprentices. As he describes the scene, with the boys whirling at the ends of the bell-ropes and flying like birds in the air around the tower, the sight must certainly have been one to remember. It is a pity that there was not an artist there to depict it for us with the pencil, as the writer did it with the pen.

There are many other scenes here touched upon, which would have made admirable material for an artist. The writer, with whimsical sorrow, bewails the mishaps that befall their camera. "All the groups in the sun," he says, "are never worth taking. All the groups worth taking are never in the sun."

None the less, the Two Argonauts succeeded in securing nearly a score of pictures,

"Gypsies in the Albaycin Quarter." The portrait of the poet Becquer is in etched line, after an etching, and is a striking portrait of a very handsome man, with fine features and haunting eyes.

For other illustrative matter the book contains several facsimiles, some handsome initials, a few head and tail-pieces, and a colored map of Spain and Portugal.

The cover, like the rest of the book, is distinctive. The binding is in two styles, in boards and in cloth, but in both the same design is used, while differently treated. The emblems of the various provinces of Spain—castles for Castile, lions for Leon, pomegranates for Granada, chains for Navarre—are richly emblazoned on the cover. In the cloth binding this design is treated in gold and two colors. The book is also tooled in gold and the tops gilded. In the books bound in boards the design is stamped in full gold on a rich brown tint on a complementary shade of brown board.

The effect of the gold on the two shades of brown is very effective.

The letter-press is printed on thick linen-fibre wove paper, which was brought here specially from the East, there being no such high-grade paper in the local market. The plates are printed on the finest coated Stirling art paper obtainable. The letter used is a handsome new Caslon type, and the page is very satisfactory to the eye. The book has been printed by the Argonaut Press, and every care has been lavished on its production. As a piece of local book-making the craft here may take pride in it.

THE BRUTALITY OF FOOTBALL.

"Van Fletch's" Views.

After witnessing the superb athletic perfection of the American national game of baseball, as exemplified in the post-season series between the Boston American and the Pittsburgh National clubs, a visit to one of the collegiate football games brought on a train of thought which at no time freed itself from a strong tinge of sadness and disgust. It was the Harvard-Brown game on Soldiers' Field, Cambridge, yesterday, and the game was looked upon as a sort of test of Harvard's chances against Yale when the contest of final yearly interest is decided. Yale played West Point at the same time at West Point or New Haven, and both games were supposed to be indicative of the final probabilities.

Football is not an open game. A friend of mine recently attended a college contest with an ex-captain of Harvard, and sought to be enlightened as the game progressed on the fine points of the play. The ex-captain was frank, and admitted that he could not tell what they were up to, and only an occasional catch and a dodging run occurred to break the monotony of the tedious rough-and-tumble mix-up, with an occasional pause to resuscitate a disabled player. Yet the crowd screamed itself hoarse with its monotonous rah! rahs!! and the clownishly dressed "Dickey" pennancers performed monkey tricks to give color to the scene.

We sat behind the Brown seat, and saw several players retire for sponging off, with blood running down their faces or limping with hurts about the body. Harvard had the heavier team, and momentum won. Beef and superior padding constituted the offense and defense most of the time, and trickery was the other factor in this game of muscular bluff with only a rarely occasional clever bit of kicking to give it a football semblance.

In the days of human brute force, when muscular superiority won victories over aggressive enemies, and was the means of human defense against despoliation, cultivation of brute force was necessary, but in these days of firearms and diplomacy it is merely a survival of primitive brutalities.

I sat at a round-table of college presidents, deans, and professors last year, after the last Harvard-Yale game, and heard a discussion which deplored the necessity of allowing football as a college attraction, and heard it roundly scored as a disgrace to modern civilization, but at the same time there is being built at Cambridge a "Stadium" of concrete, in imitation of that at Athens built of marble, to cost \$300,000, with the idea of encouraging these very brutal antiquities.

In the different university clubs where I have been a guest, football has been the topic of most general conversation, and betting on the games is prevalent in graduate circles almost to the exclusion of learning, literature, and politics.

The games I saw in Buda-Pesth, and described for you two years or so ago, were much more truly athletic. The team-work of Oxford against All Hungary was masterly, and there was rarely a mix-up of brutal strength; but the American game has all the degrading features uppermost in the play.

American football, to accentuate the brutality, is played, rain or shine, cold or warm, and such is the affected enthusiasm of its followers that many a fatal cold is invited by frail women to emulate the don't-care-a-damnedness of the sport. I saw numbers of frail physical creatures shivering with a mixture of excitement and cold yesterday, and saw the crowd trudge away from the field in a cloud of catarrhal dust for the half-mile access to over-crowded trolley-cars.

It was a marvel to see scores of smelly automobiles pick their way through that dense crowd, and a wonder that many were not crushed under the Juggernaut rubber tires; but somehow or other no one seemed to get killed outright, but the doctors will reap a harvest next week attending the cases of catarrhal colds that must result from the exposure to chill and dust.

There may be a hitch in the completion of the Stadium, as the fund is some \$80,000 shy of completion, but with the present enthusiasm of attendance at the games the shortage does not seem important. The great Stadium is built in the form of a horseshoe, of wood and iron, and the exterior surface, seats and all, is covered with molded concrete in imitation of stone. I hear that the seats will be super-surfaced with wood to check the chill of the concrete, and folding cushions are rented as an extra buttal protection. VAN FLETCH.

HOTEL LENOX, BOSTON, October 25, 1903.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Powerful Drama of the West.

Geraldine Bonner's new novel, "To-Morrow's Tangle," opens with a desert scene—"The vast gray expanse of the desert lay still as a picture in the heat of the early afternoon." On the desert there is but one spot of human life. An emigrant wagon makes the "one shadow" in that land. In that shadow a child of three lies struggling for life. Beside him sits his mother, weak and nerveless, only a girl in age, but made a woman in appearance by the hardships she has undergone. The husband and father, "a lean but powerful man, worn away by the journey to bone and muscle, but of an iron fibre," sits there, too, and beside him another woman, also his wife, whose buxom beauty he had lusted after, and to win whom he had embraced the Mormon faith.

Toward sunset the child dies. Its mother too weak and weary and broken-hearted even to weep, accepts its death calmly. The man and his vigorous, handsome Mormon spouse dig the grave and bury the little body. From the wagon where the girl-wife has gone come low moans, and when, later, the man, who has fallen into a deep sleep, wakes, he hears "in the stillness of the night the cat-like mew of the new-born."

The next day, the man—Jake Shackleton is his name—pushes on with the wagon. The horses are nearly exhausted, but he finally succeeds in reaching the camp of two miners up in the Sierras, "where the foothills fold back upon one another in cool, blue shadows." There, one of the horses falls dead. The young wife, with her girl baby, is too weak to go forward on foot or on the other horse. The man has no money to purchase the two horses the miners have. And hence he is filled with hard rage and savage despair that his journey into the promised land has been blocked by the weak and, to him, useless woman. It is at this point that the kindness of one of the miners to the wife and child breeds a desperate idea. Jake taunts the miner into saying he will let the girl stay there till she gets stronger, and then "I am not giving anything away just now," he answered, "But I'll swap her for your two horses." And to this cruel and heartless proposition the miner, in indignation and disgust, agrees.

The girl mother—she is only nineteen—gets well. The roses come back to her cheeks. The child lives. Fletcher, one of the men, goes away to the town and does not come back again. And so the inevitable happens. Propinquity does its perfect work. When the deep snows come to the high Sierras, they shut in not only Moreau, the gently bred gold-hunter, and the girl and her child, but the little god of love. In the spring, the twain go down to Hangtown, and are married. Both know the union is not legal, but both believe that the secret, known only to five persons, will remain theirs forever. But she keeps her first marriage certificate.

Here is the "tangle" as set forth in the prologue. And "to-morrow"—that is, in twenty years—when Jake Shackleton has become a Bonanza King, when Moreau has died, and the mother and lovely daughter, Mariposa, have come to San Francisco, it becomes apparent what a tragic tangle it is. No one who has read the prologue will put the book down until it is finished.

This novel is typically Californian. Miss Bonner has achieved that difficult task of giving to perfectly familiar San Francisco scenes an atmosphere of romance and charm. From the first page to the last the plot steadily gathers force till the striking climax is reached. What that climax is it would be unfair to both reader and author to say, but it is strong.

Our readers will pardon us, in this instance, for adding to what may perhaps be a biased judgment, the certainly unbiased ones of three influential journals. The New York Sun says of "To-Morrow's Tangle":

Here is realism and a very unconventional situation. Yet the book might be put into the hands of a school-girl. The desert and the tragedy that happened there, the solitary mining-camp, the man and the woman, and the incidents that brought them together, are described powerfully, yet with lightness of touch.

The New York Mail and Express calls it a "good story, well worth the telling, and well told." Further:

Miss Bonner gathers the threads of her plot easily and naturally in the beginning, weaves them together loosely at first, then draws tighter the strands until to-morrow's tangle ensues, all but inextricable. Anxiety, watchfulness, a desire to right a wrong as far as it is possible without exposure; unsuspected knowledge in one quarter, suspicion in an-

other, proof here, evidence yonder, pride, love, cupidity, craft, crime—all these are strands that go to the making of this tangle whose centre is a young girl.

The Literary Digest says that the author has handled her material "with tact, courage, and strength. . . . The earlier portions give a sense of largeness, an almost Biblical freedom for the emotions amid an atmosphere of primitive nature."

These reviews, the only ones that have reached us, indicate a remarkably favorable reception of "To-Morrow's Tangle" by the press, and also a prosperous career with the public.

The book contains a number of fine illustrations in monochrome by the noted artist, Arthur I. Kellar.

Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

"Famous Assassinations."

Francis Johnson in this latter day has performed the feat of discovering and working a brand-new field in historical research. In his "Famous Assassinations" we have the detailed account of thirty-one notable assassinations that cover a period of almost twenty-four centuries, each one of which is the central scene of some political, religious, or national crisis. In almost every instance it appears a noteworthy fact that the personality of one individual weighed against the life of a cause or a nation, making the assassin merely a blind tool in the hands of Fate, and in his way a liberator.

But underlying the red record of "Famous Assassinations" is a wealth of sentiment, for while the blood-stained pages cry out their chronicles of crime, there runs an undercurrent of romance and pathos that should appeal equally to the sentimentalist and sensationalist.

Such material as Mr. Johnson has chosen lends itself readily to the skill and imagination of a forceful writer, and in his hand these incidents grow into beacon lights of national history. Among these detailed accounts that supply the pathos is that of the beautiful Inez de Castro, who lived not wisely but too well, and whose tragic story has awakened echoes of pity and sorrow through five succeeding centuries. Still more vital in our sympathy lies the story of Thomas à Becket, whose fearless, "I am here!" guided the feet of his murderers in the dark sanctuary, and cost England her famous Archbishop of Canterbury.

Of the political leaders, around whose history gathers less of song and story, but whose names stand synonymous with the iron will and heavy hand, are Ivan the Terrible, David Rezzio, Peter the Third of Russia, Jean Paul Marat, and Henry the Fourth of France.

The work in this book shows faithful research through public annals and private memoirs, contains twenty-nine illustrations of its characters, and as a reference on these subjects merits a niche of its own.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.50.

The Story of a San Francisco Mother.

Frances Charles has told with delicate art the story of a mother's awakened love. She calls it a fable. It is written so simply a child could understand it. Yet it is deeply interesting to those who have left childhood far behind. Just what is the saving grace that keeps the story from becoming twaddle, it is hard to say. Laura E. Richards possessed it in her earlier charming stories, but has lost it in her later books.

"The Awakening of the Duchess" is not a child's story, nor the story of a child, but rather a story of the artificial life of a society woman, and the unconscious dwarfing of those instinctive and fundamental characteristics of the woman and mother-nature. Forms and customs so envelop this beautiful and lovable woman that her child is eight years old before she realizes what a void there has been in her life, and finds solace in her awakened love. The story might be true of any city, but Miss Charles, a Western woman, gives her art its true atmosphere, and makes San Francisco the setting for her delicate admonition to those exotic flowers of our "leisure class," the exquisite, sheltered, and wholly dependent women who have been robbed of the sweetest privileges of motherhood by the paid service of the nursery-maid.

The illustrations, by I. H. Caliga, are in color, and very charming.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"The Romance of a Rogue," a novel, by Joseph Sharts, is published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

The November Century Magazine.

An unusually beautiful number is the November issue of the Century Magazine. In addition to three handsomely reproduced colored pictures by Maxfield Parrish, supplementing Edith Wharton's descriptive paper on "Florentine Villas," there are striking colored pictures by F. W. Stokes and Charles R. Knight, depicting two brilliant "Sunsets in Tropical Seas," and several studies of animals in the lion-house in the New York Zoological Park. Among the notable descriptive, informational, and literary articles are "Life on the Flood: The New York Stock Exchange from Within," by Edmund Clarence Stedman; "Fable and Woodmyth," with illustrations, by Ernest Thompson Seton; "Thackeray's Friendship With an American Family," by Lucy W. Baxter; "A World's Congress of Lions," by Henry Fairfield Osborn; the third installment of "Chapters From My Diplomatic Life," by Andrew D. White; and "The Present Epidemic of Crime," by James M. Buckley, LL. D. The short-story writers are H. Addington Bruce, Anne Warner, Henry Wallace Phillips, Benjamin H. Ridgley, David Gray, and S. Weir Mitchell, and besides the usual departments, verse is contributed by Henry Van Dyke, Arthur Stringer, Marion Conthony Smith, Maurice Francis Egan, Evelyn Phinney, Clinton Dangerfield, Elsa Barker, and Charles Benton Cannaday.

Professor Theodor Mommsen, the eminent German historian, died at Charlottenburg on Sunday, at the age of eighty-six. To the outer world, Professor Mommsen was known chiefly as the author of his "History of Rome," which was begun in 1854. It had reached three volumes in 1856; the fifth appeared in 1885, and the fourth has not yet been issued. His treatment of the political and social development of Rome extends from the beginning of Roman history to the imperial epoch; it is based on the most minute knowledge of all the literary and monumental remains bearing on this time, and the keenest critical estimate. Eight editions of it have appeared, unfinished though it is, and it has been translated into English, French, Italian, Russian, Polish, and Spanish, and Germans are proud to consider it as much a part of their national literature as the works of Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, or Ranke.

While her bright sayings have brought money and fame to the author, Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, as well as to the publishers, the dramatist, the actors, and everybody connected with "Mrs. Wiggs" as a book or a play, Mrs. Mary A. Bass, the original sage of the cabbage patch, is living in her former poverty in Louisville, Ky.

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Recollections of BISMARCK

By
Hon. Andrew D. White
Ex-Ambassador to Germany

One of the great attractions of the November number of The Century Magazine. :: :: ::

Don't Miss This Article

TO BE FOUND IN THE NOVEMBER CENTURY

LITERARY NOTES.

Dr. Jordan's Inspiring Work.

It is easy to imagine that if Theodore Roosevelt were president of a great university—as it is said he would like to be when he has served another term in his present high office—his public utterances would greatly resemble in spirit and content those of Dr. David Starr Jordan, which are printed in the volume just from the press, called "The Voice of the Scholar."

The two men hold practically the same civic ideal. Both have a profound contempt for the educated man who fails to use his wisdom and his knowledge for the public good, both have an abiding belief in democracy, both are never weary of impressing upon the individual that in his civic integrity and alertness, not in any laws or regulations, rests the salvation of the Republic.

"The Voice of the Scholar" contains addresses and papers delivered and published at various times during the last five years. Their scope is indicated by their titles—"The Building of the University," "Relative Values in Knowledge," "The Higher Education of the Business Man," "The Woman and the University," "College Spirit," "Politics in the Schools," "The Lessons of the Tragedy" (the murder of McKinley), "Recent Tendencies in College Education," etc.

Many passages are very striking—for example this:

The greatest need of popular government is the university. The greatest need of higher education is democracy. The scholar and the man must work together. The free man must be a scholar. The scholar must be a free man.

And these sentences, chosen almost at random:

The presence of the king is not the essential feature of monarchy. It is the absence of the people.

The function of democracy, as I have said many times, is not good government. Its effect is to stimulate people to broader outlook, to deeper interest in public affairs.

The highest force of the university lies in its moral training. It is the contagion of high thought, of noble purpose, of lofty deed, that "strikes the heart of youth in flame."

Oxford and Cambridge are still choked by the dust of their own traditions. Because this is so we may doubt whether England has today any universities at all, but merely ingenious and venerable substitutes.

Doubtless the average professor isn't worth two thousand a year. Doubtless you could fill every chair here on five hundred. But that is not the point. The fact is, the average college professor is worth very little indeed. It is not average men, but real men, that make a university. Some real men you have, and you know who they are. There is no excuse for you to employ any others. Average men and average teachers you can buy tied in bunches at any price you choose to offer. For real men you must look far and wide, for they are in constant demand.

"The Voice of the Scholar" is indeed an inspiring work.

Published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

"The Silver Poppy."

Although a little top-heavy with poetry, epigrams, tropes, and metaphors, "The Silver Poppy" is a well-written and interesting story, presenting a new version of an old idea. It is that of the pigmy masquerading in the giant's robe; or, in other words, merely clever mediocrity appropriating and claiming the work of a veritable creator.

It is probable that Mr. Stringer belongs to the ranks of those who aspire to write the great American novel, for his work bears evidences—almost too much so, in truth—of the tool of the polisher. Each chapter is headed with two quotations, of somewhat strenuous brilliancy, one in poetry and one in prose, which play the part of excerpts from the works of the two leading literary characters in "The Silver Poppy."

The reader is favored with several glimpses of New York literary circles, in which lions roar gently in the language of epigrams. Doubtless the author has turned social as well as professional experiences to account, more especially in the chapter describing John Hartley's experience with the syndicate bureau, which reflects a phase of the life journalistic that will startle the green aspirant. Indeed, the literary aspect of the story will be particularly interesting to young writers and would-be journalists of high ideals, who, from the plain truths that are vigorously put forth by the author, may learn a disquieting thing or two about the standards of New York editors.

Mr. Stringer aims to be a stylist, but as yet many of his figures of speech are either over-florid, or so labored as to act as slight stumbling-blocks to the free action of the story. But the purposes and ambitions, as

well as the ability, of the writer, are worthy of respect, for he has succeeded in writing a novel whose plot is well-balanced, consistent, and carefully cumulative, whose characterization shows an acuteness that disdains mere sentimentality, and whose style, barring the faults already mentioned, is direct and sincere.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

An Absorbing California Story.

This review of "The Golden Chain" is proportioned to the length of the story, not to its degree of merit. For, indeed, though brief, this tale by Gwendolen Overton of a mining town at the desert edge has not a little charm. What an admirable character is Dudley Koble, the cowboy, strong, gentle, clean-hearted. How sweet is the young girl, Felicia, enamored of the rôle of Juliet, the member of a traveling "show," and yet withal simple and unspoiled. The pictures of the desert, where horned toads "scuttled along leaving the trail of their peaked tails thread-like in the sands"; of the home of the rancher on the edge of the Indian reservation; of the little town of Mexicans leavened (or polluted) by the influx of gold-seekers with their following of brazen women, all show intimate and sympathetic knowledge. And the plot is fresh, the action brisk, and the story, as a result, absorbing. It belongs, and rightly, to the Series of Little Novels by Favorite Authors. It contains two interesting illustrations by the Kinneys, and a brief sketch of the author.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 50 cents.

A Frothy Skit by Mrs. Sewell.

With the facile pen of practice, Mollie Eliot Sewell has turned off another superficially entertaining story, entitled "The Fortunes of Fifi."

Fifi is a merry little Parisian, who, in the time of the first Napoleon, acts as leading lady at a theatre in the Parisian tenderloin, for a salary of twenty-five francs a week. She had been but an orphaned waif, picked up in Mantua by one of Napoleon's grenadiers, and was tenderly reared by the honest fellow, who guarded her with the affection of a father and the fidelity of a mastiff, concealing the real nature of his love for her.

A shower of exciting events happens, to sever her from the faithful service of her benefactor, and Fifi finds herself kinswoman to Pope Pius the Seventh, the owner of a fortune drawn in the lottery, and the betrothed of a solemn young French advocate, almost in a day.

Subsequent chapters relate Fifi's ennui in her new life, her distaste for her betrothed, and the pranks by which she succeeds in riding herself of her fortune and the suitor it has attracted, and joyously reverting to her old life of hard work under the tutelage of her faithful guardian.

The story is light in character, improbable in incident, and might be classified as hearing the same relation to serious fiction as comic opera does to legitimate drama.

Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

Death of Lecky, the Historian.

William Edward Hartpole Lecky, who for so many years occupied a prominent place in the first rank of English historians, died in London on October 23d of heart disease. He was born in Dublin in 1838, educated at Trinity College, and from the first devoted himself to the pursuit of literature. His first effort, "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," was published anonymously while he was still an undergraduate, and was not republished over his own name until 1871. Long before this his "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe," which appeared in 1861 and 1865, had insured his reputation as a scholar and historian. A few years later, in 1869, his "History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne" appeared. This was followed by his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," which required ten years for its completion. The last five of these were devoted to Ireland and Irish affairs down to the time of the Addington ministry.

In 1896, he published his "Democracy and Liberty," which dealt with contemporary politics, and obtained wide circulation. Its comments upon the career of Mr. Gladstone provoked some acrimonious discussion. This book has passed through a great number of editions. His latest work, "The Map of Life, Conduct, and Character," appeared in 1899, and was rich in the fruits of long experience, keen observation, and power of analysis.

In November, 1895, Mr. Lecky was elected to Parliament as the representative of the University of Dublin, a tribute to the efficient service which he had done for Ireland in his various historical writings. He took a prominent part in the counsels of the Liberal Unionists, but did not achieve any great triumphs as a political debater. Lecky once tried poetry, and published a volume of verse. It revealed him, however, rather a master of didactic prosody than a poet.

ALL BOOKS

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—The Saturday Review, London

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Whenever a big theatrical production is freely advertised without special mention in advance of the names of the company, we are safe in assuming them to be nobodies. So it turns out with the "Ben Hur" players. We have never heard of them before. There is not a single drawing card in the list.

Not that it makes a very vast amount of difference, for "Ben Hur," like "Quo Vadis," dramatizes merely into spectacular melodrama. Picturesqueness of appearance and confidence in attacking the sounding lines are the main requisites of the players. For the old, grand manner, and heroic style of the legitimates is extinct, except with a few has-beens, who are too old to fill the "Ben Hur" rôles. The modern substitute for the grand manner is a sort of long-drawn, preacher's intonation that subtly suggests a Sunday sermon and an accompanying absence of mind in undevout listeners.

Not that "Ben Hur" is absolutely dull, but the lines are too long-drawn for modern tastes, and, while the listener listens, he does so at times with restrained impatience. But the spectacle, although evidently falling below the standard of the Eastern presentation is very good, the stage is well crowded with people, the costumes of tasteful design, and the ninety seconds of chariot racing—well, that is the core and the climax of the whole thing. I doubt very much whether "Ben Hur" would have been dramatized if there hadn't been a chariot race in the hook. The chariot race is one of those things that appeal strongly to the public, knocking out art, literature, poetry, and beauty, in its drawing power. The gettars up of the whole affair depended on it to bring them financial success. Practically, the employment of the same mechanical appliance, minus some improvements, including a greater picturesqueness of effect in "Ben Hur," built a fortune for Neil Burgess out of the stupid, trivial "County Fair."

Many non-theatre goers feel it incumbent upon them to see "Ben Hur" for three reasons: First, because of the religious element in the piece. Second, because of the fame of General Wallace's hook. Third, because their curiosity is excited about the chariot race.

The play has six acts, which include thirteen scenes, and an additional opening tableau of the "Three Wise Men" prostrating themselves at the sight of the mysterious star. For some curious reason of a psychological nature, possibly from the lingering influence left on the most indifferent mind by the supernatural beauty of the mystic legend first received and cherished by the tenacious memory in childhood, there is more thrill to be experienced during this silent picture of mute worship than at any subsequent moment in the play. The gray-blue light of dawn is there, and the distant desert. The three figures fall in adoration, the glow of the star deepens, and its rays spread. And all the while Edgar Kelley's beautiful music sends thrills down your spine, and almost starts the unreasoning tear. After the emotion and exaltation induced by these sights and sounds, the first speaking scene, with its commonplace people, comes as an anti-climax.

For the actors, it can not be denied, break the spell. There is the usual difficulty when dramatizing a book with such extensive ramifications of plot and historical and religious interest as "Ben Hur," in condensing necessary information in the dialogue for the benefit of the uninformed spectator. We are apt to assume that everybody has read such a book as "Ben Hur," if we ourselves have done so. Nevertheless, there are quantities of people that would succumb before they had concluded the first chapter. Its reverential tone, its occasional assumption of a style of Biblical solemnity, its wealth of scholarly detail, its leisurely amplification, its atmosphere of antiquity, would trouble the butterfly reader and drive them away. But, besides the really interested readers, there are the dutiful ones, who join reading clubs and get ever ground with the soothing diversion of

social intercourse to lure them past the heavy walking, where the feet tread in sand.

In book dramatizations, however, I always feel that the listener who comes with a mind uninfluenced by preconceived images of the author is ahead. I believe firmly in the efficacy of surprise in the drama. The unexpected should always await us in the next scene.

And besides, there is always the danger to be dreaded of characters enshrined in the light of the imagination becoming earthy and prosaic in the hands of commonplace actors. Palaces transported to the stage lose their architectural beauty and majestic area, garments of ancient style lose their grace, and one ugly, intrusive, Middle West *ah-ur-r* can straightway knock a filleted and gorgeously hetunicked Roman out of the dawn of the Christian era into the light of common day.

It is odd, by the way, that there is such a scarcity of Jews in the cast. Within the last ten years there has been an immense accession of Jewish players on the American stage. Many of them, men and women, fairly handsome, and some of them with a capacity for picturesqueness in the ancient or Oriental dress not always attainable by the strictly American citizen. I have seen rôles spoiled by the too pronounced Jewishness of type of certain players in certain plays. Now, when they are needed, they are conspicuous by their absence.

Ben Hur is played by a fine young Irishman, and the ladies of the House of Hur are as American as they make them. Esther, too—the prettiest girl on the stage, by the way—is of a purely American type, with the blonde hair, the girlish innocence of expression, and the flower-like slenderness of youth.

Iras, the Egyptian, was played by a woman who might be Jew or Gentile. Her type is a little out of the ordinary. Although she is too mature for the rôle, she was tolerably well suited to a very imperfectly developed part.

Messala is played by a good-looking youth who misuses his *r's*, but carries his Roman costume with a hold, confident air.

In all the lengthy cast, however, there is no one figure that stands out in the transforming light of the imagination. Mr. Kelley, who plays Ben Hur, is a useful actor, who intones lengthily *m-i-i-n-e o-o-w-n*, and *I lo-o-ve thee-ee*, and who only quite fits in physique. He did not seem to be Ben Hur, but a well-developed youth, conscientiously striving to stand in the shoes of the Judean prince.

However, what does it matter? I suspect that a first-class company would be thrown away in the piece. Personality and appearance would count, of course, but there would be little opportunity for the employment of twentieth-century histrionic art of the kind we are trained to enjoy. The play runs to closing tableaux, with some features of the old-time absurdity. The Roman gallery, with its files of muscular rowers, timing their rhythmical motion to the gavel of the hortator accorded well with the description in the hook, but the scene closed with the attack of the pirates, whom Ben Hur knocked down by the half-dozen with but a slight filip of the hand. They fell like nine-pins, without a struggle, in the immemorial manner sacred to the traditions of the supiest stupes.

Similarly, during the sacking of the palace of the Hurs, the soldiers struck a motionless pose, and silently threatened the servitors with their weapons. We are too sophisticated nowadays to be carried away by that sort of thing. Besides, the training of stage mobs has grown into an art, and the mobs in "Ben Hur" make themselves into compact hunches, unsuggestive of numerous accessions extending beyond the stage under view.

The scene on the open sea came to us like a novelty. Such views on the stage have become comparatively rare in the twentieth-century drama, and the mechanism of the rescuing galley worked without a hitch. It really gives the beholder a sense of heaving waves and stretches of open sea, and made him

almost forget the perspiring muscles underneath.

There is no doubt that there is plenty of spectacle for your money in "Ben Hur." There is the Grove of Daphne, where rows of garlanded women and children file in joyous procession to the sound of lyres and the chanting of their own voices, or leap in joyous dance to the rhythmical clamor of the cymbals. There is old Balthazar's camel, with a swaying howdah on his back (to which none of the stage-folk seemed anxious to intrust themselves), chewing a special brand of camel-gum with that look of infinite patience characteristic of these gentle beasts of the desert. And Messala's chariot dashes in, from which descends with a graceful bound its scarlet tunicked owner, to offer audacious homage to the beauty of the lithe Egyptian. Anon he is up again, and away dash the horses with carefully proportioned leaps, and an ardor suggestive of a bran-mash awaiting their immediate attention.

Then there is the grove of palms, surrounding the lake, on whose moonlit bosom glides the shallop of Iras and Ben Hur, while a somewhat sharp voice from the wings sings Egyptian love-songs with which to lure the wealthiest prince in Jerusalem. There is the huge tent, with its multiform drapings, in which during the time of the race dwells the Sheikh of Ilderim. Hither gather Ben Hur and his friends, and thence goes the former from the banquet to the arms of Iras, when, as he says, "Balthazar tells his tale again." Innocent dramatist, you did not know there was the touch of nature there in the escape of ardent youth from the oft-told tale of the greybeard.

The chariot race it is unnecessary to describe. Everybody has read of it. The illusion is very good. But I felt cheated that they did not raise the curtain for a second view, although true it is that the minute and a half seems longer.

The music is beautiful all through, possessing the power to influence strongly the imagination, and work upon the emotions. There are times when the performance suddenly becomes grand opera, and during moments of dialogue one fails to regard as an intrusion the repetition of the beautiful musical motives that come with the mention of Christ and the Three Magi, or the sinister chords that warn of the evil influence of Iras. The parting scene is that of the lepers awaiting healing in the Vale of Hinnom, where is visible the ray of supernatural light that miraculously cures.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The fifth annual benefit under the auspices of the Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco, in aid of their charity fund for the sick and needy in the profession, will take place at the Columbia Theatre Friday afternoon, November 20th, at one o'clock sharp. Tickets, which are on sale at the various theatre box-offices, are one and two dollars.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Last Week of "The Storks."

An abundance of tuneful music, a bewildering array of tastefully costumed maidens, and several really handsome stage pictures make "The Storks" one of the most entertaining "musical fantasies" which have visited us for some time. Richard Carle and Guy F. Stealy are responsible for the rather thin libretto, which tells of the amusing predicaments of the Bungalow of Baktera and Slim-guff, the court shoemaker, who are transformed into storks by partaking of magic pills. They go on a hunt for the royal sceptre, which has been carried off by a stork, and many humorous situations are brought out while the twain are endeavoring to remember the magic word through which only they can regain their original forms. Gus Weinberg is the Bungalow, and Gilbert Gregory the Slimguff, and their songs and antics are provocative of much laughter. Our old friend, Ada Deaves, of Henderson extravaganza fame, has another eccentric part in Penelope, which gives her an admirable opportunity to score. The other principals deserving of mention are Alma Youlin, who takes the rôle of Helen; Olga von Hatzfeldt—no longer countess on the programme—as Violet; and Dorothy Choate as Peggy. The chorus is composed of a surprisingly large number of pretty girls, who infuse much snap and ginger into their songs and dances. Perhaps the most enchanting stage picture is the night scene in the second act, where a glorious orange moon rises over the hills of Nod. In fact, the color scheme in the costuming, and the light effects throughout the opera, are artistically conceived and carried out. Virginia Harned in Pinero's much-discussed play, "Iris," is to follow.

Comedy at the Alcazar.

John B. Maher, who, within a month, has established himself as a great San Francisco favorite, is to have the leading rôle—the pathetically droll and plaintively humorous Rev. Mr. Spalding—in that amusing farce-comedy, "The Private Secretary," which is to be produced at the Alcazar Theatre next week. Adele Block, Frances Starr, James Durkin, and Mr. Hilliard will also be in the cast, and an enjoyable performance is assured. On Monday evening, November 16th, Jacob Litt's comedy success, "The Club's Baby," is to be the bill. It is said to be a great mirth-provoker, the fun being based on the responsibilities and embarrassments which result from a bachelor's club adopting a precocious infant.

Fischer's Latest Hit.

"Rubes and Roses" is a great improvement on Raymond Peck and Robert Hood's former musical hodge-podge, "The Paraders." The music is of a popular and tuneful order, and the libretto abounds in droll lines and humorous situations. Georgia O'Reamey supplies a long-felt want in the Fischer productions—a character comedienne who can do something more than wear pretty clothes and smile coquettishly. As Susie Snowbird, a guileless maid from Grassville, she plays a sort of Miss Hopkins rôle for all it is worth, and she secures as many laughs for her efforts as any of the popular burlesquers. Ben T. Dillon, the new comedian, also is sure to be a favorite. He sings and dances well, his ditty, "The Czar of Country Town," receiving many encores nightly. The other song hits are Maude Amber's "The American Beauties," Kolb and Dill's "Come Out in the Garden With Me," Winfield Blake's "Meandering With Mary," and Barney Bernard's parodies on popular airs.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" Again.

The great success of the recent production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Central Theatre has induced the management to revive it on Monday night for another week's run. L. R. Stockwell will again impersonate Lawyer Marks. Ernest Howell will appear as Uncle Tom, Henry Shumer as Simon Legree, and Myrtle Vane as Topsy. A number of new specialties are to be introduced, including a colored chorus of fifty people, who will sing a new set of Southern melodies. Another novelty will be a gorgeous tableau entitled "Slavery Days."

The Music of "Ben Hur."

One of the most notable features of "Ben Hur," which has done a record-breaking first week's business at the Grand Opera House, is the impressive music written by Edgar Stillman Kelley. It is doubtful if any better qualified American composer could have been selected to prepare the musical setting for this melodramatic dramatization of General Wallace's story. Mr. Kelley's mother was a skilled musician, and taught him the piano from his eighth year to his seventeenth. Then he went to Chicago, and studied harmony and counterpoint under Clarence Eddy, and the piano under Ledochowski. After two years in Chicago, Mr. Kelley went to Germany, where in Stuttgart, he studied the piano with Kruger and Spidel, the organ with Fink, and composition and orchestration with Reifritz. While in Germany, Mr. Kelley wrote a brilliant and highly successful concert polonaise for four bands, and a composition for strings. In 1880, he came back to America, and settled in this city, with whose musical life he became prominently identified as a teacher and composer. Here he wrote his first large work, the well-known music for "Macbeth." A local benefactor, John Parrott, paid the expense of a public performance, the great success of which persuaded McKee Rankin, the actor, to make an elaborate production of both play and music. This for some weeks in San Francisco, attracting large audiences. Mr. Kelley was then

persuaded to write a comic opera to the artistic libretto, "Puritania," by C. M. S. McLellan, the satirist. The work won high praise in Boston, where it enjoyed a run of one hundred performances, and later, when it went on tour, Mr. Kelley acted as musical conductor. A "Humorous Symphony" and a "Chinese Suite" are among his other notable compositions.

Grand Opera at the Tivoli.

The Tivoli offers a particularly attractive bill next week. On Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings Puccini's "La Tosca" is to be presented. This work, which was given for the first time in San Francisco last season, is founded on Sardou's drama, and has won almost as much success here and abroad as "La Bohème," the orchestration being particularly brilliant. The title rôle is to be assumed by Tina de Spada, while Agostini will appear as Cavaradossi, Zanini as Scarpia, and Dado as Angelotti. Zani, Cortesi, Napoleoni, and Miss Phyllis Partington will also be in the cast. On the alternate nights—Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday—and at the Saturday matinée, Verdi's "Il Trovatore" will be presented with the same cast that won such favor earlier in the season. This will be the last chance to hear Gregoratti as Count di Luna, Ischierdo as Manrico, Travaglini as Ferrando, Benedetto as Leonora, and Marchesini as Azucena.

The Orpheum's Bill.

Frank Bellman and Lottie Moore, who have a sketch out of the ordinary in "A Gallery Goddess," by Edmund Day and A. Hobart Davis, will make their reappearance at the Orpheum next week. The other new-comers are Warren and Blanchard, comedians and great favorites in this city; Fred Warren, one of the best black-face comedians before the public, and his partner, who is a vocalist of renown; the Jack Theo Trio, novelty and acrobatic dancers; and Phil and Nettie Peters, laughmakers, whose conversational quips are clever and amusing. The specialties retained from this week's bill are the "Village Choir," Quartette, which will sing new old songs, including "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Sally in Our Alley," and "Songs of Other Days"; Max Waldon in his transformation act; "Two Roses," who will vary their selections—the "cellist" playing Schubert's Serenade and "Narcissus," and the violinist giving Hauser's Hungarian Fantasia; Clivette, the magician, juggler, and silhouettist; and Goleman's well-trained dogs and cats.

Dr. Tyndall's Sunday Lecture.

"Hypnotism and Crime" will be the subject of Dr. Melvor-Tyndall's psychological lecture at Steinway Hall on Sunday night. This subject is one upon which there seems to be great diversity of opinion among those who claim to know something of its phenomena. Some noted authorities claim that hypnotism may be used to instill a desire to commit crime, the majority of experimenters and public performers, as strenuously contend that it can not, and that a person in a hypnotic trance can not be made to do anything that he would not do in his natural senses so far as his moral nature is concerned. The local interest lately aroused in the subject has resulted in numerous inquiries directed to Dr. Melvor-Tyndall as a reliable authority on the subject, and so he has decided to speak on this subject on Sunday evening. In addition, Dr. Tyndall will give some new experiments in telepathy. On Sunday evening, November 15th, Dr. Tyndall will talk of "The Elements of Success."

Robert Edeson, in collaboration with Byron Ongley, the actor, is preparing a stage version of "Conjuror's House," a story of the Hudson Bay territory, by Stewart Edward White.

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We recommend A. P. Hotaling's Old Kirk as a straight blend of the very best Kentucky whiskeys, unadulterated and guaranteed to be the purest whisky on the Pacific Coast. It has been matured in heated warehouses, and is now ready for the market. Any person who buys a bottle of these rare old goods will not be paying for fence ads. or dead walls, and he will secure absolutely the finest brand ever introduced in California. Now election is over let's all take a drink of Old Kirk.

Death of Mrs. Knox-Goodrich.

Mrs. Sarah Louise Knox-Goodrich, one of the most prominent women of the State, died in San José on October 30th, at the age of seventy-seven. With her husband, Dr. William James Knox, she came to California in 1852, and settled in Nevada City. Dr. Knox built the South Yuba ditch there, and sold water to the miners, and made a fortune from the venture. In 1861, they removed to San Francisco, where they remained until 1864, when they went to San José. Dr. Knox, with E. Ellard Beans, established the Bank of San José, and Knox was the first president of the bank. In 1867, Knox was elected State senator from this county, and a few months after died while on a visit to San Francisco. Mrs. Knox married Levi Goodrich, a prominent architect, in San José in 1870. Goodrich died in 1886 at San Diego, while on a visit to that city. Mrs. Knox is survived by her daughter, Mrs. Virginia Knox-Maddox, and leaves an estate estimated at about five hundred thousand dollars.

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Excellent domestic fuel
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Let us send you
A ton—and please you.
TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

UNLISTED SECURITIES

We buy, sell, and exchange stock certificates of all the advertised mining, oil, and industrial companies. Send us your bids or offers on anything; we can fill your order and save you from 10 to 50 per cent. on almost any investment.

Write for our price list—free—it will interest you. At the present time, among innumerable bargains, we offer:

2,000 Gwin Mines Dev. Company
5,000 Union Con. Oil
1,000 P. B. Steier Min. Company
500 Alaska Central Railway
1,000 Shasta May Blossom Company
6,000 Aurora Con. Gold
100 Lightner Gold,

and we will buy
Californian
Mexican
Tonopah
and all Western stocks.

WATT & COWPER-THWAITE

Yosemite Building, Stockton, Cal.

GORDON & FRAZER

Pacific Coast Managers of

THE TRADERS

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

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San Francisco, Cal.

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4th—Cash payment of losses, on filing of proofs.

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OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital \$3,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve 1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.
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CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Capital and Surplus \$1,288,550.43
Total Assets 6,415,683.87

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus \$ 2,398,758.10
Capital actually paid in cash 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1903 34,819,893.12

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.
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SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1903 \$33,041,290
Paid-Up Capital 1,000,000
Reserve Fund 247,657
Contingent Fund 625,156

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Presdts.
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SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Paid-up Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits \$ 500,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1903 4,128,660.11
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BARCOCK President
S. L. ABBOT, JR. Vice-President
FRED W. RAY Secretary
Directors—William Alvord, William Barcock, Adam Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$600,000

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital \$3,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits at the close of business October 1, 1903 6,459,637.01

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CHARLES R. BISHOP Vice-President
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IRVING F. MOULTON Cashier
SAM H. DANIELS Assistant-Cashier
Wm. R. PENTZ Assistant-Cashier
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ANTOINE BOREL Ant. Borel & Co., Bankers
WARREN D. CLARK Williams, Dimond & Co.
Geo. E. GOODMAN Banker
ADAM GRANT Murphy, Grant & Co.
EDWARD W. HOPKINS Capitalist
JOHN F. MERRILL Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson
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Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits \$13,500,000.00

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Cash Assets 4,734,791
Surplus to Policy-Holders 2,202,635

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Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street. Manager Pacific Department.

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

Established 1889,

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital \$13,000,000.00
Paid Up 2,250,000.00
Profit and Reserve Fund 300,000.00
Monthly Income Over 100,000.00

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VANITY FAIR.

The love of country life, combined with the great increase of wealth in this country, has brought into existence many beautiful country estates. The tendency among wealthy Americans to have fine places in the country grows stronger every day, and such places are springing up everywhere. A quarter of a century ago the homes of the rich along the banks of the Hudson River were a unique feature of life about the metropolis. Now every great city has its beautiful country homes scattered through the territory about it, and more and more the wealthy are showing a tendency to leave earlier each summer for the country, and remaining in their sylvan retreats until the cold weather forces them back to town again. Some pessimists have recently maintained that a reaction had come in the craze for country homes, instancing the reported intention of George W. Vanderbilt to give up his famous "Biltmore" estate, near Asheville, N. C. It now turns out that Mr. Vanderbilt has no intention of disposing of his country place, and that his willingness to lease the hunting and fishing privileges of his preserve of 150,000 acres is due to the fact that he expects to spend a year or more in Europe. This hunting preserve, one of the finest and best-stocked game preserves in the entire Appalachian system, has almost been untouched for years, as Mr. Vanderbilt is not an enthusiastic sportsman. It is plentifully supplied with deer, black bear, turkey, pheasant, and quail, and also contains many miles of trout streams that are fairly jumping with fine fish. This immense tract is almost entirely covered with a heavy growth of virgin forest, and in it are found many of the loftiest and most picturesque mountains in North Carolina. Only a limited number of permits for the hunting and fishing privilege will be granted. The preserve at all times will be under the personal direction of Dr. Schenck, of the Biltmore forestry department, and patrolled as heretofore by Mr. Vanderbilt's game wardens. Mr. Vanderbilt will retain unlimited game privileges for himself and his friends. The game preserve is separate from the home tract of about 8,000 acres immediately surrounding Biltmore. The report that the beautiful estate has been either partly or entirely closed is also false. Not a single department on the estate has been abandoned. More than 300 men are employed.

That the acquiring of such large estates is not looked on with favor by these wealthy men's working-class neighbors is well known. What exasperates and embitters the latter is the encroachment upon their time-honored, if not strictly legal, privileges which is too frequently involved. The warning away of trespassers from regions which were the free hunting-ground of their ancestors; the attempted closing of trails and carries; the generally offensive air of exclusive ownership without use—this is the sort of thing which angers the native of the wilderness. On the carry between Forked and Raquette Lakes, for example (says the New York Evening Post) a sign is posted: "Private Property. No Thoroughfare. W. C. WHITNEY." An old guide was heard to observe, with great scorn, as he contemptuously ignored the warning: "Oh, shucks! This here was a thoroughfare before Bill Whitney was born, and I guess it will be long after his grandchildren are dead!" Friction over land titles, and a feeling that the State authorities have been in collusion with wealthy men to bring about the alienation of a common birthright in the stretches of woodland and water, come into the problem in too many cases. All told, there is evidence in plenty, to any one who will look for it, that the method of acquiring and administering the extensive holdings of land in the Adirondacks is offensive to the majority of the people of the locality.

Frank Carpenter is very enthusiastic over the telephone service in Sweden. "There are two telephone companies in Stockholm," he writes, "one belonging to the government and the other owned by a syndicate of Germans. Neither company charges more than \$10 a year per dwelling, and this charge includes a radius of forty miles about Stockholm. It gives you 400 conversations a year, and for a few dollars more the service is unlimited. Business houses pay only \$25, and some only \$20. The street telephones stand alone on the corners or in the parks looking like sentry-boxes walled with glass. Each has slots for small coins, and in each is printed the rates for Stockholm and all Sweden. You can have a five-minute talk with any one in Stockholm or within a radius of forty miles outside of it for 2½ cents, or

to any part of Sweden for 7 cents. There are telephones in the restaurants, some of the tables have electric connection. Suppose you are eating there, and want to send a message home, or to ask a question of some one in another part of the country. All you do is to crook your finger and the waiter brings a 'phone to your table and you talk away. I have a telephone in my room at the hotel, and this is the case with every guest here. The 'phone has a switch, so made that by turning it I have connection with the office and bell-boy, and so that on reversing I am in connection with the central station, and can bring all Sweden and Norway to my ear at a moment's notice. The 'hello girls' here are government officials, for the government runs the telephones. They are very polite, and you don't have to ring more than once. They pronounce the word 'hello' as though it were spelled 'haloo,' with the accent on the last syllable, and they never tell you the line is busy when it is not. At present, all the wires in Stockholm are being placed in underground conduits, and altogether the lines are expensively constructed. Notwithstanding this the companies make money and pay dividends at a 2½-cent rate."

Judging from the number of complaints and confessions made by wives which appear every week in the *Scotsman*, golfers must be ranked among the most neglectful of husbands. Golf, we are told, has paralyzed the enterprise and energy of many breadwinners. Every moment which at one time was given by the golfer to the companionship of his wife and family is spent on the links. His conversation is confined to mere club-room gossip. He has no interest in any literature save that in the golfing papers and magazines. The neglected wives complain bitterly that they have sunk to the level of mere housekeepers since their husbands have become golf maniacs.

The co-eds of Northwestern University are at it again. They are threatening a strike unless the following demands are granted: The privilege of going out of town without personal interview with the dean; permission to have callers every school night until 9:30 o'clock; that the senior parlor at Willard Hall be reserved for seniors; repeal of the rule which requires seniors to attend chapel; privilege of going to the theatre without a chaperon; privilege of staying out until ten o'clock without having to give a written explanation to the dean; and permission to use the telephone.

Seven brides of officers of the Twenty-Second Regiment were the centre of attraction when the honeymoon transport *Sheridan* sailed for Manila last Saturday. They included Mrs. John R. R. Hannay (who is the daughter of General Young), Mrs. James Justice, Mrs. Robert Whitfield, Mrs. A. H. Huguet, Mrs. David L. Stone, Mrs. L. A. Curtis, and Mrs. Henry A. Ripley. Along with them was Miss Nellie W. Murphy, who is on the way to Manila to become the bride of Lieutenant McAndrews, of the First Cavalry. She is accompanied by Miss McAndrews, who is to be a bridesmaid at the wedding ceremony. Photographers were at the gang-plank of the steamer to get snap-shots at the blushing brides, but the ladies were wary and the camera men had great difficulty in catching their fair faces unawares. The photographers resorted to all sorts of ruses, and succeeded in getting some pictures.

Race suicide is a serious question in France. The population of the country is decreasing, not by emigration, for very few Frenchmen leave their native country compared with those of other nations, but because the death rate is greater than the birth rate. People are dying faster than they are born. According to the returns of the bureau of vital statistics there were 25,988 more deaths than births in France last year, and 20,000 less births than during the previous year, while the increase in the number of deaths was 37,052. The record shows only 827,297 births for a population of more than 39,000,000. There was a slight increase in the number of marriages, and a slight decrease in the number of divorces, which fell off from 7,179 to 7,157. There were 16,815 more boys born than girls. Among the various remedies to arrest the decay of France it is proposed to offer prizes for large families, the remission of taxes to people who have a number of sons, the extra taxation of childless families and bachelors, and one interesting plan is to make bachelors ineligible for official positions under the government and the municipalities. Another ingenious gentleman suggests that married men and fathers of children be exempt from military service, and

that the French army be limited to bachelors only.

A Palo Alto paper says: "Miss Grace Bruckman gave a unique party on Saturday night at her home on Waverly and Lytton Streets. The affair was called a 'slang rough house,' and each guest was requested to represent some slang phrase, and one well-known favorite among the ladies had his clothes covered with cards bearing the queen of hearts and carried a copy of the *Stanford Quad*, thus exemplifying the slang term of 'queening on the quad.' The party was greatly enjoyed by all the guests, and Miss Bruckman was voted a charming hostess."

Autumn finds the cardinal four-in-hand tie very much in evidence in New York. Frederick Gebhard wears red ties with his dark-blue suits, as does Hollis Hunnewell, who dresses a great deal in brown. The Duke of Roxburgh, the other day, was seen on the street wearing a red tie with his long gray frock-coat. Alfred Vanderbilt has also taken up with the fashion.

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for a perfect condensed milk preserved without sugar, buy Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. It is not only a perfect food for infants, but its delicious flavor and richness makes it superior to raw cream for cereals, coffee, tea, chocolate, and general household cooking. Prepared by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

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"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McArdie,
District Forecaster.

		Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain- fall.	State of Weather.
October	20th....	70	52	.00	Clear
"	30th....	64	54	.00	Cloudy
"	31st....	62	54	.00	Clear
November	1st....	60	52	.00	Pt. Cloudy
"	2d....	62	54	.00	Pt. Cloudy
"	3d....	62	54	.00	Cloudy
"	4th....	60	56	.49	Cloudy

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, November 4, 1903, were as follows:

		BONDS.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Cal. Central G. E.					
5%	5,000 @ 104½		104½		
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	5,000 @ 99		99½	100	
Los An. Ry 5%	25,000 @ 113		112½	114	
Los Angeles Elec.					
Co. 5%	3,000 @ 102½		101½		
Market St. Ry. 6%	6,000 @ 118½		118		
Market St. Ry. 1st					
Con. 5%	2,000 @ 113½		114		
N. R. of Cal. 5%	1,000 @ 114½		114½	116	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	2,000 @ 108½		106½	109	
S. F. & S. J. Valley					
Ry. 5%	29,000 @ 116½	117	117	117½	
S. P. R. of Arizona					
6% 1909	1,000 @ 107½		107½	108	
S. P. R. of Arizona					
6% 1910	1,000 @ 109		108½	109½	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%					
1905, S. A.	1,000 @ 102½		102½	103½	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%					
1912	3,600 @ 114½		114	115	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%					
Stpd.	22,000 @ 106½-108½		106	106½	
S. P. Branch, 6%	10,000 @ 131½		131	132	
S. V. Water 6%	5,000 @ 106		105½	106½	
S. V. Water 4%	4,000 @ 98½-99½		98½	99½	
		STOCKS.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Water.					
Contra Costa	65 @ 42		41½	45	
Spring Valley	443 @ 38½-39½		39	39½	
		BANKS.			
American Ntl.	10 @ 122½				125
		SUGARS.			
Hawaiian C. & S.	35 @ 43-44½		44		
Honolulu S. Co.	215 @ 13-13½		13	13½	
Hutchinson.	390 @ 9½-10½		10	10½	
Makaweli S. Co.	90 @ 22		22½	23	
Onomea S. Co.	65 @ 32		32	33	
		GAS AND ELECTRIC.			
S. F. Gas & Electric	250 @ 68-69½		67		
Trustees Certificates.					
S. F. Gas & Electric	210 @ 68-69		67½	68	
		MISCELLANEOUS.			
Alaska Packers	305 @ 149-151½		149½	151	
Cal. Fruit Canners.	10 @ 94				
Cal. Wine Assn.	30 @ 94-94½		93	94	
Pacific Coast Borax	31 @ 167		167		

The sugar stocks have been quiet, and less than 720 shares of all kinds changed hands with fractional declines.

Alaska Packers sold off four points to 149 on sales of 305 shares, closing at 149½ bid, 151 asked. Spring Valley Water was weak, selling off to 38½ on sales of 440 shares, closing at 39 bid, 39½ asked. San Francisco Gas and Electric was in fairly good demand, 250 shares changing hands at 68 to 69½.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

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THE SUNDAY CALL

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Something good for everybody, and, in addition to all these, the PICTURES—real art products, ready for framing. It all goes with the regular subscription price.

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THE
Argonaut
CLUBBING LIST FOR 1903

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican)	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic)	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly	6.70
Argonaut and Judge	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine	6.20
Argonaut and Critic	5.10
Argonaut and Life	7.75
Argonaut and Puck	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews	5.70
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine	5.25
Argonaut and North American Review	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan	4.35
Argonaut and Forum	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly	5.50
Argonaut and International Magazine	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion	4.25
Argonaut and the Out West	5.25

PHOTOGRAPHY.

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LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POSTER PICTURES.

Most striking effects are produced by premium pictures mounted on harmonious tinted raw silk mat boards—greens, grays, black, and red; most stunning and artistic for a very moderate outlay. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Highland waiter once refused to serve the late Max O'Rell at table. "It's no' to be expected," said he, "that a self-respecting Scotsman could serve him with ceeveelity. Did he no' say we took to the kilt because our feet were too large to get through trousers?"

Colonel C. G. Halpine sometimes made his stammer tributary to his wit, as when, upon Mrs. Stowe's going abroad in 1853, on a supposed mission to collect funds for the anti-slavery cause, he nicknamed her, first among his friends, and afterward in print: "Harriet Beseecher Be-Stowe."

It once happened when "Faust" was being acted, that the corpulent person who was playing the title-role stuck fast in the trap-door, being therefore unable to comply with Mephistopheles's final injunction to descend to the fiery regions. Mephistopheles tried to fill in the pause with interpolated stage business, but still Faust stuck where he was. A dead pause followed, broken by the kindly encouragement of one gallery-god to a friend: "Larry, my boy, there's luck for us all. Sure the place is full!"

It is related that, on one occasion, Boss Tweed, of New York, was standing with a group in the mayor's office, when a large diamond, as big as a strawberry, rolled upon the floor. Some one of the group picked it up and passed it around to find its owner. "Not mine," said one after another. Tweed fumbled with his garments for a minute, then reached for the stone. "It must be mine," he said; "I see I have lost one of my suspender buttons."

The following story of Pope Pius is told in the Italian papers: A deputation of the monks of some order recently obtained an interview with him. According to the etiquette of the Vatican only cardinals are allowed to sit in the Pope's presence, and an invitation from him to do so is deemed equivalent to the promise of a cardinalate. Pope Pius the Tenth is a plain man, utterly indifferent to the etiquette of the Papal court. He, therefore, begged the monks to take seats. They hardly knew whether they could venture to do so, and while they stood hesitating, he said to them: "You do not, I suppose, expect me to draw your chairs forward for you?"

Bishop Potter was stopped by a street beggar one evening as he was hurrying home. "What's the trouble?" he asked the man. "Can you help a poor blind man to a night's odgin'?" began the usual whine; "I haven't a penny in my pocket, sir." The man was a hearty fellow, with a patch over one eye, the other one being closed. The bishop turned his head for an instant, and when he looked back he saw, in one quick glance, the hitherto closed eye of the beggar giving a wise wink to a friend who stood beside him. The bishop dived into his pocket and brought forth a hogs coin that had been passed off on him a little while before. "Don't you think if I give you this my alms will suit your affliction?" he said.

Mark Twain's story of the million-pound note which nobody would cash found a parallel on an almost infinitesimal scale in Kentucky, the other day. A Union veteran named Gibson, who had for years drawn a small pension, concluded some ten years ago that he was not getting his full deserts, and applied for an increase. In course of time (says the New York Evening Post) this was granted, and the first payment of \$2.07 fell due. Of this, as might be expected, a ten-cent \$2 went to the pension attorney, and the government's check which Gibson received was for a paltry seven cents. The amount was so absurd that he declared he could never cash it, and the slip of paper remained in his hands for eight years as a souvenir. At length, between pension days, Gibson found himself "hroke," with a sick life on his hands who demanded apples, and would be satisfied with nothing else, Richards from which he could purloin some were too far away, and with inward missings the veteran hunted up his pension check from its hiding place, and went forth to the marts of trade. The first grocer to whom he went was apprehensive lest the check should be outlawed, and declined to take it, while the second, a better-informed man, laughed aloud at the idea of giving ten cents' worth of apples on a check on the United States Treasury which it would

cost fifteen cents merely to collect through a bank. Gibson went empty handed from store to store until he found a grocer who was a bit of an antiquarian and was willing to take the check as a curiosity. So Mrs. Gibson had her apples.

In his new volume of racy reminiscences, "Odds and Ends," Dr. Francis Pijou, dean of Bristol, says that he has on many occasions been pestered by cranks who even thrust themselves on him in church at the solemn hour of service. For example, a man once bothered him by urging, in season and out of season, the merits of a new sauce which he had invented. But the dean proved an unwilling hearer, and at last one Sunday evening, as the congregation was singing the hymn immediately before the sermon and the dean had reached the pulpit steps and had begun to mount them, this unabashed parishioner suddenly appeared at the steps and, thrusting forward a bottle of his "inimitable sauce," exclaimed: "Take it; you will find it excellent for the voice."

The dramatist, R. C. Carton, once asked Bret Harte whether his Californian types were in any way exaggerated. "No," replied the novelist, with his deliberative drawl, "I can't say they are. In fact, I had to tone 'em down. For instance, here is a true story which if I had put it into any of my books no one would have believed: An English tenderfoot was having a drink in a bar out West, when a noted desperado happened along. The other men in the bar mostly found they had pressing business elsewhere, but the tenderfoot stayed on. 'Say,' said the desperado to him, 'you'll take a drink!' I dare say, Mr. Carton, you know that in California to refuse to drink with a man is much worse than running off with his wife, so when the tenderfoot said he didn't want anything to drink, there was a kind of awful silence. And then the desperado wearily reached for his gun, and said in a tired sort of way: 'Can't I even hev' a drink without killing a man!'"

While in Venice, the late James McNeil Whistler was entertained at dinner one evening by an American friend, who invited several of his friends to meet the distinguished artist. During the meal, there arose a discussion which left an opening for Mr. Whistler to use upon his host one of those keen, incisive verbal thrusts peculiar to him, which left wounds extremely difficult to heal. The whole company was startled, but the host merely smiled, seeming to notice only the brilliancy of the attack. Presently, however, the dinner came to an end, and the foreign guests took their leave. Then the host turned upon Mr. Whistler, and, in a voice trembling with suppressed anger, said: "Jimmie, do you know that you brutally insulted me to-night?" "Yes," replied the artist, thoughtfully. "Well," continued the host, "I held my temper while there were others than our own countrymen present, but do you know what I shall do if ever you speak to me like that again?" "What?" "I'll grab the nearest water bottle and smash it over your head." The rest of the company sat quite still, horror and dismay in their hearts, while their angry host glared across the table at his antagonist. After a few seconds Mr. Whistler said, in a tone of childlike innocence: "Then I know what I'll do. I'll never say anything like that to you again."

After Reading a Popular Novel.

Why did the town nestle among the hills?
Why did she feel a mantling blush steal over her cheeks?
How did it happen that a strange sense of unrest swept over him?
What was it that she swept out of the room?
Why did she never look more strangely beautiful than upon that evening?
What made him flick the ashes from his cigarette?
How long did her heart stand still?
Who deserted the hall room, and why?
Why did the cold wind that fanned their cheeks feel so good?
Why did it seem to her as if all the joy had gone out of her young life?
What made the house stiller than death that night?
When confronted by the lawyers, why was he visibly affected?
What choked his utterance?
Why was she the life of the whole gathering when her heart told her that all was lost?
Why did the dog look up at that moment and wag his tail, as if he, too, understood her?
What made her look back on that day all the rest of her life?
Why was there a long pause?

Why were her hands so nerveless when she let the telegram drop?
What made her suspect that he had been drinking?
Why did he clutch the photograph so wildly?
What made her feel intuitively?
Why did his voice have a ring of triumph as he spoke?
Whose arm was she on when she went up the aisle?
And why was her face, though pale, so radiantly beautiful?
And why did the organ peal? —Life.

PRAYING FOR RAIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1903.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I read with interest the letter of your Pekin correspondent, giving an account of the bad luck of the Chinese in getting a drought broken, because the messenger bringing the rain charm rode on a railway while in charge of the precious fetic. Our Chinese friends should not be discouraged, and would not be if they knew how frequently our own prayers for rain go unanswered, and how often the barometer has resisted the most fervid Christian effort to change its evil ways.

All intelligent men know that the fertility of Egypt depends upon the overflow of the Nile. The Egyptians knew that the annual inundation was regulated by the god Serapis, and at Alexandria the column, on which the daily rise was marked, was consecrated to him. The good and pious Rollin tells us that Constantine ordered this column taken into the Christian church at Alexandria, where it was reconsecrated to Jehovah, who was thereby put in charge of the overflow. Then the Egyptian followers of Serapis mourned as those without hope, because the column was desecrated, Serapis was angry and the Nile would overflow no more. But the Christian ranchers were jubilant, for the overflow came in its season.

When Julian, the Apostate, grandson of Constantine, became emperor he ordered the column taken out of the church and reconsecrated to Serapis. Then awe fell upon the Christians of Egypt, and they mourned the coming famine because the Nile would overflow no more. But the pagan ranchers had their innings when the inundations reported on time during all the years that Serapis superintended the water-works, and until Julian ceased to rule the empire. When Theodosius succeeded Julian, he ordered the much-traveled column back into church, but by that time the people did not rely so much on supernatural influence over the waters of the Nile. Still we, who despise the heathen in his blindness, continue to supplicate the supernatural, and the peasants on the slopes of Mt. Vesuvius put many scudi in the slot machine to pay the special saint, who runs the limestone works of that volcano, for keeping the lava off their vines, and quite recently we had solemn and scented ceremonies in San Francisco to propitiate the supernatural personage who restrains earthquakes; and I notice that the Baptist ministers of Texas have undertaken to pray the cotton worm out of that State.

Until we take counsel of science, and learn that in the physical universe all is natural and nothing is supernatural, and that prayer is as impotent as a bread-and-milk poultice to restrain a volcano, or curb any other operation of natural law, we should not exalt us above our Chinese fellow human being, who is like unto us in believing that the Creator plays favorites and bestows immunity upon those who tip Him. The Chinese system has one distinct advantage. It puts the devil in charge of the fortunes of men, having the power to harm, but willing to let them alone for a consideration. The devil willfully holds back the rain from their rice fields, but will quit if they "see" him. It is a more consistent theory than that of an all-wise and loving Creator, who smites the innocent with pestilence and the poor with famine, and condemns, before their birth, a fixed number of His children to everlasting torture in immortal fire, but who will commute the sentence if properly approached.

JOHN P. LEIS.

Great scheme: "Have you decided yet upon a name for that new suburb of yours?" "Yes. I am going to call it Lookout." "I can't see anything striking or original about that." "You can't? Think how everybody in the train will run to the windows when the brakeman calls out the name of the station."—Chicago Tribune.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK-SOUTHAMPTON-LONDON.
St. Louis...Nov. 14, 9.30 am | St. Paul...Nov. 25, 9.30 am
New York...Nov. 21, 9.30 am | Phil'delphia Dec. 5, 9.30 am
Philadelphia-Queens-town-Liverpool.
Friesland...Nov. 7, 10 am | Marion...Nov. 28, 3.30 pm
West'land...Nov. 14, 9 am | Havre...Dec. 5, 9 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK-LONDON DIRECT.
Menominee...Nov. 7, 9 am | Min'apolis...Nov. 21, 7 am
Min'et'aka...Nov. 14, 1.30 pm | Min'ehaba...Nov. 28, noon
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

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Armenian...Nov. 17, 3 pm | Tonic...Nov. 25, noon
Boston-Queenstown-Liverpool.
Cretic...Dec. 10, Feb. 11
Cymric...Dec. 24, Jan. 28, Feb. 25

Boston Mediterranean Direct
AZORES-GIBRALTAR-NAPLES-GENOA.
Romanic...Dec. 5, Jan. 16, Feb. 27
Republic (new)...Jan. 2, Feb. 13, Mar. 26
Canopic...Jan. 30, Mar. 12
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Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows:
Gaelic (Calling at Manila) Wednesday, Nov. 25
Doric...Tuesday, Dec. 22
Coptic...Friday, January 15, 1904
Gaelic...Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1904
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
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For freight and passage apply at company's office,
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America Maru...Tuesday, November 10
Hongkong Maru...Thursday, December 3
Nippon Maru...Wednesday, December 30 (Calling at Manila.)
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, corner First. W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

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S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Nov. 7, 1903, at 11 A. M.
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SOCIETY.

The Downey-Cluff Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Maud Elizabeth Cluff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, and Mr. George Wright Downey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Downey, of Berkeley, took place in the Marble Room of the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by the Rev. William Kirk Guthrie, of the First Presbyterian Church. Miss Mabel Cluff was her sister's maid of honor, and Miss California Cluff, Miss Mary Downey, Miss Lillian Downey, and Miss Jean Downey acted as bridesmaids. Mr. William Humphreys was the best man, and Judge F. H. Kerrigan, Mr. Roger Lennon, Mr. Frank G. Farron, and Mr. James Sweeney served as ushers. The ceremony was followed by a reception, and later a wedding supper was served in the Maple Room. Upon their return from their wedding journey in a fortnight, Mr. and Mrs. Downey will occupy their new residence on Van Ness Avenue near Union Street.

The Greenway Birthday Dinner.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway gave a birthday dinner in the conservatory of the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening, at which he entertained nearly eighty friends. An orchestra discoursed music during the repast, and later there was informal dancing in the hall-room. Among Mr. Greenway's guests, who were seated at six tables, were:

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Drown, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. Edward Martin, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Chauncey Winslow, Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Mamie Josselyn, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Lucy King, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Stella McCalla, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Marie Louise Parrott, Miss Gertrude Smith, Miss Emily Wilson, Mr. S. H. Boardman, Mr. Frank B. King, Mr. Fred Greenwood, Mr. James W. Byrne, Mr. Thomas Barbour, Mr. J. R. Howell, Mr. Charles Earl, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Frank Goad, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. H. N. Stetson, Dr. W. J. Lyster, Mr. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. J. L. Rathbone, Mr. Athole McBean, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Mr. B. G. Somers, Mr. W. B. Sanborn, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Enrique Grau, Mr. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. R. M. Duperu, Mr. R. M. Eyre, Mr. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. Edgar Pioxotto, Mr. Christian Froelich, Mr. W. Stewart Burnette, Mr. M. S. Latham, Mr. Clarence Folis, Mr. J. C. Wilson, and Captain E. Johnson.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Daisy Hartson, daughter of Judge Hartson, of Napa, to Judge Walter B. Cope, son of the late Judge and Mrs. W. W. Cope.

The engagement is announced of Miss Martha E. France, daughter of the late Dr. John France, of Oakland, and Mr. Owen Unger, of Indiana.

Mrs. Abby Parrott has issued invitations for an informal dance on Wednesday evening at her residence on Sutter Street in honor of her four grandchildren, the Misses de Guigne, Miss Parrott, and Miss Abby Parrott.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin will give a luncheon on Monday in honor of Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith at her residence on Broadway.

Mrs. William Dutton gave a luncheon at the University Club on Monday afternoon in honor of her debutante daughter, Miss Gertrude Dutton. Those at table were Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Samuel Buckhee, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. Earle E. Brownell, Mrs. Henry Claussen, Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Harry Bates, Mrs. Albert Baker Spalding, Mrs. Hilda

Baxter, Mrs. George Beardsley, Mrs. Arthur V. Callaghan, Mrs. George Slocum, Mrs. Samuel Pond, Mrs. S. B. Welsh, Mrs. Eugene Brees, Mrs. Charles Kindelberger, Mrs. John Rogers Clark, Mrs. Thomas Benton Darraugh, Mrs. Henry J. Dutton, Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Marion Huntington, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Maylita Pease, Miss Patricia Cosgrave, Miss Belle Harms, Miss Edna Middleton, Miss Elsie Tallant, Miss Eleanor Warner, Miss Katherine Herrin, Miss Anna Foster, Miss Mary Foster, Miss Ethel Dean, Miss Alice Schussler, Miss Marjorie Gihbons, Miss Guinette Henley, Miss Susie le Count, Miss Helen Davis, Miss Paula Wolff, Miss Laura Farnsworth, Miss Florence Callaghan, and Miss May Colburn.

Miss Christine Morris Pomeroy and Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman made their formal debut at a tea given by their aunt, Mrs. William Gilman Thompson, at the Pomeroy residence, corner of Hyde and Clay Streets, last Saturday afternoon. The hours were from four to seven, and those who assisted in receiving were Miss Newell Drown, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Miss Anna Sperry, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Frances Allen, Miss Gertrude Eells, and Miss Natalie Coffin.

Miss King and Miss Hazel King entertained a few friends at dinner last Friday at their residence on Broadway.

Mrs. Edward J. McCutchen has sent out invitations for a card-party, which will be given at her residence, 2016 Pacific Avenue, on November 20th.

Mrs. Andrew Welch will give a luncheon at the University Club to-day (Saturday).

Mrs. William Spencer gave a reception at her Vallejo Street residence on Sunday last in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Masten, who are in San Francisco on their wedding journey. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. Thomas Benton Darraugh, Mrs. Edward Houghton, Mrs. Henry Dutton, Miss May Colburn, Miss Elizabeth Cole, Miss Mahel Kendall, Mrs. Edwin Chapin Ewell, and Mrs. William E. Perkins.

Miss Mary Harrington and Miss Louise Harrington were the guests of honor at a luncheon given at the Palace Hotel on Monday by Mrs. T. Cary Freidlander. Others at table were Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. George Pinckard, Mrs. John Johns, Mrs. Hyde-Smith, Miss Eugenie Peyton, Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, and Miss Susie Blanding.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy will be "at home" at her residence, 1620 Jackson Street, on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Bowie-Dietrich has sent out invitations for a tea, at which her daughter, Miss Helen Bowie, will make her formal debut.

Mrs. Fred Tallant has sent cards for a tea at her residence on Buchanan and Washington Streets, on November 21st, in honor of her niece, Miss Elsie Tallant, one of the season's debutantes.

Mrs. Henry Payson Gregory and Miss Elise Gregory have sent out invitations for a tea for Thursday from four to six o'clock.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg gave a breakfast last week at the Palace Hotel, complimentary to the Philomath Club, to which the members of the Laurel Hall Club and the presidents of other clubs were invited. Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler was the guest of honor.

Consul and Mrs. Lund recently gave a dinner at which they entertained Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Sherman, Count Giamani, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lund, Jr., and Consul Kosakivitch.

A meeting and tea of the Ladies' Auxiliary Board of the San Francisco Lying-In Hospital, Foundling Asylum, and Training School for Nursery Maids will be held at the Marble Room of the Palace Hotel, Saturday, November 7th, at 4 p. m.

On Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday afternoon, November 13th and 14th, an entertainment will be held for the benefit of the Episcopal Old Ladies' Home. Friday evening and Saturday matinee will be devoted to "A Night and a Day in a Toy-Shop," a cantata, in which seventy-five children will appear. On Saturday evening, "Moving Pictures," played by society amateurs, will follow a series of living pictures.

The King's Daughters' Home for Juveniles will be given a benefit concert on Thursday evening at Steinway Hall. Those who will contribute to the programme are Miss Gertrude Wheeler, Miss Millie Flynn, Mr. Onslow, Mr. Homer Henly, Miss Sharp, reader, and Miss Julia Hart, accompanist. The price of admission will be 50 cents; reserved seats, 75 cents.

The painting, "The Widow," by Arcangelo Birelli, of Rome, which was offered as a loan gift to the Park Museum and refused by Commissioner Altman, who said it was a "European pot-boiler," is now offered for sale by Mr. Kahn at one thousand dollars. The picture can be seen daily at the art rooms of Schussler Bros., 117 Geary Street.

The second and last programme of automobile and motor cycle races will be held at Ingleside Track to-day (Saturday). The proceeds arising from the meet will be devoted to the cause of good roads, and particularly to the widening of the Bay Road from here to San Mateo.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

Patti's Farewell Tour.

Adelina Patti's first New York concert, in Carnegie Hall on Monday night, was a huge success, and, according to the dispatches, her voice is still wonderfully preserved. Her first number was the aria, "O uce di Guesti Anima," from "Linda di Chamounix," by Donizetti, and for an encore she sang "The Last Rose of Summer." In the second part of the concert she sang Ardit's valse, "Il Bacio," following this with "Home, Sweet Home." The crowded house was very enthusiastic.

When she arrived in New York, Mme. Patti, in order to escape heavy customs duties, had to make a formal affidavit that the thirty Parisian dresses which she brought with her will all go back to Europe within six months. She will wear a different gown every evening during her tour. The cost of these, however, which is estimated at between \$12,000 and \$14,000, will be covered by the receipts of two or three concerts. They will be stored in New York for a while, and then sent from there in small batches to meet the singer wherever she may happen to be at the time. They have been graded in weight according to climate, heavy dresses being made for her Canadian cities, and light and feathery ones for her concerts in New Orleans and other Southern and Western cities.

The Royal Italian Band Concerts.

The Ellery Royal Italian Band has been attracting appreciative crowds of music-lovers to the Alhambra Theatre this week, and Manager Greenbaum has arranged to have the organization return for another week, beginning December 6th. Five new soloists are en route from Italy to join the organization, and an entirely new repertoire will be rendered. The programmes for the final concerts to-day (Saturday) and to-morrow are particularly good. The "Suite Arlesienne," by Bizet, and "Scenes Pittoresques," by Massenet, are on for Sunday night, and Ferullo, the fine oboe soloist, will play several excellent numbers. Chiarelli, the new conductor, has made a great success, both as a leader and composer, many of his compositions having been given during the week.

Pietro Mascagni is about to visit Sweden and Norway, to conduct forty concerts and to assist at the opening of the new Theatre Royal in Stockholm. When this engagement is finished, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana" will go to Germany for a tour lasting two months. To an interviewer, Mascagni remarked, the other day: "I am an orchestral conductor, and shall continue to give concerts, because I and my family must live. With publishers who ought to be giving me commissions to write, I can come to no understanding."

E. C. McCormick, passenger traffic manager of the Southern Pacific Company, contributes an interesting article to the current number of *Sunset Magazine*. It is entitled "The Search for Nature's Best," and is the reprint of a paper read by the author at the Trans-mississippi Commercial Congress at Seattle on August 18th. It shows, in an interesting way, what the Pacific Coast in general, and California in especial, have to offer tourists and visitors.

Of Interest to Every Hostess.

Ladies who entertain, even in a small way, will appreciate the display of table appointments that Nathan-Dohrmann Co. will open for inspection on November 9th in their salesrooms on Sutter Street. Tables will be completely set for dinner, luncheon, and midnight suppers. The dinner tables will show course sets for soup, dessert, fish, game, and roast. The finest and latest ideas in French and English China, Rock Crystal, Silverware, Lighting features and Flower decorations will receive their share of attention. The display is exceedingly attractive, and well worth seeing. Every hostess in San Francisco should take the time to inspect it. All due courtesy will be accorded visitors, and all are welcome.

Genuine Works of Art.

One of the principal attractions of the city, is the Gump collection of fine oil paintings, embracing a number of canvases from this year's Paris Salon, and from all the different art centres of Europe, also a very choice selection of beautiful water colors. S. & G. Gump Co., 113 Geary Street.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin returned from the East last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels arrived in New York from Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight are occupying one of the new apartment-houses on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Nellie Hyde-Smith and her daughter, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, have returned after their long absence in the East and Europe, and will spend the winter in San Francisco as the guests of Mrs. Hyde, at her residence on Geary Street.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair, who have just returned from an extended stay in Europe, are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. Richard Sprague, accompanied by his little son, has departed for his sugar plantation at St. Mary's Parish, Louisiana. He will be joined in a few weeks by Mrs. Sprague and the other children, who are the guests of Mrs. William Wallace.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall will arrive in New York this week from Liverpool.

Mrs. James Otis has returned from the East, and is occupying her residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Timlow has arrived here from the East, and will spend the month of November with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, at their residence on California Street.

General Foote and family have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, and Miss Marjory Josselyn departed last Saturday for Europe.

Mr. Charles Holbrook and Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer have returned to town for the winter.

Mr. Willard T. Barton, who has been on the Coast for some months, is about to return to the East.

Mrs. John A. Darling and her daughter, Mrs. Louise la Montagne, have been at the Occidental Hotel during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison have taken the Morgan residence in Dupont Circle, Washington, D. C., for the congressional session. Mrs. Harrison will entertain on a large scale during the winter, introducing her sister, Miss Jennie Crocker, to the society of the capital.

Mrs. John W. Mackay will sail from Europe for New York this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker have closed their country place at Ramsay, N. J., and are occupying their Fifth Avenue residence in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee expect to leave in about ten days for a trip East. They will return in time for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Greyson Dutton have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mrs. James D. Bailey and Miss Florence Bailey, who have been spending most of the summer in the East, expect to return to San Francisco before the end of this month.

Mr. W. A. Bissell has returned from the East.

Sir Ryan Leighton and Lady Leighton, Lady Rodney, and Captain H. Guest, of England, are guests at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Alice Boggs will be "at home" on Thursdays in November, at 1613 Van Ness Avenue, the residence which they have taken for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shreve will occupy their new residence on Pacific Avenue this winter. They came up from San Mateo a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd will spend the winter at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Mulford, Jr., of Cincinnati, and Mr. and Mrs. William Abbott were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. Henry T. Scott has returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope were in New York during the week.

Mr. Welton Stanford, of Schenectady, N. Y., a nephew of the late Leland Stanford, and his wife are registered at the Palace Hotel, having arrived here from the North-West, where they have been visiting relatives of Mrs. Stanford.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duffey (née Ward) have returned from their wedding journey to Japan.

Mrs. S. B. Dinkelspiel, after spending the summer in the country, has taken apartments at the corner of Sutter and Leavenworth Streets.

Mr. E. Black Ryan and family have closed their country place at Fair Oaks, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Dr. Manson and family, Captain and Mrs. Mooney, and Mr. and Mrs. Ehrman are guests at the Hotel Richelieu.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Reed, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. John Marshall, Jr., Mr. J. A. Davidson, and Mr. W. H. McCullough, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Cook and Miss Alice Cunningham, of Salt Lake City, Colonel and Mrs. Lowry, of Atlanta, Ga., Mr. O. D. Monport, of St. Paul, Mr. J. D. Leonard, of Portland, Mrs. H. C. Van Ness, Mrs. Mary Smyth, Mrs. I. R. Grubb, Miss Marie Wilson, Mr. E. H. Hanson, Mr. James K. Wilson, and Mr. William McMurray.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Colonel Robert L. Meade, U. S. N., and family have been at the Occidental Hotel this week, en route from the Mare Island Navy Yard to New York.

Major George O. Squier, U. S. A., chief signal officer of the Department of California, reported at headquarters this week after a two months' leave of absence, during which

he visited thirty-two different States, and consulted with authorities at Washington regarding the enlargement and improvement of the signal service in this department.

Mrs. Uriel Schree, wife of Captain Schree, U. S. N., who is in command of the United States battle-ship *Wisconsin*, sailed for China on the *Coptic* last week.

Captain George Reed, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., has gone to Honolulu on duty with the board of officers detailed to select a site for the fortifications there.

Dr. Henry S. Greenleaf, U. S. A., who has been on duty at the Presidio for the past few months, has been ordered to Fort Moultrie, S. C.

Colonel James O'Hara, U. S. A., who expects soon to be retired after forty years of service, arrived from Georgia last week, and is with his family at their residence on Laguna Street.

Mrs. William H. Smith has returned from a visit to her son, Lieutenant Emery Smith, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., at his post, Madison Barracks, N. Y.

Captain Charles E. Stanton, U. S. A., has been ordered to Manila. He will leave for the Philippines on the transport sailing from San Francisco about December 1st.

Lieutenant Fielding Lewis Poindexter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Poindexter have departed for Wichita, Kas., where Lieutenant Poindexter is to be on recruiting duty for the next two years.

The Golf Season.

The regular winter season of the San Francisco Golf Club was opened on Tuesday, with an eighteen-hole handicap tournament at medal play. B. D. Adamson won the first prize for making eighty-four, the best handicap, and J. S. Severance and R. J. Wood tied for the handicap prizes, with a net score of eighty-two. The following schedule of events has been drawn up to serve for the rest of the year:

On Saturday, November 14th, an eighteen-hole bogey handicap tournament will be played for first and second prizes, play to begin at 2 P. M. Thursday, November 26th, Thanksgiving Day, an eighteen-hole handicap at medal play for first and second prizes, "tee off" at 9:30 or 10:30 A. M. Drawing for partners, qualifying round for Council's Cup, best eight scores to qualify for match play which follows. One week will be allowed for each round of the match play. Friday, December 25th, Christmas Day, eighteen-hole handicap at match play for first and second prizes, qualifying round, best eight scores to qualify. Regular match play thereafter. The handicaps given at the outset will apply throughout the competition. Four days will be allowed for each round of the match play.

The Hotel Mateo property, comprising a little over four acres, at San Mateo, has been sold by Mrs. Mary A. Lee to a syndicate of local capitalists, who propose improving it with a modern resort hotel at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars.

The Tavern of Tamalpais is an excellent destination point for those wishing to escape the bustle and hustle of the city. The trip on the Scenic Railway is especially beautiful now that Mill Valley has put on its autumn garb.

Recent Books.

"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox, Jr.
"The Mettle of the Pas ure," by James Lane Allen.
"The Call of the Wild," by Jack London.
"The Adventures of Gerard," by Stanley Weyman.
"Gordoo Keith," by Thomas Nelson Page.
"The One Woman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.
"The Maids of Paradise," by Robert W. Chambers.
"The Fortunes of Piff," by Molly Elliott Sewell.
"The Filigree Ball," by Anna Katherine Green.
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JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

By Jerome Hart.

Jerusalem is not the largest city in the world, but it is one of the longest. Its area is not great, but it sticks back into the night of time like the tail of a comet. Therefore, to attempt to write, even superficially, about this long but little city, within the limits of a newspaper article, would be difficult. However, I shall give here some of the fragmentary and detached impressions jotted down in my note-book.

At first I intended calling this sketch "The New Jerusalem," for there is a new and very modern Jerusalem growing out of the ruins of the old. But such a title would smack of irreverence to many, so I laid it

at any port at any set time. All tickets read "subject to quarantine." Jaffa, the seaport of Jerusalem, is continually quarantining against Alexandria for plague or cholera. Alexandria is continually quarantining against Jaffa for cholera or plague. Then, when Jaffa is not quarantining, the seas on the Jaffa reef are frequently so rough as to render landing impossible for days or even weeks. Thus it is not infrequent for a traveler bound for Jerusalem to spend his time steaming between Constantinople and Alexandria, hoping that the yellow flag may be hauled down or the sea grow smooth long enough for him to disembark. But there have even been cases of officials, like consuls, finding it difficult to make their way to their posts at Jerusalem. As some recompense, however, they have the charm of sailing back and forth along the Syrian coast. The atmosphere there is usually very clear, and the panorama of towns and villages along the sandy shore, with the sharply outlined mountains rising behind them, is very picturesque. The steamships—at least in daylight—keep very close in shore.

When we landed at Jaffa, the sea was smooth, and the disembarking uneventful. The town is commercially important, but not particularly interesting to tourists. Furthermore, the accommodations for travelers are not good. The "hotels" are few and small, and are in the habit of sending their overflow guests to a hospice kept by the German colony, or to the Franciscan monastery; their quarters are limited, and often the tourist will find not where to lay his head. Even in Jerusalem there is but one "hotel," properly speaking, and when that is filled, travelers must seek second-rate inns, or the hospitality of the hospices.

One of the things most remarked when landing in Palestine, is the railway running from Jaffa to Jerusalem. It is not much of a road—running one train daily each way, and having inferior cars; but any railway at all in that country seems an anomaly. The Jaffa station is quite a distance from the seaport. The Jerusalem station also is without the city walls, near the Jaffa Gate. The Turkish Government refused to permit the railway company to come within the walls. The distance from Jaffa to Jerusalem is fifty-three miles, and the trains make it in three and a half hours, climbing from sea level to over 2,500 feet. Return tickets, \$4.00.

On the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, the amazing amount of work which has been done in this ancient land is apparent in the terraces. For mile after mile, on right and left of the railway, you see the mountains terraced from the level of the rails clear up to the top. I counted the rows of terraces, and there was an average of seventy, from the bottom of the ravines to the tops of the mountains, for twenty-five miles on both sides of the tracks. The labor which this represents is enormous—no one generation could have accomplished it; this task was the work of many centuries. Merely to amuse myself, I made a slight calculation. The labor of constructing these terraces is about equivalent to that of making a rough roadway. Therefore, taking the twenty-five miles and doubling it for the two sides of the railway, we have fifty miles of mountain terraced seventy times, which gives 3,500 miles of road constructed in this narrow strip. Yet this represents only one ravine or pass in the mountains; every slope of this mountain range is terraced in the same way; as this chain of mountains averages the



Street Scene at the Jaffa Gate, Jerusalem

aside. "The Holy City" was my next choice; but as what I saw was wholly unholy, I abandoned that also. As a hymn-tune title appealed to me, I at last chose "Jerusalem the Golden"—not as an irreverent sneer at the celestial city, but as suggested by the golden stream which pours into Jerusalem from all over the world—a stream of gold which is erecting churches, synagogues, mosques, monasteries, and hospices, and which maintains in comfort, and often in luxury, many thousands of idle human beings.

..

It is not always easy to reach Jerusalem on schedule time. The traveler in the Levant must often resign himself to threats of quarantine, possible quarantine, and actual quarantine. It is not feasible to make any hard and fast itinerary. All itineraries must yield to quarantine. No steamship company will agree to land its passengers

in width about ten miles, this would give a total of 35,000 miles of roadway! Think of this colossal labor accomplished by human hands. The mere idea of it is almost impossible to conceive.

These terraces are not only planted with trees, like the olive, but many of them are also sown with grain. Fancy planting grain in so stony and sterile a country that it was necessary to make stone terraces, and then put soil on



Tower of Antonia, Jerusalem.

them in which to sow the grain. Yet that is how thousands of miles of terraces are utilized in the Holy Land.

It is remarkable that the soil of Palestine should be so sterile.

BLOOD-DRENCHED
YET
STERILE SOIL.

For forty centuries—who knows how many more?—men have killed each other there in the name of all the gods. There, war has been waged in the name of Assyrian, Philistine, and Egyptian deities. There, foul crimes have been done in the name of the great Jehovah, the pitiless god of the ancient Jews. There, in the name of the gentle Nazarene, the Crusaders did dark deeds. There, in the Middle Ages, cruel Christians "converted" Jews by the rack, the stake, the torture by water, the torture by fire, in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. And now for a thousand years, in the name of the triune God, in the name of the monotheistic Allah, men have been waging war.

Palestine's soil is drenched with blood. Her rock-tombs are filled with the bodies of the rich and great, her soil is fertilized with the bodies of the poor and lowly. This holy land has been saturated with the blood of millions of men and women killed in religion's name. Their bodies have gone to enrich the granitic debris from its rock-ribbed hills. Yet it is still a sterile soil.

Up to the terraces of stone, along the sterile hills of Palestine, the soil has been carried from the valley lands below. Rocky as are the mountain sides, the passage of countless ages has washed away enough debris to form a deep soil in the valleys and ravines. Slowly, slowly, this soil has been dug out, and painfully carried up by hand—sometimes almost to the mountain-tops, for the villages are usually situated on the tops of the mountains. Many of these terraces are neglected now, and the soil is slowly washing out of the stones back into the valleys from which it was dug. The men who dug it, who carried it up the mountain, are now themselves a part of the soil which they once carried. It may be that, in another four thousand years, yet other men, whose bodies are builded out of the same soil, will again be carrying the decayed bodies of their remote ancestors, mixed with crumbled granite, up the mountain sides of Palestine.

One's first impressions on entering any ancient and historic spot are worth remembering—perhaps worth recording. Therefore, it may be well to set down what first struck me on entering Jerusalem. It was evening as we drove from the station, and entered the Jaffa Gate. Almost immediately we left our carriage, for there are few streets in Jerusalem where wheeled vehicles may pass. We descended from the carriage at the entrance of a long, vaulted passage leading to the hotel. This ran under the building for some 200 feet, and was packed with a motley gathering. As we made our way through this mass of humanity, our dragoman turned to us and said, warningly: "Look out for your pockets." Then I knew that we were fairly in the Holy City.

It has been my fortune to enter many cities where I knew

nobody. In fact, I always expect to know nobody in strange cities, although (so small is the world) I often meet acquaintances in out-of-the-way places. But I was quite certain I had no circle in Jerusalem. I never had been there before, I knew few people who had been there, and I never knew any one who had gone there to stay. Fancy, therefore, my surprise the morning after our arrival, as I emerged from the hotel door, sniffing the rich and juicy Jerusalem air, to find myself accosted by a young man with a fez and a hooked nose. "Good-morning," said he, cordially. I was acknowledging his salutation, when I was suddenly greeted on the right: "How do you do, sir?" I looked around, and there was another young man with a fez and a hooked nose. "It is a fine morning," came another voice; I looked behind me, and there was a new friend hurrying up. "I hope you are well, sir?" cried a fourth, who arrived on a run. Bewildered, I turned around, when I was accosted by at least a dozen young men, all bowing, and asking about my health, and all with fezzes and hooked noses.

I was a little surprised at first at the extent of my circle of acquaintances in Jerusalem, but after they had broken the ice with remarks about my health and the weather, they came down to business. They turned out to be drivers, dragomans, peddlers, touts, and shopkeepers. I do not include among my acquaintances the shoe-cleaning hoys of Jerusalem; they are as thick as mosquitoes.

It must not be inferred from the foregoing that all these hooked-nosed gentry were Jews. Not so. In the Orient the hooked nose is by no means confined to the Jewish race. The Turks are, many of them, singularly Semitic in appearance; in Constantinople, many of the officers of the Sultan's guard look like handsome young Jews, while Sultan Abdul Hamid himself has a strikingly Hebraic face. In Jerusalem, the predominant type of nose, among Oriental Jews, Occidental Jews, Turks, and Armenians, is what we call the Jewish nose. Only the Russians—of whom there are many in Jerusalem—depart widely from this type; they have the flat, Calmuck, or Tartar nose.

While I am on the subject of nations and noses, here is a curious fact about Palestine—apparently no man declares his nationality. Ask a dragoman of what country he is, and he will reply: "I am a Moslem." Another will say, "I am a Latin"; another, "I am a Jew." In every case I found that the man interrogated replied with his religion, rather than with his race. There was one dragoman who hesitated several seconds before replying to me when asked his nationality, finally saying, "I am a Christian." He was a lame dragoman and easy to identify, so I determined to ascertain his pedigree. I was curious to see what manner of man was this who, in this religious land, was uncertain about his religion. I found that the lame dragoman was the son of a German father and an Arab mother. The father wanted to make him a Jew, the mother wanted to make him a Moslem, but as he grew up he became a dragoman, and made himself a Christian for business reasons.

One day we learned that certain Lenten festivities were to take place in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

CHRISTIANS
FIGHTING IN
THE CHURCH.

According to our Gregorian calendar, Lent does not accord with the dates of the Julian calendar, which is followed by the Greek, Armenian, Coptic, Syrian, and other Oriental churches. The enormous edifice was crowded. Every nationality under the sun seemed represented in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There were almost as many Moslems as Christians, as could readily be seen by looking down from the lofty balcony where we were perched; in the crowd below the black, gray, and bald heads of the Christians were thickly interspersed with the varicolored turbans and fezzes of the unbelievers.

at all, as we learned one day when conversing with a sweet-faced old nun, who presided over the French convent and school of St. Anne in Jerusalem. I asked her if the school was entirely for Roman Catholics, or "Latin Christians," as they call themselves there. "Oh, no, monsieur," she replied; "we admit not only Christians, but others as well, including Mohammedans, Jews, and Protestants." The italics are mine.

The most bitter feeling prevails between the Greek Catholics, the Armenian Catholics, and the Latins. Only last year there was a bloody fight in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre between the various Christian congregations, which the Turkish troops were obliged to suppress with force of arms. But this was not a novelty—there have been many such battles. The disputed questions are those of priority as "the primitive church," of precedence in festivals, of the right to claim the Holy Sepulchre, and of the right to occupy certain chapels and Spots Where.

Shortly after we were installed in our lofty perch, the various Catholic denominations marched in, one after another, visiting the various points in the church. The Sepulchre, itself, Mt. Calvary (which is in the church), the "Center of the World," the Chapel of the Finding of the Cross, the Chapel of the Crowning with Thorns, the Cleft in the Rock, the Place of the Scourging—these are some of the places they visited. They traveled on a set schedule, which had been arranged by the Turkish military commander in order to avoid collision. The sight was a remarkable one, as the patriarchs, the bishops, and the priests swept by, swinging censers and clad in gorgeous vestments, through long lines of sneering Turks and weeping believers. The most handsome vestments were those worn by the Greek priests; never have I seen anything to equal them, even in the most gorgeous sacristies, the richest treasure-chambers of the great cathedrals of the Western world. The handsomest men were those of the Armenian faith; both they and the priests of the Greek Church wear beards, and are tall and stately men. The beard lends dignity to the priesthood, and both Greeks and Armenians look better than the smooth-shaven Latin priests.

As the gorgeously attired priests filed by chanting their ritual, sometimes in Greek, sometimes in Syriac, sometimes in Latin, it was curious to watch the faces of the onlookers. There was every type among them. The sneering Moslems, of whom I have spoken, were principally of the better class, wearing frock-coats and fezzes. But there were other Mohammedans as well; coal-black negroes from Nubia; Abyssinians from the Soudan; Mohammedan mollahs with the green caftan; Arahms from Aleppo, bearing the brown scars of the Aleppine boil; Bedouins from the desert; Turkish women in their yashmaks and jeredjees, peering curiously through their thin veils at the dogs of unbelievers; nondescript Syrian peasants, bare-footed, bare-legged, and clad in sheep-skins. One was clad in a sheep-skin that had belonged to several generations—an hereditary sheep-skin, an heirloom in his family, as it were. He was my neighbor for a time, and was too close to me to be agreeable. Whenever I think of that hereditary sheep-skin, I shudder.

He was my neighbor, and being in Palestine I should have loved him. But if you think it is hard to love your neighbor in California, you ought to try it in Jerusalem.

One incident at this Lenten function in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre surprised us. When the Latin procession—that is, the Roman Catholic—entered, the French consul and his suite were following them; the consul and the vice-consul were in full uniform, the secretary and two or three clerks

FRENCH CONSUL
AT A
LATIN FUNCTION.



Mosque of Omar and Mount Moriah, Jerusalem.

When I mention the fezzes I do not include those of the Turkish troops, of which there was a large force drawn up in various parts of the church. These Turkish troops are nominally there to "preserve order"; they are really there to prevent the Christians from cutting each other's throats. The bitterness existing between the various Christian denominations in the Holy Land is almost beyond belief. This hatred is not between Catholics and Protestants, for the Protestants are small in numbers, and the Catholics of all sects pay no attention to them. In fact, they do not consider them Christians

were in swallow-tail coats and white ties, and all were carrying large, fat candles, about four feet high. Why was the French consul attending this Roman Catholic function at Jerusalem? France is now engaged in driving out the religious from nunneries and monasteries in France. Even here in Jerusalem, some of the expatriated religious were to be found in the institution of the Sœurs Réparatrices, on the hill above our hotel. Why does France with one hand whip the religious from her frontiers, while with the other she piety holds candles at Roman Catholic functions in Jerusalem?

This was a little too much for me, so I put the poser to one of the consular corps in Jerusalem. With a chuckle, the consul replied, but requested me not to quote him, so he shall be anonymous. The gist of his reply was as follows: France has for years striven to hold the post of protector of Latin Christianity in the Orient. Since 1860, when French troops saved Christians from the massacre of the Druses, she has enjoyed that prestige in Europe. That prestige was added to by Na-

were neglecting the Holy Sepulchre and the whole business, and trying to mash the American girls. It was very human.

I have already spoken of the harbor of Jaffa, the port of Jerusalem. The scenes there, when passengers are embarking and disembarking, are striking ones. The day we disembarked at Jaffa, the sea was as smooth as a mill-pond, and the disembarkation was effected without any accident or discomfort. But the day we embarked, conditions were very different. A gale had been howling for days along the Syrian coast. Off the harbor there is a harrier reef, very similar to those which girt the South Sea Islands—like that, for example, which so many Californians have seen at Honolulu. A narrow, slit-like entrance permits the passage of small boats. Outside of this the larger vessels anchor when it is safe to do so, and lie to when it is not. On this particular day there were a number of ships in the offing, but they all had steam up, and were ready to put to sea at a minute's notice. Such was the force of the sea and wind that the waves were breaking over the reef twenty feet high. The placid Mediterranean, that "summer sea," as many people like to call it, can at times be as rude as the Atlantic. Even inside the reef the water was by no means smooth.

Among the half score of big ships tossing and tumbling about on the rough waves without, there were three Russian ships of war, and one Russian passenger vessel. From them all there streamed stiffly in the keen wind the blue and white banner of Russia. The port facilities at Jaffa are comparatively limited. There is a space of some fifty or sixty yards of stone quay, alongside of which the boats come to embark and disembark passengers. When the number of passengers arriving and sailing is large, boats wait for places at the pier, and passengers also wait for the boats. When we were there a stream of boats was pouring in from the Russian passenger vessel. As they came alongside, there crawled, leaped, were lifted, or slung, according to age, sex, and condition, hordes of filthy Russian peasants. As soon as they landed they fell upon their faces, and with their blubbery lips kissed with resounding smacks the slabs of stone. Evidently they looked upon the pier as being the sacred soil of the Holy Land. I could not but smile when I reflected that only a few moments before this sacred soil had been occupied by gangs of Mohammedan porters, passing boxes, bags, and bundles from one another to the boats. As they worked, they indulged in a droning sing-song—what sailors call a "shanty"—to help them in their work. As I listened to their rhythmical grunt I was curious to know what they were saying, and asked a dragoman. It sounded to me like "la Allah-il-Allah," etc.—the well-known saying which we all of us remember from the "Arabian Nights." The dragoman corroborated my belief, and added that the other words meant for the next man to hurry the haggage along. In short, from his translation, I think their "shanty" was something like this: "Come, get a move on. God is great. Pass it along. God is great."

One hears many religious ejaculations in the Holy Land. I faintly recalled a Russian word used as an Easter greeting in Russia. A Russian friend once told me that it is the fashion even for entire strangers to cry to those they meet on Easter Day, "Christ is risen!" One particularly hairy Russian moujik was just arising from his occupations of the stone pier when his eye caught mine. He rushed upon me with outstretched arms, shouting the greeting of which I speak, and showing so friendly a disposition that I fled in terror. My Russian friend had told me that the Russian peasants not only greeted strangers with the words, "Christ is risen," but frequently embraced them. I was afraid my hairy friend intended to embrace me—perhaps to kiss me with the same pious lips which he had just imprinted on the porter-defiled pier. So I did not hesitate. Discretion is the better part

and would cut your throat for sixpence, I have no doubt that they are very worthy men. Still, rarely does one part from a set of shipmates with so much joy as from these Jaffa boatmen. On our boat, one, who lost his toe-grip on the gunwale, fell overboard. His comrades paid not the least attention to him; he swam around, trying to climb into various boats, but repulsed by all; the occupants feared he would shake himself like a wet dog, so he had to swim ashore.

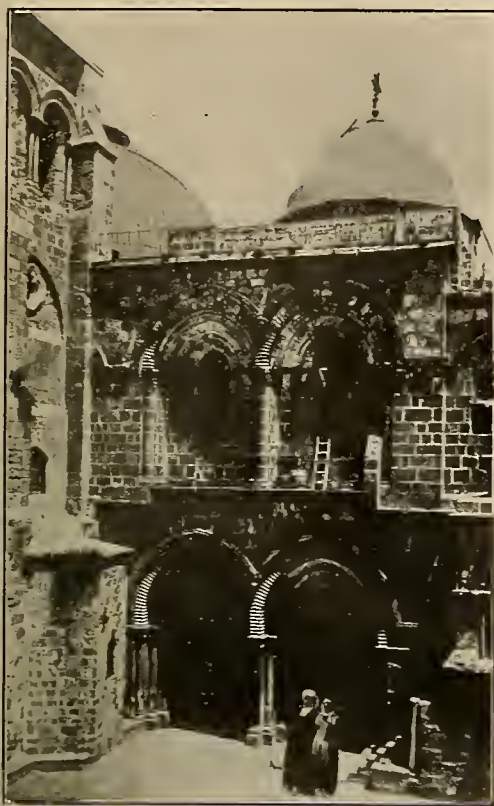
Our boatmen had made not more than three strokes with their long sweeps when our whale-boat began to poise herself alternately on her bow and her stern. Then she rolled, she pitched, she tossed, she made every movement possible to the laws of gravitation and flotation. And as she did so, the countenances of the people aboard instantly changed. I have seen a great many seasick people in my time, and I may have seen more seasick people than there were in our boat, but I never saw people more seasick—that is, so seasick—that is, seasick. There are stages of seasickness where ladies attempt to conceal the fact that they are under the weather. There was no such attempt in this boat. Anybody who was sick was frankly seasick. We were right down to the plain, primitive man and woman, and no nonsense about it.

The extreme lack of formality in our boat reminded me of a picture I saw in *Punch* years ago of a seasick woman aboard a Channel steamer. A seasick man beside her has his head pillowed in her lap. A passing good Samaritan says: "Madam, look at your husband's dreadful pallor—you had better have him taken below." To which the seasick lady replies with a dreadful calmness: "He's not my husband. I don't know who he is." There were occurrences in our boat which strongly reminded me of this picture.

When we got half way to the ship and passed through the harrier reef, we got into the open sea. Then we instinctively felt that it had been comparatively smooth. Here the boat really began to get a move on her, and at this spot also the boatmen chose to stop rowing. Any one who has ever sailed the seas knows that it is much easier to preserve one's composure and dinner when a vessel is under way than when she has stopped. There were some stern spirits in our boat who had maintained comparative calmness. But when we passed through the reef and the rowing stopped, most of them gave way. It was indeed a lamentable spectacle. As I gazed over this mass of men, women, and haggage I think that the percentage of seasickness was about ninety-seven out of a possible hundred. In fact, everything seemed to be seasick, except the boatmen and the boat. Even the haggage writhed uneasily—the very valises opened their clammy jaws.

The rowing stopped because the boatmen had chosen this spot for hacksheesh. True, they had agreed to take us from shore to ship for a specified sum. True, they had agreed they would demand no hacksheesh. But all the same, when they got us past the reef a cry of "hacksheesh" arose. One was selected as collector. He went around, and never in my experience in the Orient did I see a crowd of people yield up hacksheesh with so much alacrity. I will do the collector the justice to say that he was decent enough not to attempt to collect from those women who were in a state of collapse, but any woman who could hold her head up had to pay, and all the men had to pay, seasick or not. He also complied with the request of the gathering that he should "hurry up," for he spoke a little English, and he informed them that the best way to accelerate matters was to have their money ready and expect no change, and everybody followed his advice. Nobody asked for change, and nobody got any.

When we reached the ship's side, most of the ladies had to be lifted up out of the bottom of the boat, where they were in a heap, and as the platform of the gangway was sometimes fifteen feet in the air above our heads, and as we were sometimes fifteen feet above it and looking down, they had to be tossed by the boatmen into the arms of the brawny sailors on the gangway. They came almost any end up, and the



Entrance to Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem.

oleon the Third, when he protected the Maronites from Moslem aggression.

But of recent years French prestige has been suffering. Germany and Russia have been striving in every possible way to leave her in the rear. It is difficult for one who has not been in Jerusalem to understand how the great powers of Europe strive for prestige in that ancient city. It is the belief among many men there that Russia, for religious reasons, intends ultimately to make Jerusalem Russian territory. Since Emperor William's visit there, a few years ago, Germany also has taken many steps for occupying Jerusalem herself. A magnificent church has been erected there in honor of the Kaiser's visit. Formerly, Germans were buried in the graveyard of the French monastery, regardless of their creed, but since the Kaiser's visit the Germans have a graveyard of their own. Germany has pushed herself forward in many other ways. Hence France is straining every nerve to impress the Christians, and particularly the Latin Christians, with her importance. Relying on their ignorance, she chastises them in the West, and then sends consuls to honor their functions in the East.

And the French consular corps—how did they look? Well, it was rather funny. The consul was a good-looking man of about thirty, in a handsome uniform, and carried a gold-laced cocked hat under his arm. He was holding his candle listlessly, but still tilted forward so that the grease should not fall on his gold-laced trousers or patent-leather boots. The vice-consul had also fallen into a weak-kneed condition of boredom, and with his head sunk upon his chest, was apparently thinking of his early loves. The secretaries and clerks of the consulate were yawning, and the general air of the party was one of extreme ennui. In front of them were the rows of prostrate priests rapidly mumbling their ritual, while around them was the human mass of filth, squalor, and ignorance. Christian and Mohammedan, which I have already described.

A Russian moujik had forced his way through the crowd, and seeing the altar, flung himself on the dirty pavement, and began kissing the stones with loud smacks, having first wiped his lips with his sleeve. I should think he would first have wiped the pavement and next his sleeve, but there is no accounting for tastes. As he was rising from one of his genuflections he took his eyes from the altar, looked at the priests, then at the consuls; with a scowl, he withdrew—he was in the wrong shop—he belonged to the Greek Catholic outfit, and he made haste to shake from his shoes the very dust of the Latin Catholic procession.

It was in the midst of this mass that the French consular suite were standing with their candles, when a group of six or eight American ladies appeared, their dragoman having made a way for them in the front rank of the crowd. The moment the young consul saw them, he straightened up and threw out his chest; the vice-consul noted his superior, followed the direction of his eyes, and seeing the American ladies began to twirl his mustache. The clerks and secretaries obediently followed suite, and in about thirty seconds the entire staff



Damascus Gate, Jerusalem.

of valor. I did not think he intended to kill me, only to kiss me, but I ran.

The passage from the pier at Jaffa to the ship was not a pleasant one. The Jaffa boats are not unlike whale-boats. They are high in bow and stern, rowed with long sweeps, and steered with a sweep astern made fast to a tholepin. The boatmen who handle them are skillful with their oars, and aside from the fact that they are parasitic, dirty,

deadly nature of their malady may be inferred from the fact that they paid not the slightest attention to their appearance, to their petticoats, or to whether their hats were on straight.

When Mr. Lang's forthcoming volume, "The Valer's Tragedy and Other Studies," was first announced, it was understood that it would be a work of fiction. It is now stated that the book deals with various historical mysteries. "The Mystery of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey," "The False Pucelle," "Amy Rohsart," and "James de la Cloche" are among the chapter-headings.

THE CONSUL
AND HIS
CANDLE.

JAFFA'S
DEADLY
SEASICKNESS.

FRENCH AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

New Books that Interest the Gallic Capital.

Most people believe that the output of the French publishing press is confined almost entirely to nasty novels. They are very much in error. To convince them of this fact, I shall begin in this letter with late French books in other lines. So far as possible, I shall give the titles in English, although they are none of them translated, so far as I know.

The most picturesque figure of the French revolution is that of Mirabeau. A book just out is entitled "Sophie de Monnier and Mirabeau," by Paul Cottin. Those who have read Carlyle's brilliant pages will remember the lurid figure of Mirabeau. This book contains the love-letters written by Sophie de Monnier to Mirabeau. She previously was known only by the love-letters written to her by Mirabeau, and published in a book, with the title "Letters Written from the Dungeon of Vincennes." Mr. Paul Cottin has been lucky enough to find the letters that Sophie wrote in reply to those of Mirabeau. That brilliant statesman seduced her into eloping from her husband, abandoning her family, and taking up her life with him; he returned her devotion with such base ingratitude that he drove her to a suicide's death. Mr. Cottin has succeeded in deciphering many secret characters which rendered the letters almost unintelligible. He has added to them copious notes and an introduction, which is in itself a literary work of merit. A handsome portrait adds to the attractiveness of the volume. The letters are infinitely touching. Sophie's love surmounted everything—the daily treacheries, the countless infidelities of Mirabeau—and when, finally, he had succeeded in shutting her up in a mad-house, she still loved him, and took refuge from her misfortunes in death.

Oddly enough, there is published at almost the same time a series of "Letters to Julie," by Dauphin Meunier and G. Leloir. These epistles are love-letters written to "Julie" by Mirabeau at the very time when Sophie de Monnier was eating her heart out and about to take her life for love of him. Julie, however, was a very inferior woman to Sophie. She had already been passed from hand to hand as the mistress of one adventurer after another, and she appealed to Mirabeau only on his physical side. From these letters it is evident that Mirabeau intended to make a tool of her for a scandal-swindle, not unlike that of the diamond necklace, in which he hoped to compromise both Queen Marie Antoinette and the Duchess of Lamballe. The perusal of these letters will act as a slight corrective to those sturdy republicans who still adore Mirabeau.

"Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun," by B. de Lacombe,

poleon," by Paul Gautier. The author attempts to make out a favorable case for the lady, and to show that she was struggling only for liberty in her assaults upon Napoleon. But he scarcely succeeds, and he does not attempt to suppress the facts—that she sought to win Napoleon, and when scorned, attacked him. There is much new matter from documents recently discovered by the author, and for students of Napoleon the book may be recommended.

A work entitled "The Indiscretions of History," by Dr. Cabanès, discusses various questions of more or less value, among others: "Was Tasso Crazy?" "Did Mme. de Sévigné Die of Smallpox?" "Whose Skull in the Museum of Versailles is that Which is Said to Belong to Mme. de Brinvilliers?" "Was Du Barry Blonde or Brunette?" "Was Marie Leezinska an Epileptic?" These questions the author discusses, and settles to his own satisfaction, if not to that of his readers.

Among works of travel I note "French Coasts and Ports Along the Channel," by Charles Lenthérie;



Ethel Watts Mumford, author of "Whitewash." Published by Dana Estes & Co.

"Across France," by André Hallays; "From the Bavarian Alps to the Balkans," by J. de Witte; "My Honeymoon in Italy," by Mme. Georges Duhamel. The latter work is of a more intimate description than brides are in the habit of writing. Another travel book is entitled "Seville," by Mr. Eugene Schmidt. It contains numerous photogravure views of that interesting city. "Southeastern France," by Charles Brossard, is devoted largely to fine illustrations of the cathedrals and other monuments found in that interesting part of the country; "Whites and Yellows in China," by J. Pène Siefert, is the latest book about the Dragon Empire. Another of similar nature is called "Japanese Society," by André Bellessort. A book which Russia's attitude of oppression makes timely is "Finland," by Iann Morvan. Other interesting works of travel are "The Distant Orient," by J. H. Matignon, with eighty-five photogravures; "Egypt from 1798 to 1900," by Louis Brehier; "In the Pyrenees Country: an Anecdotic Narrative of a Trip to Arles, Nîmes, Cette, Narbonne, Toulouse, etc.," with twenty-four engravings; "In Ireland," by Charles Schindler; "The Magyar Country," by R. Reecouly; and "Savoy and Aix-les-Bains," by Joseph Reville, with a hundred and seven engravings.

In the domain of belles-lettres, the "Posthumous Works of Paul Verlaine" is attracting attention. Paul Verlaine has long been an idol of young France. This posthumous volume, however, as is so often the case, contains only hisavings. The gleanings of an author's desk rarely amount to much. A curious phase of this posthumous volume is an attack on a posthumous volume of Victor Hugo. "Did Hugo's executors," asks Verlaine, "have any right to publish a posthumous work of Hugo of such an idiotic nature as 'Amy Robsart' or 'The Twins,' a fragment which he had laid aside many years before? For my part, I take little interest in these literary waste-basket leavings, brought to light by publishers years afterward." Exactly the same thing might be said concerning this volume of Verlaine. He goes on to say other things about Victor Hugo which sound like heterodoxy. His admiration for Hugo is much more circumscribed than that of most people. He does not seem to be hypnotized by the glory of Hugo. He dares to criticize him, and even to deflate his fame. He says of Hugo: "I was scarcely thirteen years old when 'The Contemplations' moved my childish mind. I was fifteen when 'The Orientals' pleased me. They please

me still, but merely as a piece of artistic gimerackery, like the articles of Paris that are sold in the Rue de Rivoli." Evidently Verlaine had too delicate a poetic sense to allow himself to be seduced by the sonorous-sounding phrases, musical but often meaningless, of Victor Hugo.

In ancient history, "Heliogabalus," by George Duviquet, is the most notable recent work. The author has gone over all the sources of information, and has even printed textually many original documents by Dion Cassius and others. There is also a list of the moneys and medals stamped under Heliogabalus, a list of his wives, an iconography of all these personages, and a number of reproductions of inscriptions. There are a number of recondite facts touching the self-mutilation of Heliogabalus; also many curious details concerning his hysteria. The characters of the three masterful women who, from the death of Caracalla up to that of Alexander Severus, governed the empire, are carefully depicted. There are a number of curious details concerning the hideous debauches of Heliogabalus, and the physical condition of the Roman Caesar, which was not unlike that depicted by Flaubert in "Salambo." In short, Heliogabalus seems to have been a sort of crowned eunuch. The book is admirably done, but scarcely suited for boarding-school reading.

In the line of dramatic literature, I note "Genius is a Crime," by C. Mauleir; "Catilina," by Henrik Ibsen; "Punch and Judy: Célèbre Drame Guignolesque Anglais," by Emile Strauss; "Business is Business"—the sensational success at the Comédie-Française of which I wrote you at length last June—by Octave Mirbeau; "The Other Danger," by Maurice Donnay—I pause here to note that "the other danger" which Mr. Donnay means, is that of a mother intending to be unfaithful to her husband, but who is disturbed by the threatened rivalry of her daughter; "Practical Code of the Theatre," by André Hesse; "The Art of Elocution," by Jean Blaize; and "The Theatre of the Future," by George Vitoux.

One of the notable books of memoirs is "The Journal of the Youth of Francisque Sarcey, 1839-1857," collected and annotated by Adolphe Brissot, the son-in-law of Sarcey.

A study in royal mentality is "Mental Pathology of the French Kings: Louis XI and His Predecessors—a Human Life Study Through Six Centuries of Heredity," by August Brachet.

A notable historical work is "The Liberal Empire," by Emile Ollivier, who, it will be remembered, was one of Napoleon the Third's ministers, and who endeavors now to defend the empire.

Among the novels of the day there are even fewer than usual worth noticing. "Marie-Eve," by P. Guedy, is a licentious novel of little interest. "The Carmelite," by Ernest Daudet, is the old story of the confessor interposing between husband and wife. "Well-Beloved," by Aime Giron, is an historical novel concerning Louis the Fifteenth, his wife, his mistresses,



George Frisbie Hoar, author of "Autobiography of Seventy Years." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

and his minions. "A Virgin's Scruple," by Henry Rabusson, can easily be fathomed from its name. "Gyp" has brought out two novels, "Les Petits Amis" and "Le Ménage Dernier Cri." A translation of "Corleone," by Marion Crawford, is on sale in Paris.

On the whole, the output of the publishing season in Paris seems to me a little under the average. There are fewer notable books in the line of history, biography, and memoirs, although, in this department in literature the French still keep the lead. As for the romances, they are, as usual, very numerous, but, of the total, the greater part are silly and some obscene, while there are few notable names among the writers.

PARIS, October 15, 1903.

ST. MARTIN.



David Starr Jordan, author of "The Voice of the Scholar." Published by Paul Elder & Co.

is another book just out. Those who were disappointed in the "Memoirs of Talleyrand" will find material here to interest them. Much of that portion of Talleyrand's life which remained in the shadow is here brought to the light.

A new book by A. Sorel, "Bonaparte and the Directory," adds another to the many volumes appearing about the times of Bonaparte. There are three men—Sorel, Masson, and Vandal—who have won the attention of the world by their new material concerning Bonaparte. This volume relates principally to the eighteen Brumaire.

Another Napoleon book is "Mme. de Staël and Na-

LONDON LITERARY GOSSIP.

Notable Spring Offerings of the English Publishers.

London publishers have evidently come to the conclusion that English readers are not craving for American literature, for the fall announcement lists show a perceptible falling off in the number of books first issued on the other side of the Atlantic. Jack London's splendid achievement is, perhaps, the most popular of the six-shilling novels by American authors. Within a fortnight the first large edition has been exhausted, and Mr. Heinemann announces that another equally large impression will soon be ready. Rarely, indeed, has an American book been so handsomely handled by English critics. In fact, in the reviews which I have read, there is not a dissenting note in the hearty chorus of praise for the rising young California writer. One of the leading dailies, for example, remarks: "The writing of a biography of a four-footed beast has often before been essayed, but we do not remember meeting with so successful an attempt as this. We have in mind Mr. Seton Thompson's Coyote and Krag, the Mountain Ram, as well as Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Grey Brother, etc., and we make the comparison without abating our admiration for those creations."

The critics have not taken so kindly to James Lane Allen's "The Mettle of the Pasture." They admit that the beauty of its diction, the warm coloring of its descriptions, its unerring appreciation of the harmonies and subtleties of Nature are worthy of the author of "The Increasing Purpose," but they do not hesitate to express the opinion that this new work will not enhance Mr. Allen's reputation. The London Times remarks of his style:

"Perpetually we feel we are close upon something worth our pondering; again and again we are left swimming in a flux of words. And the pity of it is that it can not be dismissed as highfalutin. Our author is forever trying to say something beautiful; only he has not thought out the beautiful thing, and so at the critical point his writing has no grip. Formerly he took more trouble; but finding that his public (and he is vastly popular) will accept the second-best at least as greedily as the best, he has taken, it seems, to economizing trouble. It is a pity, both for himself and for the great American nation, whose destinies are less likely to be forwarded by second-best preaching and prophesying than by the example of an artist who studies perfection."

Among the other volumes by American authors which I note in the announcements of the leading publishers are "A Doctor of Philosophy," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, and "The Vagabonds," by Frederick Palmer (Harper & Brothers); "The Mississippi Bubble," by Emerson Hough, "Darrell of the Blessed Isles," by Irving Bacheller, and "Conqueror's House," by Stewart White (Methuen & Co.); "Memories of Vailima," by Lloyd Osbourne and Isabel Strong (A. Constable & Co.); "Wolfville Folk," by A. H. Lewis (Isbister & Co.); "A Daughter of the Pit," by Margaret Doyle Jackson; "The Captain's Toll-Gate," by the late Frank Stockton, and "Aladdin O'Brien," by Gouverneur Morris; "Love Letters of Margaret Fuller" (Fisher Unwin); "The Heart of the Hearth," by Charles Major, "The Life Treason and Death of James Blount of Breckenhow," by Beulah Marie Dix and "The Heart of Rome," by F. Marion Crawford (the Macmillan Company).

Fiction again monopolizes first place in the fall offerings. Messrs. Isbister & Co.'s list includes a number of novels, a department of publishing in which this firm is making strides. Among those announced are "The Adventurer in Spain," by Mr. Crockett, which is not quite a novel; "Over the Border," by Robert Barr; "The Wisdom of Folly," being a tale founded on Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's play of the same name; an anonymous book, entitled "The Kempton-Wace Letters," which has already created a stir in America; and a new volume of the Wisdom While You Wait Series, by G. S. Layard, called "Dolly's Governess."

Mrs. Elinor Glyn, who wrote "The Visits of Elizabeth" and "The Reflections of Ambrosine," has finished a new book, entitled "The Damsel and the Sage," which will be published by Messrs. Duckworth. Ward, Lock & Co.'s most promising novels are "The Yellow Crayon," by Phillips Oppenheim; "When I Was Czar," by Arthur W. Marchmont; "Rainbow Island," by Louis Tracy; "A Man's Fear," by Hamilton Drummond; "A Veldt Vendetta," by Bertham Mitford; and "A Two-Fold Inheritance," by Guy Boothby. Miss Elizabeth Robins, whose excellent work in fiction has hardly been sufficiently recognized, has a new novel in the press, which will be entitled "The Magnetic North," and Violet Jacob has followed up her success of last year with a novel, "The Interloper." The title of Bram Stoker's new book is "The Jewel of Seven Stars."

Hutchinson is bringing out a fine list of popular six-shilling novels, among others, "The Jesters," by "Rita"; "Place and Power," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler; "On the Wings of the Wind," by Allen Raine; "The Pikemen," by Dr. Keightley; "In a Little House," by Tom Gallon; "Secrets of the Foreign Office," by William Le Queux; "The Yellow Van," by Richard Whiteing; and "Shipmates in Sunshine," by Frankfort Moore. A Constable & Co. are the publishers of Bernard Shaw's new book, "Man and Superman," R. W. Chambers's "The Maids of Paradise," and Frankfort Moore's "Castle Omeragh."

The most notable book of verse is Rudyard Kipling's "The Five Nations," which, broadly speaking, may be

divided into poems of the sea, imperial poems, poems of the war, and "service songs." The gem of the collection unquestionably is the closing poem, "The Recessional." More striking than ever is the stately language of that superb hymn when it is read after the "service songs" of the South African campaign, with their humiliating commentaries on "frantic boast and foolish word."

Another striking volume of verse is William Wat-



Joaquin Miller, author of "As It Was in the Beginning." Published by A. M. Robertson.

son's new volume, "For England: Poems Written During Estrangement." It splendidly maintains the fame of one of the stateliest writers in the language. The book is made up of poems written during the war, when Mr. Watson was not among the optimists, and is



Jack London, author of "The Call of the Wild." Published by the Macmillan Company.

in reality a manifesto of the poet's imperial faith. "I that shall stand for England till I die," he cries, in passionate resentment of being called an enemy of his country, to which he refers in such lines as

"This many-victoried, many-hered land,
and as the immortal land

"all living lands above,
In Justice, and in Mercy, and in Love."

"The Cæsars and the Alexanders pass," cries the poet in another stately line, and it is his belief that

"We too shall pass, we too shall disappear,"

though he looks forward with pride to the epitaph which Time may write upon the grave of England:

"Hers was the purest greatness we record."

The fall announcements are especially rich in memoirs and biographical works. Head and shoulders above them all stands John Morley's "Life of William Ewart Gladstone," which has just been published. Mr. Morley's fee of fifty thousand dollars from the publishers (the Macmillan Company) is said to be the largest ever paid for a copyright biography in England. Morley has earned it, for he gave three years to the task. It was the stipulation of the family that the biography of Gladstone should not appear until five years after the great Liberal leader's death. Since that time Morley has read over hundreds of thousands of documents for the purposes of his work. Most of it was done in Gladstone's private library at Hawarden.

By a happy coincidence, Messrs. Hutchinson have just brought out a life of Gladstone's great rival, Lord Beaconsfield, by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. The official life of Beaconsfield is hardly to be expected yet, and, in the meantime, Mr. Meynell's book will, no doubt, fill the gap. It is described by the author as "an unconventional biography," and makes a record of Disraeli's moods, motives, and aims in social rather than in public affairs. The book is made up of the great statesman's talk and letters, gathered from many and original sources; and round these sentences and sentiments of his own is written the romantic story of his life. The book is published in two volumes, with forty full-page illustrations, including two photogravure plates, and facsimile letters as well.

The life of the amiable Irish poet, Aubrey de Vere, by the way, is to be written by Mr. Wilfrid Ward. The late Sir Arthur Sullivan, the famous English composer, whose name for so many years was linked with that of W. S. Gilbert, is to have two biographers. One volume, which ought to be interesting, is being prepared under the direction of Sir Arthur's son Bertie, who is supervising the selection of suitable matter from his father's private letters and diaries, which are full of reference to both the British and German royal families. The other work, which will be published in few weeks, comes in the nature of a surprise. It is from the pen of Sir Arthur Sullivan's cousin, Mr. B. W. Findon, better known as a dramatic critic than as an author. It will deal with Sullivan's works, as well as his eventful life.

The recollections of Arthur à Beckett, who adorned the staff of *Punch* for more than a quarter of a century, and who, by his own confession, practically devoted his whole career to that paper, have the interest that belongs to almost any work of reminiscence by a man who has moved in distinguished company. His reflections and anecdotes are by no means confined to the members of the staff of *Punch* as he knew it, however, for in a long and busy life of journalism Mr. à Beckett has rubbed shoulders with celebrities of all nations, and he has something interesting to say of all of them. W. H. Lucy, the well-known Parliamentary journalist, who as "Toby, M. P." enjoys a world-wide reputation, throws much interesting light on the most noteworthy figures in the sphere of politics in his "Peeps at Parliament" (George Newnes). Another interesting book is the first Lord Ellesmere's reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington, which Mr. Murray is publishing.

"The Correspondence of William I and Bismarck, with Other Letters from and to Prince Bismarck," translated by J. A. Ford, is published by Heinemann, while Edward Arnold offers "The Memoirs of M. de Blowitz," the late correspondent of the *Times*, who knew every one of his day. Other biographies and books of reminiscences in the fall lists are Henry James's "Life of William Wetmore Story and His Friends" (William Blackwood); "Mr. Chamberlain: His Life and Public Career," by S. H. Jeyes (Sands & Co.); and "The Story of a Soldier's Life," by Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley (A. Constable & Co.).

One of the most important books of travel of the season is promised by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett. It is Dr. Sven Hedin's "Central Asia and Tibet," and will be ready next month. The book describes the succession of journeys made by Dr. Sven Hedin in Central Asia during the years 1899-1902, and the illustrations, which are profuse, include several pages in color. The English edition will be simultaneous with editions all over Europe and in America.

In conclusion, I want to make special mention of the two handsome volumes which the Countess of Warwick has prepared on "Warwick Castle and Its Earls" (Hutchinson & Co.). It will be numbered among the few books recently issued that help to sustain the reputation of modern English publishing against the prevailing fashion of cheap and third-rate production. In paper, printing, typography, binding, and illustration, the two volumes leave nothing to be desired. It is a pleasure to handle them, and a privilege to possess them. The Countess of Warwick's own work is worthy of such a setting. Her historical account of the famous castle and its treasures is skillfully and vivaciously written, with no touch of amateurishness. The story is full of romance and those entertaining sidelights of history which help to clothe the dead bones of the past with living flesh.

PICCADILLY

LONDON, October 6, 1903.

PUBLISHERS' FALL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

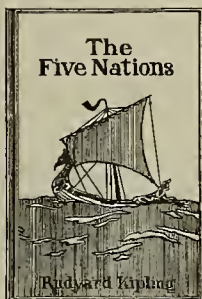
Some of the Notable New Books.

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Admiral Porter, by James Russell Soley.
Anthony Wayne, by John R. Spears.
Career Triumphant, The, by Henry B. Boone.
Champlain, the Founder of New France, by Edwin Asa Dix.
Chronologies of the Life and Writings of William Cullen Bryant.
Close Of the Day, The, by Frank H. Spearman.
Conquest of the Southwest, The, by Cyrus Townsend Brady.
Four-In-Hand, by Geraldine Anthony.
He and Hecuba, by the Baroness von Hutten.
Law of Life, The, by Anna McClure Sholl.
Life of Lord Beaconsfield, The, by Wilfred Meynall.
Mamzelle Fifi, by Eleanor Atkinson.
My Literary Life, by Madame Adam.
Place and Power, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.
Silver Poppy, The, by Arthur Stringer.
Sir William Pepperell, by Noah Brooks.
Spencer Kellogg Brown, by George Gardner Smith.
Vineyard, The, by John Oliver Hohbes.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

Autobiography of Seventy Years, by Senator George F. Hoar.
Bar Sinister, The, by Richard Harding Davis.
Blood Lilies, by W. A. Fraser.
Central Asia and Tibet, by Sven Hedin.
Colonel Carter's Christmas, by F. Hopkinson Smith.
Development of the Drama, The, by Brander Matthews.
Doctor of Philosophy, A, by Cyrus Townsend Brady.
Little Rivers, by Henry Van Dyke.
Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, The, by John Fox, Jr.



Cover Design from Doubleday, Page & Co.

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Odd Craft, by W. W. Jacobs.
Rembrandt, His Life, His Work, and His Time, by Emile Michel.
Reminiscences of the Civil War, by General John B. Gordon.
Rossetti Papers, by William Michael Rossetti.
Sanctuary, by Edith Wharton.
Under Dog, The, by F. Hopkinson Smith.
Vacation Days in Greece, by Rufus B. Richardson.
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Letters From a Chinese Official.
Long Night, The, by Stanley Weyman.
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Master Rogue, The, by David Graham Phillips.
Reign of Queen Isyl, The, by Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin.
Way of the Sea, The, by Norman Duncan.

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Ambassadors, The, by Henry James; Harper & Brothers. \$2.00.
April Princess, The, by Constance Smedley; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
Awakening of the Duchess, The, by Frances Charles; Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.
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Beatrice Book, The, by Ralph H. Bretberton; John Lane. \$1.20 net.



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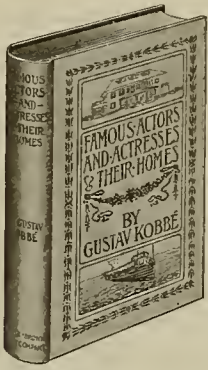


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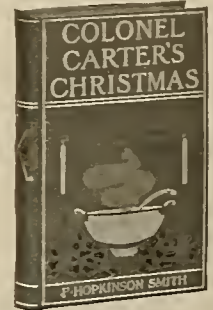
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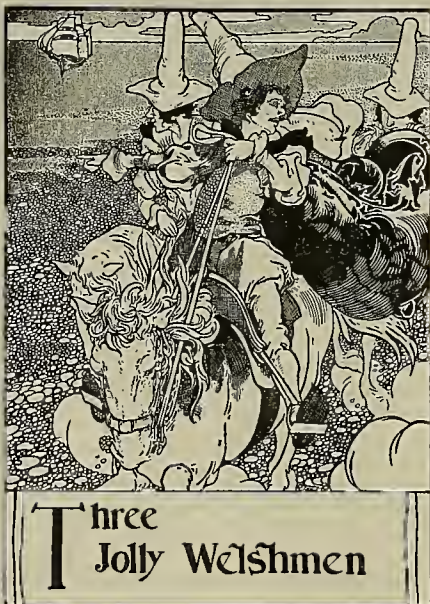


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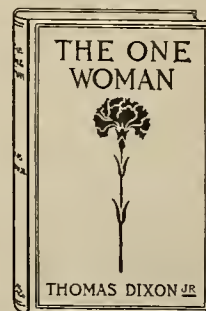
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C. J. Cutcliffe-Hyne, author of "McTodd." Published by the Macmillan Company.

and Thoreau are names that do not appear. Two newspaper men, W. C. Prime and Francis W. Halsey, are, however, honored, as well as three minor writers, Robert Grant, William Matthews, and A. P. Russell. This completes the list of authors quoted, with the exception of Captain Gronow—whose chief distinction, we believe, lies in having known Shelley at Eton—and George Dawson and Charles W. Stearns, writers with whose literary achievements we are not familiar.

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All About McTodd.

"I take it," says McTodd, when the *Stuttgart* is shipping it green over her decks, "that this ship-load of people is off to hell very quick." And the fact that they will be there in time to stoke up fires for the directors of the company seems at the moment their one comfort.

The *Stuttgart* was old and frail, and when she started a plate it was sea-floor for her, and no excuse. The chief and the others climbed out at this juncture, so it was McTodd who stayed with the engine to open the throttle at the first signal, and McTodd who stayed on, knowing the alternative, till some one shouted down the hatchway: "Hey, Mac! You down below there?" And to McTodd's determined "Ay, ay, sir," commanded: "Then quit that engine-room you d—d fool, and come out on deck and get drowned like a Christian." And not until this emphatic command did old McTodd think of quitting his post.

But this was not the end of McTodd. The poor old ship keeled over and was deserted, but McTodd survived, to ship again with the *M'wara*. Then a greater trouble arises in his effort to steal the blessed Ju-ju image for the pretty white-lack Laura. The price on the Ju-ju is fifty pounds for McTodd, with the hope of Laura's favor thrown in; so notwithstanding the natives had been killing the Kroohays "funny ways," the hold McTodd makes for the spot, and the Ju-ju is his. And this is the last we hear of the "War of the Luah Ju-ju."

But thereafter there are numerous other adventures to the credit of Neil Angus McTodd. "The *Pole Star*'s new owner carried a territorial title which I never caught," Mr. McTodd confides to a rapt listener, after he has shipped anew with the marquis; but he is now rated as an unlucky man, and the *Pole Star* has many successors before he winds up his career, summing up the success of his last expedition with: "I got seventeen fine mammoth's teeth. Paley got the photo I took for him. Amatikita got hillions on the margarine." And at the three hundred and fifty-fifth page we are sorry to bid adieu to good, old hard-shell McTodd, with his many virtues and many failings, for this time C. J. Cutcliffe-Hyne has created a tough old salt we will not soon forget.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The Dodge Publishing Company will bring out in holiday edition in their series of hand-colored books, designed and colored by Lolita Perrine, Browning's "Saul," Washington Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." The volumes have decorated margins in color, as well as hand-colored initials and Japan inserts, with ornaments. They will appear in three styles of binding.

A short biography of Sir Walter Raleigh by I. A. Taylor, is forthcoming from E. P. Dutton & Co. The work is illustrated and indexed. The same company will publish shortly a new volume of the Temple Biographies—"The Life-Work of George Frederick Watts, R. A.," by the late Dr. Hugh Macmillan. Six of the eleven illustrations are reproductions of Watt's paintings. Index and bibliography are provided.

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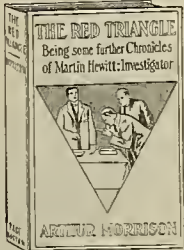
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Mr. Morrison is very adept at this sort of story-writing, possessing the ability to build up a complicated structure of criminal mystery, getting the interest of the reader thoroughly engaged on the scent, and carrying it on to the dénouement, which sometimes celebrates the ability of Martin Hewitt, and sometimes the workings of strange chance.

There are six short stories in "The Red



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Triangle," each of which is almost complete in itself, but all of them carry a connecting thread of mutual relationship to the others.

A secret and most dangerous miscreant, one practiced in the Voodooism of the West Indies, and so well skilled in the craft of the London criminal that he is an expert in concealing his tracks, is the hero of the book as opposed to Martin Hewitt, who finds in him an opponent worthy of his steel. The detective finally hunts the scoundrel down to his undoing, discovering in the process that the man's most powerful weapon for evil is the hypnotic influence that he is able to exert upon his dupes and tools.

Mr. Morrison undoubtedly drew his original inspiration from the Sherlock Holmes stories, but he shows no trace of imitativiness in the plots of his own tales, which are full of ingenuity and inventiveness. Martin Hewitt is not made so much of a hero and an oddity as Sherlock Holmes, but is rather the quiet, skillful dissector of clues and motives, whose character is subsidiary in interest to the mysteries he unravels.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Exit, One Woman's Suffrage Club.

She was a believer in woman pulled by a capital W, this Lesley Chilton of Eliza Orne White's creation. At the close of her college career, her high-strung spirit struggled for freedom, and for the want of broader fields and wiser counsel her longing for independence expressed itself in the form of a Woman's Suffrage Club. The small country town, with the usual material for suffrage work; the devoted wife, who sees the world through the opinions of Calch; the contented woman, who sees no need for changing the property laws of Massachusetts, because she herself is well provided for; the affectionate Amy, who tries to be strong-minded for the adored Lesley's sake, afford an effective opening for much good-natured satire.

Upon the death of her invalid aunt, the girl finds herself suddenly in possession of her longed-for freedom, that glorious independence of which she has dreamed. But with the freedom comes what she had not counted upon—desolation. So, instead of spreading her unfettered pinions for a wide, free flight, this emancipated young woman takes her faithful Martha, and settles down in a quiet place by the sea to wear off her depression. In this quiet place by the sea lives also Henry Bowen Northbrook, anti-suffragist.

The girl Lesley is a well-drawn, lovable, interesting American college girl of the best type, but the author has departed from the reign of heroics in the delineation of her leading man in an unexpected, though not unsuccessful, way. Instead of the stereotyped young and handsome fellow usually met in novels by women, Henry Northbrook is a grave widower of forty. To be a widower, almost twice the age of the winsome girl with whom he is in love, and poor at that, is a difficult rôle to sustain, but notwithstanding this lack of the accepted haze of romance, this serious-minded anti-suffragist carries our sympathies with him, and when at

last his suit is won through the illness of his daughter, a half-grown girl not much younger than Lesley Chilton herself, we are not sorry for the out-distanced younger suitors, for we close the book with the blessed assurance there is one less Woman's Suffrage Club in the world.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

The Literary Sense.

Writers of short stories are much given of late to making different collections of their scattered tales with some common basic idea to bind them together. In "The Literary Sense," however, E. Nesbit, the author, seems oddly enough to have kept one certain idea in mind during the writing of each individual tale. It was to point out how a novel-sated generation is liable, during the fateful crises of life, so to conduct itself as to look out for literary effect rather than to sacrifice the picturesque pose and secure its own happiness.

The author, however, trusts more to the instincts of nature than to the literary sense, for, on second thoughts, her puppets are prone to throw aside the thought of effect and reach straight out for the coveted happiness. These eighteen stories of English life are nearly all of young people who are very much in love, and without possessing particular depth or force, each has its neat and rounded plot, while the whole collection is written with lightness and humor, in easy, fluent, and well-considered English.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The Painter Gainsborough.

Within the limits of a small volume, Arthur B. Chamberlain has been able to condense a very complete biographical and critical sketch of the life and art of Thomas Gainsborough. The author has not deemed it necessary to give a minute relation of the more trivial details of the famous portrait painter's life, but has furnished sufficient information as to his origin, his early ambitions, and essays in drawing and painting and his friendships and social pursuits, to enable the reader to gain a fairly accurate idea what manner of man he was.

From this relation of a peaceful and prosperous career, we discover that Gainsborough had few struggles or calamities to embitter his lot, but that after his fortuitous settlement in Bath during its heyday as the popular resort of London fashionables, his career was steadily upward. As his vogue and his



John Luther Long, author of "Sixty Jane."
Published by the Century Company.

reputation increased, his art developed apace. Mr. Chamberlain gives space in his book to many fine illustrations of the more notable examples of Gainsborough's work, and to brief but pithy comments on their artistry as well as their relative value in the scale of the artist's achievements.

A résumé of the causes of Gainsborough's quarrel with the Royal Academy is given, together with some information as to the slight differences between himself and Sir Joshua Reynolds, which, as is made obvious, principally had their root in artistic jealousy. "Confound the fellow, how does he get his effects," exclaims the latter, on viewing one of the works of his rival, while Gainsborough, appreciating in Reynolds's art the higher mental capacity to which he could not attain, cries in reluctant admiration, "Damn him, how various he is!"

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A RADICAL NOVEL.

Richard Whiteing on Sordid England.

Richard Whiteing has been plying that trenchant, radical pen of his upon another phase of life in the right little, tight little isle, where he finds things in a parlous state. In his latest hook, "The Yellow Van," he lays bare to the public gaze all the sordid foundations upon which rests the luxurious superstructure of English landlordism. He shows that the English peasant, caught in the coils of a deeply rooted system organized to maintain lives of wealth and pleasure for the landed aristocracy, is little better than a dependent, submissive, unresisting, unthinking slave. Mr. Whiteing has made his indictment terribly clear by following out the calamitous career of an English lad who, unlike his meeker fellows, tried to lift the yoke from his shoulders and follow a path in life other than that marked



Cover Design from the Century Company.

out by the will of the system. The result will prove a surprise to many American readers. The youth, by incurring the ill-will of the landlord's agent, was denied lodgment in his native village, and forced to join the vast and dismal army of failures in the slums of London. His life and fate form a core of tragedy in the book full of sad significance, around which is grouped diverse views of the social and feudal relation of the tenant to his landlord, and of country society toward a ducal house.

Two Americans are brought into this life of high-class English luxury, and, unmolded by the influence of caste and early association, bend their discerning judgment upon the workings of the system. One is a duchess, the other her brother. The duchess is charmed at first by the feudal simplicity of attitude of the rustics who live in the ducal demesne, but experience brings to her a chastened wisdom, under whose influence she seeks to better the system. In vain. It is too firmly welded; a national institution that crushes the sturdy laborer, and even at times holds the lord of lands and souls within bonds of his own making.

The duke is an excellent fellow—one who has fled from the avid matrimonial pursuit of women of his own class, and married an obscure, American school-teacher for love. But he, too, is a slave in his way—the slave of his own rank: "The region in which his lot was cast was above that of personal taste."



Jacob A. Riis, author of "The Children of the Tenements." Published by the Macmillan Company.

All that he did, save in choosing his wife, was dictated by a sense of duty to the system—even the purchase of costly pictures, statuary, and hielolts was inspired by the necessity, due to his wealth and station, of being "civil to the arts."

Mr. Whiteing, who seems to have surveyed the whole field of the big question opened up in his hook, touches upon the subject of the annual hunting season. The pheasants, which he calls with fine satire "the sacred birds,"

he affirms "govern the empire." "Parliament rises for them, the professions make holiday to wait their good pleasure." Poaching upon the pleasure parks that engird the lordly English homes, together with the tacit union of the poachers to resist the gamekeepers, is grimly justified by the American visitor as "trust versus trust."

The hook is a mine of concentrated truth, and, with the clear, unbiassed view it affords of English social, civil, and religious institutions, is apt to cause the reader to join in the unspoken arraignment of the American duchess, who finds herself helpless, caught in the implacable system that she has hoped to reform, condemned by its inexorable workings to stifle her sense of justice, and settle down forever to setting an example in trivial things as the leader of fashion and the ornament of the country side.

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The twilight and the dawn
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Informs his age
What printed page
Is destined to be great.
His word is Fate,
And what he writes
Is greater far
Than all the books
He writes of are.
His pen
Is dipped in boom
Or doom;
And when
He says one hook is rot,
And that another's not,
That ends it. He
Is pure infallibility,
And any hook he judges must
Be blessed or cursed
By all mankind,
Except the blind
Who will not see
The master's modest mastery.
His fiat stands
Against the uplifted hands
Of thousands who protest
And buy the goods
That they like best;
But what of that?
He knows where he is at,
And they don't. And why
Shouldn't he be high
Above them as the clouds
Are high above the brooks,
For God, He made the Critic,
And man, he makes the books.
See?
Gee whizz,
What a puissant potentate the Critic is.
—William J. Lampton in the Reader.

The Author's Dilemma.

Through weary years and dreary years
He wrote and wrote and wrote;
His trousers haggard around the knees
And gloss was on his coat.
They sent his foolish stories back,
He filed them all away,
And scribbled on and worried on,
And hit it right one day.
He wrote a tale, a thrilling tale,
That had a wealth of wit,
And he that had been down so long
Was lifted high by it.
His name became a household word,
They made him rich and glad;
Renown was his, success was his,
He had become a fad.
They praised his work, they craved his work;
The publishers no more
Declined with thanks the stuff he wrote,
As they had done before.
They hung around him eagerly,
And forth from dusky nooks
He brought old tales, his dull old tales,
And they were put in books.
A carping few, a precious few,
In sober sadness read:
"He must have done his one good thing
By accident," they said.
The others, eager to be pleased,
Cast all their cares aside,
And read the rot, the dreary rot,
And laughed until they cried.
Now who shall tell and wisely tell
The author what to do?
Oh, should he rob the multitude
To please a carping few?
Should pleasure be withheld that dims
The glory which is art's?
Should men be fooled when being fooled
Brings gladness to their hearts?
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Kentucky form of feud has supplied the material for a novel written by Joseph S. Malone, and called "Sons of Vengeance."

All About Ferns.

As Campbell E. Waters points out in his book on "Ferns," these plants, in the past, have been neglected by botanists on account of the difficulty of identification. The keys extant are all based on fructification, and ferns could only be identified thereby when they were in fruit. Mr. Waters, some years ago, worked out an analytic key, based on constant characteristics, and he has now published a comprehensive manual, illustrated with the photographs of all the species found in the

North-Eastern States, which will undoubtedly prove the standard work in the section to which it applies. It is not a compilation from other books, but the result of actual study of ferns in the field during some fourteen years. The two hundred photographs in the work are of exceptional excellence. The series showing the typical fruit-dots of the genera is said by the author to be unique. The work is printed on heavy glazed paper.

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—JOHN MUIR.

SUCCESS

For to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.
—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.
—EMERSON.

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1877	812,321.43
1878	822,736.20
1879	851,183.11
1880	942,013.16
1881	1,031,598.17
1882	1,057,217.33
1883	1,105,378.10
1884	1,164,818.02
1885	1,228,345.42
1886	1,368,271.48
1887	1,380,334.58
1888	1,345,574.75
1889	1,334,267.64
1890	1,406,406.09
1891	1,568,519.13
1892	1,668,651.64
1893	1,705,007.46
1894	1,635,629.01
1895	1,731,945.03
1896	1,747,792.45
1897	1,684,258.57
1898	1,894,054.72
1899	2,134,176.37
1900	2,285,847.06
1901	2,435,571.28
1902	2,535,670.58
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A POETICAL ROMANCE.

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Against an opalescent sky stands the dark Castle of Twilight—on the cover of Margaret Horton Potter's book—in illustration of the title. The "foreword" runs: "Wistfully I deliver up to you my simple story," with a promise of neither carnage nor strange oaths therein, but the pictured lives of those who lived with "gentle pleasures and unvoiced sorrow, somewhat as you and I"; and before we reach the table of contents we meet a few plaintive strains from a dreamy nocturne by Grieg. And now the careless mind is attuned for the coming glimpses of the proud young knight, Gerault le Crepusaille, at the Court of Duke Jean, the dreary solitude of Mme. la Chatelaine in the moated Château, of Laure, the white-robed rovince in the priory convent of Les Vierges de la Madeleine, and the dehonair trouhadour Flammeccœur.

With these initial glimpses, the scenes array themselves in logical order. The great black castle on its craggy height, its high halls filled with chattering maids, gay squires, and burly men-at-arms, is the home of Eleonore, the widowed Chatelaine, the haughty, brooding Gerault, her son, and Laure, her daughter, who, "like the great white gulls that veered through sunlight and storm on their straight-stretched pinions," was at once the pleasure and torment, the comfort and anxiety, of all within the castle. In the opening chapter this untamed, high-hearted girl has entered the convent to become a nun, and the château, by her absence, left desolate. Upon this dreary scene, in the still drearier Castle of Twilight, enters Flammeccœur, the troubadour with his "glowing eyes and love-lorn manner."

The meeting of the untried, white-robed young novice and Flammeccœur—flaming heart—although scarcely plausible, is highly romantic, and the ripening acquaintance, the awakening of new emotions, and final surrender are summed up in the author's: "In the radiant golden light Laure's heart grew big with the unshed tears of life; and before the sohs came Flammeccœur, leaning far toward her, whispered thickly—" No more

ish army. No doubt there is many a youth who will consider the future a dreary blank which can no longer produce these stirring tales of fights by land and fights by sea, where the young hero is always to the fore-front, a glorious victor over all obstacles. But Captain Brereton has long held a place only second to Henty among English boys. He now puts out two hooks of adventure, bound uniformly with those by Henty—"In the Grip of the Mullah" and "Foes of the Red Cockade." It would be interesting to hear the comments of the boys when they are told that here is something just as good as Henty. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; each, \$1.20 net.

The Adventures of Two Bachelor Maids.

So long as men are overworked and women driven to death, little, light, amusing hooks that are easy to read, and easier to forget, will have a vogue. A good example of this class of fiction is "Merry Hearts," a first hook



Anne Story Allen, author of "Merry Hearts." Published by Henry Holt & Co.

by a clever young woman. Anne Story Allen has a gift for epigram—"Rosamond's father was a cheerful skeptic; her mother a worried Presbyterian"—she knows things about character, and has a gift of writing conversation. Rather Anthonyhopey conversation it is, it is true, hut, on the whole, amusing enough. The publishers have made the very sad mistake of putting one of the thinnest sketches first, hut we suppose it had to be done in order to properly introduce the two girls, Gloria and Rosamond, who appear in most of the skits. We predict for "Merry Hearts" a deserved prosperity.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; 75 cents.

Mary Johnston's romance, "Sir Mortimer," which, after a long postponement, begins in *Harper's Magazine* for November, has been written under unusual circumstances. The serial publication of the story was to have commenced in May, 1902, and the first installments had been placed in the hands of the artist, F. C. Yohn, for illustration. Just at this time, Miss Johnston fell ill, and was unable to continue the work. Messrs. Harper & Brothers then announced the necessary postponement of the novel. Meanwhile, Miss Johnston had been ordered to Bermuda by her physician, and, as soon as she was permitted to write for an hour each day, pluckily resumed her work. The heroine of this new romance is a lady-in-waiting upon Queen Elizabeth; the hero, Sir Mortimer, an officer in her majesty's fleet, commanded by Sir John Nevil.

Clara Morris has finished her new novel, "Hulda's Brat."

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Margaret Horton Potter, author of "The Castle of Twilight." Published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

of the text is needed, however, to tell the story and its pitiful ending.

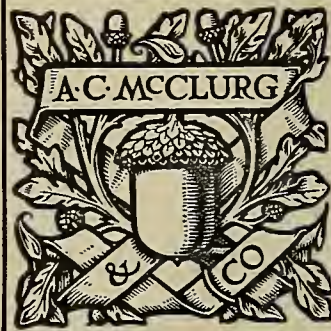
The characters of Alixe, the foster-sister of Laure; the Bishop of St. Nazaire; golden-haired Lenore, the unloved wife of Gerault; Courtoise, the faithful squire, all lend themselves to the graceful whole, but everything and every person in the book is subservient to the heavy twilight gloom that gathers and settles over the castle like the relentless hand of fate.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.50.

The Last of the Henty Books.

Every librarian of the juvenile department knows the eager query: "Say, you got any more Henty books?"—and the superior swagger of the fortunate boy who goes out of the door with his treasure, closely followed by two or three envious companions, who importune him to "lemme have it next, Bill. Aw, come on." Now Henty is dead, but the "Henty public" will rejoice this winter over two new stories finished just before his regretted demise—"With the Aliics to Pekin" and "Through the Campaigns." In the first, Henty retells the story of the siege of Pekin, and the second is the story of a boy's adventure in the Brit-

A PARTIAL LIST



OF FALL BOOKS

"There is no other author in this country who, in the craze for writing about things gone by, has struck the keynote of the period with so exquisite a touch. There is a charm about the book which it is difficult to put into words."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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BY

MARGARET HORTON POTTER

Illustrated in color, \$1.50

"Hardly less notable than the story itself are the beautiful illustrations by Charlotte Weber. It may always be taken for granted that the illustrations of the McClurg books are above par, urique and perfect of their kind. This is wholly true of this book."—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

This new book by the author of "Prince Silverwings" is without doubt the most beautiful juvenile published this Fall, and is designed to repeat the success of Mrs. Harrison's book of last year.

THE STAR FAIRIES

BY

EDITH OGDEN HARRISON

Illustrated in color, \$1.25 net.

"It has a delicacy of touch, lively imagination, and charming simplicity."—*Chicago Chronicle*. "A mother's experience with the working of the child's mind is evident in Mrs. Harrison's tales."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Gourgand's journal forms a noteworthy addition to Napoleonic literature of the personal and gossip sort, and the translator has done her part well."—*The Dial*.

"At last you see Napoleon in his genuine greatness."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

TALKS OF NAPOLEON

AT ST. HELENA

With General Baron Gourgand

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MRS. E. W. LATIMER

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Lord Rosebery calls Gourgand's journal "The one capital and supreme record of life at St. Helena." "A really valuable contribution to Napoleonic literature of the intimate personal kind."—*Brooklyn Times*.

"Mr. Clement writes of modern Japan—the Japan which has within a few years become a world power. This handbook gives exactly the information that is wanted by travelers or students. Mr. Clement has devoted his life to a close study of Japanese life and affairs, and knows his subject from every point of view.

A HAND BOOK OF Modern Japan

BY

ERNEST W. CLEMENT

Illustrated, \$1.40 net.

The work contains an especially made official map of the empire of Japan, and an appendix literally "cramped" with information, such as tables of Japanese money, weight and measures, arable land, fruit growing, shipbuilding, cost of living, wages, railways, postal savings, political parties army and navy, schools, universities and churches, etc.

The scope of Dr. Noll's earlier volume naturally precluded a very detailed discussion of any one period in Mexican history. No succession of events, however, has had a more important effect on the development of the country than those concerned with the struggle for Constitutional Government.

FROM EMPIRE TO REPUBLIC

BY

ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL

\$1.40 Net.

The story of the change from Empire to Republic is quite worthy of a volume by itself. Dr. Noll has drawn upon his years of study of the subject to give a detailed and accurate account of this vital phase.—A new revised edition of Dr. Noll's "Short History of Mexico" is now ready.

"An accurate account of the habits of the every-day crawlers, and the more unusual varieties. 'The hook is in clear and readable phraseology, and is amply illustrated.'—*Los Angeles Express*.

THE SPINNER FAMILY

BY

ALICE JEAN PATTERSON

Illustrated, \$1.00 net.

"A useful little book daintily illustrated, in which is told everything one can wish to know about spiders and their ways."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A. C. MCCLURG & CO., Publishers, Chicago

"THE USURPER."**Worldliness and Ideality.**

Readers of "The Usurper" will warmly welcome another novel by W. J. Locke, who writes of London society and London homeliness with the familiarity born of intimate experience. "Where Love Is" records the conflict between idealism and materialism in the struggling soul of a society beauty.

Mr. Locke has chosen for his heroine a woman of complex nature, who is oddly compounded of cynical worldliness and a passionate responsiveness to the ideals of the spirit. Norma Hardacre moves as a beauty and belle in the most exclusive circles of London society, and in pursuit of the destiny marked out for her by her particularly disagreeable parents, engages herself to Morland King, a wealthy member of Parliament, and a complacent, self-indulgent materialist.

friendship; but Mr. Locke fails to make it quite credible that he could win the heart of an exacting, self-centred, luxury-loving aristocrat like Norma Hardacre.

Another improbability in the story is the Quixotic motive which impels Jimmie to bear the burden of Morland King's misdoing. The heroism of such an act, so contrary to normal human instinct, is always open to question.

In spite of the improbabilities of the book, however, the interest of "Where Love Is" does not suffer. Mr. Locke writes in particularly good English, about particularly interesting people, and although he feels a glow of enthusiastic sympathy with the cheerful bohemianism and endearing optimism which so warmly colors Jimmie's blameless life, there is such vigorous common sense shown in the dénouement of Norma's love affair that it is far from difficult to overlook previous improbabilities.

Published by John Lane, New York; \$1.50.

Charles Dana Gibson's Christmas Volume.

The Gibson Book for 1903 has just been issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, who will hereafter publish Charles Dana Gibson's yearly book of drawings. The new volume (\$4.20 net) will be uniform with his previous ones, and will bear the title, "Eighty Drawings, including The Weaker Sex, the Story of a Susceptible Bachelor." The keynote of the series of cartoons that begins the volume is found in the question mark cunningly suggested by the clever drawing accompanying the title phrase. Are women really "the weaker sex?" Most of the drawings have a

humorous bearing on this all-important question, and all of them show the piquancy, deft characterization, and rare execution that have made Mr. Gibson's great and growing popular success. There will also be the usual de luxe

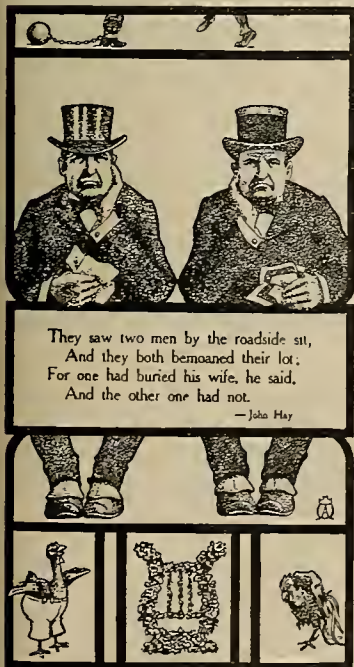
edition of two hundred and fifty copies, numbered and signed by the author with signed artist's proof in photogravure for framing. The price of the latter will be \$10.00 per copy.



Chester Bailey Fernald, author of "Under the Jack-Staff." Published by the Century Company.

Unconsciously, perhaps, a noticeable similarity to the mysterious attraction exerted upon Gwendolen by Daniel Deronda, speedily develops itself after Norma's acquaintance begins with Jimmie Padgate, a painter, who is poor, obscure, and impractical. Jimmie, in spite of his innate chivalry and his intellectual congeniality, is too unconscious of the value of material things, too poorly equipped as regards his outer man, to win Norma's love. To quote from the book:

"His dress-suit was old and of lamentable cut; his shirt-cuffs were frayed; a little honest stud, threatening every moment to slip the



They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And they both bemoaned their lot;
For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

—John Hay

Illustration from "Bachelor Bigotries." Published by Paul Elder & Co.

button-hole, precariously secured his shirt-front. His thin, iron-gray hair was untidy, etc.

The poverty of Jimmie's resources is lightened by his radiant optimism, and the glow of faith, hope, and love toward humanity which suffuses his soul. He is a most lovable character, the kind of man who inspires in brilliant women a constant but harmless

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JOHN LANE

Write for our
Illustrated Fall List

NEW YORK

A LIFE OF SCHUMANN.

A Woman's View of the Noted Composer. Included in the series of biographies of master musicians, published by Duttons, is a life of Schumann, by Annie W. Patterson, Mus. Doc., B. A., of the Royal University, Ireland.

The lady of the titles has brought to her work a full measure of the warmth and enthusiasm of appreciation which is in a degree necessary to inspire the biographer to his task. It can not be said, however, in spite of the conscientiousness and thoroughness with which the author has set about her work that her results are altogether happy. A biographer needs to be the possessor of a literary style in order to give his work distinction and permanent value, and in that important particular Miss Patterson's book is somewhat lacking. Her language shows frequent tendencies to fall into the commonplace of journalese, and—sin of sins!—she indulges in the feminine weakness of emphasizing with italics.

As to the particulars and details that are furnished concerning Schumann's life, character, and the exercise of his literary talent and musical genius, the writer has evidently been careful and is reliable, having consulted many eminent authorities among Continental biographers. From these sources, also, is furnished critical comment from fellow-musicians on the quality, inspiration, and musicianly workmanship of Schumann's more famous compositions.

The volume takes up, by turns in its three



Illustration from "Little Rivers," by Henry Van Dyke. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

divisions, Schumann's biography, his private character, and his literary and musical work. It should be added that it is apparent that the selection of Miss Patterson as biographer has been approved by the surviving members of the Schumann family, who have furnished her ample data for her work.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.25.

Mrs. Fowler's Moral Novel.

In her new book, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler has set herself the difficult task of deciding the proper Rule of Right for the pilgrim in this vale of tears. In the opening chapters, we are introduced to three typical households, like Portia's three chests, and the right one chosen leads to happiness here and hereafter.

The first type is represented by the house of Clayton, the hard-headed materialist, who advises his son: "Put your money on the horse that wins—that's what I say, and I never yet have met the religion that was of that sort." And the son says: "I'd like to see the God who could come between me and my heart's desire." And from the author's premise the end of that house is obvious.

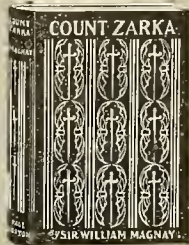
The second household is presided over by the worthy Gankrodger, who sizes up his clergyman with: "I am afraid Mr. Oakenden is becoming carnally minded, and addicted to fleshly pleasures. I noticed he partook too freely for a minister of religion of plum-pudding when he dined here last Lord's Day." Behind which remark the whole army of Roundheads towers to a vanishing point.

Ergo, neither does this casket contain the treasure.

The one remaining household, consequently, must be the author's prescribed Rule. Enter Stephen Irehy.

The Irehy family is of the respectable, English middle class, comprising Stephen, his wife, and homely daughter. In matters religious, the Irehy family thinks as Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler thinks; therefore, to it belongs the treasure.

The faith of old Stephen, we are not denying, is broad and humane, and more attractive than that of the other households, but the moral of the book is, from one viewpoint, this: If you are infidel or bigoted, you may be clever, beautiful, and rich, while if



Cover Design from L. C. Page & Co.

you shape your Rule of Right according to Miss Fowler's ideals, you are liable to be poor and homely, but if you wait long and patiently enough you may turn out to be the parent of a prime minister.

The saving grace of the book is the Irish eyes and wit that sparkle through the pages in the persons of lovely Kathleen, and later, her daughter, Eileen, for the argument goes down through four generations of middle-class English life, and is, no doubt, convincing to the author.

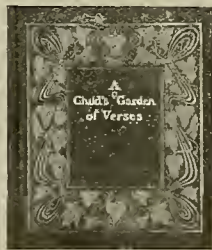
Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

In the Northern Woods.

The lumber regions are being pretty thoroughly gone over for literary material, each new aspirant for fame in that quarter having apparently equipped himself for his task by close daily intercourse with the rough loggers of whom he writes.

The author of "The Red-Keggers," although lacking in literary finish or originality of style, has loaded himself down with a wealth of material gathered from the personal reminiscences of men who figured actively in the life described—the life of a lumberman and farmer of the Michigan hackwoods, in the late 'sixties.

The story, which has a length, amplitude, and circumstantiality that debars it from being synopsis, is quite unremarkable, but has abundant fidelity to truth. There is an undesirable amount of old-fashioned preaching in it, which rather places it in the class of Sunday-school literature, the reader being disposed to an irreverent smile when the doughty school-master, after successfully licking all the rowdies in the school, delivers



Cover Design from the Dodge Publishing Company.

a brief homily on the power of love, and assures his subdued flock of his sincere affection for the licked. "The Red-Keggers" might have been written a quarter of a century ago, from its earnestness of tone, its absence of modern flippancy, and the old-fashioned warmth of its heart-interest.

Mr. Eugene Thwing, the author, profiting by the recollections of those who have lived the life described, has included in his story descriptions that are given with the accuracy of an eye-witness of the tasks and diversions incidental to the time and the place.

Thus we read of a shingle-sawing contest, a donation-party, and the breaking up of the great roll-way, an annual event which attracted all the country side, and which frequently gave occasion for displays of a rough, uncalculated heroism.

Published by the Book Lover Press; \$1.50.



**"TO LOVE WHAT IS TRUE; TO HATE SHAMS;
TO FEAR NOTHING WITHOUT;
AND TO THINK A LITTLE."**

OUT WEST'S Editorial Standard.

There are a number of good reasons why you should include OUT WEST in your magazine list for 1904. One of them is that it is a California magazine which is ranked by critics everywhere with the best published anywhere. As a specimen of expert critical opinion, we may quote Hon. Andrew D. White, who writes from Berlin, "*The happiest day in the month for me is the one that brings OUT WEST to me.*"

Another is the approaching serial publication of General Bidwell's Reminiscences, covering his life in California from 1840 to 1850. This will be appropriately illustrated; will be introduced with an appreciative memoir by Will Green, of Colusa; will extend over a number of months; and ought to bring the subscription of every member of the Old Guard and every Native Son in the State—with some others.

Another feature of unusual interest will be translations from a Treatise on Mining, published (in Latin) in 1507. This will be richly illustrated with reproductions from the curious and beautiful plates of the original. And there will be many other features quite as interesting and important.

It is not unreasonable to say that the magazine will be worth at least the full two dollars, which an annual subscription costs. But, in addition, we are now making the best portrait-engravings we can from recent photographs of sixteen living leaders in Western literary achievement—such women as Ella Higginson, Ina Coolbrith, and Sharlot Hall, and such men as Stoddard, Jordan, Hittell, Miller, Smythe, and Lummis. An Artist's Proof Sheet (on heavy, delicately tinted paper, carrying a facsimile of the author's autograph) from each one of these—16 in all—will be sent in a handsome portfolio, loose for framing, to each new subscriber whose name and money we receive before January 1, 1904.

The price of these sets sold separately will be \$2.00 each; but we shall limit the edition as nearly as possible to the requirements of our new subscribers. To these they will be sent without any charge.

A specimen plate, full sized and with no advertising appearing on it, will be sent to any one naming the *Argonaut*, and enclosing two two-cent stamps to cover cost of packing and postage.

**Out West Company,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.**



HELEN KELLER'S PREDECESSOR.

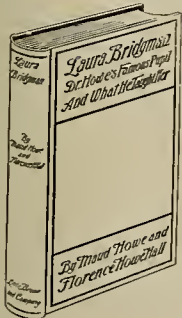
"Laura Bridgman."

A new book that will awaken a keen interest in the hearts and minds of many people is the story of "Laura Bridgman, Dr. Howe's Famous Pupil, and What He Taught Her." The book is written by Dr. Howe's daughters and is the fulfillment of a long-cherished plan of his own. The remarkable case of Laura Bridgman, the child bereft of every sense save that of touch, who was, through this one faculty, lead into the light of understanding, has long been a matter of public interest, but the one thing even more remarkable in connection with the case, is the work of Dr. Howe in reaching this shut-in mind. Of Laura's condition when she first came under the doctor's attention, he says: "Her mind and spirits were as cruelly cramped by her isolation as the foot of a Chinese girl is cramped by an iron shoe. Growth would go on, and without room in which to grow, naturally deformity must follow."

It was on this barren soil the doctor began his pioneer work of teaching the blind deaf-mute, blazing the way by careful experiment and unvarying effort, until by his method the miracle of making the blind to see and the mute to speak has been accomplished.

In Dickens's "American Notes" he refers to this famous pupil of a famous teacher as "built up, as it were, in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound, with her poor, white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help, that an immortal soul might be awakened."

The volume is composed chiefly of Dr. Howe's manuscript records, Laura's own journal, and extracts from journals of different teachers. The compiling of these records, with a sketch of the life and work of Dr. Howe, has been a labor of love on



Cover Design from Little, Brown & Co.

the part of his daughters—Maud Howe and Florence Howe Hall—and they give for the first time the story in full.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Sea-Stories With Swear-Words in Them.

It is emphatically for the male reader that Morley Roberts has written the group of tales entitled "The Promotion of the Admiral, and Other Sea Comedies," which have scarcely the whisk of a single petticoat through their pages.

Mr. Roberts is evidently an Englishman, and a patriotic one. He regards the methods of American shipmasters and the keepers of sailor boarding-houses with apparent well-justified suspicion, and there are many satirical references to a "large and generous delay of the merciful American law" when it comes to legal punishment of transgressions against the rights and liberties of able seamen. The more pointed of these allusions apply particularly to the Pacific Coast, which, it is declared, stinks in the nostrils of shipowners and shipmasters because the local system of politics is so conducted that "every one with any business on the borders of crime insures against the results of accidents by being in politics."

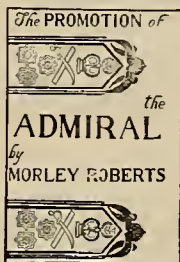
Says one of the brutal mates of an American merchantman to the shanghaied admiral: "When the owner's scheme is to have one man do three men's work, they have to get men who will make 'em do it."

Here is the inaugural address of the Yankee skipper of a ship to his new crew: "You're dogs, and I'm the man with the whip. You're hogs, and I'm your driver. I'm boss, and captain, and governor, and Congress, and the Senate, and the President, and don't any of you forget it! . . . Let me hear a growl out of you and you'll wish you were in hell. . . . Now, then, Mr. Bragg, start them to. D'ye see that damned Dutchman? He looks as if

he didn't understand United States. Jolt him on the jaw for me."

If the reader's civic pride is proof against such intimations, and if he is tolerably well inured to shocks induced by large doses of picturesque, brine-washed profanity, he can extract considerable amusement from these stories, which are told with a very clever mingling of realism and humor. The writer has a taste for the manly art and a respect for physical powers, and he has indulged it by describing numerous fights with the admiring eloquence of a true sportsman.

All these sketches of life on the sea, and of the types of lawless sea-faring men who run to muscle instead of to mind, read with the



Cover Design from L. C. Page & Co.

vividness of reality, and are apt to open a landsman's eyes to a phase of life of which his knowledge is fragmentary, or colored with the unreal tinge of romance.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Stories of the East and West.

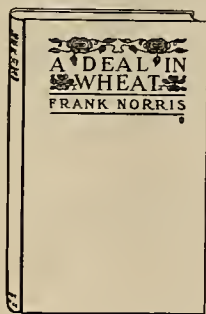
Ten of Frank Norris's short stories have been reprinted in one volume under the title of the opening one, "A Deal in Wheat." This, as may be guessed, is an episode evolved from the results of Mr. Norris's researches after material for "The Pit."

It is followed by four characteristically Western sketches, in which the characters converse with great gusto in the easy, unstudied, and roughly graphic vernacular of the cow-puncher.

"A Memorandum of Sudden Death" is Mr. Norris in a mood of dramatic imaginativeness. This story recalls in diary form the thoughts and emotions of a noted writer, one of a group of white men beset on the desert by a superior number of Indians, and doomed to certain and cruel death.

There are four stories of sea-life, in which Mr. Norris shows his familiarity with the character and dialect of the rough sailorman. A ghostly vision figures in one of these sea-stories, something which is rarely treated in our brisk, matter-of-fact epoch. Mr. Norris has handled it very effectively and with some notably good descriptive writing, but with the lurking and ineradicable skepticism that belongs to the times.

A couple of love-stories with Mexican heroines round out a collection which is as a chart, recording the eager ardor and boundless curiosity with which this promising young writer had turned his bright, investigating gaze upon



Cover Design from Doubleday, Page & Co.

the more novel phases of our Western life

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"Change of Heart."

Six short stories by Margaret Sutton Briscoe, the popular contributor of tales to the better-class magazines, have been collected in a tidy little volume. All are characterized by the pure, healthy sentiment, which is the familiar note in this writer's style, and by a cheerful determination to think the best of human nature.

"The Assistant Bishop" relates the process by which the father and mother of a young girl, trembling on the verge of a choice between two wooers, agree, in recalling their married happiness, to leave her uninfluenced to

her own heart's decision. The remaining five stories each tell, in similar vein, of some emotional climax brought on by circumstances, which has induced a sudden and unforeseen "Change of Heart," impelling to a wiser and worthier course of action, thus making the title applicable to each story.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

Some reminiscences by Mr. William Faux appear in the *Book Monthly*. Mr. Faux was associated with the firm of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son for half a century. Among the anecdotes he relates is the following:

William Tinsley came to see me in ordinary course. He had a manuscript in his hand, and I asked him what it was. He said he thought it was a first book, but he had not had time to read it. "Give it to me," I said, "and I'll read it for you." I was taken with the work at once, believed it to betoken a coming master, and sent word to Tinsley that he ought to publish it quickly. He did so, but it fell flat until one of the weeklies gave it a belated review, when it jumped into circulation. The book was Thomas Hardy's "Desperate Remedies."

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By Virginia Woodson Frame, Wallace Irwin, and Gordon Ross, fill a field of such obvious demand that it is remarkable to have hitherto escaped attention. Practically, the two volumes are intended to serve as note-books in which the various experiences of the four years of undergraduate life may be recorded, being specially arranged with pages and stubs for the insertion of photographs and other souvenirs. Beyond this, however, the authors have entered into the work with the enthusiasm of their own college experiences, and by means of full-page cartoons, topical decorations, verses, and other literary material, have made them of essential interest.

Girls' College Record

Illustrated and Compiled by

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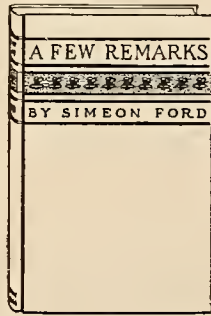
A Novel Worth While.

It is nearly a quarter of a century since Arthur Sherbourne Hardy wrote "The Wind of Destiny." It is a book quite out of the ordinary, for the author was then more than the mere novelist, heart and soul being fully instinct with the strange, searching, subtle lore of the poet. One can re-read the book that wove its spell in youth, and find its atmosphere still pervaded with a melancholy, yet penetrating, charm; the charm of haunting memories, of youthful dreams, and all the sweet, unsatisfied, intangible aspirations of the heart.

Now, after a silence of many years, during the greater number of which he has lived abroad as an American consul, Mr. Hardy has taken up the pen he had cast aside, and in a novel called "His Daughter First," introduces his readers to the generation directly succeeding those who figured as the main characters in the earlier story.

It is very interesting to observe in this later work the change that has passed over Mr. Hardy's style. It is like the noon-day calm, after the glory of a summer dawn—that early keenness of emotion is gone. In its place, is the calm, wise, judicial survey of life by the trained observer, keen yet kind. "His Daughter First" is a story of the selfishness of a daughter, orphaned on the mother's side, who has quite definitely settled it in her mind that her father shall not marry a second time. She is a brilliant and beautiful creature, a daughter of the Gladys of "The Wind of Destiny," and, like Gladys, horn sophisticated. In the book she dazzles and charms all who come under her influence by

pitcher a third full of water. This interesting statement we find in chapter eight of Miss Holt's "Encyclopedia of Household Economy," which seems to us an excellent work. It is direct, it is authoritative, it is clear. There is no nonsense about it. The author seems equally at home and confident when telling her readers to give the city horse-harn roof a good pitch, since it affords more loft-space, as when advising that finger-stalls be kept in stock where there are many boys in the



1 Cover Design from Doubleday, Page & Co.

family. There is a good index to the work, which hurls to four hundred pages, and covers such subjects as "Kitchen Convenience," "Repairs and Restorations," "Concerning Closets," "House Cleaning," "In the Laundry," "Cleaning of China, Glass, and Metal," "Keeping Things," "Four-Footed Friends," "Pets and Poultry," "Lawn and Garden," etc.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.00.

New Juveniles.

Robert W. Chambers, like Kipling, seems to find the writing of pleasant stories for children a fine recreation after the worries of novel-writing. Last year, Mr. Chambers turned out, for the holiday trade, a series of excellent stories, entitled "Outdoorland," and now comes, in plenty of time for Christmas, "Orchard-Land," which relates the mild adventures of Peter and Geraldine with, respectively, the woodchuck, the dragon-fly, the blue-jay, the big green caterpillar, the wasps, the chipmunk, and the bat. "Orchard-Land" is well illustrated, both in colors and in black-and-white, by Reginald Birch. Folks who have started their list of Christmas gifts already will make no mistake in putting this book down among the prospective presents for children under ten. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50 net.

Grammar-school girls will find three good stories for rainy days in "Ursula's Freshman" (\$1.20 net), by Anna Chapin Ray; "Gay" (\$1.25), by Evelyn Whitaker; and "Jack, the Fire Dog" (\$1.00), by Lily F. Wesselhoeft. The latter will be as welcome to boys as to girls, and is a fine tribute to the sagacity and faithfulness of a dog. The printing, the illustrations, and the bindings of these books are of good quality, making them very attractive. Published by Little, Brown & Co.

Here is a first-rate boy's book, "The Young Ice Whalers," written by a man who has himself sailed in whaling ships to Arctic Alaska. Winthrop Packard has hunted seal, prospected for gold, and followed the moose in the Far North. Moreover, he has good powers of observation, and a natural and



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simple style. The book tells the story of the adventures with fierce wild animals, hostile natives, and bad weather of two Massachusetts boys. It is illustrated with numerous half-tones, from photographs taken by the author. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.20 net.

Mrs. C. V. Jamison, the author of "Thistle-down," a story for children, is already known to a large constituency through her previous

stories, "Lady Jane" and "Toinette's Philip." The hero of the present one is a sort of modern Gwynplaine, who, however, amuses the multitude with his agile legs rather than with a horrible grin. When the story opens, he is appearing on a tight-rope in New Orleans under the management of an awful Italian. But like Gwynplaine, it is discovered that he is the scion of a wealthy

family, and after many misadventures all ends well. The illustrations by Benda are interesting. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.20.

A collection of Colonel Henry Watterson's notable addresses of the last thirty years has just been published in a book called "The Compromises of Life."

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John Hay, author of "Castilian Days." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the sovereignty of her beauty and distinction. But the reader, who is behind the arras, although perceiving and admiring her charm, feels repelled by the unconscious arrogance and selfishness of this young scion of American aristocracy. There is a contrasting portrait in the book—that of a woman, young and lovely also, but handicapped by nature and circumstances. She is a governess and companion to the young heiress, and Mr. Hardy, in projecting his thoughts into the inner chambers of her mind and heart, has shown a wizard's penetration in divining the doubts and fears, the hopes and dreams, and the emotional limitations of a timid, dependent, self-distrustful woman.

The main events of the story take place during a house-party gathering at a country mansion, at which a number of characters of more or less importance appear. All, however, whether in the background or the foreground, are limned with the hand of the expert. The picture drawn of American country life of elegant leisure is most interesting, reflecting, we imagine, some early impressions of the author on his first return to America from abroad. Mr. Hardy's style is still full of grace and charm, but that early flowering of poetic feeling and expression so noticeable in "The Wind of Destiny," which was strewn with lovely thoughts set, like gems, in sentences of chiseled beauty, is no longer apparent in this his latest book.

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The Argonaut.

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We are richly rewarded for a dusty hunt through newspaper files, dating from the period of Schwab's rise to the head of the Steel Trust, by the discovery of this choice editorial morsel in a journal whose familiar name our natural kindness of heart and generous disposition forbid us to mention:

In every great business centre there are doubtless thousands of young men with as much ability as Mr. Schwab had when at nineteen he entered the steel mills. But these young men—at least many of them—are content to work along from day to day at their respective trades and occupations without making a special effort to attract the favorable notice of their employers. Possessing ability they lack ambition, zeal, "push," the desire to get ahead rapidly, to fill a conspicuous place in the industrial world, to outstrip their fellows in the

race. These qualities Mr. Schwab has in a high degree. He is daring, adventurous, quick to take advantage of opportunity. . . . How inspiring is his career to young men. Barely forty, he occupies the highest office in the gift of the commercial world, is prominent among that galaxy of financiers who are putting the industries of the country on a new basis, and receives a salary rumored to be princely. "Hitch your wagon to a star," said Emerson. American youth will find much in the story of Mr. Schwab's career that is worthy of imitation.

A charming paragraph, well worth reading twice, subtle, full of meaning as an egg of meat, like Shakespeare's poetry giving up to the ardent exegetist occult implications perhaps undreamed of by its author. Consider the admirable passage in which Schwab's "zeal," "push," the desire to get ahead rapidly" are alluded to. How exact a description of Mr. Schwab. And what prescience is exhibited by the writer when he speaks of Mr. Schwab's being "quick to take advantage of opportunities"—a phrase of Schwab's character so beautifully exemplified by his "taking advantage" of the "easy marks" in the Shipbuilding Trust and selling them the seven-million-dollar Bethlehem steel plant for thirty millions of dollars in stocks. Yes, certainly, "how inspiring to young men"—confidence men. And then, too, what an artistic touch is the suggestion that Mr. Schwab would from that time on be admitted to the soul-refining companionship of "that galaxy of financiers." The bright-eyed, young reader of those lines needed only the suggestion to picture in his mind's eye Mr. Morgan, Mr. Schwab, and Mr. Carnegie, the Three Graces of the Steel Trust, "opening" wine together and listening, perhaps, to an expression of Mr. Carnegie's well-known ideas about old Homer. After this literary triumph of the unnamed editor it was a sad anti-climax to quote from Emerson—an old fogey of a fellow who steadfastly declined to increase his annual income beyond twelve hundred dollars for the curious, unexplainable reason that he wanted his time to think!

Doubtless there are many counterparts of the paragraph we have quoted hid away in the newspapers and journals of two years ago. Schwab was then the beloved example of those who shrilled, in many keys, the advice to "hurry and get rich." That is what makes Schwab's downfall so very pathetic. For think of all the ambitious youths, with their wagons hitched to the Schwab star, that have been jerked endways by his sudden jolt from the "galaxy." Even his hardest imitators must have cut the traces by this time. Nobody wants to follow Schwab to the place where he now appears to be headed. Even the youths who have drunken so deeply at the fount of modern financial philosophy that moral considerations no longer trouble them, must see that Schwab is an unworthy ideal.

He got caught at it.

No man that gets caught doing his neighbor out of a few millions is a really truly financier. Schwab is a bungler. No first-rate highwayman ever has nervous prostration, and when Morgan saw that Schwab, though a willing young man, had not the brains nor the nerves for "high" finance, he deposed him from the kingship, and stopped his "princely" pay. Yes, Schwab is a pretty bad failure from any point of view. He has lost the confidence of his fellow-swindlers, the respect of everybody else—his position, his health, his honor.

It was Taine, we believe, who said that a Napoleon would not have been possible in France had not France been teeming with little Napoleons. So likewise this vulgar schemer Schwab would not have gained his prominence or been held up as an example to young men, had not this country been full of little Schwabs—full of those eager to get rich and determined that it be quick; full of those who preferred the methods of the gambler to those of the merchant; full of those willing and ready to sacrifice everything—even honor—to attain affluence. The mad time they have had in Wall

Street is but a symptom of the general disease. How difficult is it "to be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a little less" when the talk is all of sudden wealth, of swelling millions, of lavish living. No wonder that socialism—that certain evidence of discontent—spreads and grows. No wonder our writers are penning "calls to the old moralities"—are saying that we have "multiplied dollars but have not increased happiness"; that our leisure class "have everything to live with, but nothing to live for"; and that the "inordinate extravagance of the conspicuous few corrupts the taste of the vast majority, who are debarred from it, and know not how trivial and worthless it really is."

True, with the partial eclipse of Morgan, and the utter downfall of Schwab, there are some grounds for the belief that people have grown a bit ashamed of their frank admiration of golden millionaire gods with feet of clay. Chicago University, with all its Rockefeller endowments, its costly equipment, its extensive advertising, reports a decrease in number of students amounting to twenty-five per cent. Let us hope that this really is, as it seems to be, a rebuke to commercial ideals—a recognition that men, not money or machinery, make a university—and also a Republic.

Some light is thrown on the condition of trade, and hence on the industrial tendencies of the period, by the Treasury statement for October. It shows a decrease of \$4,500,000 in receipts and an increase of \$5,000,000 in expenditures. The falling off in receipts is said to be the result of decreased imports of staple products. Sugar imports have fallen off, according to figures given, nearly thirty-two per cent., and iron and steel fifty per cent. In 1901, there was a balance at the end of October of \$33,000,000, and in 1902, of \$13,557,000. This has been diminished the present year to \$669,278. The New York Evening Post declares that this showing is "merely corroborative evidence of a fact that can no longer be ignored. Its meaning is," continues that journal, "that the financial situation has begun to react on the industrial condition of the country, and somewhat to reduce its purchasing power." Labor troubles, especially in the building trades, are credited with being the cause of decreased imports in some lines. The imports of Portland cement, for example, after steadily increasing up to September 1st, suddenly decreased in volume in that month, amounting only to 45,362,103 pounds against 121,573,119 pounds for the corresponding month in 1902. With the decrease in iron and steel imports, the manufactures in this country do not show improvement. The Iron Age for October 22d remarks: "As week after week rolls by, old orders are being worked off, and the gap is only partially filled by incoming new work." That the leaders of the labor unions anticipate, at least so far as the East is concerned, a period of industrial depression, is shown by President Gompers's address before the twenty-third annual convention of the American Federation of Labor at Boston. "There are indications," he said, "that the era of industrial activity, which we have enjoyed during the past few years, has reached its flood tide in that there is now somewhat of a reaction." Continuing, Mr. Gompers warned workingmen to resist any attempt on the part of employers to reduce wages or increase hours in order to tide over a period of industrial distress. He advanced the singular idea that, by accepting lower wages, the consuming power of workingmen was lessened, thus throwing other men out of employment, rendering the situation still more acute, and still further prolonging the period of depression. He said the only weapon of the unionist—the strike—will be effective with employers who find they are losing it.

and must either close down or reduce wages, and don't care much which, Mr. Gompers did not explain.

If the Democratic party decides to denounce with as much vigor as has the Democratic press the action of the administration in the Panama matter, an issue of no small size will be provided for the next campaign. "Guilty of an act of sordid conquest" says one Democratic paper; "dragging our honor in the mud of Panama" says another; "a nasty tangle" shrieks a third. On the other hand, the Republican press shows a marked tendency to support President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay in the course they have taken. A dispatch to the *Call* on Sunday declared that "practically all the Republicans of the Senate and House are squarely aligned behind President Roosevelt," while Senator Hanna is reported to be so sanguine as to say: "I expect to see the Democrats in the Senate stand behind the President. I do not believe the story that Democrats are considering the opposing of such a treaty and such a bill as the new conditions make necessary." Despite this, there is good reason to believe the Democratic steering committee has come to such a decision.

The recognition of Panama took place as anticipated on Friday last, the entire Isthmus being then in the hands of the revolutionists. The State Department forwarded to Minister Beaupre at Bogota and to United States Vice-Consul Ehrman at Panama, notice of formal recognition of the Panama Government as the *de facto* government—not, however, recognition of the independence of the Republic of Panama. The significant passage in these communications was contained in the message to Minister Beaupre. It read:

The President . . . most earnestly commends to the governments of Colombia and of Panama the peaceful and equitable settlement of all questions at issue between them. He holds that he is bound, not merely by treaty obligations, but by the interests of civilization, to see that peaceful traffic of the world across the Isthmus of Panama shall not longer be disturbed by a constant succession of unnecessary and wasteful civil wars.

The question arises, To how much does this commit us? Is it a polite hint to Colombia that she must send no troops to the Isthmus to win back the seceding state? Have we, in short, assumed a protectorate over Panama?

On all these questions a strong white light is thrown by the long, detailed, and clear statement from Secretary Hay of the reasons which have governed the United States in the matter. It is a brief for the plaintiff. Upon it rests the administration's case. Curiously enough, by the way, the *Call* was the only newspaper in this city that contained the article—perhaps the most important paper given out by an American Secretary of State in recent years.

Mr. Hay declares that "the action of the President . . . was the only course he could have taken in compliance with our treaty rights and obligations." Continuing, he quotes the clause in the treaty of 1846, with New Granada, which is the basis of the government's intervention, and the exact meaning of which is the vexed question of the hour. No clear understanding of the situation can be gained without careful consideration of the following passage:

The government of New Granada guarantees to the government of the United States that the right of way of transit across the Isthmus of Panama upon any modes of communication that now exist, or that may hereafter be constructed, shall be open and free to the government and citizens of the United States, and for the transportation of any articles of produce, manufactures, or merchandise of lawful commerce, belonging to the citizens of the United States. . . . The United States guarantees positively and efficaciously to New Granada, by the present stipulation, the perfect neutrality of the before-mentioned Isthmus, with the view that the free transit from the one to the other sea may not be interrupted or embarrassed in any future time while this treaty exists; and, in consequence, the United States also guarantees, in the same manner, the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada has and possesses over the said territory.

Secretary Hay, after citing instances when, in the past, the United States has intervened to preserve the uninterrupted right of way across the Isthmus, quotes with approval the following passage from an utterance by Secretary Seward:

The United States has taken and will take no interest in any question of internal revolution in the state of Panama or any state of the United States of Colombia, but will maintain a perfect neutrality in regard to such domestic controversies. The United States will, nevertheless, hold themselves ready to protect the transit trade across the Isthmus against invasion of either domestic or foreign disturbers of the peace of the state of Panama.

Mr. Hay then continues with perhaps the most important statement in his commentary, and the one to which exception has been taken in the past, and is likely to be taken in the future. He says:

It must not be lost sight of that this treaty is not dependent for its efficacy on the personnel of the signers nor the name of the territory it affects. It is a covenant, as lawyers say, that runs with the land. The name of New Granada has passed away; its territory has been divided. But as long as the Isthmus endures the great geographical fact keeps alive the solemn compact.

In other words, Secretary Hay calls attention to the alleged fact that the treaty applies to whoever holds the Isthmus. When the new Republic of Panama gained actual control of the Panama Railway route, the mutual obligations between the Bogota government and the government of the United States ceased, and were tacitly assumed by the government of the new republic. Colombia herself is only a fraction of the original Republic of New Granada, and is Granada's successor several times removed. When a new separation takes place, that part of the original Republic of New Granada which holds the Isthmus, is the part to which the old treaty applies. More than once since 1846, Panama has maintained herself an independent state for years at a time. With these changes, or with the present one, the United States has nothing to do, so long as the changes do not interfere or threaten

to interfere with free transit across, the Isthmus. The guaranty of New Granada's right of property refers only to foreign invasion and not to civil changes. We are neither on the side of the revolutionists, nor on the side of the loyalists, and it is no concern of ours if, in pursuance of treaty obligations, the actual effect of our course is to prevent the Bogota government from reconquering her lost province. In the present emergency, "no plainer duty was ever imposed upon a chief of state than that which rested upon the President of the United States," says Secretary Hay.

The Democratic position is stated by Senator Morgan. He declares that "the attitude of this country is not justified by a careful construction of the provisions of the treaty. . . . The government will find that it will have a series of complications on its hands. . . . It undoubtedly will provoke a just protest from Colombia." This is far from being an adequate reply to Mr. Hay's lucid exposition of rights and duties, nor do Mr. Hearst's papers, though they rant and rave about the "theft" of Panama, present any sort of a refutation of the Secretary of State's article, here outlined.

Another consideration: The state of Panama contains 31,500 square miles, and it would seem that "battle might be joined" between Panama and Colombian troops away from the railway, where the treaty obligations of the United States could not by any stretch of diplomatic imagination be made to apply. But Panama is extremely mountainous. No highway or railway leads from Panama into Colombia. The southern part of the Isthmus is described as a "pathless wilderness inhabited by unfriendly Indians." Practically the only way Colombia can wage effective warfare against Panama is by transporting troops by water and landing them at Colon, or Panama City, or Bocas del Toro. And this the United States has already notified the Bogota Government will not be permitted. So what is Colombia to do? Besides, she has no money, no credit, no standing army worth consideration. She is exhausted by recent civil struggles; she has scanty means of transportation—350 miles of disjointed railway in a territory three times as large as California; her paper money is almost worthless—\$10,000 of it exchanges for \$1 in gold. At the same time, it should not be forgotten that Colombia stands to lose \$10,000,000 at the least if she lets affairs take their course. That will stir her to fight if anything can. She has ten times Panama's population; she has quelled numberless revolutions there in years past. Many hard questions would have to be solved by the Washington government should Colombia make a determined effort to regain the Isthmus. As to what the state of feeling in Bogota actually is, little is known. Even the Colombian minister at Washington admits that he has heard nothing from his government since November 2d, and that his protest against this country's action was solely on his own responsibility. Furthermore, it is certain that Colombia will receive no aid from any other country. France has already recognized Panama, and canal securities have risen in value in anticipation of an early payment of the \$40,000,000 due the French company when the work of canal construction begins. Germany makes formal denial of the rumor that she will come to Colombia's aid. Elsewhere in Europe, our government's course is almost unanimously pronounced a proper one.

Another question that arises relates to the right of the President to negotiate a canal treaty with the Republic of Panama, since the Spooner Act directs him to enter into negotiations with Costa Rica and Nicaragua in the event that no satisfactory arrangement can be made with Colombia. It seems, however, not impossible of ready solution. It is pointed out that the President is constitutionally empowered to negotiate treaties with other nations, and needs no authorization from Congress so to do. True, any treaty that he makes must have the ratification of the Senate, and it is therefore unlikely that any will be negotiated unless the President is convinced that it will ultimately receive the Senate's sanction.

Two questions more are at issue. One of them is, Did the United States have a "guilty knowledge" of the plans of the Panama revolutionists? The other is, Did Panama have a "moral right" to secede?

As to the first of these, there is much surmise and little proof. Mr. Hitt introduced a resolution in the House on Saturday asking for the secret papers—if any—in the case, if not inconsistent with state policy that they be made public. The resolution was agreed to. That they will show anything startling seems improbable. Secretary Hay, in his now famous defense of the administration's course, throughout makes it as clear as may be without explicit statement, that the revolution was independent of assistance from officers of any branch of the United States Government. While, on the one hand, the Democratic press professes to see in the extraordinary number of American vessels in Central American waters, and in the smooth and noiseless manner in which the wheels of the revolution moved, a deep-laid conspiracy to aid the secessionists, on the other hand, the Republican press sees only "intelligent anticipation" of trouble which notoriously has been brewing for months, and which, as in many previous instances, would require the intervention of the United States to preserve uninterrupted transit of goods and passengers across the Isthmus in accordance with our treaty obligations. The divergence of opinion on this point is well shown by the statements of even date appearing respectively in the *New York Times* and *Tribune*. The former says: "The revolt of the Isthmian states . . . has been altogether too openly encouraged and foreshadowed to permit any further dalliance," etc., while the latter confidently remarks: "This country's record is, we believe, entirely clear. It has not incited, encouraged, or assisted the secession movement at Panama." When reputable journals, each, with trained correspondents at Washington, and otherwise in position to know the inside facts, differ *toto calo*, it is perhaps the better part to suspend judg-

ment and refuse to believe that Secretary Hay and President Roosevelt have actually been guilty of overt acts until they are proved guilty. Senator Morgan, especially, can not consistently criticize the government's course. The *Call* puts the case aptly when it says:—

The Republic of Hawaii was born of revolution, in which a warship of the United States took the principal part, without which the revolution could have been suppressed by a dozen policemen. Yet Senator Morgan supported immediate recognition of the new republic, which had to be wrenched by American bluejackets and suckled by Gatlings landed by an American man-of-war. He was sent as a commissioner of our government to Hawaii, and told the natives to be reconciled, because they would be accorded the same rights as the negroes in this country. If Hawaii, revolutionized by our direct act, became immediately qualified to do such serious business as annexation was, surely Panama is hard baked enough to make a canal treaty. If Senator Morgan finds anything rarer about "the manner of the establishment of this so-called government" of Panama than existed in the case of Hawaii, the country will listen to his discovery with interest.

Had Panama a moral right to secede? "Yes, if ever a state had that right," answer the great majority of American commentators, irrespective of whether or not they approve this country's speedy recognition of the *de facto* government. Geographically, Panama is isolated; only a frail bond has held her to Colombia; she has been taxed without benefits; she is the progressive state of a retrograde nation, and the ruin of her hopes of the canal by the gang of grafters, the "cabal of muleteers, the 'dogs in the manger,' at Bogota, was the last straw.

Naturally, Dr. Herran, the Colombian minister, does not share this opinion. "I think it is the irony of fate," he has observed, "that Secretary Hay, who was the private secretary of the great emancipator Lincoln, should now be in a position to aid in the fomenting of secession on the part of a foreign country." It is indeed curious. The Republican party, the party that waged a bloody war to prevent the South's secession, now looks on Panama's secession with auspicious eye, conveniently forgetting all that happened in 1861, remembering and pointing with pride to what occurred in 1776. The Democratic party, the party of secession, now shows a tendency to be horrified at the very word, regards Panama with a dropping eye, conveniently forgetting all about 1776 and remembering all about 1861. Each party stands square on the record—the other fellow's record.

Thus doth time work its revenges.

Sam Parks, whose performances as the walking delegate of labor unionism have made a good part of the sensational reading in the news of the last three months, has gone back to Sing Sing on a second conviction. His sentence of two years and a quarter was imposed for extorting five hundred dollars from the Tiffany company. After his first conviction, he was released on a certificate of reasonable doubt about the evidence adduced at the first trial. In the interim, between incarcerations, he led the Labor Day parade in New York, and came within an ace of dominating the national convention of structural iron-workers. He is now back in Sing Sing with charges enough pending, it is said, to keep him there for life. His career is ended. He has had his return from Elba, his hundred days of factitious glory, and has reached his St. Helena. It is time to write his story.

Sam Parks was born in County Down, Ireland. He came to Canada as a boy, and thence to the United States. He was a common, uneducated laborer, except that he had by nature the elements of character which make the political boss.

When structural iron-working became prominent as a trade, through the construction of great steel-framed buildings, he turned his attention to that, and became a riveter of steel beams on high buildings in Chicago. He was then a non-union man, and in continual conflict with the iron-workers' unions. In that capacity, he was useful to the George A. Fuller Construction Company, by whom he was employed. He was one of their bosses. This construction company extended its business to New York and other large cities in the East, and Sam Parks followed, making New York his home. There he joined the Housemiths' and Bridgemen's Union, and laid the foundation for his final exploits in tyranny, bribery, and extortion. Here is where his ability as a political boss began to show itself. He became the walking delegate of his union, and the body of the membership worked without question when he ordered it, and struck without murmur when he held up his finger. With such a body of unthinking tools at his back, the building trade was at his mercy. He used them for his own purposes, and spent the union's money without accounting, although the sum ran from fifty to sixty thousand dollars every year. If a member made trouble, he was waylaid by the thugs in the union, who were in Parks' pay, and was beaten into a condition of compliance. The rise in wages kept most of the members quiet, and fear of a beating took care of the remainder. How he used his power to extort money from builders came out in the Tiffany case. When he first noticed their operations he was taken by surprise. "Aint they got a nerve!" said he; "commenced this building and never said a word to me!" He went into the building, called out all the workmen, saying, "Now let the bosses come and see me." They did come, and he permitted them to resume on payment to him of five hundred dollars, and even permitted them to use non-union men. On the latter point, some one questioned whether the union wouldn't object. "Let 'em kick," replied Parks, "I've got them muzzled. If any one of them objects we'll fine him fifty dollars, and he can't get another job in New York."

It soon became apparent in New York that no business could be done in the building trade until Parks had been bought up. "See Parks first" was the watchword with every contractor who intended to make a bid on any construction of importance. But had as Parks was, and evil as was his influence, another

feature in his career—if the story credited by the New York Sun is true—remains to be noticed. When Sam Parks came to New York it was as an employee of the George A Fuller Construction Company. It has been observed that that company has built up a business in steel and iron construction second to none in the world, and this in the face of labor troubles, and in a city, and at a time, when such work has been seriously and continually disturbed by labor demands and strikes. It has been observed, too, that, while other contractors were hampered, delayed, pestered, and bullied by the unions, the contracts of the Fuller company have gone merrily on with scarcely an interruption. It is said that Parks was on their pay-roll for a long time after he became the walking delegate of his union, and that this explains the mystery. The Fuller company were the first to discover how the head of the union could be made the tool of the capitalist. They stood in with Parks. If a rival contractor got in their way, a hint from them would send Parks after him, and he would be involved in blackmail, strikes, and a general variety of labor troubles, until life was a burden and profits were depleted. There has been general execration of Parks and his doings. It has been fully vented on the ignorant, vicious, and brutal "representative of labor." But if the detailed allegations regarding his connection with the Fuller company are true, this is only another case where workmen and employers alike have been the victim of unscrupulous sharpers—and the workman has suffered as much as anybody.

The more closely the figures in the recent San Francisco election are scrutinized, the clearer does it become that the reasons for Mr. Crocker's defeat are those foreshadowed by us long before the election, and reiterated in these columns last week. We declared after the primary election that it would be an unwise course for the party managers and the two newspaper organs to emphasize the class issue; we warned the party leaders that it was a bad time to harp on the fact that Mr. Crocker is a business man and a candidate representing business men. We told them that to drive Rufo out of the party meant to drive out hundreds of Republican workingmen with him. But above all, we warned them not to resurrect the spectre of the teamsters' strike. They did all of these things; they failed in not a single one; they lined up labor against capital; they drove out the Republican workingmen; they split the Republican party; they gave new strength to the moribund Union Labor party; and they accomplished the defeat of Henry Crocker by over 6,000 votes.

All these things the figures conclusively show. The average vote for the Union Labor candidates for supervisor was 15,200. Schmitz received 26,000 votes. He thus received about 11,000 votes more than his party strength. Where did they come from? Evidently some of them came from Lane, for, harrington, Lane received the lowest vote on the ticket. But this same fact proves that Lane received very few, if any, Republican votes. His was the bare party strength. The normal Republican vote, on the other hand, is certainly close to the average between Percy V. Long's total of 22,505, Harry Baehr's total of 26,150, and Tax-Collector Smith's total of 29,000—say 26,000. This is supported by the fact that the Democratic plus the Union Labor vote (as shown in the case of Sheriff Curtis) was only 33,333, while the Republican plus the Union Labor vote (as shown in the case of Treasurer McDougald) was 41,625. Subtracting from each of these the normal Union Labor vote we have: Normal Democratic vote, 18,000; normal Republican vote, 26,000—the exact conclusion reached by the other method. Thus it is clear beyond question that Crocker received some 6,000 votes less than his party strength, and that Schmitz got almost every one of them.

The Argonaut foresaw, early in the campaign, that no Republican candidate having only Republican votes could be elected. We advised the indorsement of Mr. Schmitz. The Republican managers acted otherwise. But they did worse than this. By stirring up the class issue they lost irrevocably the votes of at least 4,000 or 5,000 Republican workingmen and their sympathizers that still remained in the party. We hear everywhere that Mr. Schmitz is likely to be the labor party's candidate for governor three years hence. That is said to be his ambition. That a labor ticket will be a factor in State politics shortly is not impossible. If such a ticket is run, it is certain that it will diminish Republican chances of success. This might have been avoided, the Union Labor party would have dwindled away, the Republican party in San Francisco might have been kept intact, and success might have been achieved, had not Republican party interests been sacrificed by its leaders to faction fights.

Thirty-one railroad trains, each one mile in length, carrying 745,000,000 pounds of correspondence a distance equal to 203 times the circumference of the earth at the equator—such is the graphic manner in which M. G. Cuniff pictures the magnitude of the postal service in this country in the current issue of *World's Work*. There is an average of sixty-one letters, thirty-one newspapers or periodicals, and fourteen packages carried and delivered for every man, woman, and child. Is there any branch of the national government that touches the people more closely in their daily lives? Yet, as Mr. Cuniff points out, there is no Federal department over which the people have less control, none in the management of which they are less considered. In the ultimate analysis, the control of the Post-Office Department is in the hands of interests. Like other departments, the postal has been built up by successive additions to meet increasing demands. The organization is based upon a bulky volume of laws that has grown from the simple enactment of 1794 to its present dimensions. Changes of organization, attempts at systematization must be by law, but the law must be passed by Congress. In Congress, the authority on postal matters

is the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, and in that committee is the ultimate official authority in the Post-Office Department. Heads of departments may suggest, the Postmaster-General may recommend, but it is the House committee that must act before anything can be done. The House committee is the ultimate official authority, but behind this there is a higher power. "Every plan that has ever been presented to Congress for improving the postal service," said a high post-office official, "has been scrutinized by interests. Do you suppose we can have a revision of the present rates paid railroads as long as some of the most prominent senators and congressmen are identified with transportation interests, or establish a parcels-post as long as T. C. Platt, president of the United States Express Company, is United States senator?"

The Post-Office Department conducts an immense business. The people pay nearly \$130,000,000 for the service each year in the form of postage. The money-order department handled more than \$313,000,000 last year. Throughout the country are 75,924 branches of the central office. At all hours of the day and night, in every county in every State, mail is shooting, dashing, jogging, crawling along. Yet this immense business is conducted without any business organization to handle it. At the head the Spoils System, and below the Merit System, both serve to render it inefficient. An assistant postmaster stated that "if a man attends closely to his work he can learn to manage one of these departments in about four years." Yet four years is the term of office of the heads of the postal department. Their duties consist almost exclusively in affixing their signatures to stacks of documents attested only by the initials of some subordinate. There has been a little more care in this direction since the "A. W. M." of Mr. Machen, or the "G. W. B." of Mr. Beavers was all-powerful, but the supervision is still defective. Under the civil-service law a subordinate is removable only for gross inefficiency or neglect. So long as he does not antagonize an interest his berth is safe, so "not too much zeal" has become the watchword. A further source of weakness is the illogical division of authority. The superintendence of the enforcement of the postal laws is in the department of the Attorney-General; the accounts are audited in the Treasury Department.

The countries of Europe have much to teach us in the postal business. In a German city there is a post-office every few hundred yards. A network of underground tubes connects all but the very smallest. Ordinary mail goes from station to station by wagon, but a special-delivery stamp, costing less than eight cents, will cause the message to be shot by tube anywhere in the city. A carrier delivers it immediately, and waits for an answer. Message and answer in Berlin take about two hours. One may send a postal money-order with a message written on the back, and a messenger will deliver it and pay the money on the spot. Of the parcels-post, Mr. Cuniff says: "I know a resident of Berlin who has a package of meat mailed to him every Saturday from a point one hundred and fifty miles away in Silesia for a little more than twelve cents—the rate for a twenty-pound parcel." The English post-office sends twelve-word telegraphic messages all over Great Britain and Ireland for twelve cents, conducts a parcels-post, and a savings bank. All of this pays. The United States gives no such service, and the deficit in the postal department last year was four millions of dollars. It would be impossible in any city in this country to send a letter, receive an answer, send again and receive a second answer, as can be done in London, in a day. A four-pound package mailed from San Francisco to New York costs 64 cents; a ten-pound package from Germany to San Francisco costs a trifle; in the reverse direction, prohibitory letter postage rates would be charged. A dress-suit case was mailed from New York to New Haven at a cost of \$3.68; if it had gone by way of Germany it would have cost \$1.95!

It looks as though the business men of the country were in a fair way to find out whether their enterprises can be lawfully subjected to the operation of the boycott instituted by labor organizations. An endeavor is being made to fix the pecuniary responsibility of the members of unincorporated unions for the losses sustained through boycotts which their organizations proclaim. As we have heretofore noted a firm of hat manufacturers in Danbury, Conn., is engaged in testing the question in the courts. Likewise, in Indianapolis, the members of a local union of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America have been sued for damages alleged to have been inflicted by a boycott. A boycott had been established against a contractor. He had been an employer of union labor, had resisted some of their demands, and, when they struck, had hired non-union men. He was boycotted and placed on an "unfair" list. Dealers in materials were threatened if they sold him their wares. Pickets were placed about his shop, his men harassed, and his patrons subjected to annoyance. The result of the suit which he brought for damages can best be stated in the language of the court, as follows:

The fact that a labor union is not incorporated does not necessarily prevent a jury from holding it responsible for injuries to a third party when the injuries complained of are the result of an act for which the union as an association of individuals is responsible, for the law will assume that an injurious act, coming as a direct result of a resolution, rule, or settled policy of an organization, must be compensated for by the body from whose resolution, rule, or settled policy it results.

The case will doubtless go to the supreme court of the State and, if affirmed, will fix the principle in the law of Indiana that the members of a union can not escape responsibility in damages by refusing to incorporate. In the same city, another similar action has begun against the International Plasterers' Association, in which damages, in the sum of twenty thousand dollars, are asked. The boycott, in this case, followed a refusal to submit to a fine of six hundred dollars levied upon the plaintiff firm by the union. Suits are being instituted by

other firms in other counties of the State. Wisconsin has an anti-boycott law, which has been affirmed by the supreme court of the State, and a case has been brought to test its constitutionality in the Supreme Court of the United States. The most drastic anti-boycott law yet known has been passed by the legislature of Alabama. It makes it unlawful for two or more persons to conspire together for the purpose of preventing any person, firm, or corporation from carrying on any lawful business within the State. It prohibits picketing the place of business, or loitering about such place, to interfere with the workmen, or induce or influence persons from trading with the boycotted person, firm, or corporation. It proscribes the publication of an "unfair" list, or blacklist, against such business, and makes it illegal to print or circulate boycott notices, cards, stickers, and dodgers. The penalties provided by the law against offenders are punishments by fines of from fifty dollars to five hundred dollars, or by imprisonment at hard labor for sixty days. The avowed purpose of the law, in the words of its authors, is "to promote the stability of business and the steady employment of labor, whether organized or unorganized." The actions and laws enumerated reveal that decisive steps are being taken toward the extinction of the boycott and kindred methods of intimidation which labor leaders have defended as legitimate weapons in their warfare against capital. While Gompers and Mitchell have been trying to justify the boycott, in the conference of the Civic Federation at Chicago, by sophistical reasoning, the law appears to have been taking a very different view.

Congress met in extraordinary session on November 9th, called for the purpose of considering the Cuban reciprocity treaty. The Hon. Joseph Cannon, of Illinois, was elected Speaker of the House, as anticipated, the Democrats voting for Williams, of Mississippi. The President's message contained a plea for passage of the treaty along the same lines as hitherto, and doubtless the House will get down to work upon it at once. At present, the Panama matter overshadows in interest everything else, though this has not prevented the filing of a large number of bills. One in the Senate is designed to replace the present timber-land law, another, from Senator Lodge, proposes to put hides on the free list. Several hundred petitions protest against the seating of Senator Smoot, of Utah. What will be the outcome of the reciprocity fight remains to be seen. There are fifty or sixty new members in the House whose views are as yet unknown, and there are signs of weakening among those hitherto "stalwart." Still, Tawney and Littlefield are determined, it is said, to fight the Sugar Trust to the last ditch, taking the ground that the present treaty is unconstitutional, since, though it affects the revenue, it did not have its origin in the House, as the Constitution provides all revenue measures shall.

After thirty years of effort, a connecting road between Alameda and Contra Costa Counties, with an easy grade, has been completed. The project which was recommended by every business consideration, was not carried through without overcoming serious obstacles. Private interests intervened, there were legal difficulties, public inertia had to be overcome. A special law was secured permitting counties to join in building inter-county roads. Then it was discovered that the greater part of the proposed tunnel through the separating range of hills was in Contra Costa County, so the greatest part of the expense would fall upon the less wealthy county. The merchants of Oakland raised \$12,000 by private subscription, \$10,000 of which was paid to the supervisors of Contra Costa County to equalize the expense, and the remainder was expended on the Alameda end of the road. The road has been completed, and the result will be a vast increase of business for both counties. The merchants of Oakland may possibly now turn their attention to the project that was long agitated in connection with the tunnel road—a scenic drive-way along the crest of the foothills, which would add materially to the attractions of Alameda County. The tunnel road has been completed through the energy of the merchants of Oakland, but the advantage is not wholly to the city of Oakland. It will benefit all of the cities that cluster on the other side of the bay.

Now ready

TWO
ARGONAUTS
IN
SPAIN
BY
JEROME
HART

For sale at the bookstores.

The Oregon Journal, an evening daily published in Portland, writes us a letter to say that it exists—an important fact we overlooked in a recent editorial on Hearst's talked-of invasion of that field. Our only excuse is that the Journal is too young to have penetrated into the newspaper directories, too small to have otherwise obtruded itself upon our attention. Our apologies are due. The Journal's editor says that the fact is there to stay; that it has "money and gray matter" furthermore, that he has no fears of Hearst.

THE POST-OFFICE
AS A BUSINESS
AND AN INTEREST.

THE MASCOT OF THE TEN STRIKE.

How Mrs. Potter Worked the Bunco Game.

When Jim Potter wrote to the other owners of the claim: "I came out here to see this thing through, and I am going to stick to it as long as there is a ghost of a hope," they, in disgust, had said: "Then stick and be damned." Both of which he did.

Potter believed in the "Ten Strike," because he knew it had been badly managed and had had no chance to show up to its prospect. Moreover, every cent he had been able to raise had gone into it, and it was a desperate game with him between beggary and opulence. To Mrs. Jim, however, he wrote only the sunny side of the story, dwelling upon the beauty of the world about him, their golden prospects, and his hope of returning to her in the spring. So it was only natural that, when Mrs. Jim grew tired of waiting for his homecoming, she announced that she had made up her mind to come to him.

Suddenly Jim Potter's point of view veered around to this Eastern-bred woman's probable impression of the Ten Strike lite, and straightway the situation appeared impossible. But, on the other hand, he argued, if he wrote to her that, since her experience of the country had been only grassy slopes, shady lanes, artificial lakes, and frequent summer showers, a California mining camp was too rough a place for her, she might think he did not want her, and trouble would ensue. However, the thought of his wife's presence gradually broke down his weightier objections to her coming, and after counting in the sacrifices her being here might entail—throwing into the balance her loyalty and good sense—the scales still hung even; but adding his own longing for her the drawbacks flew up as light as trifles; so it was with an almost boyish enthusiasm he wrote for her to come.

The day of Mrs. Potter's arrival the camp put on a festive mood, the "boss" himself being the only one who seemed to fear the result, but when, after alighting at the door of the little shack that was to be her home, he saw this girlish little woman in her smart traveling-suit shaking hands with the wife of O'Halloran, the nightwatch, Spaghetti, the sluice-tender, and O'Rourke, the shift-boss, he drew back to watch them and call down blessings upon their homely heads. The three big trunks the little woman had brought were put in the woodshed, as there was no room for them in either the "parlor" or "kitchen," as the two rooms were designated, and when at last the reception committee had withdrawn, Jim, sitting on a soap-box, because his wife had the chair, waited, nervous and wretched, for her to break the silence.

Mrs. Potter slowly took off her hat and veil, and, after looking vainly for a place to put them, threw them on the bunk. Then, with a clearer vision, her swift glance took in the two bare rooms, the rough walls, her picture pinned against a board, the bunch of glowing Mariposa lilies in a broken pitcher—took in, too, the big, half-penitent figure of Jim looking ruddier and handsomer than she had ever seen him. Then the contrast between this and the life she had left struck her with the humorous side up, their eyes met, and she laughed a bubbling, reckless laugh.

"It will all come out right," Jim added, after going over the situation in detail, "if we can only hold on a while longer."

"And we will do it," little Mrs. Jim answered, with a light in her eye that made Jim feel how much richer than a millionaire he was already. Thereafter, the life of the Potters resolved itself into a grim struggle to "hold on."

And they held on merrily and cheerfully several weeks. Then, one evening, Jim came home glum, and after dinner aroused himself to say: "The men at the mine are getting suspicious. Being paid in stock doesn't go as well as it did, and when they strike me for a few dollars I can't offer them half a share!"

Whereupon Mrs. Jim looked up brightly, and said in a manner that at least seemed sane. "We must get that out of their minds at once. How would it do for me to give them a party?"

Potter not being in a mood for joking did not take the trouble to look up. But the idea had taken firm root in Mrs. Potter's mind, and preparations for a party were promptly begun.

"Shure an' it's goin' to be a gran' affair," Mrs. O'Rourke confided to Mrs. Sheehan over the back fence a few days later, for every word discreetly dropped by Mrs. Potter under the seal of strict secrecy was passed from fence to fence, gathering force and originality on its way, till the prospective party promised to rival in magnificence a Fourth of July celebration.

"And who would be sayin' the company is gone broke?" spoke up Mr. O'Halloran one day. "Shure, then Potterses is just a spudin' money like wather on this party."

When Potter, after hearing these startling rumors, charged them up to his wife, she only smiled gayly, and made him confess that the miners' confidence in the company's finances seemed to be growing stronger.

It was with the deepest regret, consequently, when, day before the party, Mrs. Potter came down with a fever all due to her over exertion in getting things ready, and the festivities had to be postponed indefinitely.

"That party scare was a regular bunco game," Jim laughed to his wife, after the last inquirer after the health of the invalid had gone.

"Yes," Mrs. Jim agreed, gleefully, waltzing across the room in sheer delight at the success of her ruse, "but it didn't hurt any one, and it certainly has helped our standing for a time at least."

And for a time it did. But when, one unlucky day, the skip broke and O'Rourke was badly mangled, parties, shares, and flattering promises were of no avail to cover repairs.

"I'll have to run down to Sacramento this morning," Potter announced suddenly the next day to his wife, "I've only two minutes to catch the train. By-by."

"What time is it now?" Mrs. Jim asked him, not quite knowing what to make of his manner.

"I—I don't know," he answered, avoiding her eyes. But one quick glance was enough for her.

"Take mine, too," she commanded, handing him her watch and drawing off her rings—all but one. "O'Rourke has got to be paid in cash this time."

She meant what she said, the need was imperative and the game desperate, and when the train pulled out it was to "Queen Isabella of the Ten Strike" Potter waved his adieu.

It was August now. The Mariposa lilies were gone, the hillsides were seared by the burning suns, the air heavy with the red dust that chokes and stifles, but hopes and prospects were still high, although the realities had reached bedrock.

"Yes, an' its bound to git hotter before it gits cooler," Mrs. O'Halloran assured the Potters, consolingly, as she put down her washing, "an' I'll be askin' ye fer me money this wake, Mrs. Potter," she went on. "My Kitty is cryin' her eyes out to go to the dance to Pike's, an' her paw can't raise a cint to git her a dud to wear. An' thim dago girls stickin' up their noses at her clo'es all the time anyways. An' its wake in an' wake out I've been washin' fer yez widout a cint's pay, an' I was hearin' Mike—"

"How lovely!" broke in Mrs. Jim's rippling tones above the washerwoman's insolence. "I'm so glad you told me about the party. You must let me make Kitty a little gift." Darting into the house she reappeared with a fluffy heap of frills and ribbons in her arms. "Kitty will look so pretty in this," she explained, while Potter turned his face to the shadow. "And here are the slippers to match. I'm sure Kitty can wear them, but the Spaghetti girls couldn't begin to. And this bow is for her hair, it will be so sweet in her auburn curls."

It was too dark to see the falling temperature in Mrs. O'Halloran's face, but Mrs. Jim had not miscalculated the effect. "And tell Kitty," she added, "that when she is dancing in that gown she can have the satisfaction of knowing she is wearing a hundred dollars' worth of frills. What will the Spaghetti girls think now?" Then with a bold pass at her flat little pocket-book: "How much did you say I owe you?"

Poor Mrs. O'Halloran! Hugging the crumpled finery in her arms, she opened her mouth to say the things she and Mike had resolved should be said that night to the "boss," but what she heard was: "Oh, Mrs. Potter, it's too good ye are, an' too kind, an' too ginorous, an' Kitty'll be that tickled, an' that proud, an'—"

And as far down the road as the smiling faces in the doorway could see her, the poor woman was running toward home with her precious armful of fripperies.

Jim Potter looked at his wife in wonder. "Oh, woman in our hours of ease," he began, but Mrs. Jim, springing up, stopped him: "Don't! don't say a word!" she cried. "I hate myself for playing these tricks upon these poor souls who need their money, but it is only in order to hold on till we can pay them."

"We're near the end now!" Potter called to his wife one morning, dropping in with the mail and finding his wife on the floor surrounded by the remaining contents of the three great trunks.

"If we can keep the thing going till Hopkins gets here and then open his eyes to the prospective value of the Ten Strike, who knows but we'll be able to pull out of here millionaires by winter?"

"I don't want to be a millionaire," Mrs. Jim declared. "I would be satisfied if I could get a pair of shoes and a good beefsteak." Potter looked at her in dismay. "I've worn out every possible thing I brought, and now I'm down to this. Look at these slippers!"

And Potter looked. "Well, they're beauties," he remarked, admiringly.

"But don't you see I can't walk over these rocks in French heels and beaded toes?" she almost wept. "The O'Rourke baby is ill, but I can't get over to see it in these things, and you know we owe them the most of all."

"Then listen to this letter," Jim shouted. "'Hopkins, our representative, will go up to see the mine Sunday,'" he read. "There now," he added, "Hopkins will come on the ten-o'clock train. After dinner we will do the mine, and by Monday morning you may be that odious *nouveau riche* Mrs. Potter. How's that."

"Dinner!" Mrs. Jim gasped.

"Well, lunch, then," he corrected himself, wondering why his wife should cavil at terms on such an occasion.

"Lunch! Oh, Jim!" she wailed, "there's not a thing in the house to offer company to eat, and I've not a thing left to pawn or sell."

Whereupon Potter gave such a whistle the whole pack of O'Halloran dogs descended upon them.

"I'll take him to the boarding-house, then," Jim suggested.

"Yes, and he'll hear so many sidelights on the Ten Strike from the miners he will never want to see it." Then seeing the clouds gathering over poor Jim's hopes, she added, quickly: "Never mind, Jimmy, we've held on together too long to give up now. Trust me to see the dinner through." And as Jim strode out of the cabin he carried his head higher than it had been for months, while Mrs. Jim flung the things back into the trunks, rolled up her sleeves, slipped into her gayly bedizened slippers, and set to work to transform her "parlor" into a "banquet-hall."

"If Mr. Hopkins suspects we live like tramps from necessity, the Ten Strike will lose its fascination for him," she remarked to her battered likeness on the wall.

But poor Jim, when he returned that evening, tired and worried, did not catch her enthusiasm nor appreciate being sent off to the hills in search of fir boughs and pine cones. "Hopkins doesn't want to buy the shack," he objected, "if he offers a round sum for the mine we will throw this place in." But Mrs. Jim was firm, so off he went. Also Mrs. Jim was inventive, and when by night the work was done she might, as judged by appearances, have been Pocahontas in her own native sylvan bower.

"Oh, yes, it's all right if you like it, I suppose," Jim assented, reluctantly, "but there are too many bugs and ants on all this toomfoolery to suit me." But the toomfoolery, translated into ferns and azalias, was necessary to disguise the flaws in the table-cloth. "So far, so good," Mrs. Jim sighed to herself, surveying her work, but was forced to admit the decorations would have to be garnished with eatables before it could be called a dinner. But again her woman's wit saved the situation.

"Many an adventuress has been arrested who is no worse than I am," she said to herself, in conscience-stricken mood, as she sat and smiled with her neighbors in her round of calls that afternoon.

When Hopkins entered the Potters' home he was greeted by surprises of all kinds, but the greatest of all did not go down in his report. But Mrs. Hopkins was regaled with a glowing account of the charming people from whom the corporation had bought the new mine. "They had come out here for their health, you see," he explained, "and lived in the pine odors in a most idyllic way. Everything was so charmingly original, beginning with the beautiful Mrs. Potter herself. It seems she had grown so fond of the people and association that she wanted them represented in this last dinner among them, so each course was a representative national dish, and you would have been amazed at the sentiment and poetry we got out of these common dago and Irish and Slav miners."

But the O'Rourkes, and O'Hallorans, and Spaghetthis, *et al.* never suspected the part they played in this "charmingly original" dinner. When they met over their back fence as usual, after the departure of the "boss" and his wife, it was Mrs. O'Halloran who was loudest in her bewailings.

"It do beat all," that worthy soul began, "what swate and unpreditin' ways she had. She come to my house the day before that feller come up from the city, an' she says to me when I was takin' my bakin' out of the stove, 'Ye do make the most illegant bread, Mrs. O'Halloran. I would give anything in reason if I could make it as you do,' she says, an' seem' she admired it so much I just made her take a nice big loaf right along wid her, bless her!"

"Well, she was a long time learnin' to cook," put in Mrs. O'Rourke, "if she couldn't make bread, but I suppose them city folks don't get much time to cook. She stopped into my house on her way home, and she says, 'Will you please tell me, Mrs. O'Rourke, how you make that lovely "mulligan"? I am going to have some for dinner to-morrow for Mr. Potter's guest.' 'You won't if you have your dinner before ten o'clock at night,' I says; 'it takes thim mulligans a long time to cook, especially if ye aint got spring chickens to use.' She did look so disappointed, and she said I made them better than any one she knew, an' she had set her heart on havin' it, an' all that, so seein' Pat was not goin' to be home for his Sunday dinner anyways, I just says, 'I'll tell ye what I'll do, Mrs. Potter, if ye won't think I'm presumin', I'll send Mikie over with the best mulligan you iver tasted in time fer yer dinner to-morrow.' And would ye believe it, she was that polite and appreciatin' she said it would be the greatest treat she an' thim could have, and accepted it on the spot. I tell ye there aint a stuck-up bone in her whole body."

Mrs. Spaghetti did not happen to be of the conclave that morning, but over her fence she had confided to the neighbors about the *chile con carne* the boss's lady had accepted from her for her grand dinner because she made it better than any one in the world, and so the comparisons ran from fence to fence all the next day.

"Do you still feel like a bunco-woman?" Potter asked his wife later, as they lounged comfortably in a luxurious Pullman that was carrying them Eastward. But Mrs. Jim, having the satisfaction of knowing that every one had been at last paid up in full, forbade the mention of her buncoing career.

MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1903.

"THE PROUD PRINCE."

Geraldine Bonner Writes of This Much-Discussed Play by Justin Huntly McCarthy—Sothern in the Title-Role—Some Rather Coarse Conversation.

It is now the beginning of November and the theatres are all pretty well started. The domestic stars have gathered and the foreign stars are gathering. There is a good deal of musical comedy going, but the literary drama, which showed such obstinate vitality last winter, is showing even more this year. "Ulysses" has unquestionably been the dramatic sensation of the autumn. Next to it—as far as sensation goes—I should place "The Proud Prince," Sothern's new play.

Sothern is an interesting personality, an arresting stage figure. I do not know anything about him personally, but I should set him down to be an intellectual actor with aspirations. He does not strike one as mercenary, as so many of his craft do. I should fancy that the box-office point of view was not the only one he had. He appears to regard the stage as a place round which the traditions of art still linger, a place where the beautiful and the noble still should be found. All this is very original, and gives to his individuality a distinguishing touch, a something dignified and unusual. His appearance carries the suggestion out still further. He has a fine head, a clear-cut, rather immobile set of features, and a cold, debating eye, moving slowly under a motionless droop of lid. The playing of poor plays to dull audiences is making him stagey. He is accumulating a collection of clap-trap tricks, but he is undoubtedly a man of high intelligence, attempting the great balancing feat of trying to please the public and trying to please himself.

He probably took "The Proud Prince" for his opening play because, in the first place, he could not get anything better; because, in the second place, it had a strongly poetic side that appealed to him; because, in the third place, it offered him a part which ran the gamut of a variety of emotions. That it was crude, coarse, and written by a person whose mental attitude was literary rather than dramatic, had to be overlooked. Besides, the piece, from a spectacular point of view, was very effective, and modern audiences have been so fed on spectacles that they feel cheated without them.

The play began its career under the most favorable circumstances. The Far West has probably heard of the storm of virtuous indignation it aroused in Detroit. A person high in office, a mayor or a bishop, or some functionary of equally valuable standing for advertising purposes, so strongly objected to it on moral grounds that his objections were telegraphed all over the country. This having been successfully accomplished, it was brought in triumph to New York. Everybody in the metropolis had been reading the objections and just what particular situation or sentence created them, and were all ready to crowd into the theatre on the first night.

Unlike many dramas that the public frowns upon as improper, "The Proud Prince" is exceedingly improving in its teaching and unnecessarily coarse in the way it teaches. The king, who is bad (they apply that adjective to him in a vague, general way), having been foiled in his pursuit of Perpetua, the executioner's daughter, who is as good as she is beautiful, has her kidnapped and handed over to a lady of easy morals, called Lycabetta, for the purpose of being trained for what Lycabetta calls "the oldest profession in the world." There is a scene in Lycabetta's house which is certainly rather startling in the candor of its situations and dialogue. As the players rattle off one emancipated sentence after another, one sits in a state of solemn surprise, wondering what they are going to say next. I have rarely heard a scene in which the conversation was so completely devoid of delicacy and reticence. Lycabetta and her profession are talked over with the most flat-footed frankness, while the executioner's daughter runs about the stage wringing her hands and trying to evade the attentions of the several wooers who shortly appear.

That poor executioner's daughter! She can not go anywhere without some desperate man springing out from behind a tree, or a wall, or a curtain and trying to carry her off to his den. Once she escapes and seeks sanctuary in a church. But even in the holy edifice, upon the very horns of the altar, a lover bursts in, sees her, is transfixed by her beauty, and without wasting any needless time in love-making, snatches her to his heart. That time she escapes by ringing the church bell, the rope of which hangs near to her hand, and all the population of Syracuse come rushing in to protect her. But it was evidently no sinecure to live in those days and keep respectable. It ought to have been regarded as a peculiar distinction, and women who succeeded in accomplishing it been given some kind of a medal.

Overlooking minor weak points, and viewed from a distance as a whole, I should call the drama tawdry and unworthy the abilities of the actors. It has one fine scene—of which anon—and several fairly good ones. But its general style is that of an old-fashioned, romantic melodrama, in the onward movement of which one can hear the creak of the uncoiled machinery. The spectacular side is fine, and the poetic one is quite marked. This shows itself in the language which has

evidently been the subject of much work on the part of the author, and is high-flown and bombastic. The main figures, too, have a sort of symbolic simplicity—the king as the fallen man redeemed by love, Perpetua as virtues and self-sacrifice in woman, Lycabetta as pleasure of life, never satisfying, cruel, and relentless. Finally, at the end, the king passes through the ordeal by fire, and rises from the flames, purified and born again. The story is allegorical, and author and actors have tried to present it with the naïvete of the symbolic form.

The plot is taken from that poem of Longfellow's which school-boys used to recite, called "King Robert of Sicily." In this, it will be remembered, King Robert, eaten up by vanity, using his kingly power to perpetrate all forms of evil, arouses the wrath of heaven. In mid-course he is stricken with a curse which transforms him into the likeness of his jester, a feeble-minded, misshapen creature, object of men's ridicule and women's scorn. The king is, at first, unaware of the transformation, and attempts to assert himself as the monarch before whom all Sicily trembles. Then, hustled, jeered at, kicked, and beaten, he realizes his metamorphosis, and from his lowly position begins to see men and life as they really are.

The dramatist has introduced the complication of the executioner's daughter. In the first act, the king, finding her unwilling to respond to his royal addresses, summons Lycabetta from her lair, and together they plan the carrying off and subsequent destruction of Perpetua. This is too much for the heavenly powers as represented by a being vaguely called "The Archangel." Robert and Lycabetta do their plotting outside a shrine, to which the late king, Robert's father, used piously to repair. From this shrine, the archangel, clad in armor and with visor up, issues forth, and in the midst of a remarkably realistic storm of rain and thunderbolts, curses Robert, who falls groveling in terror, and, when the storm has cleared, rises in the form of the bowed and feeble-witted jester.

The act in Lycabetta's house is, despite its unpleasantness, the best of the four, and ends with a highly dramatic and picturesque finale. The plague is in Sicily, and all the butterflies of pleasure that throng round the king live in dread of it, fearing to pronounce its name. Lycabetta, who inhabits a wing of the palace, is surrounded by deep-leaved gardens, in which no strange foot is allowed to trespass, and in her rooms all day aromatic spices are burned and perfumed fountains play. The plague may rage outside, but it can find no entry into this guarded sanctuary of love and joy.

Into this place Perpetua is brought by two negro slaves, who guard the entrance. She attempts to escape, but whichever way she goes, the negro slaves or the minions of Lycabetta bar the passages. She is in despair when the king, in the guise of the jester, appears, already resolved to rescue her from the fate he had himself prepared. He asserts himself as king, and is greeted by the jeering laughter of Lycabetta and her women. He attempts to drag Perpetua away, and is stopped by the slaves. The horrors of the situation are increased by the entrance of one of his own courtiers, who finds Perpetua very much to his liking, and orders her to be served upon toast for him. Perpetua draws the trusty steel which all women evidently had to carry in the Sicily of that day, and the situation is of a lurid hue all round. At this instant the jester-king has an inspiration.

He has come in from the woods and protected himself against the cold by an old cloak. He draws the attention of the wild crew about him to it. It is faded, torn, and rusty. He, the poor jester, had found it on a dead man that lay by the roadside. Turning over the corpse to draw the cloak from about it, he saw its face, blue, swollen, horrible, and recognized the plague! The women recoil from him, shrieking; even Hildebrans, the enamored courtier, drops the hand of his victim and springs away. Drawing Perpetua to him, the jester throws the cloak around them both, and in its folds they stand secure. Then turning to the door and crying, "The plague! The plague!" he drags her out, slaves, soldiers, courtiers fleeing before them.

This is the one fine scene in the piece, and it is unquestionably powerful and thrilling. I have a feeling of having seen it or read it somewhere before, but I can't remember where. The last act, where Perpetua is to be burned as a sorceress and they allow her to claim the trial by combat, is almost exactly similar to a scene in "Ivanhoe," where Rebecca is to be burned and Ivanhoe appears as her champion. Then, for some reason or other—I did not grasp why—they decide to burn the jester. There is a realistic funeral pyre, into which he is introduced, and fagots are piled around him and ignited. Just as we bid good-by to him, curls of smoke hiding him from the audience, the archangel, who has been masquerading as the king, goes down through a trap-door, a flock of angels bearing palm branches appear, and King Robert not only restored to his natural shape, but converted to a more worthy frame of mind, emerges from the fire.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, November 4, 1903.

Peter Grogan, who claimed to have originated the installment system of purchase, and lived to see it adopted by nearly every civilized nation, recently died in Baltimore from heart failure. Grogan instituted the system in his furniture store over thirty years ago.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Embassador Tower, who recently returned to Berlin from a visit to the United States, took with him an autograph photograph of Alice Roosevelt, presented by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt to the officers of the German dispatch boat *Alice Roosevelt*, in consequence of the desire expressed by them to have a portrait of the young woman after whom the vessel was named.

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, the comic-opera ruler of the Black Mountain principality, which has a population less than that of Rhode Island, was a great athlete in his younger days, and is still a good horseman, a capital shot, and a splendid swordsman. To his other attainments the prince adds that of being a poet and prose writer of no small talent, his best-known work being a tragedy, "The Empress of the Balkans." His civil list, only fourteen thousand dollars a year, is ample for his simple tastes, which never call for great expenditure.

The engagement is announced of Israel Zangwill, the author, and Miss Edith Ayrton, who has also won success as a writer of short stories. Her father, William Edward Ayrton, is one of the best-known electrical engineers and inventors in England. His "Practical Electricity" is now in its eleventh edition, and he has written many papers on electrical science. His wife, Mrs. Hertha Ayrton, is also famous as a scientist. She is the only woman member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, and has assisted her husband in many experiments and extended investigations. She is said to be the original on whom George Eliot modeled the character of Mira in "Daniel Deronda."

Coquelin cadet, the popular French actor, has recently been doing jury duty in Paris. He was on the list of the Seine Assizes for several days, and when finally called upon to serve his name came first out of the box, thereby making him foreman. The case before the court was an every-day burglar affair, that of two men caught leaving the house with the stolen property upon them. An amusing incident occurred toward the end of the hearing. When, as foreman, M. Coquelin read the finding of the jury, he forgot to place his hand upon his heart, as decreed by the law. Thereupon one of the prisoners' counsel raised an objection on a point of procedure, which was allowed. In explanation, M. Coquelin stated that, though materially his hand was not upon his heart, it was so morally! A new trial, however, will be necessitated by his inadvertence.

The recent marriage of Thomas C. Platt, senior United States senator from the State of New York, to a handsome and charming Washington lady, Mrs. Lillian T. Janeway, has attracted much attention, owing to the age of the groom. In a letter of congratulation, Senator Depew, who some two years ago set his colleague the admirable example of marrying late in life, wrote as follows: "You have done the right thing. I speak from knowledge. It is the prevalent idea that in the evening of life, when friends are dropping away and interests narrowing, a man should flock by himself. These croakers practically preach that youth is the period of companionship, and age for solitude. There is no period when home and domestic bliss are so necessary to preserve youth and its realities and illusions as when one has passed sixty."

George Brinton McClellan, who has just been elected mayor of Greater New York, is sixteen years the junior of Mayor Low, whom he defeated. The only son of "Little Mac," the Union general of the Civil War, he was born in Dresden, Germany, November 23, 1845, and is therefore nearly thirty-eight years old. His parents were visiting Germany at his birth, and soon thereafter returned to the United States, where the son, an only child, was educated. His first work after graduating from Princeton, in 1866, was as a newspaper reporter in New York. For three years he pursued this work, and in it formed the acquaintance of the Tammany leaders, who have pushed him forward ever since. "Boss" Croker especially took a liking to him, and made him treasurer of the Brooklyn Bridge in 1889. Then for two years Mr. McClellan was president of the board of aldermen. He studied law at Columbia University, and in 1891 he was admitted to the bar. Since 1895 he has been in Congress.

William Lukens Elkins, the multi-millionaire traction magnate and financier, died in Philadelphia last Saturday, at the age of seventy-one, from a complication of diseases. In the early 'fifties, he laid the foundation of his great fortune. He joined partnership with Peter Sayholdt, and what proved in its time to be the largest produce business in the United States was formed in Philadelphia, with a branch in New York. In 1860, Mr. Elkins purchased his partner's interest. A few years later, he gave his attention to the development of the oil fields in Pennsylvania, gradually purchasing all the refineries in and about Philadelphia. In 1865, he disposed of half his interest to the Standard Oil Company, and five years later of the remainder. During this time he was making a study of the city railroad passenger business, and, with P. A. B. Widener, was heavily interested in the formation of the Philadelphia traction system, the Union Traction Company Merger, and the organization of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company. His interests in street railroads alone totaled at forty millions of dollars.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Land of Little Rain."

We of California were rich because of Bret Harte. We are rich because of our Poet of the Sierras, and that brown, sinewy, blue-eyed nature-worshipper, John Muir. And we are rich because of not a few other men and women who have eyes to see, ears to hear, and the power to portray in prose or rhyme the varied life of strangely mingled peoples in a land of many marvels and wondrous charm.

What a privilege it is now to say (before it is said by the many who will yet say it) that in the author of "The Land of Little Rain" California has one who is the peer of John Muir, yes, almost of Thoreau, rendering to "the Country of Lost Borders," which lies "east away from the Sierras, south from Panamint and Amargosa" such a service (in some sort) as White to Selborne, as Jefferies to Wiltshire, as Burroughs to the country of the Hudson, as Thoreau to the woods about Walden Pond.

Yet this work of Mary Austin's borrows nothing from any book. It is profoundly individual. Fourteen years she has lived in a "brown house under the willow-tree" at the edge of a "town that lies in a dimple at the foot of Mt. Kearsarge," not far, as distances go in that illimitable country, from that narrow strip of burning sand called Death Valley. There,

"... in the waves and troughs of the plains,
Where the healing stillness lies,
And the vast, benignant sky restrains
And the long days make wise,"

she has dwelt, and learned to love her land with the passionate love of a poet and a seer. Her book (it is the first) is marked by such sweetness and health as lie in mountain winds; her philosophy is profoundly optimistic; the natural world for her holds mysteries unnumbered that make her reverent in simple people and common things she takes a pure delight that can only be compared to Whitman's in like things; though possessing minute technical knowledge of the fauna of the valleys and hills, her real interest for flowers and desert growths is in their poetic aspects. And as for the medium in which she expresses all that the desert and a patient people have taught her, it is almost faultless. There is scarcely a word, scarcely a paragraph, which does not hold some sentence so rhythmic, so lovely, so absolute, as to possess all the qualities of poetry.

"She loves not Man the less, but Nature more" is perhaps a not unfair generalization on "The Land of Little Rain." Yet the four of the fourteen sketches that deal with human affairs show a rare and delicate insight, and not a little humor. These four are: "The Pocket Hunter," a portrayal of an elemental character over whom the desert had cast its mysterious spell; "Jimville—a Bret Harte Town," a place which "you could not think of as anything more than a survival, like the herk-eating, honey-cased old tortoise that pokes cheerfully about those borders some thousands of years beyond the proper epoch"; "The Basket Maker," the moving story of a widowed Indian woman who had won wisdom; and "The Little Town of the Grape Vines," "where the quails cry 'cuidado,' where all the speech is soft, all the manners gentle; where all the dishes have *chile* in them, and they make more of the sixteenth of September than they do of the Fourth of July."

Even those who "do not read poetry" and "do not care for nature" can not in their dullness be insensible to the charm of the four chapters whose titles we have given. But the book does not need their attention or their praise. No very great amount of critical acumen is required to induce the conviction that "The Land of Little Rain" does now and will henceforth occupy a secure place in literature.

We have space for but one quotation, the last paragraph in the first essay:

For all the toll the desert takes of a man, it gives compensations, deep breaths, deep sleep, and the communion of the stars. It comes upon one with new force in the pauses of the night that the Chaldeans were a desert-bred people. It is hard to escape the sense of mastery as the stars move in the wide, clear heavens to risings and settings unobserved. They look large and near and palpitate, as if they moved on some stately service not needful to declare. Wheeling to their stations in the sky, they make the poor world fret of no account. Of no account you who lie out there watching, nor the lean coyote that stands off in the scrub from you and howls and howls.

Boyd Smith, who is familiar with the region of which Mrs. Austin writes, has contributed to the volume many striking, artistic,

and accurate drawings. The publishers have done their best to give the work a fitting binding and general make-up, and in this they have won success.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$2.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Miss Helen Keller's "first essay in original and independent authorship," will be published shortly under the title "Optimism." The work is spoken of by the publishers as "an expression of the author's optimistic philosophy, the creed of life which she has derived from her wide knowledge of books and history." The subject was suggested to her by her feeling of protest against the pessimism of the "Ruhaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

Winston Churchill's new novel, the Macmillan Company announces, will not be ready this fall after all. And its title, "The Crossing," is still provisional.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce the early publication of the American edition of "Benjamin Disraeli: An Unconventional Biography," by Wilfrid Meynell. The book is made up mainly of Disraeli's talk and of Disraeli's letters, gathered from many and often original sources. T. P. O'Connor, by the way, speaking of his biography of Disraeli, written many years ago, regrets the partisan spirit he exhibited. "A biography of Disraeli written by me now would," he says, "be in a very different strain. It is one of my many, as yet, unfulfilled projects to write another edition of the work brought up to date, and with, I hope, a little more sweetness and light."

The Macmillan Company will bring out another new book by Gwendolen Overton, entitled "The Captain's Daughter." It is a story for young people, which has just finished its serial run in one of the large juvenile magazines.

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor has pictured the brilliant social life of early Virginia in a volume entitled "The Mother of Washington and Her Times," which the Macmillan Company is to publish soon. Many of the illustrations are reproduced from matter loaned from the collection of Colonial pictures owned by Mrs. Alice Morse Earle.

The last work done by the late philosophical historian, W. E. H. Lecky, was to revise his undergraduate work, "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," and to write a new introduction for it.

The new book by Mortimer and Dorothy Menpes is "The Durbar." Like "World's Children" and the other books by this talented family, it consists of a hundred reproductions in color of paintings by Mr. Menpes, while his daughter has written the text.

The J. B. Lippincott Company announce "A History of Theatrical Art in Ancient and Modern Times," by the Danish actor, Karl Mantzius, in two volumes, with an introduction by William Archer; and "Recollections and Impressions of James A. McNeill Whistler," by Arthur Jerome Eddy.

The American rights in Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley's "Story of a Soldier's Life" have been secured by Charles Scribner's Sons, who will bring the work out shortly in two volumes, with many photogravure portraits, maps, and plans.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. are publishing uniform editions of the collected works of Conan Doyle and Anthony Hope, the first to be complete in thirteen volumes, the second in fifteen. This is the first authorized and complete edition of these popular authors, the books included being their own personal choice as the permanent result of their literary labor, for which they have prepared new introductions and notes.

The Dodge Publishing Company have brought out new holiday editions of "The Book of Cheer," by Robert Louis Stevenson and others; "The Book of Joy," by Henry Drummond and others; and "The Book of Friendship," a series of quotations on friendship, with hand-colored initial letters and title-page.

Following the publication of John Townsend Trowbridge's interesting autobiographic recollections, the announcement is made of a new edition of his poems. Mr. Trowbridge's work as a story-writer has overtopped his work as a poet, but he has written in verse throughout his life, and has been a frequent contributor to magazines. Some of his work,

such as "The Vagabonds" and "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," has been widely popular. This new edition presents for the first time a definitive collection. Many of the earlier pieces have been revised, and a careful selection has been made by the author.

"Food and Cookery for the Sick and Convalescent," by Miss Fannie Merritt Palmer, is in the press of Little, Brown & Co.

Leo Deutch's "Sixteen Years in Siberia: The Experiences of a Russian Revolutionist," has been translated and edited by Helen Crisholm. This is the personal narrative of a revolutionist who, in 1901, escaped from Siberia. The author relates in detail the doings of Russian revolutionists, the prison life both of men and women, and the methods of the Russian Government in suppressing freedom of thought and speech. The volume will contain portraits and other illustrations.

OLD FAVORITES.

SALT LAKE CITY, October 25, 1903.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have seen a very thrilling and fascinating poem in your columns entitled "A Scene of the Reign of Terror," or some such title. I drop this line to ask you if some time you will kindly repeat it, as I am, and no doubt others are, anxious to read it again. I have never seen it elsewhere. Yours truly,

C. R.

La Tricoteuse.

The fourteenth of July had come,
And round the guillotine
The thieves and beggars, rank by rank,
Moved the red flags between.
A crimson heart, upon a pole—
The long march had begun;
But still the little smiling child
Sat knitting in the sun.

The red caps of those men of France
Shook like a poppy-field;
Three women's beads, with gory hair,
The standard-bearers wield.
Cursing, with song and battle-hymn,
Five butchers dragged a gun;
Yet still the little maid sat there,
A-knitting in the sun.

An axe was painted on the flags,
A broken throne and crown,
A ragged coat, upon a lance,
Hung in foul black shreds down.
"More heads!" the seething rabble cry,
And now the drums begun;
But still the little fair-haired child
Sat knitting in the sun.

And every time a head roll'd off,
They roll like winter seas,
And, with a tossing up of caps,
Shouts shook the Tuileries.
Whizz went the heavy chopper down,
And then the drums begun;
But still the little smiling child
Sat knitting in the sun.

The Jacobins, ten thousand strong,
And every man a sword;
The red caps with the tricolors,
Led on the noisy horde.
"The *Sans Culottes* to-day are strong,"
The gossips say, and run;
But still the little maid sits there,
A-knitting in the sun.

Then the slow death-cart moved along;
And, singing patriot songs,
A pale, doom'd poet bowing comes
And cheers the swaying throngs.
Ob, when the axe swept sbining down,
The mad drums all begun;
But smiling still, the little child
Sat knitting in the sun.

"Le marquis," linen snowy white,
The powder in his hair,
Waving his scented handkerchief,
Looks down with careless stare.
A whirr, a chop—another head—
Hurrah! the work's begun;
But still the little child sat there,
A-knitting in the sun.

A stir, and through the parting crowd
The people's friends are come;
Marat and Robespierre—"Vivat!"
Roll thunder from the drum."
The one a wild beast's hungry eye,
Hair tangled—bark! a gun!—
The other kindly kiss'd the child
A-knitting in the sun.

"And why not work all night?" the child
Said to the knitters there.
Oh, bow the furies shook their sides,
And toss'd their grizzled hair!
Then clapp'd a *bonnet rouge* on her,
And cried, "'Tis well begun!"
And laugh'd to see the little child
Knit, smiling in the sun.

—George Walter Thornbury.

Edmund Clarence Stedman contributes the leading article to the November *Century Magazine* under the title "Life 'On the Floor.'" Mr. Stedman's membership in the New York Stock Exchange dated from 1869 to 1900. The article is vividly illustrated by Ernest L. Blumenschein and Otto H. Bacher.

"TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

Opinions of the Press.

George Hamlin Fitch in the *San Francisco Chronicle*:

An entertaining book of travel is "Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart, and like its predecessor, it is largely made up of letters which Mr. Hart wrote from Europe to the *San Francisco Argonaut*, of which he is the editor. The volume is noteworthy as a specimen of local book-making, for it is printed by The Argonaut Press from new Caslon type on heavy linen paper, and it bears the imprint of Payot, Upham & Co. With its many illustrations from photographs, and its artistic binding, it is a very handsome book. This record of travel in a land that is memorable mainly for its historic interest, is full of unconventional things, often put in pithy phrase, but it gives the reader a better idea of Spain and the Spanish people than many more pretentious books. There is frequent comparison between the land and the people, and California and Californians, which serves to make clearer some of the author's points. The glamour of romance that hangs about so many things in Spain did not prevent the author from seeing life as it is, and from giving a faithful account of his "disillusion in regard to several famous historic relics. The Alhambra he found disappointing at first, because of the horde of greedy guides and touts and the mob of globe-trotters who evidently had no motive other than to see the place in the shortest time. But when he came to linger over his visit, memory called up many of the beauties of the Moorish palace; still he thinks that most writers exaggerate their emotions when viewing the beauties of the Alhambra, and he quotes from George Ticknor a rather florid passage which seems to bear out his charge.

One of the striking things in the book is Mr. Hart's theory that the degeneration of Spain is due to the abuse of the cigarette habit. No boy or man in Spain is found without a cigarette, and the result is that coughing is universal and pneumonia the complaint which carries off the men. Every Spaniard appears to be in terror of changes of temperature, and wraps himself in a heavy cloak or shawl whenever he ventures out at night. But the women, who do not smoke, are plump. They show no fear of taking cold, and the records show that pneumonia claims only a small percentage. Whatever the merits of this tobacco theory of Spanish degeneration, it is worth some thought, and it is very strongly put. Many amusing incidents enliven this visit to Spain, and the author tells his stories well, with a fine appreciation of the humor which he was often unable to impart to the Spaniards that he met because of difficulties with the language. Mr. Hart's book may be warmly commended to those who must travel by proxy, as there isn't a dull page in it.

How "L'Abbe Tigrane" Was Written.

In an article in the *London Publishers' Weekly*, Adolph Brisson tells how Ferdinand Fabre came to write "L'Abbe Tigrane." Fabre, who had been educated in a seminary, had twice felt called to enter a monastery, and twice given up the idea. But, while he remained a layman, he always took great interest in everything appertaining to the priesthood, and, having made some name as a novelist, he decided to write a story of clerical life. In 1871, after the war and the Commune were over, he met an old school friend, now a poor curate in the Cevennes. He told Fabre many things, among others, the story of a bishop whose liberal views had made him an object of suspicion to his ultramontane clergy.

The poor curate added that the bishop's clergy so disliked that liberal-minded man that when he died in another diocese, and his body was brought back for interment, arriving late in the evening at the episcopal palace, the coffin was pushed by the cathedral chapter and some of the city clergy into the stable, and left for the night at the feet of the bishop's horses! It is this instance of clerical intolerance which contains the germ of the "L'Abbe Tigrane." Fearing he might be accused of telling an improbable story, Fabre only left the body in the cathedral yard, and not in the episcopal stable.

Fabre wrote out a slight sketch and submitted it to Sarcey, who at once urged him to make a novel of it. He did so. It ran through the *Temps* as a *feuilleton*, and has since gone through many editions. Also it resulted in the loss to the author of legacies, old friends, and of a chair in the French Academy.

It is announced in the English press that the first impression of twenty thousand copies of John Morley's "Life of Gladstone" has already been exhausted.

LITERARY NOTES.

Marriage in Egypt, B. C. 92.

The sort of anger that makes a man cuss the stone he has stubbed his toe on was the means whereby Mrs. Hearst's Egyptian archaeological expedition achieved its greatest triumphs. An ordinary workman, mad because they had found mummied crocodiles where they expected to find sarcophagi, impiously broke one of the sacred crocodiles in half with his shovel, disclosing the surprising fact that the carcass was wrapped in sheets of papyrus, covered with Greek characters. It is the text, translations, and notes upon these crocodile papyri that fill a large octavo volume, entitled "The Tebtunis Papyri." This is the first of the University of California Publications in Græco-Roman Archaeology, and is edited by Bernard P. Grenfell, D. Litt., M. A., of Oxford; and I. Hunt, D. Litt., M. A., also of Oxford; and J. Gilbert Smyly, M. A., of Trinity College, Dublin.

It might be thought that this volume would have little interest except to the scholar, but that is far from the fact. The documents, which are of the most miscellaneous character—including literary fragments, royal ordinances, official correspondence, petitions of outraged citizens, applications for a job, letters from Egyptian Joneses to Coptic Browns anent water-rights, crop reports, records of land surveys, tax receipts, leases, a marriage contract, bills of sale—have a good deal of human interest. For instance, on page 123, there is printed a letter from Hermias to Horus, introducing Lucius Memmius, a Roman tourist. "Let him be received with special magnificence," writes Hermias, "and take care that at the proper spots the chambers be prepared, and the landing-places to them be got ready, and that the gifts of hospitality below written be presented to him at the landing-place, and that the furniture of the chamber, the customary tit-bits for Petesuchus and the crocodiles, the necessities for the view of the labyrinth," etc. Evidently Lucius had a good time and saw the elephant.

Again, among the complaints to the authorities we find one which accuses Pyrrhichus, a cavalrman, and Heracleus, a civilian, with having "invaded our house with many other persons armed with swords and incontinently knocked down the street door. . . . Having effected an entry, . . . they carried off the articles mentioned below [a door of tamarisk-wood, two hoes, and two hundred drachmæ of copper]." But this was not the worst of the outrage. The petition continues: "We, therefore, being hindered in our work, and that, too, while the water is out, present to you this complaint," etc. We trust that California irrigation farmers will appreciate the inconvenience of having your front door knocked down while "the water is out" on the land, and you are all-fired busy.

Of the purely literary fragments there are only a few. Several are couplets on love. One of them runs: "In admonishing a lover you are ignorant that you are seeking to quench a smoldering fire with oil." Another says: "A lover's spirit, as a torch fanned by the wind, is now ablaze, and now again dies away." A third passage which the editors venture to translate only into Latin represents a debauchee on his death-bed giving instructions for his bones to be burned and pounded, and then used as a remedy for sufferers from similar excesses.

Most of the documents here printed date from about 100 B. C., and, taken as a whole, give a graphic picture of rural life at that time. Much light is thrown on the laws and customs regarding irrigation works, privately owned and crown lands, taxation, public monopolies, etc. One of the most interesting papyri is a complete marriage contract, the only complete one of the Ptolemaic period known. Here is the gist of it:

Philiscus, son of Apollonius, Persian, of the Epigone, acknowledges to Apollonia also kallaithis, daughter of Heracleides, Persian, with her guardian, her brother Apollonius, that he has received from her in copper money two talents, four thousand drachmæ, the dowry or Apollonia agreed upon with him. Apollonia shall remain with Philiscus, obeying him as a wife should her husband, owning their property in common with him. Philiscus shall supply to Apollonia all necessities and clothing, and whatever is proper for a wedded wife, whether he is at home or abroad, so far as their property shall admit. It shall not be lawful for Philiscus to bring in any other wife but Apollonia, nor to keep a concubine, nor a lover, nor to beget children by another woman in Apollonia's lifetime, nor to live in another house over which Apollonia is not mistress, nor to eject, or insult, or ill-treat her, or to alienate any of their property to Apollonia's disadvantage. If he is shown to be doing any of these things, or does not supply her with necessities and clothing and the rest as has been said, Philiscus shall forfeit forth-

with to Apollonia the dowry of two talents, four thousand drachmæ of copper. In the same way, it shall not be lawful for Apollonia to spend the night or day away from the house of Philiscus without Philiscus's consent, or to have intercourse with another man, or to ruin the common household, or to bring shame upon Philiscus in anything that causes a husband shame. If Apollonia wishes of her own will to separate from Philiscus, Philiscus shall repay her the bare dowry within ten days from the day it is demanded back. If he does not repay it as has been stated, he shall forthwith forfeit the dowry he has received, increased by one half.

Published by Henry Froude, London: £2 5s.

PATTI IN NEW YORK.

The Diva at Sixty.

All the New York critics are agreed that Adelina Patti at sixty is a wonderful woman. But they are forced to admit, also, that with the exception of her upper middle register, the voice of the once acknowledged Queen of Song is only a shadow of what it was. Of her personal appearance at her opening concert at Carnegie Hall, which was crowded to the doors, the New York Sun says:

Patti carries her sixty years lightly. Her face is lined, and the most generous make-up will not hide the ravages of time. But the figure, that exquisite figure, which was always a wonder, is still in the prime of life and bids fair to outlive the face. The gown worn by the famous singer was a stunning creation. The diva's voice has certainly lost the freshness of youth, and has taken on a slight acidity, but at the same time it is far and away the freshest voice that has been heard from so old a throat in our time. Some of the tones heard were those of a woman in the fullness of her powers. But some others showed signs of wear, especially after the singer had sung twice. To those who know what Patti was twenty years ago it is saddening to hear her to-day. To those who never heard her before, there must have come questionings as to how she ever attained her celebrity. The younger generation of music-lovers have been accustomed to singers who had ideals of intellectual and æsthetics quite unknown to the divine Patti. To them this curious old lady with an octave of astonishing tones will suggest little.

The New York Evening Post, after commenting on the inevitable ravages of time, says:

In her stage demeanor the great prima donna has not changed. She is apparently as much surprised at her bouquets and her applause as ever, and she loves to play her pranks on the audience. She, whose memory is proverbial, came forward with a sheet of music from which she pretended to sing "The Last Rose of Summer," which every child knows by heart, and which she has sung in public 3,679 times. She also cast a glance at Signor Sapia's "Home Sweet Home" sheet, to make quite sure of her part. This song she has sung 7,084 times; and when she sang it for the 7,085th time last night there were some in the audience who quite agreed with her that there is no place like home, and wished they had remained there.

The New York Tribune looks upon Patti's farewell tour as a mockery, and declares:

In the voice of the singer there were faint echoes of the past; in her art not a single reminder. An orchestra sat on the stage, but it was not permitted to play in either the operatic air or the vocal waltz, which Signor Sapia accompanied on a pianoforte in transposed keys. Only in the middle register of the voice were there suggestions of the old lusciousness of tone and that purity of intonation which, at a banquet given in 1884, to celebrate Mme. Patti's twenty-fifth operatic anniversary, William Steiny lauded as "so dear to the ear of an old piano tuner." Mme. Patti singing out of time. Mme. Patti gasping for breath. Mme. Patti chopping phrases into quivering bits without thought or compunction. Mme. Patti producing tones in a manner that ought to be held up as a warning example to every novice. Mme. Patti devoid of all but a shadow of that tone of opulent beauty, of that incomparable technical skill which used to make dalliance with the things which were insurmountable difficulties to others, of that reposefulness of style which used to rest on all she did like a benediction—that was the singer who entertained the curious and grieved the judicious last night.

The New York Times remarks:

Patti's trills were short in duration and subdued in tone, the runs, delivered with caution rather than with dash, and her high notes were far from pure in their quality. . . . Her warmest admirers, and those who can best appreciate what a wonderful thing her art was in the long years of its prime, are the very ones who must most deeply lament the exhibition of it, and of her, at this time.

The Commercial Advertiser's critic says:

What still remains of Patti's voice is sound, although, naturally, most of its old sweetness is gone. It has none of those yawning powers which usually come with waning powers. It has been shortened at the top and shortened at the bottom, but what remains between still has power, and, at places, beauty. Now she must stop at A, and it is an effort for her to reach it—she will even sing false on G—but it is infinitely a greater tribute to the skill with which she has nursed her powers that the top of her voice has gone instead of the middle. The quality has coarsened with the

departure of the mellowness, yet there is still much power, a surprising amount, and still an almost complete command of it. Now and then the ear was shocked by false intonation, but it did not happen very often; in fact, it was only in her second part of the programme that the false singing became very apparent, and then one could easily see that she was tiring. That is another penalty that years bring.

Patti was in better voice at her second concert—a matinee—singing with more spirit and freedom. At the close of the performance hundreds of women surged down the aisles to the footlights to shake her hand.

Automobile Notes.

Successful beyond doubt was the automobile race meet of the California Club, and the speeding of the time-destroying carriages on the three days last week pleased every one of the thousands that were on hand at Ingleside to see the devil-wagons go the mile close to the minute mark. Of course, the appearance of Barney Oldfield, the world's champion automobile driver, lent color to the meet, for he broke many Coast records. In fact, on Sunday afternoon, an ideal auto day, the American champion came within one-fifth of a second of lowering the mile record that has made him famous. Early in the afternoon the starters for the ten-mile race were called. Barney Oldfield came out seated in his one-hundred-and-twenty horse-power horseless carriage, Bullet No. 2. The only car game enough to enter against Oldfield in this ten-mile free-for-all was the White steamer, driven by H. D. Ryus. Oldfield sent his Bullet around the first four miles in 4:03½, and it was on the fifth lap that he made the glorious ride of "fifty-six" for the mile. "It was the best ride that I ever made," said a modest-looking young man after the event. The speaker was Barney Oldfield, the most daring of all motor-vehicle drivers.

Among others who witnessed the races from automobiles on Friday and Saturday afternoons were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Costigan, and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. Wilson Shiels, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Eugene B. Murphy, Mrs. John D. Sprackels, Jr., Mrs. Rudolph Sprackels, Miss McNear, Miss Bertha Bulder, Miss Warren, Miss Bolton, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Lucy King, Miss Ethyl Hager, Mr. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. Harry Holbrook, and Mr. Orrin Peck.

During the meet, the Toledo touring car, belonging to the National Automobile Company, attracted much attention. This twenty-four horse-power gasoline stock machine proved itself a wonder by winning seven different prizes. Twice on the opening day, twice on the next, and once on the third did this speedy stock car, with two aboard—W. E. Saunders driving and one to balance it on the turns—come over the tape ahead of its competitors. The best time made was 6:25½ for five miles. This was in the open event on the first day for cars legitimately owned in California. The big French Mors, the twelve-thousand-dollar machine, could not even press the Toledo. The latter also won the five-mile race for gasoline cars only, of twenty-four horse-power and under, and on Saturday won this same event and also the seventh. On the last day this speedy car beat two Franklins in a five-mile event.

The little Franklin racer also deserves quite a bit of credit for its races. It holds several world records. It is owned by Messrs. F. A. Jacobs and E. Courtney Ford, and was driven to victory in several events by W. F. Winches.

The Whites also did remarkably well. H. D. Ryus and Walter Grothe carrying off twelve prizes. In the race on Friday for cars of eighteen hundred pounds and under, Walter Grothe, in a ten-horse-power White touring car actually beat Barney Oldfield and his Baby Bullet, and also defeated Whittell's Mors in the fast time of 6:04½. The next day, however, Oldfield beat the White. Nevertheless, to Grothe belongs the honor of being one of the very few who ever made the champion taste defeat. The time made by Walter Grothe in the race in which he defeated the champion is, outside of the time made by the Bullets, the fastest time for five miles which was made at the meet, and the phenomenal time of 1:09½ was much faster than any mile run by any other machine. Grothe made the best times ever made by a White stock machine.

The little Oldsmobile, owned by the Pioneer Automobile Company, also covered itself with glory on the first day of the meet, by annexing the highest honors in two events.

George Fuller, in the novelty race on Saturday, in a Winton touring car, made exceptionally fast time, carrying four people over two miles in 3:57½.

The two-mile race in which autocars were entered was also a good one. Wallace Everett covered the distance in fast time with his autocar. The new autocar agency, by the way, has located at 123 City Hall Avenue.

Harold B. Larzalere, of the Pacific Motor Car Company, has returned from the East, and says that his company is to have as an expert to take charge of the garage Mr. Dohrmann, former superintendent of the American Garage in New York City. The Packard Company's new car, the new machine that the St. Louis Car Company is putting out, and also samples of the Jones-Cobin Company's beautiful machines, will all be here soon at the garage of the Pacific Motor Car Company.

Maeterlinck's New Play.

According to the correspondent of the London Globe, Brussels playgoers witnessed a strange scene the other night. M. Maeterlinck's name has been a word to conjure with in Belgium, and the whole city had flocked to see his new play, "The Miracle of St. Anthony," in the full anticipation of being treated to pretty philosophy and fine language. The contrast was simply grotesque. The "miracle" lies in the saint "appearing" at a wealthy house, of which the mistress is lying dead, with intent to restore her to life, and, despite being badgered by the footman and bullied by the family, he does so in the second act, only to be insulted then by the revived woman herself, whose tongue he paralyzes. "To prevent her revealing the secrets of the other world," this drawing upon him further persecution by the family. Finally, at the close of the play, the saint is seen escaping from the police, who have "recognized him as an escaped lunatic." The audience had some difficulty in making up their minds how to receive this strange production. As the finale came they hissed vigorously.

New Yorkers this fall are enjoying a notable dramatic season. Last week the following well-known actors were appearing at the various theatres: Henry Irving, Blanche Bates, John Drew, Maxine Elliott, Tyrone Power, Charlotte Wiehe, Edward Harrigan, Cecilia Loftus, Sidney Herbert, Mrs. Yeamans, William Collier, Agnes Booth, Kyrie Bellew, Jessie Millward, Charles Hawtree, Francis Wilson, Richard Mansfield, Rose Coghlan, William H. Crane, Fanny Brough, E. H. Sothern, Annie Irish, George Arliss, Alison Skipworth, J. E. Dodson, Margaret Dale, Fuller Melliish, Grace Elliston, J. K. Hackett, Mabel Hackney, and Frank Daniels.

A strange coincidence is related in connection with Forbes Robertson's powerful impersonation of the blind artist lover in "The Light that Failed." During the height of the London success of this dramatization of Kipling's novel, Maxine, the two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Robertson, was stricken with a malady that necessitated the removal of the right eye. The child, during the tour of her parents, is staying with her aunt and godmother, Mrs. Maxine Elliott-Goodwin, and retains the use of the other eye; but her parents are said to be in hourly terror that the disease may soon doom their little one to perpetual darkness.

"Way Down East," the most successful rural drama, is to return to the Columbia Theatre soon for another engagement. This is the seventh year of the play, and its popularity seems to be almost as strong as when it was first brought out.

Little Lolita Armour, whom Dr. Lorenz, of Vienna, treated for a dislocated hip, is so far recovered that she is able to dance. She has entered a private dancing academy, and is already able to move with nearly all the freedom of other children.

MR. BARNEY OLDFIELD OFFERS TO WAGER \$1,000 HE WILL BREAK HIS RECORD BEFORE LEAVING THE PACIFIC COAST.

Mr. Oldfield says he considers his record of 56 seconds at Ingleside on Sunday, Nov. 8th, to be 4 seconds faster than he ever rode before.

HE RODE A WINTON.

Pioneer Automobile Co.
Sole Pacific Agents
1622 MARKET STREET.

TOLEDO DAYS.

Did you see the Toledo speed at Ingleside race? It proved itself to be the speediest stock touring car in America, regardless of cost.

We used a regular stock car, 4 cylinder, taken from our salesroom, with the body removed.

We carried two men, used no windshields, yet won more prizes than any other two machines.

Orders taken for 1904 models.

NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE AND MANUFACTURERS CO.

134-148 Golden Gate Ave.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Richest Fifteen Thousand.

An extremely interesting publication is "The Financial Red Book of America," a bulky, handsomely bound volume purporting to contain the names of substantially all the people in the United States who are worth \$300,000 or more. According to this book, 15,000 people only fall into this class. They are estimated to be worth, in the aggregate, \$10,000,000,000. The names are arranged according to States and towns, and then alphabetically. There are in all 387 pages of names, of which California occupies 13 pages, and is credited, therefore, with having about three-one-hundredths of the total. According to this book, Los Angeles has only 29 persons worth over \$300,000; Oakland has 11; Sacramento, 15; San Diego, 11; San Francisco, 382; San José, 28; and other towns smaller numbers. No attempt is made to give any further information than name, address, and occupation. The fact that Los Angeles is allowed only 29 insertions in the volume while San Francisco has about thirteen times as many, will suggest to most people that the book is not a model of completeness.

Published by the Financial Directory Association, New York; \$10.00.

Armigerous Americans.

"The most favourable interest shewn in the First Edition" is the adequate reason which John Matthews quaintly adduces for the publication of a second edition of "Matthews' American Armoury and Blue Book"—a work which proves again what a hollow sham are American professions of indifference to ranks and titles. From the preface, we infer that only the names of persons (1) descended from armigerous English families, or (2) who can produce documents bearing seals with arms used in the family in Colonial times, or (3) who possess any painting of a coat of arms that has been in the family more than a hundred years, have place in this volume. Of such there are about a thousand names, filling an octavo volume of six hundred pages. In each case, brief biographical notes, address, clubs, societies, etc., are given. It is interesting to observe that Theodore Roosevelt's arms are: "Argent, on a mount vert, a rose-bush with three roses in full bloom proper." The crest is: "Three ostrich feathers per pale gules and argent." The motto is: "Qui plantavit auribit."

Published by the Author, 93 and 94 Chancery Lane, London, England.

Old English Humor.

Appletons are still publishing new editions of works popular in the early years of last century, but long since dead, apparently for the purpose of showing modern readers how dull these ancient writers really were. "The Dance of Life" is another and still less known work than "Dr. Syntax," by William Combe, a literary rake only remembered now by the biographical dictionaries, and not even by some of them. The work was written about the coarse but spirited and still humorous drawings of Thomas Rowlandson, and all (twenty-four) of these appear in the present edition. Two others of these reprints are "Handley Cross" and "Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities," by R. S. Surtees. This worthy was a sporting writer and editor of some note in his day. He was fortunate in having as an illustrator John Leech. The "Jaunts and Jollities" contain fifteen colored plates by this artist, and "Handley Cross" seventeen plates and one hundred wood-cuts of considerable merit. A third volume in this series—all the volumes in which are neatly bound in red, with gilt tops and paper labels—is Goldsmith's "The Vicar of Wakefield," with twenty-four colored plates by Rowlandson. The first sentence of the paragraph evidently does not apply to this book.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Browning and the Bible.

A volume that lovers of Browning will find curious and interesting is Minnie Gresham Machen's "The Bible in Browning." The first part is a general discussion of the way the poet wove into his poems phrases from and allusions to the Bible. The second part contains all the Biblical passages in "The Ring and the Book," following each of which is given the exact corresponding quotation from the Bible. The author has strained a point here and there, seeing in some lines a Biblical allusion, when it is clear that none was intended. It is indeed a striking fact that the work of all our great poets, even of the most modern, draws largely from the exhaustless treasury of the Book of Books. This is quite as true of Tennyson and Kipling as of Browning. In "The Ring and the Book" there are 32 allusions to events in Genesis. Other books are Psalms, 39 times; Proverbs, 15; Samuel, 8; Exodus, 9; Numbers, 9; Isaiah, 18; Ecclesiastes, 71—in all, 199 in the Old Testament, including 28 of the 39 books. To the New Testament there are 369 allusions, including all but two. "My masters, there's an Old Book you should count!"

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Old Poets in New Dress.

Personally, we prefer to read the poetry of the masters in neat little duodecimos that the hand will almost cover, but for those who like a sizable volume, a moderate man could imagine nothing more admirable than Crowell's single-volume edition of "The Complete Works of Edmund Spenser," with an introduction by William P. Trent, of Columbia University. "The Faerie Queene" is not distinguished for its brevity, and even using thin paper and not over large type, the book is a good-sized octavo of almost nine hundred pages. Externally, it is a handsome work, and the frontispiece portrait of Spenser from a painting is exceptionally well reproduced. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$2.00.

The volumes belonging to the Astor Edition of Poets, unlike most very cheap books, are not gaudy. Not much of a 12mo book can be expected for sixty cents, but these volumes at least have dignity, which is much more than can be said of books that vainly try to hide the shoddy under garish-colored covers. The three volumes to appear this fall are "The Canterbury Tales," by Geoffrey Chaucer, with an introduction by Thomas R.

Lounsbury; "The Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary," with introduction and notes by Katherine Lee Bates; and "The Faerie Queene," by Edmund Spenser, with an introduction by Professor William P. Trent. Each volume has a portrait, and each is bound neatly in red cloth. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; each 60 cents.

To the—how many?—pretty little editions of "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám" may be added one in leather stamped with a unique design illustrating several verses. It belongs to the Thumb-Nail Series, and contains a portrait of FitzGerald. John Hay's fine address before the London Khayyám Club, and the usual explanatory notes and variorum. Published by the Century Company, New York.

Spenser's "Faerie Queene," with an introduction and notes by George Armstrong Vauchope, M. A., Ph. D., is published in the Series of Pocket American and English Classics by the Macmillan Company, New York; 25 cents.

Somewhat more attractive than the common run of school Shakespeares are the volumes belonging to the Temple Series. "The Tempest" is edited, with notes, introduction, and glossary, by Oliphant Smeaton, M. A., and contains eight superior illustrations by Walter Crane. "Macbeth" is edited by George Smith, M. A., and contains five excellent drawings by T. H. Robinson. Both volumes have in addition a number of illustrations from contemporary prints, which are very curious and interesting. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"Pippa Passes," "King Victor and King Charles," and "Luria," form the contents of "Pippa Passes and Other Dramatic Poems," a volume in the Series of Temple Classics. There is very acute and interesting criticism by some unknown writer in a few pages of notes at the back. Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; 50 cents.

Pretty Books for Good Children.

The publishers say that "Prince Silverwings," the successful children's book written last year by Edith Ogden Harrison, wife of Chicago's mayor, is to be dramatized, and will be presented next summer on a Chicago stage. Mrs. Harrison has this year written a companion volume to "Prince Silverwings," called "The Star Fairies." It is printed in the same unexceptionable style, and the drawings in color by Lucy F. Perkins are among the most delicately beautiful that we have seen in any children's book. We should think that the story would appeal to all children of not more than ten years. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Curiously enough, the small Swedes in "Our Little Norwegian Cousin," and the diminutive daogies in "Our Little Italian Cousin" are alike impossible prigs. We suspect it is all the fault of the author of those books, who is Mary Hazleton Wade. Too many boys and girls with red blood in their veins figure in the juveniles of to-day for approval to be given to such wooden volumes as these. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; 50 cents net.

"Mr. Sharpshoot," by Joe Kerr, is a variation of the Red Riding-Hood story. Master Georgie supersedes the maiden, and as the excellent and spirited drawings in colors by R. H. Porteous intimate, he finally succeeds in extracting Sharpshoot's teeth, and humbling his haughty pride. We think it a good book for the small people. Published by the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York.

G. W. Denslow's picture books for children are among the best issued. His output for this year is a series of pamphlets in heavy paper covers, illustrating, for the most part, old fairy tales and Mother Goose stories. The titles are: "Humpty Dumpty," "Tom Thumb," "Old Mother Hubbard," "A B C Book," "One Ring Circus," "Mary Had a Little Lamb," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Zoo," "House That Jack Built," "Three Bears," "Little Red Riding-Hood," and "Five Little Pigs." Published by the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York.

Rebus books have always been popular with children, and they certainly are mentally stimulating. One entitled "A Bunch of Keys," by Margaret Johnson, appears to be a good book of its class. It contains numerous drawings by Jessie Wolcott. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Whether Bennet Musson is of the masculine or feminine persuasion is a dubious question, but either he or she, as the case may be, has succeeded in producing a very satisfactory fairy-story entitled "Maisie and Her Dog Snip in Fairyland." It is right up to date, having bicycles, alarm-clocks, and footballs in it, but withal a thoroughly Wonderland atmosphere. There are also some good pictures in the book, and likewise some verses by a court poet in elfland, whose name was Mike. We think children will be pleased to make the acquaintance of pretty Maisie, the poetical Mike, and the small dog Snip. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.30.

"Peter Piper's Practical Principles of Plain and Perfect Pronunciation" is the big title of a small book for young children, designed to teach them their A B C's. There is an attractive verse and two pictures for each letter, all arranged in a manner sure to stimulate the childish interest. Peter Piper's product is pleasing and praiseworthy. Published by the Scott-Thaw Company, New York.

We do not recommend for children "The Goliwogg's Circus," a book of preposterous pictures and doggerel, respectively by Florence and Bertha Upton. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; \$1.50.

New Editions.

Accuracy, convenience of arrangement, and comprehensiveness in scope together with brevity of treatment, have made the "Cyclopædia of Works of Architecture in Italy, Greece, and the Levant" a standard work of reference. It originally appeared in 1895, and a new edition is now published. The arrangement is geographical; that is, descriptions of notable edifices are all grouped under the name of the city or town in or near which they are. Thus we find under "Rome" ninety-six pages devoted to Roman buildings, while "Cono" is given only three, to Constantinople eleven, and to other places proportional space. A notable feature of the work is the illustrations, practically all of which are from new photographs. They number nearly

three hundred, and the book also contains a useful bibliography. It is edited by William P. P. Longfellow, honorary member and late fellow of the American Institute of Architects. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$6.00.

What must be almost the last volumes in the illustrated library edition of Kingsley that is in course of publication, are "Poems" and "Yeast." Maurice Kingsley has written an introduction for the complete works, and each volume, so far, has been mechanically praiseworthy. Published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York; \$2.00 per volume.

Arthur Howard Noll's "Short History of Mexico" appears in a new edition, "thoroughly revised and with new matter," from the press of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; 75 cents.

ALL BOOKS

Reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

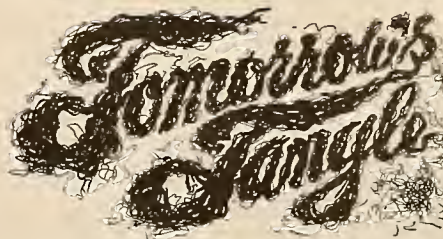
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SAN FRANCISCO

STAGE GOSSIP.

Pinero's "Iris."

Virginia Harned will make her stellar debut in San Francisco at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night in Pinero's five-act play, "Iris," which was first acted at the Garrick Theatre, London, in September, 1901. Miss Harned has had a varied stage career. For some years she acted leading rôles in Charles and Daniel Frohman's stock companies; then she appeared for several seasons with her husband, E. H. Sothorn; three or four years ago, she branched out as a star. Among her most successful creations may be mentioned Drusilla Ives in "The Dancing Girl," Lady Windermere in "Lady Windermere's Fan," Lady Ursula in "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," Fanny in "Captain Letterblair," and Trilby in "Du Maurier's Play."

Miss Harned's latest rôle, Iris, is said to be one of Pinero's most finished characterizations. She is a woman who has lived all her life in luxury, and is bequeathed a considerable fortune by her husband on condition that she does not marry again. She has no lack of suitors, and lives her life in a charmed circle, where friends are many and every hour holds enjoyment. Into this circle comes a young man, Lawrence Trenwith, impressionable and penniless. He falls in love with the reigning queen, and she looks very kindly upon him. She wants his love, but she can not allow herself the luxury of love without riches. She sends him from her, and to silence the gossips accepts an old suitor, Maldonado, a millionaire Portuguese Jew. But when she bids a final adieu to her youthful lover, who is about to go away to make a bid for fortune, Iris finds she can not give him up. Instead, the millionaire is given his congé.

Then Iris and her boy-lover go to Switzerland. Soon, while they are living in their fool's paradise, she finds herself with an income of less than two hundred pounds a year. Under these altered conditions, she promises to become the wife of Trenwith, who forthwith leaves Switzerland, bent on making enough money to provide a suitable home for her. It is impossible, however, for Iris to live modestly. Maldonado finds her again, and places a sum to her credit at his bank. She at first refuses to accept the check-book; but the old habit of spending can not be cured. First she uses a check to help a friend, then another, and another, and so she overdraws the amount. When face to face with this fact, she takes flight, sells what she can, and flies to England. Here she struggles on for a time, finding a life of poverty more and more revolting. In an evil hour she again meets Maldonado. He gives her the key to a house he has furnished for her. Weakly, she accepts it, and her peace of mind dies.

Having sufficiently humbled her for wounding his pride by preferring her youthful lover, Maldonado offers to marry Iris. But, when she is considering the Jew's offer, Trenwith unexpectedly returns. This is what she has dreaded, but she meets the situation firmly, and tells the truth. He listens in silence. He is stunned, and can only tell her he is sorry. His love, however, has died while she made her confession. And this has been overheard by Maldonado. His fury is terrible. For one awful moment murder is in his eyes and his heart. But he is a millionaire; men like him can not afford the luxury of such folly; he must close this page in his life. With coarse laughter and bitter taunts, he bids Iris leave his house. And as the curtain falls, this pretty, frail creature goes out into the night, a figure terribly pitiful in her sorrow, humiliation, and loneliness.

Miss Harned's support is admirable. Henry Jewett, well known in San Francisco, is cast as Maldonado; William Courtenay, a favorite with the Miller company last year, as Lawrence Trenwith; and J. Hartley Manners, who was Mrs. Langtry's leading man last season, as Coker Harrington, the ever-faithful friend of Iris. The other rôles are entrusted to Ethel Winthrop, Margaret Gordon, Stanley Dark, Mabel Snider, Frederick Burt, Elizabeth Goodall, Lawrence Edginger, Eleanor Sanford, Amy Meere, and Harry Lewis.

Comedy at the Alcazar.

A new farce-comedy, "The Club's Baby," is to be offered at the Alcazar Theatre next week. The plot revolves about a precocious infant, abandoned upon the door-step of a swell club in London. Instead of calling a policeman and sending the baby to a foundlings' home, the amiable clubmen take him in and adopt him. When the novelty wears off, they dispose of him at a raffie. Meantime, some of the wives and sweethearts of the self-elected foster fathers become suspicious. One jealous young wife and her maiden confidante disguise themselves in masculine evening attire and, with bogus visitors' cards, gain admission to the club-house. All sorts of complications ensue, until finally the paternity of the youngster is solved, and all ends happily. Adele Block and Frances Starr appear as the suspicious wife and her companion, and it is expected that they will make quite a hit in trousers and Tuxedos. For Thanksgiving week, commencing November 23d, Sol Smith Russell's quaint comedy, "A Poor Relation," will be presented.

At Fischer's.

"Rubens and Roses" is still a strong magnet at Fischer's Theatre. To-night (Saturday) the cozy little O'Farrell Street theatre will present a gala appearance when the friends and admirers of Stanford's football team will fill the house to overflowing. The performance will be sprinkled with a wealth of Stanford jokes and personal hits, and is sure to prove a pleasant evening for all concerned.

whether the Stanford football heroes win or lose. "I-O-U," the next Fischer burlesque, was written by a prominent local attorney, and is said to be a clever concoction. Dr. H. J. Stewart is writing the music for it. Gertie Emerson and Flossie Hope are to give way in the new production to the Althea Sisters, who are said to be "real beauties, sprightly dancers, and dainty singers"—a rare combination, indeed.

An Arctic Drama at the Central.

A spectacular Arctic melodrama, "Under the Polar Star," will be presented at the Central Theatre next week. The scenes will be made most realistic by the introduction of real Eskimos in the Arctic scenes. Frederick Kolthoff, the Alaskan explorer, is in San Francisco, en route to New York, where he will winter his Arctic and Alaskan exhibit for the St. Louis World's Fair. Thus the Central Theatre was fortunate in securing for their production of "Under the Polar Star" this picturesque band of bearded Eskimos and valuable train of Eskimo dogs, with Alaskan dog-sleds and all the accessories used in travel over the waste of snow and ice. One of the stirring scenes of the play includes the burning of an ice-imprisoned ship.

The Orpheum's Bill.

Wright Huntington, the popular leading man, will reappear at the Orpheum next week in his great success, "A Stand Off," in which he takes the part of a man who guards his friend's sweetheart while the friend goes to the Klondike, and incidentally marries another woman, returning just in time to act as witness at the wedding of his former fiancée and her guardian. Mr. Huntington will be supported by Florida Kingsley and Alex. Kearney, both capable artists. The other new-comers will be the three Zolars, in a comedy acrobatic act, greatly out of the ordinary; Serra and Bella-Rosa, who perform Samson-like feats of strength; and Joe and Sadie Britton, who present what they call "the epitome of all colored acts." Those retained from this week's bill are Albert Bellman and Lottie Moore, in their amusing sketch, "A Gallery Goddess"; Warren and Blanchard, "the comedian and the singer"; Phil and Nettie Peters; the Jack Theo Trio of novelty dancers and acrobats; and the "Village Choir" Quartet. So popular have become the matinees at the Orpheum that, beginning with the week of November 22d, an additional afternoon performance will be given every Thursday, making four regular matinees each week—Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday.

Third Week of "Ben Hur."

From present indications, "Ben Hur" will have one of the most successful runs of any production ever brought to the Pacific Coast. Standing room only has been the week's record, and it looks as if this will be maintained during the four weeks of the engagement. No one interested in the drama should miss this production, for it is well acted and handsomely staged, and contains some really impressive music contributed by Edgar Stillman Kelley. The most remarkable stage picture—but not the most beautiful—is the chariot race which is given with most artistic effect in the fifth act of the play. It is preceded by a scene showing the exterior of the circus at Antioch. Here the great wager is laid between Sanballat, the secret agent of Simonides, and the Roman officer, Messala. The signal for the race is sounded, and the crowds rush into the arena. The stage is darkened. A fanfare of trumpets is heard, and the shouting of a riotous multitude. The lights are turned on. Over the course, through clouds of dust, with sounds as of muffled thunder, the chariots of Ben Hur, Messala, and the Byzantines, each drawn by four horses, exactly fitting the description in the story, speed madly. Suddenly the stage is again darkened, and presently the end of the race is shown, with Ben Hur still in his chariot, surrounded by a shouting multitude, who are proclaiming him victor. Each evening this scene gets a half-dozen curtain calls.

A Worthy Charity.

The fifth annual benefit under the auspices of the Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco in aid of their charity fund for the sick and needy in the profession, to take place at the Columbia Theatre next Friday after-

noon, will be a gala event. The leading theatres will all contribute, and the performance will be continuous. William J. Kelly, who plays Ben Hur in the magnificent Grand Opera House production, will read General Lew Wallace's thrilling description of the chariot race from his famous work, and Miss Julia A. Herne, a daughter of the late James Herne, and the Esther of "Ben Hur" will be heard in soprano solos. Virginia Harned and her splendid company from the Columbia Theatre will present an act of "Iris," while the Alcazar's contribution will be the third act of Pinero's earlier play, "Lady Bountiful." Rose Melville, the original "Sis Hopkins," and her company, will present an act; the best artists from the Italian grand opera company now at the Tivoli will sing, supported by the chorus and directed by Paul Steindorff; and the beautiful second act of "At Valley Forge," showing Washington crossing the Delaware, will be staged by the Central Theatre. The Orpheum and Chutes will be represented by their best specialties. On account of the length of the bill, the overture will be played at one o'clock sharp. There has been a large sale of tickets, and the reservation of seats will begin at the Columbia Theatre box-office Monday morning at nine o'clock.

Close of the Grand-Opera Season.

The twelfth and last week of the grand-opera season at the Tivoli Opera House will begin on Monday evening, with a grand testimonial for Director Paul Steindorff. On Tuesday evening the first performance in America of Leoncavallo's new opera, "Zaza," will be given. The libretto was written by Illica and closely follows the story of the play. Tina de Spada will sing the title-rôle. Cloe Marchesini is cast for Anaide, and Miss Eugenie Barker for Floriana. Ischierdo will appear as Milio Dufresne, and Gregoretti as Cascar. Dado, Cortesi, Zani, and Napoleoni will have the other parts. The alternating opera, on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, will be Bellini's "I Puritani," with Tedeschi, Dado, Zanini, and Adelina Tromben in the cast.

It is announced that Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, has resigned from the *Journal and American*, and his resignation has been accepted by W. R. Hearst.

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VANITY FAIR.

To drive tandem is one of the latest ambitions of up-to-date women, and many fashionable New Yorkers are now putting in a good deal of time in mastering this accomplishment. An expert teacher of the art declares that three well-known women are largely responsible for the fashion. They are Mrs. Burke-Roche, Miss Marion Fish, and Miss Alice Roosevelt, who devoted long hours at Newport last summer in learning the accomplishment. The teacher quoted above, according to the *New York Sun*, made arrangements to go to Newport early this summer to teach for three or four weeks, but he stayed there instead fourteen weeks. And during that time he spent about twelve out of every twenty-four hours on the seat of a coach. "I have taught many women of other countries how to drive," he is reported as saying, "but nowhere, save in America, have I seen women who could dance till one or two o'clock in the morning, and then be ready to start out at seven, looking as fresh as if they had had ten hours' sleep, and what is more surprising still, able to go through a lesson without once losing their nerve. A woman ought to be at her best before starting out to drive four horses, and to keep this up, week after week! It is a marvel."

It was formerly the aim of most of the fashionable women to become proficient four-in-hand drivers. But before long, it seems, four-in-hand honors ceased to be enough for the Newport women. As one and another became expert enough to tool a coach without having a teacher, she yearned for something else to conquer, and found it in tandem driving. The three women mentioned were the first at Newport seriously to set to work to master the difficulties of the art, and each has been successful. The President's daughter, says her teacher, exhibits much of the grit, determination, and power of endurance displayed by her father, and she is singularly free from nervousness. The example set by Miss Roosevelt and her two companions was soon followed, and as a result the teacher now has as many pupils in New York for tandem as for four-in-hand driving, and the drives of Central Park of a morning show quite a sprinkling of tandems driven by women. "The fact that women are taking this style of driving in all quarters," adds this teacher: "I hear that there will be more tandem entries than usual at this year's Horse Show. No, driving tandem is not so easy as might be imagined by one who has never tried it. For a woman at least, it is really more difficult and dangerous than handling a four-in-hand, for the reason that there is absolutely no way to manage a refractory leader except by the whip. He hasn't the restraint of a horse beside him nor of a pair behind. Each horse of a tandem is entirely independent of the other. As every horseman knows, to use a whip skillfully, especially on the leader or leaders of a tandem or four-in-hand, is perhaps the most difficult feature, and certainly the hardest of all to teach to a woman. I have pupils who had to take dozens of lessons before they could grasp even partially the knack of it."

The walking craze in Paris still continues. Says one Paris correspondent: "We have already had walks for all sorts and conditions of men, and now women are to be brought into the lists, and the dressmakers' employees are going to have a big competition of their own. But no future contest is likely to equal the go-as-you-please walk which has just been concluded over the elassie Bordeaux-Paris course, a distance of six hundred kilometres. Ninety-two competitors faced the starter. The contest extended over five days, and the winner proved to be a not unknown walker named Peguet. For the first five hundred kilometres the favorite and well-known athlete, Lafitte, led in the race, and looked all over a winner. But he got too cock-sure of his victory, waited his time, and then when he was overtaken by Peguet he became disheartened, sat down by the roadside for a couple of hours, and eventually only finished fourth. The victor, Peguet, is a coachman by trade, and is forty-six years of age. He has always been a great walker, and was second, some years ago, in a five-hundred-kilometre walk from Belfort to Paris, and first in a walk from Paris to Havre and back, a distance of four hundred and forty-four kilometres, which he covered in seventy-seven hours, having had only three hours' sleep. He tramps along with a stick, and

never varies his pace. In the walk from Bordeaux to Paris he lost twenty-two pounds in weight; the last two hundred and ninety kilometres he covered in forty-eight hours without a wink of sleep, and the last seventy kilometres without even sitting down on a chair. Peguet altogether took one hundred and fourteen hours to cover the six hundred kilometres, so that his average for the whole journey works out at a little over three miles an hour. It may not seem much, but to keep on at that pace for the greater part of five days, with only fifteen hours' sleep altogether, wants a good pair of legs, and especially a stout heart. The prize won by Peguet amounts to six hundred dollars."

Commenting on a suit recently brought by a maiden against her fiancé for breach of promise, by which she recovered three thousand dollars, "An Old Maid" of New York says: "At the trial the plaintiff's diary was produced, which showed the remarkable entry of 1,243 kisses having been bestowed during the courtship. How was such a record kept? Was the diary worn as a chatelaine, and after each osculation did the blushing damsel toy carefully with the pendant pencil and succeed in making some sort of mark which was ultimately to confront the unsuspecting fiancé in court? Or did the kissee keep tally by the dozen, and after twelve kisses had been delivered to the kissee by the kisser, did she coyly excuse herself on the plea of rearranging her hair, and seize the opportunity to mark '1 doz.' in her diary under the correct date? Then there is another point to be considered. By a little division—the multiplication seems to have been previously attended to—it will be seen that if 1,243 kisses are worth \$3,000, one kiss would be worth \$2.41 and a fraction. Is this the legal value of a kiss in any part of the country, or simply in the Saratoga jurisdiction of the supreme court? Upon this decision a new field of industry might be opened up for the 'new woman'; also fresh laurels to be won by any one inventing an unerring comptometer for unobserved use on the scene of operations."

When Colonel George Nox McCain, who until recently was one of Philadelphia's foremost journalists, decided to visit the Klondike gold fields with his wife, he provided himself with stout suits of wool and skins with everything that goes with them to protect the traveler from the nipping cold of the regions in the Far North. Great was his surprise when he reached Dawson to find instead of a motley town of shacks and tents, of which he had heard so much, a new city, with a splendid hotel, equipped with electric lights and all modern appliances and improvements. At dinner the ladies and gentlemen appeared in evening-dress, and the only indication that he was not at home was the prices scheduled on the menu. Of course, much of the food was of the canned variety, but this fact was cleverly disguised by the able chefs who presided over the kitchen. "I never felt so cheap in all my life," says the colonel, "and when I looked at our bearskins and other Arctic paraphernalia, I wanted to hide. The next time I visit a strange land, no matter if it is Patagonia, Central Africa, the North Pole, or even Chicago, I'll carry along a dress-suit and a silk hat, no matter what the climate may be, or what the books tell me. I'll go prepared for any function, from a seal or elephant hunt to a fancy-dress hall." A dispatch from Dawson, by the way, says that winter is closing in quickly, and several thousand tons of freight will not reach Dawson this season. Freight charges are phenomenally high, and prices of certain staples are going skyward. Hay in Dawson is selling for one hundred and thirty dollars a ton. Snow is several inches deep in the Mayo district, and the streams are freezing. The gold output will only be about a million less than last year, despite the extreme drouth, which cost the miners six weeks' loss of time. Many people are leaving for the outside, fearing a severe winter. The number of those going out exceeds that of last autumn by several hundred.

It seems that the picture post-card fad has reached such a point that a newspaper exclusively devoted to the subject is published in England. Some tremendous collections are already in existence, but anything like completeness is, of course, out of the question, so large is the number of views which a single town with any pretension to picturesqueness will send out. The number printed in the United States is as yet relatively small (comments the *Springfield Republican*), but there has been a great increase in the past

year or two. The picture post-card has been much reviled, but it is to be said in its favor that it gives travelers a pleasant way of reminding their friends at home of their existence without spending the time needed to write a letter.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

		Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
November	5th	64	54	.00	Clear
"	6th	66	54	.00	Clear
"	7th	60	56	.06	Clear
"	8th	60	50	.00	Clear
"	9th	58	48	.11	Cloudy
"	10th	60	50	.00	Pt. Cloudy
"	11th	60	48	.07	Rain

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, November 11, 1903, were as follows:

		BONDS.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Bay Co. Power 5%	5,000 @ 103½			103½	
Honolulu R. T. L. Co. 6%	1,000 @ 105			104½	
Los An. Ry 5%	10,000 @ 113			112½	114
Market St. Ry. 6%	1,000 @ 118			118	
N. R. of Cal. 5%	5,000 @ 114½			114½	115½
Sac. Electric Gas & Ry. 5%	5,000 @ 100½			101	
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%	12,000 @ 116½-117			116½	117
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909	14,000 @ 109			108	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910	5,000 @ 109			109	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1905, S. A.	3,000 @ 102½			102½	103
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1906, S. B.	10,000 @ 103½			103½	103¾
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd.	9,000 @ 106½-106½			106½	106½
S. P. Branch, 6%	1,000 @ 132				
S. V. Water 4%	1,000 @ 98½			98½	

		STOCKS.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa	20 @ 42			40	
Spring Valley W. Co.	1,000 @ 36-39½			36	

		POWERS.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Giant Con.	30 @ 65½			65	67

		SUGARS.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Hawaiian C. & S.	120 @ 45½-46			46	
Honolulu S. Co.	115 @ 13½			13	13½
Hutchinson	285 @ 10-10½			10½	10½
Makawili S. Co.	105 @ 22½-23			23½	
Pauha S. Co.	100 @ 15½-15%			16	

		GAS AND ELECTRIC.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Mutual Electric	90 @ 10			10½	
S. F. Gas & Electric	741 @ 67½-69			68½	69

		TRUSTEE CERTIFICATES.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
S. F. Gas & Electric	250 @ 68-69			68½	69

		MISCELLANEOUS.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Alaska Packers	50 @ 149½-149½			149½	150
Cal. Wine Assn.	35 @ 93			90	
Oceanic S. Co.	60 @ 6				6½

The stock of the Spring Valley Water Company broke 3½ points to 36 on sales of about 1,000 shares, the rumored cause of the break was the selling of stock to reduce loans. The market was a little better at the close, and was 36½ bid on the street.

There has been a better demand for the sugars, and on sales they have made fractional advances, the market closing firm with small offerings.

Alaska Packers has been quiet, but closed at 149½ bid.

Gas and Electric has been in good demand, and on sales of 1,000 shares gained 1½ points, selling up to 90, closing at 68½ bid, 69 asked for small lots. There has been strong buying on this stock for several weeks on rumors of dividends in the near future.

The powder stocks have been quiet with prices unchanged.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks

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THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1903

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican)	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic)	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly	6.70
Argonaut and Judge	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine	6.20
Argonaut and Critic	5.10
Argonaut and Life	7.75
Argonaut and Puck	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan	4.35
Argonaut and Forum	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue	6.10
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly	5.50
Argonaut and International Magazine	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West	5.25

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A young member of Parliament was once addressing a meeting at which there was a considerable rowdy element present. Like the other speakers, he was frequently interrupted, until, losing patience, he called for silence, saying: "Don't let every ass bray at once." "You go on alone then, sir," said the ring-leader, and the honorable member was left without a reply.

A Maine farmer who had gone to law with a neighbor, suggested to his lawyer that he send the magistrate a couple of fine ducks. "Not on your life," said the attorney; "if you do you'll lose the case." The case came on and was tried, and judgment was given in his favor. Then he turned to the lawyer, and gleefully exclaimed: "I sent the ducks." Astonishment on the lawyer's part changed to admiration when his client continued, "But I sent them in my opponent's name."

The late Thomas B. Reed's portrait was painted by Sargent during the last year of his services in Congress. When it was brought to him he looked at it critically. He noted the protruding lips, the faithful reproduction of his florid complexion, of his flabby cheeks, of his ponderous neck. His eyes narrowed between the lids, and there came a cold glint in them. Then, pursing his lips as was his wont, he is said to have remarked: "I hope that my dearest enemy is satisfied now."

A Yorkshire socialist, who was once explaining to a friend the principles of socialism, remarked that all possessions should be shared equally. "If you had two horses," said the friend, "would you give me one?" "Of course," replied the socialist. "And if you had two cows, would you do the same?" "Of course I should." "Well, supposing, now," said the friend, slowly, "you had two pigs, would you give me one of them?" "Eh! tha's gettin' ower near home," said the other shyly; "tha knows I've got two pigs."

Congressman Frank C. Wachter says that once, when a party of candidates were touring the State of Maryland, they stopped at the home of a farmer in one of the counties, and found him not at home. They, however, saw his wife, and one of the candidates said to her: "Madam, is your husband a Democrat or a Republican?" "Well," she replied, "I'll tell you about him. He goes about a good deal, and when he is with Democrats he is a Democrat; when he is with Republicans he is a Republican; but when he is around here he is a darned nuisance."

In his "Reminiscences of the Civil War," General John B. Gordon relates this anecdote: At the close of the Civil War, an old farmer near Appomattox decided to give employment to any of Lee's veterans who might wish to work a few days for food and small wages. He divided the Confederate employees into squads according to the respective ranks held by them in the army. He was uneducated, but entirely loyal to the Southern cause. A neighbor inquired of him as to the different squads: "Who are those men working there?" "Them is privates, sir, of Lee's army." "Well, how do they work?" "Very fine, sir; first-rate workers." "Who are those in the second group?" "Them is lieutenants and captains, and they work fairly well, but not as good workers as the privates." "I see you have a third squad; who are they?" "Them is colonels." "Well, what about the colonels? How do they work?" "Now, neighbor, you'll never hear me say one word ag'in any man who fit in the Southern army; but I aint a-gwine to hire no generals."

It is related that when Senator Ingalls, in 1890, announced that he would pay Hays City a visit, the society leaders of the place immediately began to make preparations for his entertainment. It was arranged that the leader of one of the Republican factions should entertain him for breakfast, and that the leader of the other faction should entertain him at dinner. The idea was to avoid the appearance of giving preëminence to either faction, and to keep local divisions from spoiling the senator's day. But in the anxiety to fix up a compromise everybody forgot to notify the senator of what the arrangements were. Therefore, when, a day or two before the date of his visit, the senator got a polite note from one H. C. Freese, inviting him to be his guest, he promptly accepted it. He did

not know Freese, and, of course, did not know that Freese was the publisher of the craziest Pop paper to be found in Western Kansas. When he arrived at the depot in Hays, he found the hosts of politics and society assembled. After shaking hands with those around him, he asked: "And where is Mr. Freese?" At once, Mr. Freese presented himself, and thereupon the tall senator linked his arm with that of the diminutive Pop editor, and the pair walked off to a buggy which Freese had provided, leaving the crowd too amazed and astonished to utter a word.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The New Verse Form.

The bachelor 'e fights for one,
(Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
As joyful as can be;
(Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
But the married man don't call it fun,
(Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
Because 'e fights for three—
(Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
For 'Im and 'Er and It
(Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
(An' Two an' One makes Three.)
(Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
'E wants to finish 'is little bit,
(Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
An' 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea!
(Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.)
—Life.

The Pith of the Programme.

He searched the programme through and through,
And came across a joke or two,
It was an easy task to find
By whom the costumes were designed,
Who made the wigs, and who supplied
The drinking water, purified;
From whom the carpets were obtained,
And who the floor so nicely stained;
The exclusive piano used—nay, more,
He learned the name of every store
Which he had never known before.
"Patrons," he saw, "desired," "invited,"
"The management would be delighted."
And many other compliments,
Worthy anything from fifty cents;
And then—he came across at last
What he was searching for—the Cast!
—La Touche Hancock.

Flaxseed and Mustard.

What a jolly thing a cold is when you get it good and hard!
How it cheers the drooping spirits of the energetic hard!
Hear the cheerful way he sneezes!
How he pleases with his wheezes!
And his treasured nose he squeezes
While he rubs his chest with lard.
While the trustiest of nurses by his verses never flustered
Makes a poultice, like a custard,
Of the flaxseed and the mustard.
What a jolly thing a cold is with the poultice in its place!
When your heart is filled with gladness and the sweat runs down your face!
Does the patient do some cussing
At the fussing and the musing?
Nay! He's learnedly discussing
The improvement of the race.
Never yelled and never blustered
When he felt that stinging custard
Made of flaxseed and of mustard!
What a jolly thing a cold is! Oh, the liar that I am!
Am I gently philosophical and gentle as a lamb?
No, I'm not! I'm fiercely cranky
At this measly hanky-panky.
Will I take that stuff. No, thankie!
'Tis a snare! delusion! sham!
Hang the doctors and the nurses!
Let the druggists hear my curses!
On their shelves permit to spoil
Senna, salts, and castor oil!
Please to let me, carin' noffin',
Go a-coughin' to my coffin!
With my body wrapped in worsted,
And a poultice, like a custard,
Made of flaxseed and of mustard!
—Grif Alexander in Pittsburg Dispatch.

His get down: "Did the duke get down on his knees when he asked you to marry him?" "Mercy, no! He got down 'Bradstreet's'."—Ex.

The Infant

takes first to human milk; that failing, the mother turns at once to cow's milk as the best substitute. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is a cow's milk scientifically adapted to the human infant. Stood first for forty-five years.

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Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty:
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

Tesla Briquettes are
Excellent domestic fuel.
Since recently improved,
Let us send you
A ton—and please you.
TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

Unnecessary Solitude.

James Hunecker tells an amusing incident that occurred in a New York theatre, the other night, when a man down in one of the front rows spied on the floor a large hat-pin with an amber top. It lay and glittered in the aisle, and he at once seized it by its shiny bulb. Looking about him, he saw that a party of two women and their escorts had just sat down. To one of the former he presented the pin. A negative shake of the head indicated that he had made a mistake. Then he tried across the aisle. The women seemed to be interested. The pin was a curiosity, and its amber of a unique carving. They hesitated, and the man felt that he could sit down in peace to enjoy the performance.

Alas! The pin was handed back. Desperately, he began the search anew. Two ladies unattended seemed likely owners. To them he showed the pin. They took it and enjoyed its pattern. Just then the man felt a tug on his sleeve. It was his wife, and she remarked: "Why are you showing my hat-pin to strangers?" He, blushing, went over to the feminine pair, and explained. "It's my wife's hat-pin," he said, but in such consciously guilty accents that the women handed it back with doubting smiles. Limply he returned the jewel to his wife—he remembered now that he had been present when she purchased the beastly pin in Berlin. But what availed that knowledge in the face of such suspicious facts! He was sure half a dozen women believed that his wife had claimed the pin without being its legal owner. What his wife said to him when they got outside of the theatre is not recorded.



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1903
Hongkong Maru....Thursday, December 3
Nippon Maru....Wednesday, December 3
(Calling at Manila.)
America Maru....Monday, January 25, 1904
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, corner First.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK-SOUTHAMPTON-LONDON.
New York Nov. 21, 9:30 am | Phil'd'phia Dec. 5, 9:30 am
St. Paul Nov. 28, 9:30 am | St. Louis Dec. 12, 9:30 am
Philadelphia-Queensstown-Liverpool.
Haver'rd. Nov. 28, 3:30 pm | Friesland Dec. 12, 3:30 am
Noordland... Dec. 5, 9 am | Marion... Dec. 26, 2:30 pm

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK-LONDON DIRECT.
Min'apolis... Nov. 21, 7 am | Menominee... Dec. 5, 9 am
Min'ebaha... Nov. 28, noon | Min'et'nka... Dec. 12, noon
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

Montreal-Liverpool-Short sea passage.
Canada... Nov. 28 | Cambrian... Dec. 5
Boston-Mediterranean Direct
AZORES-GIBRALTAR-NAPLES-GENOA.
Vancouver... Saturday, Nov. 21

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK-ANTWERP-PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 a. m.
Kronla'd. Nov. 21, 10:30 am | Finland... Dec. 5, 10:30 am
Zeeland... Nov. 28, 10:30 am | Vad'r'nd. Dec. 12, 10:30 am

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK-QUEENSTOWN-LIVERPOOL.
Armenian... Nov. 17, 5 pm | Teutonic... Nov. 25, noon
Oceanic... Nov. 18, 5 am | Cedric... Dec. 2, 2:30 pm
Cymric... Nov. 20, 6 am | Arabic... Dec. 9, 9:30 am
Boston-Queenstown-Liverpool.
Cretic... Dec. 10, Feb. 11
Cymric... Dec. 24, Jan. 28, Feb. 25

Boston-Mediterranean Service
AZORES-GIBRALTAR-NAPLES-GENOA.
Romanic... Dec. 5, Jan. 16, Feb. 27
Republic (new)... Jan. 2, Feb. 13, Mar. 26
Canopic... Jan. 30, Mar. 12
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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

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Gaelic (Calling at Manila) Wednesday, Nov. 25
Durie... Tuesday, Dec. 2
Coptic... Friday, January 15, 1904
Gaelic... Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1904
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
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SOCIETY.

The Welch-De Laveaga Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Julia de Laveaga, daughter of Mr. Miguel A. de Laveaga, and Mr. Andrew Welch, son of Mrs. Andrew Welch, took place at St. Mary's Cathedral on Wednesday morning. The ceremony was performed at half after ten o'clock by Archbishop Riordan, assisted by the Rev. Father Lally. Mrs. Eugene Lent was the matron of honor, and Miss Olga Atherton, Miss Agnes Clinton, and Miss Alice Butler were the bridesmaids. Mr. Eugene Lent, Mr. J. Vincent de Laveaga, Mr. Thomas Doyle, and Mr. Louis Welch served as ushers. The church ceremony was followed by a reception and wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's father, 1228 Geary Street, at which over a hundred guests were present. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Welch will occupy their residence at San Mateo.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, the short-story writer, to Mr. Emery Bemsley Pattle, editor of the *Criterion Magazine*.

The wedding of Miss Mary Harrington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, of Colusa, and Commander Albert P. Niblack, U. S. N., has been set for Tuesday, November 24th. Commander Niblack is expected here from Honolulu this week.

The wedding of Miss Grace Garoutte, daughter of Judge and Mrs. C. H. Garoutte, and Mr. Richard H. Hovey, son of Mr. Chester L. Hovey, will take place on Saturday afternoon, November 21st, at the Unitarian Church in Berkeley.

The wedding of Miss Elsie Bearice Bennet, daughter of Mrs. Charles A. Bennet, of Oakland, and Mr. William Lynham Shiels will take place on Monday, November 23d. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. William Carson Shaw, and only immediate relatives will be present. After the ceremony, Mr. Shiels and his bride will leave for "Petit Trianon," the country place of Dr. and Mrs. George Franklin Shiels at San Mateo. They will later reside at 1318 Jackson Street, Oakland, where Mr. Shiels has leased a house.

The wedding of Miss Helen Davenport, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Davenport, and Mr. Ross William Smith took place on Wednesday evening at St. Stephen's Church. The ceremony was performed at half after eight o'clock by the Rev. Ernest Bradley, rector of the church. Miss Alice Groff, of Los Angeles, was the maid of honor, and Miss Clara Smith, Miss Claire Converse, and Miss Gail Converse were the bridesmaids. Mr. Russell Taylor, of Los Angeles, acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Robert Adams, Dr. John Murietta, of Los Angeles, and Mr. Allan Smith, of Omaha, a cousin of the groom. The church ceremony was followed by a wedding supper at the home of the bride's parents, 2052 Fell Street. Upon their return in January from their wedding journey in the East, Mr. and Mrs. Smith will take up their residence in Los Angeles.

Miss Helen Chesebrough will make her formal debut at a tea to be given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough, on Saturday, November 21st, at their home, 3508 Clay Street. Miss Virginia Newell Drown will also make her social debut at the same time. The hours are from four to seven.

Mrs. John Rodgers Clark will give a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Gertrude Dutton at her residence, 1809 Gough Street.

Mrs. Mau, Miss Mau, and Miss Bothin have issued cards for a tea to be given at their home on Broadway on Friday afternoon, November 20th. They will be "at home" during Fridays in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton gave a dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club in honor of Miss Gertrude Dutton on Tuesday evening, at which they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie L. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. James Bishop, Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding, Dr. and Mrs. John Rodgers Clark, Mr. and Mrs. John

S. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Masten, Mr. and Mrs. William Spencer, Mrs. Hilda Baxter, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Patricia Cosgrave, Miss Maylita Pease, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Bessie Wilson, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Elizabeth Cole, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Miss Katharine Herrin, Miss Jessie Fillmore, Miss Harris, Mr. Edward Greenway, Mr. Ralph Hart, Mr. Carey Van Fleet, Mr. Barbour Lathrop, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Mr. George Lewis, Mr. Harry Dutton, Major Stephenson, Captain Frederick Johnson, Dr. Hewlett, Mr. Philip Paschal, and Mr. Emerson Warfield.

Cards have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Sullivan for a reception at their residence on Van Ness Avenue and Washington Streets on Thursday, November 19th, in honor of their daughter, Miss Alys Sullivan, who will make her formal debut. The hours will be from four to seven. Mrs. Sullivan and her daughter will receive on Fridays in January.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy gave an "at home" on Wednesday afternoon at her residence on Jackson Street. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Norris Davis, Mrs. Willard Drown, and Miss Emily Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Dillon have sent out invitations for a reception to be given Saturday, November 21st, from four until seven o'clock, in honor of Mrs. Malcolm Henry, of Washington, D. C., at their new residence at 2006 Broadway.

Miss Ethel Valentine gave a tea at her Oakland residence on Wednesday afternoon in honor of Miss Jacqueline Moore, whose engagement to Mr. Jack Valentine was recently announced. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Edith Selby, Miss Jane Rawlins, Miss Edna Barry, Miss Pauline Fore, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Gertrude Allen, Miss Ione Fore, Miss Elsie Marwede, Miss Chrissie Taft, Mrs. Daniel Belden, Miss Ruth Knowles, and Miss Alice Knowles.

Mrs. John Parrott and the Misses Parrott will give a reception on Saturday afternoon, November 21st, at their residence, 1100 O'Farrell Street. The hours will be from four to seven.

Mrs. Grayson Dutton will give a luncheon at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mrs. Kindelberger and Miss Gertrude Dutton on Monday, November 23d.

Mrs. John I. Sabin, Mrs. Redmond Wellington Payne, and Miss Pearl Sabin will give a tea next Thursday at the Sabin home on California Street.

Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by her aunt, Mrs. Camillo Martin, on Monday. Others at table were Miss Grace Martin, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Frances Allen, Miss Dorothy Gittings, Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman, Miss Helen Bowie, Miss Frances McKinstry, and Miss Susie Blanding.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, recently entertained the judges of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at dinner. Covers were laid for fourteen.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker will throw open her residence on Saturday, November 28th, for an entertainment and sale to be held for the benefit of St. John's Presbyterian Church.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the most important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

The will of the late Mrs. Sarah L. Knox-Goodrich has been filed for probate in San José. The deceased's only daughter, Mrs. Virginia Knox Maddox, and her grandson, Knox Maddox, who are the sole heirs, are named as executors, with full power and without bonds. The testatrix directs that her sister, Mrs. Lucy M. James, shall be permitted to occupy the dwelling on South Third Street, San José, during her natural life, or as long as she shall desire to do so, and that her daughter, Mrs. Maddox, shall pay the taxes and insurance thereon. Otherwise the bequests are absolute and without limitation. The estate is valued at half a million dollars, and consists of real estate in San José and San Francisco, shares in the Hotel Vendome, the Bank of San José, and the Commercial Bank of San José, and a half interest in the Greystone or Goodrich Stone Quarries.

Charles E. Paxton has filed a petition asking the superior court to revoke the appointment of his brother, Blitz W. Paxton, as one of the executors of the estate of their mother, the late Hannah H. Paxton. The grounds alleged are fraud, mismanagement of the estate, and wasting the proceeds. Blitz Paxton, who is president of the Santa Rosa Bank, one of the strongest financial institutions in Sonoma County, declares that Charles Paxton has refused to satisfy himself of the correctness of his accounts with the estate, although repeatedly urged to do so.

The Races.

The fall and winter meeting of the New California Jockey Club will be inaugurated today at the Oakland track, and as an excellent programme has been arranged, there will doubtless be a large attendance. The big events of the day will be a handicap for three-year-olds and upward, for a purse of \$2,000, the distance being one mile; and a selling purse of \$400 for three-year-olds and upward, over a mile and a sixteenth course.

—TRA IS SERVED IN THE BEAUTIFUL COURT C 46 of the Palace Hotel from 4:00 to 6:00 each afternoon, and the orchestra plays in the court every evening from 11:00 to 12:30 for after-theatre parties.

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ART NOTES.

The First Annual Painters' Salon.

To-night (Saturday) the "first annual salon" of the painters and sculptors of San Francisco in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel will come to a close, after having attracted many spectators during the four days the one hundred and fifty canvases have been on view. The gems of the collection undoubtedly are Charles Rollo Peters's three moonlight pictures, "By Monterey Bay," "Colton Hall," and "Casa Estrada"; Amadee Joullin's two Pueblo Indian studies—"The Death Watch" and "The Medicine Man"—and a field of golden rod in New Mexico; and C. J. Dickman's three impressive pictures, "Dawn," "Twilight," and "Moonrise." G. Cadenasso has six characteristic canvases on exhibition, the most striking being the one entitled "Berkeley." C. Chapel Judson's "Golden Evening," John M. Gamble's "The Golden Poppy," Harry Stewart Fonda's "The Nativity," and L. Maynard Dixon's two desert scenes, "The Mojave" and "Without Water," are also deserving of especial praise. J. W. Clawson contributes two portraits, one of Edward H. Hamilton and the other of little Mildred Brenner. The other artists represented in the exhibition are H. W. Sewell, Alice B. Chittenden, Henry Raschen, Lucia K. Mathews, C. D. Robinson, Fancher Pettis, Elmer Watchel, G. A. P. Plazzoni, and C. P. Neilsen. Arthur Putnam, the sculptor, has six notable productions, which add greatly to the interest of the exhibition. Five are in plaster and one in bronze. They are entitled "Tiger," "Puma and Deer," "Bloodhound," "Puma," "Man and Snake," and "Puma Reclining."

Robert I. Aitken's sketch for the proposed monument to Bret Harte to be erected by the Bohemian Club and placed in one of the public parks of this city, has recently been on exhibition at the Bohemian Club. Some weeks ago the movement to erect the monument was started among the club members, and Charles Rollo Peters, the painter, headed the subscription list with an offer of one of his canvases. It is proposed to raise a fund of four thousand dollars for the monument, and members of the club have been asked to subscribe this amount. The monument proposed by Sculptor Aitken is a life-sized figure of "Tennessee's Pardon," an old miner, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in one hand. The figure is seated upon a mound of loose earth, and a pine bough trails down over the edge of the base.

Robert Louis Stevenson's birthday was celebrated at the California Hotel on Friday evening at a dinner given by the newly organized Stevenson Fellowship Club. Dr. David Starr Jordan acted as toastmaster, and Professor Rolfe, of Stanford, Dr. Guthrie, of Alameda, Jules Sammaneau, of Monterey, Mrs. Virgil Williams, and A. M. Sutherland, personal friends of Stevenson, gave personal recollections, while George St. John Bremner sang one of Stevenson's songs.

Charles F. Morel, the well-known educator and mining man, who was prominent in the earlier days of San Francisco, died in Berkeley last Saturday, at the age of seventy-five. Mr. Morel is survived by a widow, three sons, and two daughters.

Don't fail to make a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais before the winter weather sets in. The trip on the Scenic Railway affords beautiful views, and the cuisine of the Tavern more than satisfies the inner man.

At the Alhambra Theatre to-night (Saturday) the students of the University of California will present a farce called "Under Protest," by A. C. Keane and Jo Loeb.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant stopped at Hot Springs, Va., on their way East. They spent a few days in Philadelphia, and are now in New York. They were in a minor train wreck, but fortunately sustained no injury.

Dr. and Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith are occupying their own residence on the corner of Pierce and Jackson Streets.

Mrs. Loughborough and her daughter, Miss Josephine Loughborough, who have been visiting Mrs. Allan Wallace in New York, will sail for Europe on Tuesday. They intend to spend the winter in Rome.

Mrs. Morton Gibbons, who went to Chicago with her mother, Mrs. Stubbs, several weeks ago, has returned to San Francisco.

Mr. Harry M. Gillig has left Paris for New York, and is expected in San Francisco about the first of December.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond have taken a cottage at Lakeport for the winter.

Mr. F. Jaynes was in New York during the week.

Miss Elena Robinson, who is at present in New York, expects to visit Europe before returning.

Mr. Knox Maddox has been visiting his mother in San José.

Mrs. John W. Mackay is the guest of Mrs. Clarence Mackay at Harbor View, N. Y. Mrs. Mackay's stay in this country will be very brief.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin and Mrs. A. C. McNulty have rented their residence on California Street to Mr. William B. Tuhs for the winter, and have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Shainwald left last Saturday for an extended trip to the East and Europe. They will probably remain in New York during the holidays, after which time they will sail for the Continent, via the Mediterranean. They expect to be gone about six months.

Mrs. Edward Barron has arrived from Washington, D. C., and is at the Palace Hotel. Mrs. Mayo Newhall and Miss Margaret Newhall left Paris last week, en route to San Francisco.

Mrs. A. A. Watkins and Miss Mabel Watkins have closed their residence in Sausalito, and have taken the Kimble house on Broadway for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Shotwell expect to leave for the East at the end of this month, and will be absent several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Everett (*née* Davis) will spend the winter with Mrs. Everett's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Davis, who reside on Scott and Green Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson have closed their Philadelphia residence, and will reside during the winter at the Craig Biddle place, Devon, near Philadelphia. They will visit New York for the Horse Show as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer have been traveling in Northern California during the week. Mr. and Mrs. Brewster Valentine, of New York, will pass the winter in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Claverling Gunter, who spent the summer at their Narragansett cottage, have taken a house in New York on West Eighty-Fifth Street, near Central Park. Mrs. L. P. Drexler was in New York during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Plotner (*née* Hooper), who were recently married in Philadelphia, arrived from the East last week.

Mr. John C. Kirkpatrick returned from New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Mullock, of New York, and family are passing the winter at the Hotel Vendome.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Harnes and Miss Belle Harnes are at the California Hotel for the winter.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood has returned from his visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd, who have returned from an extended Eastern trip, have taken apartments at the Occidental Hotel for the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Pischel will leave for a trip to the Hawaiian Islands on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Silvester left on Wednesday for New York, where they are to make their future home.

Among the guests at Hotel Rafael during the past week were the following: Mrs. Florence B. Cramton and Mr. George H. Culis, of Rutland, Vt.; Mrs. V. S. McClutchy, of Sacramento; Mr. A. E. Knights, of Shanghai; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Waterman, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Becker, Mr. and Mrs. P. Ansbacher, Mrs. R. Behlow, Mrs. Eda Goldstein, Mrs. Sam. Weiss, Mrs. Joe Weishaus, Mrs. John Schussler, Mrs. W. Block, Mrs. A. S. Frank, Miss E. Behlow, Miss Col. H. Becker, Miss Maud Ackerman, Miss Florence J. Kahn, Mr. Leland S. Ransdell, Mr. William P. Lawlor, and Mr. F. S. Baum.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral McCalla, U. S. N., Mrs. McCalla, and the Misses McCalla were at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Lieutenant John Burke Murphy, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murphy (*née* Nokes) have departed for Fort Russell, Cheyenne, Wyo., where Lieutenant Murphy is now stationed.

Colonel Samuel M. Swigert, U. S. A., retired, and the Misses Swigert have taken a house at 2205 Green Street for the winter.

Dr. Henry S. Greenleaf, U. S. A., left Monday evening for South Carolina, where he is to be stationed.

Rear-Admiral Lester Anthony Beardslee, U. S. A., retired, who died in Augusta, Ga.,

on Tuesday from apoplexy, was well known on the Pacific Coast. He was in command of the Pacific squadron for some time, his flagship being the *Philadelphia*. Admiral Beardslee retired in February, 1898, two months before the war was declared against Spain.

Major George O. Squier, U. S. A., signal officer of the Department of California, returned last week from an extended leave of absence spent in the Eastern States.

Captain Oscar J. Charles, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered from Washington, D. C., where he has been on duty at the Engineer School of Application, to Los Angeles, relieving Major Williams, U. S. A.

Paymaster Arthur Brown, U. S. N., left last week for Honolulu to take charge of the Naval Pay Office, succeeding the late Paymaster Stewart Rhodes, U. S. N.

General Jacob B. Rawles, U. S. A., retired, Mrs. Rawles, and Miss Rawles have returned from the country, where they have spent the last two months, and are in town for the winter.

General George B. Rodney, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Rodney are spending some time at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Francis J. Carolan has begun suit against "The Occidental Land and Improvement Company" of Burlingame to prevent any interference with the laying of pipes along Oak Avenue, near Burlingame. The company is composed of many wealthy people of that section, and supplies the water used there. It seems that Mr. Carolan wants to engage in a similar line of business, and fears that the company will begin suit to restrain him from laying his pipes along the avenue to Burlingame, so he has taken extra precaution to avoid any interruption in the work. He alleges in his complaint that the company is unable to supply an adequate amount of water, owing to its defective water mains and pipes, and that at times the water is shut off for a period of twenty-four hours, and that great danger is imminent by reason of fire. He also alleges that the beautiful gardens in and about Burlingame are losing their charm and beauty for lack of water. Carolan proposes to remedy this defect by giving the people of Burlingame a greater supply of water.

At the close of the college year at Stanford, Dr. David Starr Jordan will leave for St. Louis, where he will attend the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which will convene on December 27th. He will then proceed to Washington, D. C., to meet President Roosevelt, to report the results of the investigation made by the Federal commission sent to Alaska last summer to inquire into the condition of the salmon industry. Dr. Jordan will also make a number of addresses in different Eastern cities. Owing to the fact that Vice-President Branner will also leave for the East and Europe soon after college closes, the acting presidency will probably devolve upon Professor J. M. Stillman, head of the department of chemistry.

Champagne.

As usual, Moët & Chandon heads the list of importations to the United States up to November 1st, according to the recognized and authentic organ of the importations of wines, *Benfont's Wine and Spirit Circular*, of New York. Moët & Chandon White Seal and Brut Imperial, 91,612 cases; Mumm, 90,904 cases; Pommery, 24,240 cases; Ruinart, 19,005 cases; Clicquot, 11,974 cases; Roederer, 8,576 cases. Moët & Chandon has the distinction of being the only wine served at the banquet tendered by the Old Guard of New York to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston and its guests, the Honorable Artillery Company of London. Moët & Chandon White Seal is almost exclusively used at all prominent social gatherings.—Post.

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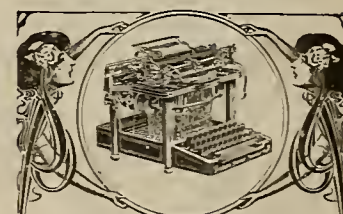
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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The Argonaut.

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The distinguishing characteristic of Theodore Roosevelt is that, in moments of national crisis, he is always Right There. For instance—

The question of trusts was uppermost in the public mind; people were alarmed at their increasing power; a wave of apprehension was sweeping the country. From out of its neglected pigeon-hole the President drew the dust-covered Sherman Act, believed to be a dead letter, and said to Knox: "Enforce it." He did, and the Northern Securities Company magically fell apart; Wall Street growled; the people applauded; and

from that moment—partly through a conspiracy of circumstances, it is true—the trust bogie has become less and less formidable. That Roosevelt thereby gained immensely in the esteem of the people as a whole is indisputable. He came out on top.

The events of the great Coal Strike are still fresh in mind. Winter was coming on; the supply of coal was rapidly decreasing; the price was soaring; neither the men nor the miners would give in; nor could they get together. It was a national emergency. Roosevelt settled the strike—not, it is true, without incurring criticism from many sober thinkers; but he settled it; and again there is not the faintest doubt but that he has the approval of the nation. Again he came out on top.

So also in the Venezuela imbroglio. So also in that trivial matter which grew into an important one—the Miller case. Here his enemies said he had surely met his Waterloo. He would, they chortled, incur the enmity of organized labor by his forthright letter reinstating Miller, and labor votes would defeat him at the polls. Yes, this time he was done for. But they were disappointed. The country at large applauded his fearless act. The labor unions themselves, though at first hurt and angry, have largely come to recognize the justice of his course. A few low mutterings are still to be heard, but at the late convention the representatives of labor sidetracked a denunciatory resolution by a good round majority. Once more has Theodore Roosevelt come out on top.

"The very stars in their courses fight for him" his dearest enemies may well despairingly exclaim. And never more so than at the present moment. For but glance at the events of the past two weeks. Congress was about to meet. It was to be an issue-making session for the Democrats. They intended to stir up the mess in the Post-Office Department and attach its odium to Roosevelt. They proposed to draw the country's attention to the question of tariff-revision, thus bringing it to the front for campaign use next year. They expected to make out a strong case against the President for his failure to negotiate a canal treaty with Costa Rica and Nicaragua on the refusal of Colombia to ratify the Hay-Herran agreement. All this they were craftily planning when, presto! they awoke one morning to find the Republic of Panama an entity, its existence recognized, its stability guaranteed, the Panama Canal nearer realization than ever before, and Roosevelt bestriding the situation like a colossus, dwarfing all other issues, all other personalities, into comparative insignificance. And what is more, even the dullest of the Democrats perceive that, however strenuous Roosevelt's action, the people as a whole approve it.

The germ of imperialism is in our blood since the Spanish war; we are ready for almost anything; there is no getting around that. Certainly the Republican party will support the President—even that renowned anti-imperialist, Senator Hoar, lectures the *Evening Post*, the anti-imperialist organ, for "going off half cock," and charging the government with foul dealing before it knows the facts—and it is doubtful, at the present time, whether the Democrats, as a party, will take up the issue presented. The New York *Evening Post*, bitter as it is, still permits its Washington correspondent to report that "Democratic senators are saying under their breath that it is going to be very unpopular to oppose a course of action which looks toward the eventual consummation of the long-cherished project." The South, whether through a temperamental admiration of the quality of daring, or through recognition that the Panama Canal, now assured, will immensely help that section, is very slow to

criticise the President's course in recognizing the Panama government. Its strongest papers—the *Atlanta Constitution*, the *New Orleans Times-Democrat* and *Picayune*—are outspoken in commendation. The *Picayune* even goes so far as to say that President Roosevelt's action "will do much to restore to him the respect and esteem which he has so largely lost in the Southern States by his most objectionable negro policy"!

No wonder the Democratic senators from Louisiana are said to be "cautious" about denouncing Mr. Roosevelt. And will the senators from Texas, in view of history, oppose the ratification of any necessary treaty? We think not. And therefore, as the Democrats in the Senate have all told only thirty-three out of ninety votes, and as a number of these are certain to support the administration, it looks as though the President was master of the situation in Congress as well as elsewhere. "Nothing will be gained," says the *Democratic Cleveland Plain Dealer*, "by petty quibbling as to the method of procedure in face of the fact that our people generally, without distinction of party, are satisfied with the results."

"Satisfied with results"—"Nothing succeeds like success"—"Manifest destiny"—"Civilization's right of eminent domain"—"Despoiling the Egyptians"—"The will of the strongest"—"Might makes right"—"The good old rule, the simple plan"—these are the phrases that, in last analysis, despite Secretary Hay's clever reasoning, express the administration's position—a position apparently approved at home, surely so abroad. And why not? Three hundred years ago our Puritan ancestors crowded copper-colored Americans back from Atlantic shores because they were savages and we a Superior Race. Fifty years ago we took a slice of Mexico by what historians—other historians, foreign historians—call "an unjust war." We in California took their lands from the native Californians by a curious judicial procedure that to this day they have not been able to understand. Now we want to build a canal—a great highway for the commerce of all the world; so we need a strip of land on the Isthmus. But an ignorant, greedy, retrograde gang down there will not let us have it for love or money they say; in reality, they are merely holding us up to get more money. And so we construe a fortunate treaty in a peculiar manner, and the result is achieved. What more natural! As President Roosevelt is said to have put the case in the draft of his message before the secession of Panama: "We can no longer submit to trifling or insincere dealings on the part of those whom the accident of position has placed in temporary control of the ground through which the route must pass. . . . If they fail to come to agreement with us we must forthwith take the matter into our own hands." There is no mincing of matters about that, and we see no reason why there should be now. Why not be candid and say right out in meetin'!

We needed Panama in our business; we've got her, and we're going to keep her!

Prithee, when does middle age begin? Is it—as thinks the pretty page with the dimpled chin—when we have come to forty year? Or is it—as thinks the man of forty—somewhere between forty-five and fifty? And where does lovely woman think it is? Take a buxom, handsome, well-preserved, well-groomed widow of thirty-six or seven, with no wrinkles, sound teeth, a satin skin, and a thick mane of un-gray hair—does she think she is "middle aged"? Well, not on your life!—to tell her so would endanger it.

These reflections were engendered by reading Page

in a work entitled "Dietetic Therapeutics," a series of which the editor is Dr. Solomon Solis-Cohen, an eminent physician of Philadelphia. We were examining this work not so much for its therapeutics as for its typographics. The printed page was very fair to look upon—the type was newly cast, clear, and handsome, and the margins were properly proportioned to both type-page and paper-page. As we examined it, we could not help but wonder at the astounding productions of some of our local typographers when they have such excellent models before their eyes.

While scrutinizing the type-face, our eyes fell on this astounding statement: "Pronounced changes take place in the human organism after middle age, which may be fixed at thirty years." It is difficult for a youngster to appreciate the shock which such a statement gives to one who is past thirty—say thirty-two. "Thirty years middle age"—why, it is appalling! Yet the author remarks with much apparent truth that thirty is long past the half-mile mark in the average age, and is practically the half-mile mark in the traditional limit of three-score and ten. Further, he says that we evolve until thirty, then involute; that we climb the hill of life until thirty, pause briefly on its crest, and then go down.

All this may be true, but it is none the less extremely disagreeable—for those past thirty. It is not even exhilarating reading for a "girl" of twenty-nine—there are many such.

Reader, have you reached thirty? If you have, do you think you are "middle aged"? If you are thirty-five, do you think you were "middle aged" five years ago? If you are forty, and a woman, do you think you have been "middle aged" for ten years? And what do you think of a doctor who would say such brutal things in print? And what if they are true—are they any the less brutal?

Now that the verdicts in the fall elections have been recorded, the Presidential contest of 1904 will henceforth occupy the centre of the political stage. In considering the Democratic outlook for next year, it is easily discoverable that the candidates of the party with the largest chances for the nomination (at present) are Cleveland and Gorman. It is also apparent that none of the late elections are conceded to have had a serious effect upon the issues of next year, except those of New York, Ohio, and Nebraska. The two last may be considered together. The campaign in Ohio was fought out on the Democratic side to demonstrate that Bryanism was still a vital political force. It sustained an almost overwhelming defeat—in fact, a defeat so decisive as to prove that the Republicans were aided by the reorganization Democrats of the State. In Nebraska, Bryanism and Populism, united on a single ticket, were beaten by 14,000 votes, and Bryan's home county elected every Republican county officer by 1,400 majority. The result must be one of two things. Either Bryanism is out of the field for good, leaving the reorganization faction in charge of the party fortunes, or the knifing of the Johnson and Bryan tickets in the two States will so increase the bitterness of the two factions as to prevent any harmonious action next year. Prospects of the latter condition are enhanced by the confident assumption by many Democratic papers that the late elections point to Grover Cleveland as the only Democratic candidate with a chance to win, and their jubilant announcements that Bryanism is finally extinct.

It would seem at first glance that Senator Gorman's chances of receiving the Presidential nomination at the hands of the Democrats next year had been increased by the result of the election in his own State. There is, however, much doubt expressed on the subject in Democratic circles. Maryland is naturally Democratic. It gave a majority for McKinley simply as a protest against the radicalism of Bryan and his free-silver craze. That danger being eliminated it returns easily to its Democratic allegiance. It may have done so without occasioning surprise even if Gorman had not raised the race question. Judging solely from Democratic sentiment, it may prove that Mr. Gorman's stroke of opportunism, by which he had a single eye to carrying his own State, may prove a homerang to destroy his chances for nomination next year on the national ticket. Democrats, both North and South, are pointing out that the race question, either socially, politically, or both, is an impossible issue in a national election; that, socially, no one in any section is demanding negro equality; and that to charge the President with any such deliberate purpose is simply absurd; that negro domination politically is not a vital issue in Maryland, where the negro has not sufficient numbers, and could only bear fruit at the polls in some States like Mississippi, where the result is a foregone conclusion anyway; and finally, that the Northern Democrats can not follow Mr. Gorman on his new tack. The situation seems to be that Grover Cleveland remains the single strong candidate for nomination by the Democrats. The severe handicap which he must meet in the desperate antagonism of Bryanism has already been mentioned, but the effect of the mayoralty election in New York remains to be considered. Democratic statesmen are to be found who declare that the success of Tammany in New York has already carried the national election for the Democrats, and that in the hands of Mr. Murphy, the Tammany leader, rests the power of naming the Presidential candidate by swinging the New York delegation

as he pleases. The friends of Cleveland are in consequence confidently asseverating that Murphy is a Cleveland man, and the friends of Gorman are as warmly declaring that he favors their candidate. There are others in lesser numbers who insist that the New York election makes McClellan the logical candidate of the Democrats for President. The attitude of New York, so far as it relates to the personal aspirations of Democratic candidates, can not now be discerned. The matter is subsidiary in public interest to the larger question whether the electoral vote of New York is assured for any Democratic candidate. It is not impossible that the State may become debatable ground next year. It is not impossible that if New York goes Democratic, that New Jersey or Connecticut, or both, might follow suit. On the other hand, it must be remembered that if the Democrats are successful in all three, they are not sure of a national election unless those triumphs in the East are accompanied by the defection of some important Western States now counted on by the Republicans. If there has been any apparent shifting of the political forces west of the Mississippi, it is favorable to the Republicans, as indicated by the results in Nebraska and Colorado. These symptoms are liable to be aggravated if Cleveland is nominated. He can hardly be regarded as a favorite in the West. It must also be recalled that New York City is not the whole of the State. The Republican State ticket was successful this year. McClellan, indeed, carried the city by 60,000 plurality, but a year ago Coler, for governor, carried the city by 120,000 plurality, but was yet defeated in the State. The results seem to indicate that New York politically, in city as well as in the State at large, stands about where it did a year ago.

Recently, in an editorial on the Philippines, the *Argonaut* remarked that the little attention paid to them by the American press is extremely odd. We also remarked that some of the journals there are brightly written and well edited, yet to see an extract reprinted from one of them in an American paper is extremely rare. Following these remarks, we reprinted a column of clever verse from Manila journals, duly crediting the various pieces. They were interesting from various points of view—to us, mainly as showing the feeling existing between the Americans (soldiers and civilians) and their "little brown brothers." That feeling seems to be very cordial—that is, of very cordial hatred. As an instance, we printed a poem from the *Manila Sun*, by Robert F. Morrison, telling the tale of the soldier and the "brother brown" who cuts him in the back with a bolo—each stanza ending with a refrain such as—

"These restless, bloody,
Wet and muddy,
Beautiful Philippines."

Or else this:

"These damned unhealthy,
Turbulent, wealthy,
Beautiful Philippines."

These and other of the poems have been very widely copied since they were reproduced in the *Argonaut*. As they were six months old when we reprinted them, it was evident that the exchange editors cut them from these columns. Now scarcely a day passes that some paper does not come to our exchange desk containing one of these Philippine poems.

The foregoing is a striking commentary on the interest—or lack of interest—shown by the American press and the American people in the people and the press of the Philippines.

Elsewhere we have discussed the Panama matter in its more general aspects. Here are the significant developments of the week:

On Friday, the president of Ecuador cabled his sympathy to the president of Colombia, and received a polite and appreciative reply. It was reported from Bogota (under date of the tenth) that the city was greatly excited, the United States legation besieged, and that all South America sympathized with Colombia. At Washington, President Roosevelt formally received Philippe Bunau-Varilla as duly accredited envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Panama, thus recognizing the republic's independence as a new nation.

On Saturday, it was unofficially stated at Washington that no Colombian troops would be permitted to land at any point whatsoever on the Isthmus. London dispatches said that considerable wonder was there manifested "at the aspersions on President Roosevelt's motives that are quoted from the American press."

On Sunday, it was reported from Bogota that Generals Reyes, Holquin, and Ospina had left there for Panama, with intent to woo the Isthmus back into the Colombian bosom. On the same day, the *Mayflower* arrived in Colon in command of Rear-Admiral Coghlan, with Admiral Walker on board, making eight United States vessels in Isthmian waters.

On Monday, the Colombian Government protested to England against our action, and also sent a protest to the United States Senate. The battle-ship *Maine* arrived at Colon, and the President transmitted to the House correspondence and other documents showing that vessels were hurried to the Isthmus several days before the revolution took place with orders to "maintain free and uninterrupted transit." France recognized Panama's independence.

On Tuesday, Señors Padron, Pajara, Insignares, and Pavilla, uncredited but prominent Colombians, had a conference with Panama officials which, so far as impressing the latter was concerned, was fruitless. The steamer *City of Washington*, flying the new Panama flag, arrived in New York with three Panama commissioners on board.

On Wednesday, Secretary Hay presented to Philippe Bunau-Varilla for his signature the complete canal treaty drawn up in accordance with previous arrangements. Mr. Hay and Panama's minister attached their signature. The treaty is unofficially said to cede to the United States whatever land or lands throughout the Republic of Panama this

government shall find desirable in connection with the canal; in addition to cede absolutely a wide canal strip; to permit this government to fortify the canal; and to permit us to enforce sanitary regulations in Colon and Panama. In return for these concessions, Panama receives ten millions of dollars. It is expected that the treaty will be ratified before December 10th by Panama. It will then be submitted to the United States Senate, which is expected promptly to ratify it, when the work of construction will begin. The news from Colombia is that considerable excitement exists there, and threats are made that Colombia will fight to win back Panama. The situation is said to be acute. It is also reported that the two states of Cauca and Antioquia are likely to join Panama in the separatist movement.

We have met the enemy and we are his'n! The Cuban reciprocity treaty, so long opposed by the press and "stalwart" Republicans in sugar-raising States, was on Thursday ratified by the House by a vote of 335 to 21. Four of the California Republican representatives voted against it, but that deceives nobody. They voted for the rule prohibiting amendment, and this was their last chance to strike an effective blow at the treaty. They were defiant when defiance was worth nothing, acquiescent when defiance would have been priceless. The *Chronicle* calls them "lame ducks" and "broken reeds"; and says that they were "weak-kneed" and "ignominiously turned tail and ran." Still, theirs was a hard position. They were between the devil and the deep blue sea—the devil of their constituents' interests, the deep blue sea of the administration's displeasure, and being called "traitors to their party." There is little doubt but that the Senate will now pass the bill carrying the treaty into effect, which will end the matter, unless, indeed, the law should be found unconstitutional. It is a most peculiar bill, designed merely to evade the constitutional provision that all measures affecting revenue shall originate in the House. This failing, beet-sugar growers, tobacco-raisers, and also, in a measure, the citrus-fruit men, will be "up against" Cuban competition. There is no doubt but that the real reason for the weakening or Republican opposition is the passing of the beet-sugar factories under the control of the Sugar Trust, which is more interested in getting Cuban sugar to refine than in building up the beet-sugar industry in the United States. The final days of debate were marked by a last despairing attack on the treaty by Fordney, of Michigan, one of the few Republican stalwarts who hung on to the last. He declared that passage of the bill "would wipe out the sugar industry of Michigan." He applied unprintable epithets to Thurber, the Sugar Trust's lobbyist, who also received money to influence public opinion in the United States from General Wood, then military governor of Cuba. "Oh, what action by a high official!" cried Mr. Fordney. "Wood claimed that the Cubans were starving, and then reached his long fingers into the Cuban treasury and handed out twenty thousand dollars to this blank, blank, Thurber."

The smoke of the city election having cleared away, the students of political affairs are now busy re-adjusting their calculations and speculating as to what the future is to bring forth. The Lane vote is instanced to show the uncertainty of San Francisco in matters political. Four times he appealed to the voters of the city, and each time he received a heavier vote. In the gubernatorial election he received a majority of ten thousand in San Francisco, and in the city election, one year later, his total vote was barely as large as this majority had been. The election of Schmitz, on the other hand, proves that the labor element in San Francisco is stronger than anybody suspected, and that for a time at least it will control the city. On the same day that Schmitz was reelected, the labor party elected Hassett mayor of Sacramento. It is claimed that this condition, which thus appears not to be local, will result in a labor ticket being placed in the field at the next State election. Southern California is now the stronghold of the Republican party; it was the vote south of Tehachapi that saved Pardee's election, and the labor party is not yet strongly organized in the south. But the Los Angeles *Examiner* is to make its appearance early next month, and it will be a labor organ, as Hearst's other papers are. With a strong labor organization in the south, it is pointed out that a labor governor for California three years from now is by no means an impossibility. Schmitz is undoubtedly aiming at the governor's chair, and will not be satisfied until he gets there. The Democrats are so badly discredited that they will be glad to get a few of the offices on a mixed ticket in return for supporting him, and Hearst will continue to support him as he has done heretofore. Such, at least, are the lessons that some of the politicians read from the recent election.

WHAT IS SAID
REGARDING
STATE POLITICS.

Now that the election is over, the politicians and the aspirants are discussing the changes that will take place at the City Hall. In a number of the offices—as assessor, tax-collector, etc.—there will be few if any changes. The election of Percy V. Long as city attorney creates a vacancy in the justices' court, as well as several positions to be filled in the city attorney's office. John S. Partridge, who presided over the recent Republican convention, is said to have been selected for Long's chief deputy. The other deputies have not yet been selected, but the positions are anxiously sought for, as they are considered very desirable for young attorneys. Ex-Judge Joachimson and ex-Judge Low are anxious to fill Long's position on the justices' bench. There will be two vacancies in the election commission, as the terms of Jeremiah Deasy, Democrat, and Oliver Everett, Socialist, expire. It is expected that Manager Wallenstein, of the retail clerks' union, and George B. Benham, president of the Labor Council, will receive the appointments. It is reported that Commissioner of Education Lawrence F. Walsh and Police Commissioner

MUNICIPAL
LOAVES
AND FISHES.

Thomas Reagan will be appointed to succeed themselves. William J. Dingee is said to be selected for a place on the park commission. Thomas Boyle, present election commissioner, is said to be slated for Marsden Manson's position on the board of public works, and this will give Schmitz control of that body, with its patronage. The position of registrar of voters will also be vacant, and it is said that the mayor's secretary, George B. Keane, may have it if he wants it, though Schmitz would prefer him to retain his present position. Powell Frederick is also an aspirant for the position. In the civil service commission, P. H. McCarthy is marked for sacrifice. Henry Meyer, formerly in the pawnbroking business, is spoken of as his successor. The changes in the health board are likely to have a far-reaching effect. The terms of Drs. Buckley and Baum will expire, and there is a persistent report that Dr. Lewitt will resign. Even without the resignation, Schmitz will gain control of the board, and thus a long-standing fight will come to an end. The health office will probably go to Dr. John F. Dillon. Dr. Rottanzi is spoken of for superintendent of the city and county hospital, and Michael Coffey, who ran for supervisor on the Union Labor ticket, for superintendent of the almshouse.

How the California Promotion Committee "gets results" is admirably shown by an interesting series of letters the secretary forwards us. George M. Deacon, of Lanapahoehoe, Hawaii, on July 10th wrote the *Argonaut*, saying that he had seen mention made in our columns of the promotion committee, and asking its address. We mailed his letter to the secretary. On July 22d, the secretary wrote to Mr. Deacon, and sent him a quantity of printed matter. One month from that date he was again addressed, and more circulars were sent. Under date of October 16th, Mr. Deacon writes that, from the books and circulars, he is "greatly impressed with the possibilities of California," and, as soon as he can close out his affairs there, "intends to settle in your State."

Leonard Wood, M. D., will not be permitted to prefix "major-general" to his name if Senator Teller can help it. The senator has notified the Committee on Military Affairs that Wood's confirmation will be opposed. Hanna, who has never forgiven Wood for jailing his friend Rathbone, will support Teller in his campaign; so will all other senators who think that a man who has never commanded an army should not be at the head of this government's entire military force. One line of attack was indicated by the valedictory speech of Mayor-Elect McClellan, of New York, in the House on Monday. He said: "In 1902, the spectacular and extravagant rule of General Wood, having saddled upon Havana for ten years the infamous gambling monopoly of the Sociedad Anonima jai Alai, gave place to the conservative, economical, sensible, and business-like administration of President Palma, who has proved himself an executive of the very highest order." After quoting figures, McClellan continued: "In other words, under President Palma the cost of government is over seven millions of dollars less per annum than it was under General Wood."

Thursday is Thanksgiving. Some, on that day, will have a surfeit of good things, some a sufficiency, some—the poor and sick whom ye have always with you—will lack, even in the midst of plenty. For many years it has been the *Argonaut's* privilege and pleasure to bespeak the bounty of our readers for the Mission of Fruit and Flowers. Every Thanksgiving the mission gives to the poor and needy as many Thanksgiving dinners as its friends, in their generosity, provide. It asks of them all sorts of meats, turkeys (of course), chickens (as the next best), vegetables, wines and liquors (for medicinal purposes), raisins, figs, jellies, fruits, cakes, pies (mince pies!), bread, flowers, in short, anything good to eat. And since money will buy everything, it asks (especially of affluent bachelors) as much of the coin of the realm as they can well spare. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday are the best days to send things. Your grocer knows the address, and so do the butcher, the baker, the wine dealer. Two minutes at the phone will do the business. If you live in the country, Wells-Fargo will transport anything you send free of charge. Do as well as a "soulless" corporation! And "remember the name"—as the advertisements say—The San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, 631 Sutter Street.

It seems that we made figures prevaricate in a recent article on the local election, not, it is true, in a way to vitiate any arguments advanced, but still in a way that History might justly consider an indignity. A correct statement of the periods of service of the four last mayors, according to the *Star* (to whom we are indebted in this instance) is as follows: George R. Sanderson, 1891-2; Levi R. Ellert, 1893-4; Adolph Sutro, 1895-6; James D. Phelan, 1897-1901. Part of our error was an evident misprint, as even in a moment of abstraction we could hardly be suspected of believing that San Francisco was blessed with two mayors at one and the same time—as the figures vainly endeavored to demonstrate.

From New York to Manila by way of Suez is just about as far as from New York to Manila by way of San Francisco. It would seem that freight rates by either route would be approximately the same. Figures furnished us show, however, that the Suez route is much the cheaper—a fact which tends to rob San Francisco of trade that would naturally be hers, and which it behooves merchants to consider and seek a remedy for if one is to be found. We understand that the rate on cotton piece goods (any quantity) from New York

to Manila via Suez is \$7.50 per ton. The rate on the same goods from New York to Manila via San Francisco is \$22 per ton in carload lots, and \$35 per ton in less than carload lots. Of this, the railroads get the larger proportion. The railroad rate on these goods from New York to San Francisco is \$30 in less than carload lots, and \$20 in carload lots. The rate from San Francisco to Manila (any quantity) is \$8.00 per ton.

PIETY, GENTILE, JEWISH, MOSLEM.

By Jerome Hart.

The quality of the piety found in the Holy Land is not strained. But, like the Jerusalem water, it needs straining badly. And the most pious stranger has his own piety over-strained when contemplating the curious manifestations of the Palestine kind of piety. I know of no place less calculated to inculcate reverence than Jerusalem. A religious man is to be congratulated if he can visit the place without some perturbation. I hope I may not be accused of irreverence for my point of view in these letters. If there is any irreverence, it is not mine, but may be laid at the doors of the various sects who make merchandise of what they claim to be holy places.

The abject superstition, the race-hatred, the bloody ferocity, the childish gullibility of the Jerusalem Gentiles, Jews, and Moslems may not absolutely shake the faith of a visiting believer, but he must feel very uncomfortable when he reflects that he belongs to the same sect. No self-respecting Western Jew can gaze upon the Jewish offal who infect Jerusalem without a sense of shame. No trim Egyptian soldier can meet the frowsy, lousy loafers who make up Jerusalem's Turkish garrison without a twinge when he thinks that their common commander is the Padishah of Stamboul. And it takes a Christianity stout and stalwart to stomach the mobs of monks, or Greek, or Latin, or Armenian, bawling and bellowing about the streets where once walked Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

Not the least remarkable thing about this ancient city—where people have been quarrelling over religion for four thousand years—is that ardent proselytizers from modern cities are continually coming hither to convert the believers in these ancient faiths.

On our first day in Jerusalem we saw, striding along the dusty road outside the David Gate, a tall, slender, handsome man, evidently a European, and looking like an Anglo-Saxon. He had a curling brown beard, long brown hair falling on his shoulders, and generally rather a Nazarene head. He wore a brown Norfolk jacket, a slouch hat, brown knickerbockers, and carried in his hand a staff. Up to this point his attire was not unlike that of many pedestrian tourists, but below the knees his make-up was unique, for his legs and feet were bare. The spectacle of this European, with his knickerbockers buttoned around his knees, below which showed his bare legs and feet, was certainly remarkable. No one seemed to know anything about him.

But a day or two afterward I had my curiosity satisfied. I met a pious dragoman. I am not particularly fond of converted Christians in the Orient. My observation is that of a Turk, a Greek, an Armenian, or a Jew dragoman, the converted Christian dragoman will steal more from you than all the others put together. This particular dragoman evidently took me for a more pious person than I am, for he rolled up his eyes, told me of his chronic Christianity, said that his son had just been converted (evidently therefore in the acute stage), and generally alarmed me so much that I instantly transferred my wallet to an inside pocket. As we went along we passed the curious person in knickerbockers, and I asked the dragoman about him. He replied that he was an Englishman named William Gerrick, and that he was "a good man devoted to Christian work."

We lost our pious dragoman at the Pools of Solomon. I believe I lost him on purpose, but do not now remember. I learned afterward from another source that he was right about the barefooted person. He is an Englishman of some means, and spends his time and money in Jerusalem attempting the conversion of Mohammedans to Christianity. I wish him joy of his job.

In outward manifestations at least, there is a marked difference between the piety of Christian and Moslem dragomans. Like drivers, like dragomans. When we visited the Pools of Solomon a number of carriages had reached there before us, and all the tourists were inspecting those interesting cisterns. As the drivers and dragomans amused me more than the cisterns, I stayed out in the sunlight. I have thus missed a number of vaults, dungeons, tanks, and holes in the ground. Our pious dragoman had temporarily left us—he was trying to work some soft-hearted ladies for a contribution to a Christian mission school. I watched the movements of a pious Moslem near at hand, the driver of a carriage whose occupants had gone to inspect the pools. He took off his shoes—or rather boots, for he wore a pair of high military boots, evidently the cast-off foot-gear of some cavalry officer. I mention this, as it is easier to kick off the ordinary Oriental slippers than it is to pull off a pair of cavalry boots. Then he took a horse-blanket, spread it on the grass for a praying carpet, and went through his devotions. It took him some time, probably fifteen minutes. He pointed his head toward Mecca, and went through the most elaborate genuflections. When he had finished he put on his boots again, took up his horse-blanket, and returned to his carriage. This pious Mohammedan, I noticed, was not so pious as to forget to give his horses a feed while he was praying.

The Moslems seem to be much more forthright in their

devotions than are the Christians. They pray everywhere and openly, wherever they may happen to be. It is not at all uncommon to find a shop shut up in an Oriental city because the shop-keeper has "gone to the Mosque to pray."

Our driver, who was a Moslem, did not like our pious dragoman any more than we did. It was he who suggested losing him, suggested that he could fill his place for a small "baksheesh." It is rather unusual in Jerusalem to find a carriage driver who speaks any European language. This one, however, accosted us, asking if we spoke French. He turned out to be a bright fellow, and quite amusing at times. I asked him where he learned to speak French; he replied that he was educated by the French monks at the Franciscan monastery. He spoke no English, however, saying that if he did he would be a dragoman instead of a coachman. In the midst of his conversation another carriage dashed up alongside, and attempted to pass him. A wild race ensued, and our Jchu finally left the other far behind, after nearly causing a spill by driving into his horses. The occupant of the other carriage was a coal-black negro, wearing a large turban. He was driven by a white man, who favored our coachman with what sounded like choice abuse, receiving a large quantity in return. I asked our cabby if he could tell us the nationality of the other driver; and, further, whether a white man in Palestine felt any humiliation at driving a negro. This he did not understand, but to the question concerning the other driver's race, he replied: "He is a Jew." He grew too familiar after having been indulged for an afternoon, so we did not hire him again. It is a weakness of Oriental servants—if you permit it, they grow too fresh for any use.

This wild race between a Jew and a Mohammedan, hauling the one a turbaned negro, the other two California tourists, took place on the rough road between Jerusalem and Bethlehem. That afternoon as we were near Bethlehem we saw on the hills, leaping up and down, groups of little black kids. By this I mean kids—genuine kids—the young of the goat—*Capra asiaticus*. This profuse explanation is rendered necessary by the common use of the word in another sense. Does not the Bible speak about kids leaping on the mountains? Or is it the mountains skipping like kids? Or young lambs? Or rams? Or whatever?

There is quite a large business done in Jerusalem in the bottling of water from the Jordan. It is sold in flasks all over the town, and pious people take it home to Mizsouraw and Injyann to baptize their babies with. I have no doubt that the water they carry with them sometimes comes from the Jordan, but considering the character for veracity of the dragomans and other Jerusalem gentlemen, I doubt it. It is easier to use the water from the Jerusalem tanks instead of the Jordan, and as the old song says, "Jordan is a hard road to travel." If it be profitable to bottle Jordan water for export to distant Christian lands, what is the matter with bottling Jerusalem air? Nowadays when they can compress air so easily and use it for commercial purposes, why not compress the holy air of Jerusalem and send it to the faithful at home? This idea strikes me as a valuable one, but I publish it to the world without price. I am convinced that any man taking it up and working it out practically could make a pot of money with it. The only possible objection I can see to the scheme is the hygienic one. If Jerusalem air, when compressed and raised to the ninth power, would smell nine times as bad as it does at home on its native heath, I am convinced that uncorking a bottle of Jerusalem air in an American city would produce a pestilence.

Jerusalem is the filthiest city ever inhabited by white men. Since I have visited it I am not surprised that the Creator once sent a deluge upon the earth. It is my belief that it was intended to wash Jerusalem and make it clean. But it must have been a failure. The next time the attempt is made on Jerusalem I would suggest that it be done not with water, but with fire.

As France claims to be the protector of Latin Christians in the Orient, so Russia claims to be the protector of the Greek Christians. The animosity between these two sects is infinitely more bitter than that existing between Christians and Jews, between Jews and Moslems, between Moslems and Christians. The Jews are disliked by the Christians, and are by them forbidden to enter certain holy places; but the Moslems are on very amicable terms with the Jews, and, naturally, being lords of the soil, enter any church, synagogue, or temple, as they please. While a Jew in a Jerusalem church would be looked upon with aversion merely, a Greek priest in a Latin church, or a Latin priest in a Greek church, would often be in danger of his life. Turkish soldiers are found constantly on guard at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and at the Grotto of the Nativity in Bethlehem. I have already spoken of them at the great Church of the Sepulchre. I do not think I shall ever forget the sight of a knot of Turkish officers indolently lounging on a divan inside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, talking, laughing, smoking; this group was made up of the chief officers of a strong force of Turkish troops which, under the charge of the subalterns, was posted at every point in the enormous church where outbreaks might occur between the mobs of fanatic monks.

Russia and France were led into the Crimean War by a quarrel between Greek and Latin Christians, each claiming possession of the Church of the Nativity. At another time a battle arose between Latin and Greek Christians over the Virgin's tomb in the Valley of the Khedron. In this struggle the Turkish soldiers sided with the Greeks, and forcibly removed the Franciscans. A recent outbreak, not many months ago, was also on Greek and Latin lines. As Russia is push-

ing her way in the Holy Land, the Greek Christians, encouraged by her attitude, are becoming very aggressive. For many centuries the Franciscan monks (of the Latin Christians) have swept the outside steps of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. They thus symbolized their possession of the building. The Greeks determined to take away the privilege from the Franciscans, and thus destroy all their vested rights. They attacked the Franciscan monks in force, with stones and clubs. A bloody battle took place, in which many of the Franciscan monks were severely injured, and in some cases their lives were despaired of. The Greeks were upheld in this high-handed proceeding by the Russian Government.

I can chronicle only a church duel instead of a religious war. One day, while we were in the chief Armenian church, a violent row broke out between two men. I approached, and found that the combatants were a Jewish dragoman and an Armenian priest. They did not exactly come to blows; true, they clutched at one another's clothing, but they did not strike. In the Orient I rarely have seen blows exchanged. I have often seen them given by superior to inferior, and then generally with a stick. Many times I have seen Orientals bitterly wrangling, even going so far as to clinch, but they usually break away without exchanging blows. In this Armenian church row I approached with the keenest interest—I thought it must surely be a religious rumpus, the cause dating back something like a thousand years. Fancy my deep disappointment when it turned out to be a quarrel over one piastre—about five cents. It seems that the priest found his share of the tourists' baksheesh was one piastre shy, and he accused the dragoman of holding it out on him. This the dragoman repudiated with indignation; the dispute became envenomed, hence the noisy row. The Armenian priest, his black eyes blazing, his face framed in coal-black beard and hair, was pale with anger; the Jewish dragoman was red with rage. Their clamor rung through the great arches, the groined roof of the gloomy church.

But what a disappointment! I thought it was at least a fight over sacred places and sacrilege, a row over the *filioque*, or some genuine Spot Where. Alas! It was only a money fight—a row over five cents!

In every place that I have ever been, some one picture has always remained imbedded in my mind. It may have been—frequently has been, in fact—incongruous, sometimes ludicrous, sometimes childish. But that matters not—the picture always remained. Whenever I thought of that particular place, there rose up before me its particular picture.

What is my Jerusalem picture? You could not guess it in a thousand years. Is it of the ancient Hebrews? No. Of the Romans besieging Jerusalem? No. Of the crusaders, of Saint Louis, of Richard of the Lion Heart? No. Of the modern rabble of Christians, Jews, and Turks who fill the filthy streets of the ancient town? No.

What is it then? you ask. It is this—here is the picture which rises before me when I think of Jerusalem: A long and lofty *salon* in a Levantine hotel, furnished in rococo style, with gilded moldings, with many mirrors, with many chandeliers filled with oil lamps; a table in the centre at which are seated three people playing cards—two of them, rosy, fresh-faced English girls, in low-cut gowns; the third, a young man, an English curate, in the straight-cut coat and white stock affected by gentlemen of his cloth; the curate is smoking a short black briar pipe. Lying on a horse-hair sofa near them is a stout, red-faced gentleman, wrapped in sound and stertorous slumber; he also is in clerical garb, with the addition of gaiters; he is a dean, and I learn later that the two florid girls are his daughters. At the other end of the long *salon* is a group of Americans gazing on this scene with horror.

That is my picture. And I think almost any one will admit that a curate playing cards with a dean's daughters in a Jerusalem drawing-room, and smoking a briar pipe the while, is odd enough to be remembered.

"Uncle Remus" at Home.

"Harrisville" is the name the residents of the west end of Atlanta, Ga., have given to the district in the centre of which stands the picturesque house of Joel Chandler Harris, who has endeared himself to readers the world over with his "Uncle Remus" tales. Says a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*:

In his comparatively young days Mr Harris bought several acres of land in then sparsely settled west end, and, building a quaint little house, proceeded with the rearing of his thriving family. His wife (who was of the prominent Canadian family of La Rose), whose bright eyes and elastic spirits reflect the happiness and good cheer of the entire family, took an intense interest in his work and sympathized with his ambitions. But while he loved his work and dreams, he loved his home more, and one may see in the successful, contented family around him to-day the results of his cooperation with the wise rule of Mrs. Harris. Three of his sons, grown to manhood, have attained recognized success in life. They are Julian, managing editor of the *Constitution*; Evelyn, city editor of the same paper; and Lucien, occupying a prominent position in the city government. The first and last of these sons have married, and, erecting handsome houses on the lots adjoining his own, which Mr. Harris gives each child as he or she reaches majority, are themselves the fathers of families. Evelyn is also soon to be married, and it is presumed he will occupy the neat cottage which he already has erected within a stone's throw of the paternal homestead. Living within calling distance of each other, the three families form a compact community to themselves—a community which admiring neighbors have dubbed Harrisville. Two or three times a month Mr. Harris makes a round of the homes, sees that affairs are being properly conducted, chats with his daughters-in-law, and romps with his grandchildren. Offener they congregate at the old home, and one who is privileged to look in on these happy occasions sees Mr. Harris at his best, surrounded by sturdy sons, smiling, happy daughters, and loving, clamorous little grandchildren.

MORLEY'S LIFE OF GLADSTONE.

The Great Statesman's Attitude Toward the North During the Civil War—The Trent Affair—Sensational Speech at Newcastle—Death of Gordon.

By far the most important contribution to biographical literature in recent years is John Morley's long-awaited "Life of William Ewart Gladstone." In England, almost the entire first edition was secured by the London *Daily News*, of which Mr. Cadbury, the manufacturer of cocoa, is principal owner, for circulation among its readers on easy terms. This, it is expected, will largely increase the circulation of the *Daily News*, which used to rank only second in dignity and importance among the newspapers of the United Kingdom, and was the chief organ of the Liberal party, but lost prestige by its pro-Boer attitude during the South African war.

In his prefatory note, Mr. Morley, referring to his direct sources of information in the preparation of his colossal work, says that the most important material placed at his disposal was the vast accumulation of papers and documents collected at Hawarden. In addition, he was supplied with several thousand letters from the legion of Gladstone's correspondents. He declares that, on the whole, between two and three hundred thousand written papers of one sort or another have passed under his eye. The diaries of Gladstone, from which Mr. Morley also often quotes, consist of forty little books in double columns, intended to do little more than give the barest outline of his day's work, the people seen, books read, or letters written. As regards the spirit in which the work has been composed, the author says that he has obeyed—because it agreed with his own conception of his duty—the injunction laid upon him by Queen Victoria, that the narrative he not handled in a narrow, partisan way.

Mr. Morley has arranged his biography in three volumes of about six hundred and fifty pages each. The first, divided into four books, records the career of the statesman from his birth in 1809, through the era of the Crimean War, to his "junction with the Liberals" in the Palmerston government of 1859. The second volume comprehends the period between 1859 and 1880, including the era of the American Civil War and Gladstone's first two ministries; the third covers the period 1880-98, the era of the Sudan, the Home Rule fight, and Gladstone's largest triumphs and greatest failures, his retirement, and death.

The chapters of Mr. Morley's exhaustive work, which will naturally appeal most to Americans, are those which relate to affairs in this country. There are, for example, the comments of Gladstone on the Trent affair, contained in some correspondence with the Duke of Argyll. He describes the Cabinet meeting held after the receipt of the news that the Confederate commissioners had been seized. After the Cabinet meeting, he writes:

I returned to Windsor for dinner and reported to queen and prince. The Cabinet determined on Friday to ask reparation, and on Saturday they agreed to two dispatches to Lord Lyons, of which the one recited the facts, stated we could not but suppose the American Government would of itself be desirous to afford us reparation, and said that in any case we must have the commissioners returned to British protection, and (2) an apology or expression of regret. The second of these dispatches desired Lyons to come away within seven days if the demands are not complied with. I thought and urged that we should hear what the Americans had to say before withdrawing Lyons, for I could not feel sure that we were at the bottom of the law of the case, or could judge here and now what form it would assume. But this view did not prevail.

With infinite pains, Mr. Morley shows how the queen, the prince consort, and Gladstone all worked together to soften, abridge, and generally modify Lord Russell's violent dispatch to Lord Lyons, the British minister at Washington, and to avert anything which might bring on a collision, and this despite the fact that strong and active interests in England favored forcing North and South apart, for England's profit.

On October 7, 1862, at a banquet in the town hall of Newcastle, Gladstone, being then chancellor of the exchequer in the Palmerston government, let fall a sentence about the war of which he was destined never to hear the last. He said:

We know quite well that the people of the Northern States have not yet drunk of the cup—they are still trying to hold it far from their lips—which all the rest of the world see they nevertheless must drink of. We may have our own opinions about slavery; we may be for or against the South; but there is no doubt that Jefferson Davis and other leaders of the South have made an army; they are making, it appears, a navy; and they have made, what is more than either—they have made a nation.

The sensation which these words produced was, naturally, immediate and profound. All the world took so pointed an utterance to mean that the British Government was about to recognize the independence of the South. Charles Francis Adams, then our minister in London, wrote on the following day in his diary: "If Gladstone be any exponent at all of the views of the Cabinet, then is my term likely to be very short. The animus, as it respects Mr. Davis and the recognition of the rebel cause, is very apparent."

It is evident that Gladstone went further than the premier, Lord Palmerston, or the secretary for foreign affairs, Lord John Russell, had authorized him to go, for Lord Russell wrote: "You must allow me to say that I think you went beyond the latitude which all speakers must be allowed when you said that Jeff Davis had made a nation. Recognition would seem to follow, and for that step I think the Cabinet is not prepared." A week after the deliverance at Newcastle, Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, apparently at Lord Palmerston's request, put things right in a speech at Hereford. The Southern States, he said, had not *de facto* established their independence, and were not entitled to recognition on any accepted principles of public law. From other data, which Mr. Morley very properly considers it his duty to set forth, it is evident that as late as November of the year just named, Mr. Gladstone personally desired an interposition on the part of England, France, and Russia between the South and the North.

About two years before his death, however, in July, 1896, Gladstone himself put on record in a fragmentary note his own estimate of his indiscreet words:

I have yet to record an undoubted error, the most singular and palpable—I may add, the least excusable of them all, especially since it was committed so late as the year 1862, when I had outlived half a century. In the autumn of that year, and in a speech delivered after a public dinner at Newcastle-on-Tyne, I declared in the heat of the American struggle that Jefferson Davis had made a nation; that is to say, that the division of the American republic by the establishment of a Southern or secession State was an accomplished fact.

Gladstone went on to admit that, not only was this a misjudgment of the case, but, even if it had been otherwise, he was not the person to make the declaration:

That my opinion was founded upon a false estimate of the facts was the very least part of my fault. I did not perceive the gross impropriety of such an utterance from a Cabinet minister of a power allied in blood and language, and bound to loyal neutrality; the case being further exaggerated by the fact that we were already, so to speak, under indictment before the world for not (as was alleged) having strictly enforced the laws of neutrality in the matter of the cruisers. My offense was, indeed, only a mistake, but one of incredible grossness, and with such consequences of offense and alarm attached to it that my failing to perceive them justly exposed me to very severe blame.

In view of recent events in South Africa, Mr. Morley's chapters, which deal with Majuba Hill and Gladstone's part in that deplorable episode of 1881, will be read with interest. Mr. Morley says:

Some have argued that we ought to have brought up an overwhelming force, to demonstrate that we were able to heat them, before we made peace. Unfortunately, demonstrations of this species easily turn into provocations, and talk of this kind mostly comes from those who believe, not that peace was made in the wrong way, but that a peace giving their country back to the Boers ought never to have been made at all, on any terms, or in any way. This was not the point from which either Cabinet or Parliament started. The government had decided that annexation had been an error. The Boers had proposed inquiry. The government assented on condition that the Boers dispersed. Without waiting a reasonable time for a reply, our general was worsted in a rash and trivial attack. Did this cancel our proffered bargain? The point was simple and unmistakable, though party heat at home, race passion in the colony, and our everlasting human proneness to mix up different questions, and to answer one point by arguments that belong to another, all combined to produce a confusion of mind that a certain school of partisans have traded upon ever since. Strange in mighty nations is moral cowardice, disguised as Roman pride.

Another topic which Mr. Morley has handled with tact, is Gladstone's Egyptian policy. To this day there are thousands of Englishmen who can not speak of the statesman's relation to the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon without intense feeling. Mr. Morley writes as follows:

The Cabinet in London, fixed in their resolve not to accept responsibility for a Sudan war, and not to enter upon that responsibility by giving advice for or against the advance of Hicks, stood aloof. Here was their first frightful blunder—indecision. Unfortunately, the ready clamor of headlong philanthropists, political party men, and the men who think England humiliated if she ever lets slip an excuse for drawing her sword, drove the Cabinet on to the rocks. Gordon seized the imagination of England, and seized it on its higher side. His religion was eccentric, but it was religion; the Bible was the rock on which he founded himself, both old dispensation and new; he was known to hate forms, ceremonies, and all the "solemn plausibilities"; his speech was sharp, pithy, rapid, and ironic; above all, he knew the ways of war, and would not bear the sword for naught. All this was material enough to make a popular ideal, and this is what Gordon in an ever increasing degree became, to the immense inconvenience of the statesmen, otherwise so sensible on war, who had now imprecisely let the genie forth from the jar. Gordon policies were many and very mutable. "When Gordon left this country," said Mr. Gladstone, "and when he arrived in Egypt, he declared it to be . . . a fixed portion of his policy that no British force should be employed in aid of his mission." When March came he flung himself with ardor into the policy of "smashing up" the Mahdi, with resort to British and Indian troops. This was a violent reversal of all that had been either settled or dreamed of, whether in London or at Cairo. To send Zohier he would have been a gambler's throw. But, then, what was it but a gambler's throw to send Gordon himself? To run all the risks involved in the dispatch of Gordon, and then immediately to refuse the request that he persistently represented as furnishing him his only chance, was an incoherence that the Parliament and people of England have not often surpassed.

On January 30, 1890, Gladstone wrote to one of his colleagues:

In the Gordon case we all, and I rather prominently, must continue to suffer in silence. Gordon was a hero, and a hero of heroes; but we ought to have known that a hero of heroes is not the proper person to give effect at a distant point, and in most difficult circumstances, to the views of ordinary men. It was unfortunate that he should claim the hero's privilege by turning upside down and inside out every idea and intention with which he left England, and for which he had obtained our approval. Had my views about Zohier prevailed it would not have removed our difficulties, as Forster would certainly have moved, and with the Tories and the Irish have carried a condemnatory address. My own opinion is that it is harder to justify our doing so much to rescue him than our not doing more. Had the party reached Khartoum in time, he would not have come away (as I suppose), and the dilemma would have arisen in another form.

Gladstone wished to recall Gordon as soon as the general changed his plans, but public opinion and his colleagues overbore his judgment. Zohier Pasha was the man to whom Gordon wished to relinquish his command upon his withdrawal from Khartoum. Gladstone favored this plan, but was again overruled.

Mr. Morley has supplemented his volumes with an appendix of various documents, a very useful chronological table, and a voluminous index. The nine well-chosen illustrations, save for a view of Hawarden Castle and one of "The Octagon," which Gladstone built at the north-western corner of the castle as a fireplace receptacle for his letters and papers, are all portraits. Five of them show the statesman himself at various periods of his career. A portrait of his father, Sir John Gladstone, is prefixed to the first volume, which also contains a reproduction of a charming painting of Mrs. Gladstone, done many years ago.

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ELIJAH THE RESTORER.

Geraldine Bonner's View of John Alexander Dowie—His Fierce Anger—His Appearance—An Analysis of His Violent and Unconventional Character.

The visitation of Elijah the Restorer is coming to an end. One or two more talks at Carnegie Hall and the Prophet and such of his myrmidons as still remain will pack their grips and turn their faces toward Zion. Mrs. Dowie and Gladstone (the good-looking Gladstone over whose unkissed state New York has made so merry) went to Europe over a week ago. The main body of the choir—which was the finest part of the show—returned to Zion about the same time, while Elijah and a portion of the host remained to conduct a few last services in Carnegie Hall.

Not for years has New York had such a sensation as the coming of the Prophet and his disciples. Other revivalists and religious agitators, who have from time to time raised their voices here, have been of a milder brand, with less money, and with nothing like the furious, aggressive force of John Alexander Dowie. The Zionites were by the thousand. Their "Head Overseer" was known to be a man of immense wealth, honestly made, and in an astonishingly short time. He did what he said he would do—that is, brought his host on with him, took the largest and most expensive public hall in New York, and there conducted services of the most surprising nature to audiences of enormous dimensions.

Personally, I am of the opinion that Dowie has much to complain of in his reception and treatment in Gotham. To be sure, his manner of attack was hardly ingratiating or tactful. He presupposed a condition of such formidable degradation here that, even with the papers full of red-light stories and Deverysm, it was hard to believe that the city could be so black. But the worst thing he did was calmly to assume that a Prophet from the West was going to convert the metropolis of the East. A prophet may not be without honor save in his own country, but a prophet who comes from Chicago to instill virtue into New York will undoubtedly find himself met by a frost.

Before he put foot in the city it was bristling with antagonism against him. This took the form of a mocking attitude, but the mockery was biting with a vitriolic strain. A great grievance against Dowie is, that while the watching world are fond of calling him a fake and a fraud, it is impossible to state any particular instance in which he was obviously and openly either. The commercial enterprises of Zion are conducted on the strictest business principles. The Prophet's credit is as good as any merchant's or banker's in Chicago. When the fierce white light of notoriety began to beat on him, his private life was subjected to the keenest scrutiny. But his detractors found nothing there to attack. As husband and father he is said to be all that the most scrupulous could desire. His claim to have the power of divine healing and his vituperative and coarsely jocular manner on the platform, are the points upon which he can be assailed, and the city he has come to convert was not slow in assailing.

Where, to my thinking, the New Yorkers behaved badly was in their conduct at his meetings. These meetings were religious services; they were free to all, only a collection being taken up. A truly magnificent choir sang hymns at intervals during the sessions, and Dr. Dowie gave a discourse compounded of that curious mixture of colloquial anecdote and religious transport which seems peculiar to all revivalists and founders of new sects. No one forced the New York public to go, but it went by the thousand. It filled the great hall to the doors, and when the preacher said things it disapproved, and sometimes when, because of the size of the building, it did not hear him, it rose by scores and left.

It was this disconcerting desertion that caused the Prophet's ire to rise (he is undoubtedly a man of a violent and badly controlled temper), and he accosted the deserters, which was something they had not reckoned on. The New Yorkers, amazed at Elijah's daring, deserted derisively in even larger numbers, sometimes throwing flippant sentences at the Prophet as they went. Elijah, also unaccustomed to having his commands overlooked, lost his temper completely, and called the deserters names of diverse and varying originality. His vituperative vocabulary is said to be unmatchable this side of the Atlantic, and he gave New York a sample of it. The children of Gotham heard themselves for the first time publicly addressed as "stink-pots," "lice," "mosquitoes," "dirty dogs," and other choice names generally drawn from the animal kingdom. They were amused, amazed, and finally decided to be insulted.

That demonstrations of a warlike description were feared at the Garden there is no doubt. A very large police force patrolled it within and without. It is said that Mrs. Dowie, who seems to have the tact and self-restraint her husband lacks, controlled his fiery spirit and induced him to moderate his rage and language. He grew milder as his audiences grew more derisive. Finally, he saw them leaving in flocks with an aggressively loud tramping and coughing, and said not a word. A friend of mine, passing there during a morning session, saw the entrance blocked with streams of emerging spectators. Wondering why they were coming out at that hour he said to a policeman who stood near by: "Isn't this the way in to the morning service?"

"Well, it *was*," was the answer, "but it seems to be the way out just now!"

My first glimpse of the Restorer was in a carriage driving up Fifth Avenue. The equipage, which was his own, specially brought on from Zion, was a very smart victoria, drawn by a pair of fine sorrel horses, and with two men in livery on the box. Its owner had not, however, sacrificed everything for style. It was noticeable that the tails of his horses were uncut, and he permitted his coachman the unusual luxury of wearing a beard. The Prophet was leaning back comfortably, pointing out the objects of local interest to his wife. Even in this panoramic passage of human beings, where separate individualities are crushed into insignificance, Dowie's was a marked figure. I should say his individuality was uncrushable. It is a potent force, crude and overpowering.

He looked a handsome, long-haired old gentleman, with a curiously pleasant and benevolent eye, a type of face completely devoid of any suggestion of that ugly temper over which he has so little control. He wore a silk hat, from beneath which his long gray hair streamed, and over his breast a patriarchal white beard spread in glossy waves. When I heard him speak he said he was fifty-six years old, but he certainly looks ten or fifteen years older. His wife was a stout, middle-aged woman, with a rather heavy pale face, and very elegantly dressed in light tan color.

On the platform, he does not look so imposing as when seated. He is of middle height, and very stout, his body rotund, and his arms and legs short. His small, plump hands are continually used in gesticulation, and as he speaks he walks back and forth, discoursing with an easy, conversational air. Without a note, he never hesitates for a word, and his discourse (it was not a sermon) had a detached, impromptu tone, continually rambling off into anecdote and humorous comment. He struck me as being full of humor and quite witty, as if he might have been a first-rate after-dinner speaker. Allusions to the Trinity were mixed up with funny stories and adventures in a way that would make the reverentially pious break out into a cold perspiration. His tone toward his Maker was that of a sort of easy-going comradeship. He gave us a sample of the way he prayed every night anent his efforts to convert New York, the phrase, "God, I've done my best," being continually repeated. All it wanted to be perfectly intimate and friendly was "God, old man, I've done my best."

In this discourse, he alluded to the death of his daughter, which is considered by many the crucial point of his career, and has been made by many others matter of jeering attack. That Dowie did not cure his dying child, whom he deeply loved, unquestionably lost him many thousand new followers. His cleverness and courage in a situation which wrung his heart proves how unshakable is his belief in himself, his confidence in the faith of his followers.

He described with what looked like real feeling, the death bed of his daughter. He again repeated his truly horrible remark that she had disobeyed him by using alcohol, and "God had punished her"—the unfortunate girl had lit an alcohol lamp to heat her curling-irons, and it exploded, burning her to death. From this, he went on describing her splendid health and beauty, and how, when he saw her lying burned and in agony, and realized if she lived that "her beautiful body" would be crippled, decrepit, and hideous, he could not ask God to grant him the miracle of her cure, and he "let her go." And suddenly turning on his audience, his face red with anger, shaking one clenched fist at the rows of listeners, he shouted: "And you, you dogs, have thrown that in my teeth!"

It was not what one is accustomed to from the lecture platform or the pulpit, but it had a sort of deadly force. For a moment the bland and benign Prophet looked as if he would have liked to have trampled his accusers under his feet. His audience almost quailed before the upraised fist. With the story that preceded it, it had the striking quality of the unreservedly personal. The speaker had described and explained his actions in the most tragic moment of his life. Whether all he said was true, or the emotion which shook his voice was genuine, his auditors could not tell. But the raised fist and the suddenly reddened face had an air of convincing reality. The man was violently stirred, and he touched depths in his listeners that more gifted lecturers and preachers rarely sound.

This placing of himself on terms of curious intimacy with his audiences I should set down as one of the secrets of Dowie's power. The man is absolutely fearless. The timidity, reticence, and false pride which hold the mass of mankind in a sort of sensitive reserve are unknown to him. Vain people—and Dowie is unquestionably one of these—love to talk of themselves, but they do it in a dreary strain of self-praise which becomes very boring. Elijah takes you into his confidence in a large, genial way which is not unimpressive and sometimes extremely entertaining. His discourses in their unctuous, almost joyous, self-revelation, are as different from the average preacher's vague generalities as wine is to water.

The good taste of his confidences may be questioned, but, after all, good taste is a useless, kid-gloved sort of attribute in dealing with masses of ignorant people in a large way. The other evening, he told how he was not the son of his reputed father, but had been born three months after that gentleman's marriage to his mother. His mother had been "unfortunate," and was now a saint in heaven, having suffered much. Her

lover had deserted her, and Dowie's supposed father had gallantly come to her aid and married her. The person who boldly, indifferent to public opinion, press, ridicule, and censure, can rise up and go into such tragic family details is certainly not very well bred, and shows but scant respect for his mother's memory to drag up her "past," no matter how sinless she may have been. But, on the other hand, his very defiance of the conventionalities, before which his audience cowers, gives him a violent, rude power, the power that bold, self-confident souls have over the shrinking, sheep-like mass.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, November 6, 1903.

THE EXPIATION.

How Jeanne's Vanity Proved Her Undoing.

"You say there is no such thing as everlasting justice, and that no revenge is executed more terribly upon those who have wronged us, than the revenge they carry out upon themselves? What know you of it? Let me assure you that destiny often extends her hand against the guilty one and inflicts a chastisement which surpasses our most ferocious desires."

So spoke Roger Valtet, who, for some time, had listened silently to our discussions without taking any part in them whatever, and, in view of his great age, we did not contradict him.

"You are incredulous?" he asked. "Well, let me convince you by relating a story which is my own, and regarding which I have always remained silent. Now that years have rolled by, I can speak of it without fear of opening the wound of a deeply lacerated heart."

"You all believe me an impenitent celibate. Nevertheless, I have been married. I was no longer young when, through love, I took in marriage a stranger who brought me only her marvelous beauty as a dowry. I was in receipt of a small income, my station in life was fair, and as I had no family relations, it appeared to me that a legitimate companion would ennoble my life. To be precise, however, I made this reflection only after having met in a friendly *salon* a charming niece of the master of the house, recently arrived from Rouen, who, I was told, was an orphan, very poor, and in search of remunerative employment. I was indignant at the thought that such a beautiful girl should find it necessary to work in order to live; she was born to receive homage and dictate her caprices. I declared my views to her. Her smile was deliciously sad. The charm of her answer was enhanced by her soft accent. I became an assiduous caller at the house of my friends. They perceived before I did that I had fallen in love with Delle Jeanne, and aided my cause surreptitiously. Through their good offices we became shortly affianced; and when we were married, I was more her slave than her husband. But the slavery was so delightful!

"Jeanne loved luxury. My modest revenue was insufficient to meet her needs. I became ingenious in my desire to satisfy her, and racked my intelligence for new resources to make money. At the price of exhausting work, I realized large sums of money. In this manner she was enabled to have magnificent dresses, which rendered her more beautiful than ever. She thanked me for my labor with kisses and flattery. I was using my vigor in a killing labor. The reflection in the mirror showed me a tired face prematurely worn out. At my side Jeanne appeared a perfect creature, the young sultana of my adolescent dreams. I told her so, and also that I was old and ugly, and asked her pardon for having associated her juvenile grace with my senility. Speaking thus I exaggerated, but she would close my mouth with her little hand, laughingly kiss my eyes, and answer: 'You are young and handsome, since you are so intelligent, and I love you.' And I believed it. My confidence in her was absolute—her glance was so clear and frank.

"I felt that she was so entirely mine that the idea of suspecting her never entered my head; I did not even dream of being jealous. Still, from time to time, her absence was strange. If I questioned her, she would excuse herself by saying that she had been wandering about Paris thinking deeply of her childhood in her country home. And still I believed her.

"For distraction, I would take her to the theatre. I knew not which pleased her more, the scene on the stage before her, or the admiration she received from the spectators. These occasions offered her an opportunity to show off her jewels, of which she was passionately fond. Jewels! I had bought her many, and the contents of her casket had cost me a small fortune. But she always craved for more original designs, and she would coax me so gently that I would manage somehow to secure them for her.

"On one occasion, however, I was forced to refuse. In the window of a jeweler, a chain, made of gold and ornamented with a valuable diamond pendant, had attracted her. With the end of her finger she pointed it out to me. 'I want that chain,' said she. I made her listen to reason. My stock of ready money was already seriously encroached upon, as I had payments to make; it was more convenient to await a more favorable opportunity.

"But then," she said, "the chain will be sold."

"I held out strongly. She looked crossly at me.

"That evening, she whispered in my ear: 'It was only a craving; the desire is already gone!' She intimated to me the cause of her erratic impulse, and the thought of her being satisfied without it filled me with

a great joy. My first impulse was to rush to the jeweler's and bring her the coveted chain. Then I reflected that the money would be needed in the house; and, moreover, she had just confessed that she was no longer anxious for the chain.

"The same night, Jeanne suddenly became very ill. I hastily summoned a physician. In the delirium of her agony, Jeanne often repeated these words: 'The chain, the chain!'

"I bitterly reproached myself for not having yielded to her last desire.

"The next day, I placed in her hands the gold chain, and then passed it around her neck. Her fingers touched it, she clasped it to her, it seemed to me she smiled.

"'You will recover,' I murmured to her. But she could no longer hear me—she had just expired, the pendant flashing on her bosom.

"It is useless for me to tell you of my despair. I wanted Jeanne interred with the chain, the last ornament I was able to give her. Her body, which was placed in a silk-lined coffin, was deposited provisionally in a local cemetery until it could be transported to its definite resting place in my native city of Bordeaux, where I had purchased a vault and a monument to perpetuate my beloved one's memory.

"Months passed by. I spent my days in Jeanne's room, surrounded by her souvenirs, conversing with her shadow. Sometimes I would open the jewel-casket. Like so many loving glances, the precious stones seemed to regard me from their varying angles. One day, it happened that a hidden spring gave way under the involuntary pressure of my finger. In a little secret drawer a bundle of papers was hidden away. I drew them out to the light of day—a strange collection of letters and telegrams. The writing was in many different hands; there were no signatures, not even an initial. But the text was uniform. There were declarations of love, notes to arrange secret meetings, and offers of money or presents. And then I realized that Jeanne, the candid, the innocent, Jeanne, had betrayed me odiously, in the most repugnant fashion.

"I remember that I cried all night. I trembled with fury and hate. I wanted to kill, but whom? I damned destiny and my own helplessness. Then I burned all those anonymous papers. I sold the jewels, left the apartment where I had lived with Jeanne, and allowed my atrocious grief to wear off in blunt silence, in forgetfulness. Yes, I believed I could forget.

"But, some months later, I was advised by the authorities that the temporary concession permitting my wife's body to rest in the local cemetery had ceased. My directions for the transfer of the body of Jeanne. I was told, were awaited. I was to be present at the removal of the body so that I might identify it.

"When the coffin was opened, I averted my eyes. 'Lies and decay,' I said to myself. 'Jeanne was but a lie, and now I do not wish to see what has become of her flesh.' But in spite of me, my eyes filled with tears, and involuntarily some feeling of sweet dizziness attracted me toward the open grave.

"A sudden cry frightened me. 'Horrible! Horrible!' remarked one of the assistants.

"In my turn I leaned over the coffin. And then I saw. . . Oh! the abominable vision. . . I looked fixedly, as if I discerned nothing. An instant later I fell upon my knees, sobbing: 'The strumpet, she meted out her own justice!'

"Then I lost consciousness. When I awoke I found myself in a hospital ward.

"What had I seen? Why, the golden chain was entwined in the clenched hands of Jeanne; her extended arms had tightened with all their force; the pendant was incrustated in the vertebra of the neck. Jeanne had been buried alive. She had strangled herself with the coveted chain, my supreme gift. . .

"Are you convinced now?" asked Roger Valtet, as he noted the effect of his story on his various listeners. "Did not destiny avenge me well? Too well, I sometimes think. I would have been less cruel, for I have long since pardoned her. And if I have harmed any one, I pray God that he may be indulgent. . ."—*Adapted from the French of Robert Scheffer by Herbert Peters.*

The largest class that ever entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis is just beginning its first year's work. There are three hundred and twenty "middies," ranging in age from fifteen to twenty years. All but one are from the United States, as bounded by its historic limits; one is a native Hawaiian. The non-contiguous territories of Porto Rico and the Philippines have no representation. There are no negroes in the class. Two colored applicants attempted the examination, but failed to attain the required grade. The last negro who succeeded in passing the entrance tests was taken from bed in the night and deposited on a red iron buoy in the bay, where he remained until morning. The following day he took the hint and resigned.

A justice in Terre Haute, Ind., fined a farmer recently for gathering corn on Sunday. The farmer pleaded that he gathered the corn to prevent his horses from going hungry, as he feared prosecution on the charge of cruelty to animals. But this "necessity" plea availed him nothing.

Tensands of bicycles are being sold this season through the Southern States, where the bicycle craze has struck the negroes.

THE PASTORAL THANKSGIVING.

From the Annals of Alta California.

With the rule of the United States, the American holidays entered California and immediately banished the old Spanish *fiestas* from the calendar. It is true that the date of the Nativity was still commemorated, proving that the conquerors were not infidels, but the new celebration was a colorless substitute for the old gala season of *pastores*, visits from the Wise Kings, and gatherings of kinsmen from far and wide. The Fourth of July insured the outburst of patriotism that used to effervesce in the Mexican celebration of September. Washington's Birthday came in lieu of the numerous saints' fêtes strung along the chaplet of the year. And Thanksgiving corresponded to what had been Saint Francis's day in the pastoral California almanac.

The other introduced holidays fitted better into the new environment than did Thanksgiving. This New England importation bore all the signs of its northern birth, and failed to harmonize with the climatic conditions of the new acquisition. The Thanksgiving of our Puritan forefathers, in real life as well as in story and in song, followed immediately the harvesting, and heralded the advance of a blasting winter. The end of November in California usually sees the hills arousing from the brown study of summer, and phrasing their reveries in green blades and early blossoms. Here, the date of the national Thanksgiving falls within our period of fresh germination, when agricultural centres are hoping for the new season rather than offering gratitude for the old.

But under the Spanish California *régime*, it was different. Having three hundred and sixty-five saints' days from which to choose a Thanksgiving fête, they settled on an appropriate time, a season when Nature had yielded her fruits and was resting until the seductive rains should stimulate her again. That the seasonable time fell in October must have been a great gratification to the Franciscans. What date could be more fitting for a Californian Thanksgiving than October 4th, the feast day of the founder of their order, the great Francis of Assisi, whose instructions had guided their footsteps to the Western native! His day was celebrated at the missions with more joy and ceremony than was any other feast between the Assumption of the Virgin on August 15th and Christmas itself. The *rancheros* came from any distance to participate in the fête at the nearest mission, and they found it convenient at this season of the year to bring in their offerings to the church as a tangible evidence of their thanksgiving for what the good God had sent them.

The Californians were always zealous supporters of the Church, if allowed to give in their own way; but they always rebelled against the legal imposition of tithes, which, up to 1833, were demanded of every *ranchera* who had been in the country five years. On October 27th of that year, the Mexican congress decreed that, throughout the republic, there was no further civil obligation to pay ecclesiastical tithes, and every citizen was at full liberty to do what his conscience dictated in the matter. This law abolished the office of civil collector of tithes, and afterward it was almost impossible to gather any in California. Some parishes let out the collection to the lowest bidder, who worked on a commission varying from five to twenty per cent., according to the season. No *señor* of any dignity would deign to bid for the office, as few Spanish Californians could bear to be in disfavor with their neighbors, and almost every one disapproved of tithes.

When the first bishop came to the State, he found it impossible to carry out his plans for promoting the religious welfare for lack of funds. His promised salary did not materialize from the Mexican congress, and neither could he obtain California's just proportion of the Pius Fund. Finally, he wrote to Governor Micheltorena to learn if it were possible to collect tithes. His excellency was a late arrival from Mexico, and his answer, dated March 1, 1843, revealed his ignorance of conditions in the country. "This government, which has always gloried in being Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, and which takes pride in protesting in the face of the universe that it will remain so, has learned with the greatest displeasure that sordid avarice pretends to cloak its ambitious views with reference to the payment of tithes under the pretext of being liable to pay them double—to the Holy Mother Church and to the civil authority. It is a sacred duty to exercise the first obligation of the departmental executive by assuring all citizens, and your most illustrious lordship, that this government, confiding altogether in divine Providence, will need no more than its own revenues and resources for its necessities; and that, while he has no right to lend his civil authority, and will in no way meddle in the collection or payment of tithes, a matter left entirely to religion and to individual conscience, yet he will feel the most grateful satisfaction if citizens of the department will fulfill in this respect the first of their duties toward divine worship and its ministers."

In spite of this suggestion, the citizens declined to pay tithes. But while they stood firm against a legal tax, they vied with each other in their generosity to the Church, often giving five times as much as the *diezma* would have amounted to. Their harvest gifts gave a picturesque setting to the feast of Saint Francis of Assisi. It was probably their zeal on this occasion that made good old Bishop Diego proclaim, on January 4, 1843,

that, while *Nuestra Señara la Virgen del Refugio* was the chief patroness of the diocese, Saint Francis of Assisi and Saint Francis de Sales were co-patrons. He bade "all the inhabitants rejoice," and hold a great feast on the first Sunday after the receipt of the proclamation. Amid salvos of cannons and chimes of bells, the solemn ceremony of swearing allegiance to these patrons took place in every church, and "all the inhabitants" rejoiced that one of their patrons was he whose day they had celebrated as their Thanksgiving for over two generations.

We have a description of a Saint Francis of Assisi celebration at the Mission Santa Clara in the 'forties, which pictures fairly the festival throughout the State. Early in the morning a procession started from each *vaucha*, and descended the hillsides or threaded the valley toward the mission. A picturesque pageant it was! First pranced the gayly caparisoned horses, restless at being held down to the pace of the vehicles that followed. Most frequently the riders were the *señars*, resplendent in silver-embroidered jackets, gay-hued sashes, and imported *sombreras*; but occasionally a *señarita* rode, either guiding her own steed or balancing herself behind her father or lover. Her dress was most often white, with a black lace mantilla draped over the dark head, just disclosing the coquettish eyes.

The *carretas* followed, enroofed and garlanded with greens. They were the carriages of the country, huge, crude affairs, with solid slices of trees for wheels, and wool-covered sheepskins for seats. They were drawn by oxen that trudged along munching the wreaths that encircled their necks, and utterly disregarding the Indian boys who ran at their sides and tried with halloos and flourish of whips to quicken their gait. In the foremost *carretas* sat the older women and the children. In the last ones were piled high corn, melons, apples, potatoes, *frijoles*, grapes, and whatever else the *ranchos* had produced in the year, all artistically massed amid branches and sprays of green. The prize products were placed in prominent view, and these processions on Saint Francis's morning may well be considered the precursors of the agricultural fairs of today.

After the *carretas*, plodded along the mass of the Indian servants. They were consciously proud of the new clothes which had been given them that morning, and which must last them until Easter dawn brought a fresh supply.

As the different groups met on the Alameda, a merry fusillade of greetings were exchanged. Here, they overtook the citizens of the Pueblo de San José, who had the latest news of the territory. Then, as the riders broke from their own group and rode up and down the advancing line, gossip tripped from tongue to tongue; but above all hubbub of voices pealed the bells of the church, welcoming its children to its threshold.

Once at the church, and the animals cared for, the whole assemblage entered and knelt or stood during the long high mass. There were no seats in the churches of California at that date, and no physical ease made the worshiper forgetful.

After mass, a procession was formed. Two acolytes led, bearing a statue of Saint Francis; then came the priests and the Indian attendants carrying holy water; the native choir followed, singing a song of gratitude to the "Seraphic Father"; and last the congregation filed two by two. From the church they stepped, and wound in and out among the laden *carretas*, the priest blessing each they passed. When the benediction of the church had been bestowed on every load, the congregation knelt on the ground, while the priest offered to Saint Francis a prayer of thanksgiving for his watch over the past harvest and a petition that he send early and abundant rains for the next season. None present doubted the personal interest of the saint, for each of them knew that rain always fell between a fortnight before and a fortnight after Saint Francis's fête. Sometimes, it is true, only a few drops reached the earth, but this was sufficient assurance that their Father would secure abundance in his own time.

After the statue was again deposited in the church, the congregation collected in groups around the *carretas*. As the Indians unloaded the products and carried them to the store-house of the church, lively comments were made upon them. "*Valga mi Dios!* What a large melon! Señor Suñol must use a bellows to blow it up." "And such grapes! Those of Castile were vinegar by them!" Amid the vivacious chaffing, some lessons in agriculture were learned by the *rancheros*, and new produce found its way to different sections of the valley.

When the last load was deposited, at least one servant was sent home to each *ranchos* to begin plowing that very day. It was necessary to turn a few clods of dry earth just to assure Saint Francis that they were in earnest in their petition for rain. So throughout Alta California some ground of each *ranchos* was opened to the weather on October 4th.

The rest of the assemblage rode over to San José for the secular portion of the feast. After a hearty dinner, they danced in the afternoon. Again in the evening they danced; and some years they still danced for two or three days and nights after the fête day. Those were the childhood days of California, when no question was serious enough to destroy the people's aptitude for pleasure. And what day should they more rejoice than the feast of Saint Francis? With one harvest already garnered and another bargained for, they had good excuse to be merry on this, their chosen Thanksgiving Day.

KATHERINE C. . .

LITERARY NOTES.

Dr. Jordan to Young Men.

As a text for his "Call of the Twentieth Century." Dr. David Starr Jordan might fifty have taken the words of Adam to Orlando—

"For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood,
Nor did not with unashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

But "The Call of the Twentieth Century" not only exhorts the youth of to-day to follow such a course as shall lead to an old age, "frosty, but kindly," but such also as shall enable him to bequeath to the next generation a clear mind, a strong body, untainted blood. It is an appeal for purity on high ground, strenuous, complex, and democratic. Dr. Jordan declares the Twentieth Century will be above all others. Such times demand strong men. "If it were ever my fortune," he continues, "in speaking to young men to become eloquent, with the only real eloquence there is, the plain speaking of a living truth, this I would say:

"Your first duty in life is towards your after-self. So live that your after-self—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual. Far away in the 'twenties, the 'thirties, of the Twentieth Century, he is awaiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in your boyish hands. He can not help himself. What will you leave for him? Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation, a mind trained to think and act, a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, boy of the Twentieth Century, let him come as a man among men in his time, or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experiences, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own, or will you fling his hope away, decreeing, wantonly, that the man you might have been shall never be?"

This brief but powerful essay is destined to a wide circulation, in anticipation of which its publishers have printed it with especial care, and given it an appropriate binding.

Published by the American Unitarian Association, Boston; 80 cents net.

Every-Day Life in Chicago.

In these days of multitudinous books, the reviewer is disposed to think that a novel has marked merit if it remain vividly in his recollection for a year. In other words, if, when a book is overlaid by about forty-nine historical novels, thirty-seven problem stories, eighty-six society skits, scores of works on economics, history, religion, philosophy, science, criticism, it still retain its individuality, and is not merged in the mass, it is, in our opinion, irrefragable evidence that it has elements of strength.

Accordingly, when we take up George Ade's book, "In Babel," and find that the therein contained short stories (which appeared originally in the *Chicago Record*), after a lapse of years still are vividly remembered, we are prepared dogmatically to assert that the stories are good. True, they exhibit no great powers of imagination. The human passions here portrayed are not of the intense, soul-stirring kind. Tragedy, with her solemn mien, here seldom stalks abroad. Social heights are seldom scaled, and those sordid depths of urban life which are the favorite themes of many young writers are dealt with not at all. These are only uncommon stories of common people's common lives in commonplace Chicago. But they are drawn to the life. Nice girls who make their own clothes, their nice young men who get seventy-five dollars a month and try to be sporty, your left-hand neighbor Jones who has a piano and a daughter, your right-hand neighbor Smith supposed to have a pull in politics, the corner grocer, the stern landlady, and the jocular boarder, the man with a slight stoop and six children, families where they play croquet, the book-agent, and the life-insurance man—all these and more are present in the flesh. And of course the stories, since they are by George Ade, are humorous.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Sidelights on South American Revolutions.

Two lengthy short, or shortish long, stories constitute the contents of a book by Alice Duer Miller, entitled "Calderon's Prisoner." In both of them the writer has placed the preliminary action in the United States, and shifted the later scenes to Central American soil, showing a knowledge of social and political conditions in this southerly tail of our continent which argues a period of previous residence there.

The interest of the stories, which are clever in themselves, is considerably en-

hanced by the evident familiarity of the author with comparatively unknown ground, while action, plot, and dialogue are all lively, original, and stimulating.

"Calderon's Prisoner," the story of a young American beauty and heiress who becomes, without her knowledge, tangled up in a conspiracy against the government, and who, imprisoned for unconsciously hearing information to the enemy, vainly pits her wit and resourcefulness against the Europeanized commander-in-chief of the little army of the little republic in which she is staying.

The petted beauty, with her American audacity and independence, is scandalized by discovering that beauty and fascination are for a while impotent against the restraints imposed by statecraft and military discipline. Romance, however, finally emerges unharmed from temporary subjugation, and the result is an international marriage.

"Cyril Vane's Wife," which treats of a passing phase of marital unhappiness, is considerably shorter than its predecessor, but it, too, is a capital story, and told so well that the reader, who has in the first place foreseen certain desired contingencies, forgets them in the interest that bears him along, finally experiencing the pleasure of the unexpected.

The writer has a facile pen, and a pleasing ability for avoiding the stereotyped.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Jean de Reszke's Successor.

Enrico Caruso, the most famous Italian tenor in Europe—who is expected to be one of the sensational features of Heinrich Conrad's first season at the Metropolitan Opera House—arrived in New York from Italy last week. He is to appear in the opening performance, "Rigoletto," singing the part of the duke. Caruso was born in Naples in 1873, and began to sing early in life. At his first engagement he sang so badly that his manager wanted to whip him, and the town folk gathered outside the little theatre to hiss him out of town. But after he had gone the new tenor was so much worse than he that they sent for him again. In 1886, in Naples, he appeared in "Traviata" for the first time with great popular success, and in 1898 he won a secure place at the Lyric, in Milan. Since then he has sung in St. Petersburg, Vienna, Monte Carlo, South America, and last season at Covent Garden, where he made a tremendous sensation. He has sung "Lohengrin" in Italian, but this is the only German opera on his list of forty. Caruso has been decorated by the Italian, Austrian, and Portugal governments, the latter a distinction held only by two others, Manchinelli and Sarah Bernhardt. His repertoire includes "Tosca," "Faust," "Fedora," "Adriana," "Aida," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Manon," "Iris," "Meisfotele," "Bohème," "Elisir d'Amore," and many others. He will in 1904 create at Monte Carlo the tenor part in Puccini's "Madame Butterfly."

Return of Ellery's Italian Band.

Five new soloists have arrived to join the Ellery Royal Italian Band, which will play another season of ten concerts at the Alhambra Theatre, commencing Sunday night, December 6th. Matinees will be given on Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday, and a special professional matinee will be given on Friday afternoon, when the members of all the theatre companies in town at that time will be the guests of Managers Ellery and Will Greenbaum. There will be special Wagner, French, Italian, and American nights, and Saturday night, December 12th, will be a popular "rag-time" smoker on the style of the London smoker concerts.

That the American public is as anxious to hear Adelina Patti to-day at sixty as it was twenty years ago, when she was in her prime, is evident from the statement of her manager, Robert Grau, who claims that last week at her opening concert in Philadelphia, Patti received \$367 more than she had ever received for any appearance. At Buenos Ayres, some twelve years ago, she received \$6,000, the highest sum up to that time, according to Mr. Grau; but in Philadelphia she received \$8,100 out of the receipts. Mr. Grau declares this is the highest sum ever paid to one artist for a single performance. Patti is to appear in San Francisco in January.

Clara Bloodgood, who abandoned New York society for the stage about four years ago, is to be seen here next month in another Clyde Fitch play, "The Girl With the Green Eyes."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. J. W. Swan, the inventor of the incandescent electric light a generation ago, has just passed his seventy-fifth birthday.

The Rev. David Hogan, of Vernon County, Mo., has performed, according to his record, one thousand and seven marriage ceremonies during his long ministry of sixty-eight years.

The selection of Senator Gorman to accompany Senator Hoar to the White House and inform the President of the assembling of the Senate raised a laugh, because of the somewhat drastic criticisms of the President in which the Maryland senator indulged in the recent campaign.

The Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, who was Mattie Mitchell, daughter of United States Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, is reported to be seriously ill in Paris. The duchess has no town house, but spends most of her time in the Château de Monmirail, near Paris. Her illness is said to be the result of complications from an operation for appendicitis in 1902.

A gift of fifty thousand dollars was unanimously voted in the Cuban senate and house of representatives recently to General Maximo Gomez, in recognition of his services as head of the revolutionary army. In the house only one representative objected to the grant, but afterward voted in the affirmative. Of late General Gomez has been in poor health.

Charles H. Taylor, proprietor of the Boston *Globe*, has been celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of his control by printing a week of "jubilee numbers" epitomizing New England history for the last quarter-century. The daily circulation of the *Globe* during the past thirty years has advanced from 5,000 copies to 195,000, while the Sunday edition is credited with an issue of 297,000 copies.

Col A. K. McClure, who won fame as the editor of the defunct Philadelphia *Times*, has been chosen by the supreme court justices of Pennsylvania as prothonotary of the supreme court for the eastern district of that State. His fees, it is said, will amount to between \$12,000 and \$15,000 a year. Col McClure, who will be seventy-six years old in January, is reported to have lost \$120,000 on the decline of Lake Superior stock a few months ago.

Edmond Rostand is reported to be at work in his Pyrenean country place, at Combs, on a new play in verse, which the elder Coquelin will produce in February next at the Gaité Théâtre, in Paris, which he will lease for the purpose. The actor went some time ago to Combs to see the poet, who showed him five plots of dramas, out of which Coquelin made his choice. Two other new plays by M. Rostand will also be brought out before long. "La Maison des Amants," at the Comédie Française, and "Jeanne d'Arc," at Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's theatre.

News comes from Norway that Fridtjof Nansen's days of Arctic exploration are at an end; that he has no intention of making another voyage into the ice regions. He is among the few favored ones who have been made rich by the world's interest in their great geographical achievements. Nansen can live very handsomely on the interest of the money he accumulated within four years after he returned home from his wonderful journey. He is said to have made almost as much money as Stanley did from his books and lectures. Probably the highest price ever received for writing a telegraphic dispatch was that paid to Nansen by a London newspaper for sixteen thousand words, in which he summarized, after landing in Norway, the wonderful work of his expedition. He received one dollar a word.

Some months ago the yellow journals published a series of sensational letters from Spain, which were widely quoted throughout the United States. They pretended to give accounts of the habits of King Alfonso, and went considerably into detail, but everybody with whom William E. Curtis, who is now visiting Spain, has spoken, both natives and foreigners, declare that they were wicked lies, particularly in representing that Alfonso had already plunged into a career of dissipation, and had shown shocking irreverence for sacred things and disrespect for his mother. The young king is said to have inherited from her profound religious convictions. At the age of fourteen he was confirmed and partook of his first communion at the shrine of the Virgin of Atocha, which he believes preserved his life when he had been given up by the doctors several years ago, and every Saturday he goes to that church to offer a prayer of gratitude. Furthermore, his life is such that he could not possibly indulge in dissipation, even if he desired to do so. His tutors never leave him,

and his affection for his mother has never waned. He is described as good looking, but very slender and over-tall for his age, being nearly six feet in height. The resemblance to his mother is quite marked, particularly his delicate skin, his light hair, and fair complexion.

With 200,000 bushels of high-grade wheat in his granaries, A. J. Rice, of Atchison County, Kan., may be called the wheat king of the West. He is the owner of 114 quarter sections of land, scattered over three counties in Western Kansas. Rice went to Kansas thirty-five years ago with a bad case of consumption and a little money. He hailed from New York, where the eight other members of his family had died from pulmonary troubles. He started in a modest way, accumulated some money and invested it in land. To-day he owns 20,000 acres, 8,000 of which were sown to wheat last fall. Rice's hobby is the planting of orchards. He makes it a rule to plant fruit-trees on every farm he buys, and no man becomes a tenant of his unless he can prove his ability to take care of the orchard. Another of his hobbies is the rearing of turkeys. He has a theory that they clean the grasshoppers off the crops. He keeps great droves of turkeys on his farm, and if his new tenant has none he gives him a flock to raise on shares. Rice is a hachelor, and is estimated to be worth half a million. His income is almost a fifth of the valuation put upon his total wealth.

"TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

Opinions of the Press.

San Francisco Bulletin:

"Two Argonauts in Spain"—a charming book—is of especial interest locally. It is written by Jerome Hart, of the *Argonaut*, and it has been printed and bound here in a very handsome and distinctive fashion. . . . Mr. Hart saw all sorts of things which escape the eyes of other travelers, and wrote about hackneyed subjects in unhackneyed fashion. Even in touching upon the national institution of bull-fighting he is able to provoke a new comprehension of the Spanish point of view—for he had the pleasure of seeing an advertisement of a bull-fight to be given for the benefit of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"!

It is only claimed for the sketches which Mr. Hart has made during his travels that they have some of the qualities of the snapshot photographs which accompany them. "For the snap-shots," we are assured, "are not art, and the pen-sketches are not literature, but both may interest."

Both are sure to do that and more. They are amusing, enlightening; more instructive, indeed, than a vast store of cold statistics and accurate descriptions. The author gives the keynote of it all in his preface, and he never sings out of tune. . . .

In the frequent allusions to California which he has made, the author finds many points of resemblance between the land he calls "home" and the Spanish peninsula.

The letters, as originally published, have been carefully treasured by their readers in the files of the *Argonaut*. Their advent in more convenient form will be widely welcomed, and the addition of many illustrations and a good map will be appreciated. Altogether, the publication of "Two Argonauts in Spain" is an occasion in which many Californians will take a proprietary pride, both because of the excellence of the text and on account of the quality and style of the printing, paper, and binding.

MARY CALKINS BROOKE.

Riverside Enterprise:

Jerome Hart publishes the sanest and brainiest weekly paper in the West, which everybody knows; and he writes readable books, which is not so well known. His latest publication is "Two Argonauts in Spain." . . . letters which have appeared from time to time in the *Argonaut*. As the title suggests, the book is a story of travels in Spain. Mr. Hart is not the first man to write such a book, but he tells the story differently, and his writings are worth while. "Two Argonauts in Spain" is the unaffected relation of experiences in Spain by a clever Yankee who traveled through the country with his eyes open. That ought to be enough to say of the book for those who have faith in the wide-awake Yankee who is clever.

A low-priced dictionary, based on the original Webster's, but sprinkled with numerous effective plates and other extraneous matter, is published under the title, "Webster's New Standard Dictionary of the English Language," by Laird & Lee, Chicago.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Vivacious Glimpse of Simla Society.

Another book on Indian society; a social field that, first opened out by Kipling, no longer has its more distinctive phases obscured from public interest. This last, "The Pool in the Desert," consists of four distinct stories by Sara Jeannette Duncan, or, as she always announces herself in parenthesis, Mrs. Everard Cotes.

Mrs. Cotes is an exceedingly keen observer of human nature off guard, and her stories, in consequence, have much greater value than the regular summer novel tawdler. She gets beneath the surface of things, sometimes a trifle too deep for the lover of the obvious, and is rarely given to wasting her ammunition on stereotyped situations.

"The Pool in the Desert" is the story of a state of things much commoner in life than in fiction; that of the mutual love of a young man and a mature woman, whom sardonic fate has seemed to have made for each other. "A Mother in India" is characterized by an incisive satire that will either bewilder or escape the sentimental or matter-of-fact reader as completely as the English-bred daughter of the mother fails to penetrate beneath the husk of decorous affection tendered her by her incomprehensible parent.

In "An Impossible Ideal," an American artist, studying with single-minded enthusiasm the wonderful color-effects of India, is taken up by Indian society. Result: genius and intrinsic charm unequipped with social conventions give way before the iron-bound restrictions of official and military society, and the artist flees the place, hugging his freedom. "The Hesitation of Miss Andersen" is a story with a bigamous character; a fascinating English adventuress who thinks to evade discovery of her crime through the lack of social communication between New York and India.

In all of these stories Mrs. Cotes affords us vivid glimpses into the social life of British India; that life, the superficial frivolity of which but thinly conceals the underlying tragedy of separated lives. It is a life of curious contrasts, with its mingling of idle, irresponsible pleasure-seeking and steady, even heroic, endurance; one which always shows up picturesquely in fiction, and Mrs. Cotes seems peculiarly fitted, both by experience and temperament, to understand and translate its subtle meaning to Occidental readers.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Thrums, Drumtochty, Etc.

Another one of the series of books of travel by Clifton Johnson has been published, this last, as shown by its title, "The Land of Heather," being a record of jaunts through Scotland. Mr. Johnson's books, while not of marked literary quality, have the advantage of containing a different point of view from that usually presented, the author still adhering to his plan of living in the cottage of the humbler folk of rural villages, thus availing himself of improved opportunities for getting well acquainted with the peasant character.

During the trip described, Mr. Johnson chose the village of Drumtochty for a prolonged residence, evidently regarding it as a typical Scottish village, and recognizing its superior claim on public interest from its widespread celebrity gained through Barrie's books. Thrums, also, under its actual name of Kirremuir, receives a proportionately large share of the author's attention.

Mr. Johnson pronounces the Scottish character to be hardy, thrifty, brave, and warm-hearted, but he considers drink the national curse. He gives a very plain idea of the appalling accommodation of the villages resulting from the indifference of landlords, causing the reader to realize fully the improvements in material comforts that induce constant emigration from the Old World. The book is copiously illustrated from many well-chosen photographs taken by the author.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.00.

Dr. Mitchell's "Little Stories."

The Century Company has gathered together, in a small but choice volume, a group of thirteen tales, by S. Weir Mitchell, under the appropriate title "Little Stories," the shortest being under two hundred words in length.

The subjects are various, but characteristic of the interests of the author, whose instinct is always that of the ideal physician; to help.

Dr. Mitchell's profession is to heal bodies. But each is the force of natural instinct

that, in his stories, he infallibly aims to heal souls. One can detect under the flowers of Eastern fable and the stereotyped garb of Occidental fiction, the robe of the philosopher who is calmly making his point. Each story is as a barbless arrow shot in air, and the reader, whose own personal experiences have found no parallel within the covers of the little volume, still feels that somehow, somewhere, another's feverish pulse shall feel the calm and healing touch of the wise physician of souls.

Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Colonel George B. McClellan, the newly elected mayor of New York City, has written a book entitled "The Oligarchy of Venice," which is to be published next spring by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A new volume of reminiscences of Ruskin is to be published soon by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. It is called "Ruskin Relics," and is written by W. G. Collingwood, Ruskin's biographer and friend. Some drawings by Ruskin are presented, and a number of anecdotes.

Thomas Hardy has written a dramatic poem in six acts. It will be published by the Macmillan Company in London.

F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "The Heart of Rome," Gilbert Parker's "Old Quebec: The Fortress of New France," and John Morley's "Life of Gladstone" went into their second editions on the day of publication. So also did three other books published by the Macmillan Company—"The Magic Forest," by Stewart Edward White; "The Golden Chain," by Gwendolen Overton; and "Aunt Jimmy's Will," the new story for girls by Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, the author of "Dogtown."

Martinique and Venezuela play an important part in F. Frankfort Moore's new novel, "Shipmates in Sunshine," which will soon be published by D. Appleton & Co. In the course of his story, Mr. Moore embodies his observations on a recent cruise in the Caribbean. The author visited President Castro at Caracas.

John Lane, the publisher of Aubrey Beardsley's work, has decided to collect such remains, literary and artistic, as have not hitherto appeared among the artist's published works, and will bring them out in a volume to be called "Under the Hill and Other Essays in Prose and Verse, Including His Table Talk." A photographic portrait is included as a frontispiece, and drawings by Beardsley appear in illustration. Mr. Lane has collected a few personal reminiscences of the author in the form of a publisher's note.

In addition to his new romance, "The Food of the Gods," H. G. Wells has written a volume entitled "Twelve Stories and a Dream," which will soon be published. The volume opens with a tale of an inventor who commits suicide rather than risk his life in the flying machine he has invented, so leaving the triumph to his less nervous assistant.

The late Julian Ralph's autobiography, "The Making of a Journalist," has just been published. In this book, Mr. Ralph does not attempt to teach his readers how to become newspaper men, who are born not made, but the recital of his own remarkable career reflects the variety of experiences which goes to the making of one. It is suggested that this book is unconsciously an argument against the possibility of training journalists in colleges.

"Personalla," by Sigma, announced for early publication, is described as a volume of intimate anecdotes dealing with nearly all the famous English artists, literary men, lawyers, church dignitaries, and other public figures of the last forty years. The anonymous author is said to be "too well known for his real name to be given."

For many years the British and Foreign Bible Society has offered a reward of a guinea to any one discovering a misprint in a copy of the Bible bearing its imprint. The other day, the guinea was claimed and received by a Mr. Sherlock, who discovered that the passage in St. Mark, "His disciples follow Him," was misprinted "followed Him."

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, sister of F. Marion Crawford, and widow of a former British minister to Japan, has just published a novel which promises to have great success. It is based upon one of the most interesting incidents in Japanese history, and is called "The Stolen Emperor." Mrs. Fraser was born in New York, but has spent most of her life in

England and Japan, where her husband was connected with the British legation for twelve years.

THANKSGIVING DAY VERSE.

Thanks for All.

One shall give thanks for rain
That falls upon his field;
And one, for cloudless suns
That ripe the vineyard's yield.

One shall give thanks for winds
That lift the drooping sail;
And one, for windless calm,
Cot-sheltered in the vale.

One shall give thanks for Life
From danger plucked afresh;
And one, that Death draws near,
To cut Life's tangled mesh.

But who gives thanks for calm,
If sea-forth he is bound?
For rain—on harvest sheaf?
For sun—on parched ground?

But, since through loss, through gain,
There holds some Purpose vast,
Let me give thanks for all—
For Life—for Death at last!

—Edith Thomas in the Bazar.

Home at Thanksgiving.

Dreams of the soldier, statesman,
Of scholar, and lord of trade,
Grew in the quiet shelter
Of that fair elm-tree shade;
And while our thanks may gather,
Joy-misted in our eyes,
For this returning hand-clasp
And these November skies,
Somehow the calm abundance
Of our ripe-fruited days
Calls not so much for offering
Of song-voiced prayer and praise
As those far hours together
When raptly you and I
Saw, through our young ambitions,
The pride of earth go by.

—Lewis Worthington Smith in Everybody's Magazine.

Grace for Thanksgiving.

For all Thy care and loving kindness, Lord,
Accept our thanks who gather 'round this board
We see Thy goodness in each perfect thing:
The sky, the sea, the bird on happy wing,
And every blade that makes the velvet sward.

With hearts and lips in worshipful accord
Do we recount the blessings on us poured,
And lift our voices hymns of praise to sing,
For all Thy care.

Help us to help the needy and ignored;
Teach us mere riches no true peace afford,
And grant to each that he may often bring
Some consciousness to Thee of laboring
To prove, O Guardian! a worthy ward.
For all Thy care.

—Edward W. Bernard in the Criterion.

The Century Magazine for 1904.

A number of promising contributions are announced for the *Century Magazine* of 1904. The most unique, probably, will be the quasi-historical essay entitled "The Youth of Washington: Told in the Form of an Autobiography," by S. Weir Mitchell. Dr. Mitchell imagines Washington sitting down at Mount Vernon in his old age and recording, solely for his own eyes, the story of his "youthful life and the influences that affected it for good or ill." It is said that in making this whimsical combination of fiction and fact the author has so fully entered into Washington's habit of mind "that it will be impossible for the reader to separate in the text the passages taken out of his actual writings from those which Dr. Mitchell imagines him to write." The January *Century* will contain the first chapter of Jack London's new novel of adventure, "The Sea Wolf." Other announcements are Mrs. Maud Wilder Goodwin's novel entitled "The Four Roads to Paradise," new Thackeray letters to the Baxter family, and further installments of Andrew D. White's reminiscences. John Burroughs is preparing to annihilate certain contemporary nature writers with "Current Misconceptions of Natural History," while Ernest Thompson Seton will be writing blithely in the same magazine on "Fable and Woodmyth," and illustrating his own articles.

In the preface to his new comedy, Bernard Shaw says: "I assure you that I sometimes dislike myself so much that when some irritable reviewer chances at that moment to pitch into me with zest, I feel unspeakably relieved and obliged. But I never dream of reforming, knowing that I must take myself as I am, and get what work I can out of myself. All this you will understand; for there is community of material between us; we are both critics of life as well as of art; and you have perhaps said to yourself when I have passed your windows, 'There, but for the grace of God, go I.' An awful and chastening reflection."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Virginibus Puerisque.

Sixteen juveniles! For boys and girls of all sizes and ages, temperaments and tastes—rich and poor, good and bad, pretty and contrariwise!

Let us begin, as is proper, with those for the youngest. Here is "Bilberry Wood" (Brentano's, New York), a regular, old-fashioned picture-book, telling in verse and by pictures—colored pictures—the story of how Jack, with the fairies' help, got two basketsful of bilberries for his mother's birthday—a very nice, moral story.

Such, also (save for the impertinent preface), is "The Child's Arabian Nights" (Brentano's, New York) "written down" to the little's understanding by W. H. Robinson, who likewise furnishes the pictures, in fierce primary colors, of still fiercer sea monsters and hairy genii.

"The Children's Annual for 1904" (McClure, Phillips & Co., New York), we observe, is edited by T. W. H. Crosland, the bewhiskered, excitable author of "The Unspeakable Scot," who now roars as gently as any sucking dove so not to fright the children. The "Annual" contains a hundred or so stories and verses by a score or so different writers, and a quantity of pictures (more vivid yellows, reds, greens, and blues!) that ought to please.

"More Goops and How Not to Be Them" (F. A. Stokes Company, New York) is Gelett Burgess's fall contribution to children's—ah—literature. It is, he asserts, "a manual of manners for impolite infants, depicting the characteristics of many naughty and thoughtless children, with instructive illustrations."

This is a fair statement of the case and like a guide-book "we pass on" to the old, familiar "Chatterbox," with its antediluvian wood-cuts and curious stories for young folks of all ages. We confess it seems to us not quite up to the average of modern juveniles.

A better book all around is the "Outlook Fairy Book" (Outlook Company, New York; \$1.20), containing first-rate translations from the German of Grimm, Leander, Grundtwig, Andersen, etc., and the French of Macé and Rosemont, with several other stories from the folklore literature of various peoples. There are artistic drawings in black and white only by J. Conacher, and the book is intended for older children than those books we have noticed above—say children between eight and twelve.

That is the case, also with Andrew Lang's "The Crimson Fairy Book" (Longmans, Green & Co., New York; \$1.60)—the fifteenth in an admirable annually published series, the volumes in which are among the best books of folklore stories published. No man knows the world's folklore better than Lang, and no one will mistake in selecting from this series for a child's delight. In the preface of this volume the editor says: "Many tales in this book are translated, or adapted, from those told by mothers and nurses in Hungary; others are familiar to Russian nurseries; the Servians are responsible for some; a rather peculiarly fanciful set of stories are adapted from the Rumanians; others are from Baltic shores; others from sunny Sicily; a few from Finland, and Iceland, and Japan, and Tunis, and Portugal." The book is profusely and excellently illustrated by H. J. Ford with colored plates and drawings.

Another selection of stories all about delicate and beautiful fairies, cruel ogres, horrid demons, wicked elves, malicious sorceresses, greedy dwarfs, ugly gnomes, and malignant genii has been prepared by Esther Singleton for "The Goldenrod Fairy Book" (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; \$1.60). It is a book on lines very similar to Lang's, and very good. The binding is handsome, and each page has a marginal design in colors.

Still another volume of old stories told anew is Eva March Tappan's "Robin Hood: His Book" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50). She has simply woven together all the scattered legends about the famous outlaw and his merry men of Sherwood forest, making a connected narrative in lucid, simple English, touched here and there with her delightful humor. Charlotte Harding's colored illustrations are delicately pleasing.

Five modern stories for boys and girls in their early teens may be briefly noticed. "The Adventures of Dorothy" (Outlook Company, New York; \$1.00), by Jocelyn Lewis, is a story of a girl who has a good time on a big farm. "Raiding With Morgan" (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.25) is a stirring story of wartime for boys, by B. A. Dunn. "The Green Satin Gown" (Dana Estes & Co., Boston; 75 cents), by Laura E. Richards, is a book of short stories

for school-girls. "Five Little Peppers at School" (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; \$1.25) is the eighth volume in this famous series of "Pepper" books by Margaret Sidney. "Circus Day" (Saalfield Publishing Company, New York; 50 cents) is a first-rate little book by George Ade. Its title is all-explanatory. All five books are illustrated.

"The Magic Forest" (Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50) deserves a paragraph all by itself. It is a dry-land "Captains Courageous"—the story of Jimmy, nine years old, who walks off a Canadian Pacific car in his sleep, in the dead of night, while the train is stopped for a moment on a slippery grade. He falls in with Indian hunters bound for the Far North. They take him along in their canoes. For five months, he sees no white man. He lives in the Magic Forest with the dogs, and paposes, and squaws, and bucks. Then, when they bring the pelts down again, they also bring Jimmy back to his rejoicing parents. The book is the story of what Jimmy saw and did in his five months in fairy-land. It is a charming tale. Stewart Edward White, whose "Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," and other books have won him an enviable reputation, is its author. There are many pictures.

Last of the sixteen is a richly bound, handsomely printed, profusely illustrated work, entitled "The Hunting of the Snark and Other Poems," by Lewis Carroll (Harper & Brothers, New York; \$3.00). It contains all Carroll's verses that are scattered through his prose works. The pictures, forty in number, are by Peter Newell, and the book is uniform with "Alice In Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass," issued by the same firm last year and year before.

AUTOMOBILE NOTES OF INTEREST.

A Fashionable Ladies' Auto Club.

Inasmuch as they are barred from membership in the Automobile Club of America, a number of well-known society women of New York are organizing an auto club which is to be to this country what the Ladies' Automobile Club of London is to the great metropolis of the British Empire—a club that will give the women some of the advantages their husbands enjoy, and at least bring them together in a social way. The new club will in nearly every way be very similar to the London organization, which is now at the pinnacle of popularity among the Englishwomen. The fact is that among the leading spirits in the Ladies' Automobile Club of London are numbered many Americans, and these have been telling their American cousins and sisters what a fine thing the club was, and how they enjoyed its privileges while they were abroad this last season. Among the most prominent members of the foreign organization are the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Arthur Paget, Lady Scott-Montagu, Lady Jeanne, the Countess of Warwick, the Countess of Dudley, Mrs. Adair, Mrs. S. S. Chauncey, and Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox. The American women's club will be principally made up of those who go back and forth between their country homes on Long Island, at Tuxedo, and in Westchester County, and wish to have a place to put up their cars and have a bit of luncheon while in New York. Its social side will be the most prominent, although it is hoped that it will be possible to give a winter series of talks on automobile topics that will interest and help the members.

Barney Oldfield is to-day (Saturday) racing in Los Angeles in the two famous machines of the Winton Motor Carriage Company which he exhibited here. Last Sunday, at San José, the king of automobile drivers, with his Bullet No. 2, made a mile in one minute and two-fifths of a second before a crowd of nearly two thousand people. The track was not an Oldfield track—wide on the turns—and this, with the poor condition of the track, owing to the rains, accounted for the fact that the Winton company's great racer did not make better time.

One enthusiastic White automobile driver has found an effective way of evading the park ordinance and Presidio regulations which limit the speed of automobiles. Instead of racing on a level when he overtakes a rival car, he simply saunters along at a respectful distance until a favorable hill is reached, when he opens up his throttle and easily distances his rival. In this way he gets just as decisive a victory as if he had passed him on the level, and at the same time no speed regulations are broken.

Lord Roberts, the British commander-in-chief, recently inspected the British Motor Volunteer Corps during their maneuvers in the Western part of England, and was greatly impressed with the practicability of automobiles as auxiliaries in the army. "I think these experiments have shown," he said, "that in future wars motor-cars will play a very important part. We could not have carried out the maneuvers without their help." In the course of these maneuvers automobiles were employed to a greater extent than ever before in the English army. Motor-cycles also figured in the test, and gave an excellent account of themselves. The entire division of power-driven vehicles was

under the control of Lieutenant-Colonel Mark Mayhew, one of the most ardent advocates of military automobiling in all Europe. He declares that there is little weight to the argument against the military automobile, which is based on the fact that it can not leap fences and make short cuts across fields, for the reason that its superior speed enables it to go around a rough or difficult piece of ground almost, if not quite, as quickly as a horse can travel across it. In the recent maneuvers the umpire staff covered between sixty and one hundred and twenty miles of country daily, with only slight setbacks and no serious accidents—something which would probably have been impossible had the staff been mounted on horses.

According to the New York Times, the notable success which has been achieved by Great Britain in her experiments with self-propelled vehicles as agents in war has been due very largely to that country's successive and determined efforts to secure the best product of this sort which the manufacturers were able to turn out. The war office from time to time has offered substantial inducements in cash prizes for automobiles answering certain specific requirements, and these offers have elicited a generous response on the part of the manufacturers. Great Britain, however, is by no means the only country wherein activity along this line has been encouraged. France and Germany have been conspicuous for their success in procuring, by methods similar to those of Great Britain, automobiles for use as couriers, armed scouts, purely defensive agencies, and also for transporting troops. Moreover, the military chiefs of Russia and Austria and Italy have been thoroughly awake to the utilization of these modern machines, although their experiments have been less extensive than those of the other countries named. It is regarded as significant that the result of nearly all of the experiments in question has been such as to justify, in the judgment of those conducting them, a material increase in the number of motor vehicles used heretofore. The German army, for example, has lately added twelve automobiles to the number previously employed by it, while the corresponding forces of France and Italy are, it is said, about to be considerably enlarged.

The National Automobile Company's Toledo Touring Car—the machine that made such a remarkable showing at the recent meet at Ingleside—left for the south last Monday, and will not again return to San Francisco, as, after the Los Angeles race meet to-day (Saturday), in which this speedy car is entered, the motor vehicle passes into the possession of a millionaire in the southern city. Two particular cars are being watched in the races—the Toledo and Mercedes. These vehicles are pitted against each other in several races, and it will be interesting to learn what kind of a showing the Toledo, an American stock-made touring car, which sells for less than \$5,000, can make when competing against the Mercedes, a French stock-made touring car, which sells for \$22,000.

The possibilities of the automobile are remarkable, especially if the machines are given the proper attention and driven by careful persons. Dr. E. C. Bangs, of San José, who owns a Stevens-Duryea, informed a friend last Sunday that he had recently made a very successful trip of eighteen hundred miles in his auto, adding: "And mind you, my fare bill for the entire trip was only ten cents."

The National Automobile Company will receive in a few days a Knox two-cylinder touring car, which will be delivered to P. George Gow. Judging from Eastern reports, the Knox is one of the most speedy and luxurious of any touring car produced in the United States. It is recognized to be the most powerful car made, being provided with opposed horizontal engines. It goes without saying that this machine, as well as all other Knoxes, is waterless.

It is said that there has been so much argument in France, especially in the trade papers, concerning the proper distinction of a touring car as differentiated from a racing car, that there is a strong probability that the matter will be taken up for general discussion by the Automobile Club of France.

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There never yet was a leader in any special branch of art that failed to see the dust of conflict arise from the crowds that surged to gaze, pass verdicts, and quarrel over his latest achievement. Arthur Pinero's worst enemy can not call him a weakling, or wave him to obscurity, and his warmest partisan can not aver that he succeeds in touching the springs of genuine heart-warming emotion. He is too provocative of thought, too unconventional, and too unshrinking in his view of life to be popular. He sees the tragedy of things, but does not see them through an idealizing haze. He casts no concealing veil over certain ugly phases of human nature that people resolutely refuse to face.

In such plays as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "Iris" the spectator is apt to resent being forced to the edge of a precipice and compelled to gaze upon the bones of human derelicts that have strayed to their doom from the safe paths of convention. It matters not to the beholder that the walls of the abyss are decked with the finest flowers of English rhetoric. Mr. Pinero's plays are always put together with the craft of a master. But there lies the terrible revelation below. And so all the *fine fleur* of English aristocracy, the garniture of wit, and the upward irresistible growth of sordid truth can not do away with the shudder of repulsion at seeing what lies beneath it all.

The timid, the sentimental, the conventional, the ease loving, the romantic, the optimistic, and the poetic turn away from Pinero at times with distaste. He offers to the palate that craves refreshment a draught so pungently seasoned as to reach the point of bitterness.

It is only in his lighter moments that he has pleased the many. "The Amazons," "Sweet Lavender," "The Princess and the Butterfly" offer less sombre views of life and human destiny, and the fine qualities which force public attention to his more powerful plays in these win spontaneous pleasure and approbation.

The truth is that Pinero has commanding talent without genius. There is no grandeur in his view of life, his problem plays approximating tragedy stripped bare of beauty. No lovely images haunt the mind after seeing Pinero at his most powerful, but the ugly truth of what he tells comes to the appalled consciousness like the taste of decay.

It can not be consistently said that he is immoral, for the figures of Paula Tanqueray and Iris Bellamy stands forth in the memory like finger-posts pointing to the hideous destiny that awaits the woman who sins. But in "Iris" his discourse is akin to that of the sensational preacher, who first allures by dazzling images, and then terrifies and repels by the sombre and startling realism with which he depicts the sinner's Hades.

In writing "Iris," however, Mr. Pinero has not set out to preach. While his conclusions, or morals if you will, are on the side of law and order, he is absorbed mainly in portraying as strikingly as possible the irresistible momentum with which, given certain conditions, a certain type of human character hastens to its predestined doom. The moral is irreproachable, but the atmosphere through which we pass to grasp it is noxious and stifling. "Iris" adds no illumination to the torch of truth.

The play does not impress one as the spontaneous output of a genius that can not be denied its natural expression; rather, it is the deliberate cultivation of a noxious plant, whose dazzling bloom and rank perfume draw the multitude from the contemplation of simpler and healthier growths. Mr. Pinero is popularly conceded to be the leading English dramatist. His plays are widely read, witnessed, and discussed. He is no producer of mushroom drama, but spends a year or more polishing and perfecting his plays. It is patent, therefore, that a man whose work is so eagerly looked for is desirous that the public shall find in his plays something out of the ordinary. To introduce this extraordinary something in a dramatic literature that is eagerly brushing the down from every

situation known to sentiment, means to have recourse to the ways of the underworld. For to that place this soft, suave, seductive Iris belongs.

Pinero's latest heroine was born without principle. Her betrothal of herself to Maldonado made that clear in the first place. Her prompt rupture of her troth was a second proof, and her surrender of herself to Laurence Trenwith the third. *Facilis descensus averno*, especially to women of Iris Bellamy's type. Beginning with her mechanical use of Maldonado's check-book, her fall was sudden, swift, and terrible, and equally inevitable. Thus we spend an evening in contemplating the irresistibly downward trend of a woman who has no possibilities of redemption within her, save such as may be afforded by good luck and a destiny devoid of hard knocks.

Mr. Pinero's characters, as usual, figure in the upper crust of English society, and are lapped in luxury. It takes players of refinement and good appearance to portray such types, and the "Iris" troupe is well selected.

Virginia Harned we have seen before. She played here ten or twelve years ago with her husband, Mr. Sothorn, in "Captain Letterblair." Upon a beauty like hers, all made up of soft, seductive curves, and delicate blonde tints, time is bound to leave its trace, and her facial prettiness is somewhat dimmed. But her figure is delicious, her blonde hair abundant and beautiful, and except in the first act, during which her manner seemed abrupt and indifferent, she was easily the woman who charms—coaxing, alluring, and bearing about her the perfume of irresistible fascination.

In the first act, Iris is giving a dinner, and is in full dress, with a tiara and dog collar of jewels, and a gorgeously appliquéd gown, the skirt of which is drawn back in such a way as to reveal the beautifully modeled proportions beneath. Yet the effect was decidedly unpleasant, the tightness constraining Miss Harned to a gait that was deprived of freedom and grace.

I thought the actress far prettier in the second act, when Iris lies like a kitten on her cushions, basking in the sunshine that shines on her fair hair, and her white tapering arms, and kindles sparkles in her jeweled rings and the necklace that glitters against the lace of her dress. This was the sensuous Iris of which Miss Harned gave but a hint in the earlier scenes. As the play goes on she grows into the rôle, becoming more and more, in the spectator's mind, the Iris that Pinero meant us to see—a weak-fibred woman, lapped in the luxury that is part of herself. Pinero, with his customary skill, emphasizes this trait in many details, which show her wealth, good taste, elegant hospitality, bounteous disposition, and careless prodigality of expenditure.

The character of Maldonado is, in a way, a complement to that of Iris. Such men and women gravitate together irresistibly. Except for a superior refinement and fastidiousness in Iris, which made her cold to the efflorescent Jew, she was not otherwise above him. Such men demand such women to satisfy a lust for possession, and to exhibit their superior beauties in a setting of money. Such women accept such men as infatuated purveyors of the luxury, without which they can not exist.

Mr. Henry Jewett plays the part of Maldonado, especially in the emotional crisis of the last two acts, with a complete surrender of himself to the exigencies of the rôle. His ebullient cordiality toward his rival, the devil-may-care demeanor of the lover in secure possession of the chattel by which he is despised, the craft with which Maldonado pierced together his bits of evidence, and laid his plans to spy, and finally the burst of ferocious rage with which elemental man seizes by the throat the mistress who betrays—all these showed him to be an actor of parts. As for the final maniac howl with which Maldonado sets about "breaking up housekeeping," as the Londoners put it, it has its farcical side. It has a bacchanalian sound, and is almost an

anticlimax after the terrible stress of the scene just preceding it.

That, indeed, is the most exciting moment in the play, and looked to be terribly in earnest. The scene, in its incipency, has its parallel in "Oliver Twist," for Bill Sykes's brute rage and lust for murder is precisely the same as Maldonado's. The only difference is in the station of the people concerned, and in the real superiority of Nancy over Iris, in that the dragged child of the gutter was capable of the loyalty to love that was beyond Pinero's heroine.

Mr. William Courtenay, who plays the part of Trenwith, the young lover, has been getting mixed up in people's minds with William Courtleigh, an actor of superior ability, who was leading man on the last trip but one of the Henry Miller company.

Mr. Courtenay is less versatile, but, barring a certain immobility of feature, he makes an excellent Laurence Trenwith. The young man has a good manner, a satisfactory drawing-room presence, and makes love as if he were in earnest; no small feat, in these days of repression in the drama.

Croker Harrington is very agreeably played by J. Hartley Manners, and Iris's absconding lawyer by Stanley Dark, an actor whose ease of manner and delivery fit him for small society rôles. He will be remembered by those who saw "Mrs. Dane's Defense" as having made an agreeable impression in the part of the young *attaché* who first recognized Mrs. Dane.

All these actors, with the exception of Henry Jewett, have fallen into Miss Harned's way of speaking with extreme rapidity. It is a method that doubtless commends itself to them from its being akin to nature, but the disadvantages outweigh the advantages. Miss Harned, indeed, articulates with such speed that many of Iris's briefer remarks are lost. There is no carelessness in this habit; indeed, it rather suggests frequent practice before the mirror à la Bernhardt. But it is one that is trying to all auditors save those in the extreme forward rows. Miss Ethel Winthrop, who plays the part of Fanny Sylvain, the devoted friend, has swung around violently to the other extreme, and is so extremely deliberate in her utterance as to give an effect of wonderousness to a character that is meant to be very snarltly. Yet, at the same time, one hails with relief an articulation that is, by contrast to the others, reposefully distinct.

There is quite enough talent in the company to give a very good idea of the kind of people that revolved around Iris; people who, like herself, were bred to luxury, and found the zest of life in the chatter and gossip of their world.

They are, from a superficial standpoint, entertaining people, saying many smart things, but failing utterly when it comes to facing the serious issues of life. Iris, in the midst of shipwreck and tragedy, is a bit of soft, sweet, graceful futility. Aurea gleefully accepts a loan from an impoverished woman. Maldonado, denied of his heart's desire, just stops short of murder. Croker Harrington's fine loyalty can rise to no greater height than to suffer him to be used as go-between for a woman who is true to no one. Laurence Trenwith has no traits beyond the conventional ones. He merely stands for young manhood in love. Thus, in this latest play, Pinero, the master craftsman of drama, stops short of being a great creator. His wizard's wand has still failed to tap the living, revivifying stream of ideal emotion, to experience which we seek, in the mimic passions of the stage, to escape from the trivialities of life.

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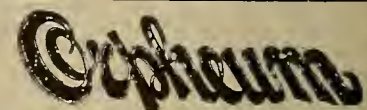
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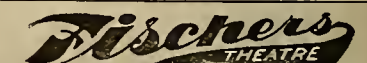
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Dramatized by William Young. Music by Edgar Stillman Kelley. Positively last performance of "Ben Hur" Saturday night, November 28th.



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STAGE GOSSIP.

Last Week of "Iris."

Despite the fact that nearly all the critics in town have declared Pinero's "Iris" to be immoral, shocking, and unfit for decent folks, the Columbia has had good audiences at nearly every performance, and the demand for tickets for next week promises to be equally as large. It is to be regretted that Virginia Harned's two weeks are to be devoted entirely to Pinero's play, for there are many theatre-goers who would like to see this clever actress in a whole some offering, better suited to her personality. Had her husband's comedy, "The Light that Lies in Women's Eyes," proved a success in Washington, D. C., last September, it would doubtless have been given here, but, according to Acton Davies, it proved a most extraordinary concoction, a wildly impossible combination of Shakespeare and Laura Jean Libbey, with the scenes laid at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Davies added: "Little Buttercup herself could not have mixed things up more effectually than Mr. Sothorn has in this instance. The only wonder is how any sane man with the acquaintance of life and the knowledge of the stage that Mr. Sothorn possesses could ever have concocted such a wildly impossible piece of hodge-podge." The ever-popular pastoral comedy, "Way Down East," will follow "Iris."

The Remarkable Success of "Ben Hur."

"Ben Hur" will enter on its fourth and last week at the Grand Opera House on Monday night, and if the present rush for seats continues, it is likely that the engagement will prove a greater financial success than any previous production in San Francisco. At noon on Monday and about four o'clock on Thursday afternoon the writer had occasion to visit the theatre, and on each occasion the line of anxious ticket purchasers extended from the box-office nearly to Third Street. According to the management, there has been a steady stream of people all week from nine in the morning until nine o'clock in the evening, when the box-office has been closed in order to give the ticket-sellers an opportunity to breathe freely, count up the day's sales, and rest their shattered nerves before the next day's rush. It is estimated that the four week's receipts will nearly reach the \$100,000 mark. Only a few tickets for the remaining six evening performances and three matinees are to be had, so that those who have not yet witnessed this spectacular dramatization of General Lew Wallace's famous story had better bestir themselves, or they will meet with disappointment when, at the last moment, they apply for tickets.

Musical Burlesque at Fischer's.

"Rubes and Roses" is in its last week at Fischer's Theatre. On Monday evening, November 30th, Judson Brusie's burlesque, "I-O-U," is to be given a lavish production, with all the favorites in the cast. Dr. H. J. Stewart is responsible for the music, and it is said that he has provided some charming solos and choruses, which are bound to become popular. Charles Jones, the stage manager, has been lavishing much time and attention on the settings, and promises some very effective marches, groupings, and light effects. One of the special features of the production will be the first appearance of the Althea Twins, who are to replace Flossie Hope and Gertie Emerson.

Last Performances at the Tivoli.

At the matinee this (Saturday) afternoon and on Sunday evening, the last performances of Leoncavallo's "Zaza" will be given. On Saturday evening ("Puritani" will be the bill. Monday evening, which is to be a Verdi night, ought to see the Tivoli packed to the doors. Acts will be offered from various Verdi operas, in which all the favorites of this season will make their farewell appearances. Then the curtain will ring down, and the popular Eddy Street theatre will cease to be the home of comic and grand opera. After an interim of three weeks, the new Tivoli Opera House, on the corner of Mason and Eddy Streets, will be opened.

Comedy at the Alcazar.

Sol Smith Russell's charming comedy success, "A Poor Relation," is to be presented at the Alcazar Theatre on Monday night, with James Durkin in the leading role of Noah Vale, the starving inventor. Adele Block will be the generous society belle; Frances Starr, the hoydenish Scallops, terror of the top floor; John B. Maher, the Irish janitor, Marmaduke O'Haley; and George Osbourne, the millionaire. Two clever little tots will appear as Rip and Patch, the children of the tenements, for whom the poor relation undergoes additional self-deprivation, and who are so scantily equipped that he has to put them in a barrel while he mends their ragged clothing. A picturesque romantic comedy, "A Royal Prisoner," will be given its first presentation in San Francisco on Monday evening, November 30th.

The Orpheum's Bill.

Annie Abbott, known in many countries as the "Little Georgia Magnet," will begin a limited engagement at the Orpheum next week. She weighs but one hundred and ten pounds, and is possessed of some remarkable magnetic powers. For example, she does not assume to exert any physical force, either of resistance or pressure, yet ten men by their combined efforts are unable to lift her from the floor or to push her from a position which she assumes on the stage; she, on the other hand, is able to lift a heavy man against the resisting force of ten men who try to hold

down the support on which he sits. She will undoubtedly create a sensation here. The other new-comers are the Armonis-Tito Quartet, in a series of novelty dances; Bryant and Saville, who have stopped managing a minstrel company long enough to take a run over the Orpheum circuit; Seal and Violet Allen, who will present their laughable absurdity, "The Sign Painter," Wright Huntington, supported by Florida Kingsley and Alex Kearney, will present, for his second and last week, his greatest success, "A Stolen Kiss," a dainty sketch, abounding in comedy and pathos. Others retained from this week's bill are the three Zolars, grotesque gymnasts; Joe and Sadie Britton, a clever colored troupe; and Serra and Bella-Rosa, the cannon-ball jugglers. This week the Thursday matinees begin, making four afternoon performances a week.

"Midnight in Chinatown."

The Central Theatre next week will offer a thrilling melodrama, "Midnight in Chinatown," which will abound in local scenes and color. It starts off with a mysterious robbery and murder at the Bonanza mine, and the solution of the mystery furnishes the chief motive of the play. In this relation, clever detective work is done. Circumstances point to an engineer as the guilty man, and his prospects are very gloomy until an odd clue is discovered on one of the wharves in San Francisco. The clue leads finally to an opium den in Chinatown, where the real villain has enticed the daughter of the murdered man. She is completely in his power, and overcome by the fumes of the deadly drug, when the police, at the midnight hour, raid the opium den, rescue the helpless girl, and fix the murder on the right man. The play contains some excellent character studies, among others a merry tramp, a tough girl, an unsophisticated Ruhe, and a Hebrew Sherlock Holmes.

Dr. Tyndall's Sunday Lecture.

Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall will go into the distinctions and difference between thought-transference, mind-reading, and telepathy Sunday night in his psychic science lecture at Steinway Hall. The subject for discussion will be "Thought-Transference and Telepathy," and there will be experiments in the various phases of thought-force, and psychic manifestation, following the lecture. Dr. McIvor-Tyndall has met with much success in his teaching here, and has large classes in the study of the subjects he illustrates so entertainingly. "The Law of Harmony" will be discussed on Sunday evening, November 29th.

The Italian composers are busy. Mascagni, despite his visit to Sweden and Germany, is working on his new opera, "Marie Antoinette," the libretto of which has been written by Josef Schürmann and Luigi Illica. Giordano has nearly completed an opera on the subject of a romance in Siberia, and Leoncavallo is making steady progress with his "Roland of Berlin," which he started at the request of the German emperor. All admirers of "La Bohème" and "La Tosca" will be pleased to learn that Puccini has nearly recovered from his motor-car accident, and is putting the finishing touches to his new opera, "Madame Butterfly."

It appears after all that Julia Marlowe is not going to retire from the stage for the rest of the season. Following the announcement that she had so determined, her audiences at Powers's Theatre, in Chicago, grew in size, and so she felt better. There was an interesting competition among three feminine stars for Chicago's favor—Miss Marlowe in "Fools of Nature," Maude Adams in "The Pretty Sister of José," and Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann." It ended in a draw.

At a recent copyright performance of his comedy called "Merely Mary Ann," Mr. Zangwill played the part of Herr Brahmsen, a German music publisher. Jerome K. Jerome also aided in the performance, and is said to have been delightfully funny. Conan Doyle had been cast for a part, but was unavoidably absent.

Lulu Glaser will be seen here in December in the successful comic opera, "Dolly Varden."

At the Races.

The special event at the Oakland track next week will be the Thanksgiving Handicap for three-year-olds and upward. The value of the purse is two thousand dollars, and the distance one mile and a furlong. The entries number nearly sixty.

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VANITY FAIR.

The church wedding of Miss May Goelet to Henry John Innes-Ker, eighth Duke of Roxburghe, in New York last week, attracted a crowd of ten thousand persons—for the most part well-dressed women—who lined the streets, mobbed the carriages, and kept two hundred policemen busy protecting the wedding guests from molestation. Never before in the history of New York's international marriages has such a scene of wild disorder been witnessed. A crowd of women surrounded the bride's carriage as she and her brother neared St. Thomas's Church. They stopped the horses, climbed on to the steps, and thrust their heads through the windows. Mr. Goelet called loudly for the police, but it was several minutes before the curious women were finally driven back and the carriage was able to proceed. At the entrance to the church a canvas canopy had been erected, but it was insufficient to keep back the crowd of sightseers, which, banked up for twenty-five feet on either side, rushed the police line and crawled under to watch the bride. Inspector McLaughlin ordered policemen to drag them out. He took a hand himself, and grabbed the tail of a woman's skirt. When he had got all of her outside, she was found to be somewhere in the neighborhood of sixty. Her clothes, which were good, were covered with dust. "All I wanted was just a peek," she said, tearfully. Several women got under the awning and up to the church door. They had to be carried back bodily. Meanwhile, another crowd had gathered in Fifty-Third Street, where there is a coal-hole leading to a passage underneath the chancel. Down this grimy aperture fifteen well-dressed women crawled. They could see nothing, but they could hear the low voices and the smothered steps above them, and were happy till a squad of police followed and ejected them, loudly protesting, to the street. Earlier in the day about two hundred uninvited guests prevailed on the sexton to admit them to the church gallery, where they were discovered by Mr. Goelet and summarily ejected by the police. After the ceremony the same scenes of disorder were repeated, only this time the reinforced bluecoats were able to preserve a clear path for the carriages. They were unable, however, to prevent a rush of souvenir hunters, who carried the church by storm and despoiled it of its flowers and other decorations, which were carried away in mutilated fragments to serve as mementoes of "the day the richest American girl became an English duchess."

These scenes of wild disorder give a curious insight into the mental workings of the class of people to whom the yellow journals most directly appeal. These papers have been printing columns of matter concerning Miss Goelet's espousals, but first, last, and always, the reportorial pen has dwelt upon her money. The richest woman in the world! The title inflamed the imagination of the multitude. More money is the universal cry of mankind, and here is one, a mere girl, who is at the apex of the gilded pinnacle—on fortune's cap the very button. She has molded her destiny at will. Princes and barons and earls, titled aristocrats of all nations, have sought alliance with her and her millions. And, uplifted by the magic power of gold, she has, with calm vision, surveyed the fold from horizon to horizon, and has elected to become an English duchess. The choice shows an astuteness born of careful meditation. To wear a dual coronet is probably the most desirable destiny, from a worldly point of view, to which an American or English heiress may aspire. Next to loyalty itself, it is the loftiest position in the ranks of the British aristocracy; and that means much in a country where the lines of caste are so closely drawn that the upper classes look upon themselves as a race apart, even as kings still believe themselves anointed of the Lord. Moreover, the country at large accepts the valuation, for the radical element is in the minority. The habit of homage toward rank extends through all classes of society. The peasant looks up to the "quality," so also do the middle classes. The yeomanry and landed gentry offer up incense to the country families, and so it goes in an ever-increasing crescendo, until the dual houses are reached, beyond which lie only the exalted domains of royalty.

It is interesting to observe the attitude of Mrs. Humphry Ward in her recent novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter." Although the duke and duchess in the tale are mere creatures of the author's fancy, loftiness of their rank quite overawes her, and invests them in her eyes with a dazzling halo. It is the homage

to exalted rank, offered by the true, British-born subject, and is a feeling altogether different in character from that which agitated the hysteric women who plunged themselves so tumultuously into Miss Goelet's wedding ceremonies. That emotion, born of animal excitement, was as contagious at the moment as an epidemic of measles. There was a sort of frenzy in it, a mania of desire to behold with their own eyes, to touch with their own hands, the fortunate being who represents the superlative expression in petticoats of accumulated wealth.

The episode has its trivial side, yet it is not without significance. Its root is in the ever-growing craving for money, coupled with the realization of the power it brings. It is allied to the seed of socialism, embryonic in America as yet, but capable of sudden and startling growth. As a sign of the times, the incident may be regarded as an indication that the enormous fortunes of our day are a detriment to the healthy life of the community. Meanwhile the young duke has apparently found the spectacular character of his nuptials little to his taste. In spite of various feats of agility on his part, his comings and goings have been attended by a vigilant throng, and he has gotten into several dual rages in consequence. There are compensations in his lot, however, and when he reaches England he will be soothed by the respectful acclamations of his tenantry, who have been brought up on dukes, and know how they should be handled.

According to the London Daily Mail, one of the most noticeable changes in men's fashions is the new watch chain for evening wear, which is so quaint that it carries those who behold it back in imagination to the early days of Count d'Orsay and Lord Disraeli. The Daily Mail adds: "It is a narrow band of black moiré silk ornamented at the ends with delicately fashioned diamond buckles. The band is worn quite taut across the waistcoat, and is about the length of the leather watch guard now popular among sportsmen—a trifle that looks inconspicuous, that is perfectly practical, and that costs about half a guinea. The price of the black moiré band with its diamond fittings depends upon the value of the stones. Another reminiscence of the days of the dandies is the tendency among men at this present time to permit their hair to grow a shade longer than has been fashionable for some years past. It is also burnished to such splendid brilliancy that the use of macassar oil might be suspected, though the effect is really gained by a strenuous wielding of the brush, completed by the passing of a silk handkerchief over the ambrosial locks. Women who observe the trend of the times are fully, and not altogether without delight, expecting to see their men folk shyly cultivate a crop of curls above their marble brows, and modest clusters of them behind their ears, after the Byronic manner. They note also with satisfaction the assiduity with which the tailors are cultivating in their clients a neat and lissom waist, following the military tendency, accomplished in many cases by the wearing of stays. Stay-makers for men do not flaunt their wares as a rule in their shop windows, but all the same a demand for corsets for men, cleverly boned and made of the most delicate pompadour brocade, or of silk to match the underwear, are in huge demand."

Washington, D. C., is fast becoming "the city beautiful." Although not a business or manufacturing place, it is just now growing as fast as any other large city in the United States. During the last year (says Walter Wellman) a great number of new apartment-houses and hotels, and fine office buildings have been erected, and a vast number of elegant residences. Secretary Hay's new apartment-house, "Stonleigh Court," named after Mrs. Hay's father, the late Amasa Stone, of Cleveland, O., is a sample of the new structures. It cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and every apartment in it has been rented. Notwithstanding the activity of the builders, the supply of apartments and good houses is hardly equal to the demand. The population of Washington is rapidly increasing. It continues to attract from all parts of the country the well-to-do and leisurely who want a delightful place to live. Constant additions are being made to the number of elegant and costly mansions erected by rich people, who pass their winters at the capital. The flood of strangers in Washington increases each year, and the hotel accommodations, once a reproach, are now a credit to the capital. They are crowded all the time. Americans appear to be growing more

and more fond of visiting the capital to see the sights. The United States Capitol looks clean and bright. During the summer the Senate chamber and the hall of the House have been renovated and put in order. Committee-rooms and corridors have been overhauled and painted. Twenty-one tons of paint, most of it of a light yellow, have been applied to the outside and inside of the huge Capitol since Congress adjourned last spring. Not only has the inside of the building been benefited by the work of the brush-wielders, but the huge dome and the goddess of liberty have also received a new dress. The goddess was not painted, but was given several coats of varnish to prevent her flowing robes from corroding and turning green. In round figures it required just forty-two thousand pounds of paint, seventy men, and two hundred and fifty brushes to accomplish the task. Fourteen hundred gallons of paint was used on the outside of the dome, and it now looks like a structure able to stand all kinds of weather.

A New York minister wants incurable idiots killed. We do not like to do anything of the kind, but if he will come over we will see that his case is attended to all right.—Washington Post.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
November 12th.....	60	56	.10	Rain
" 13th.....	62	56	.10	Cloudy
" 14th.....	62	58	.58	Pt. Cloudy
" 15th.....	56	48	Tr.	Clear
" 16th.....	58	46	.00	Clear
" 17th.....	60	46	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 18th.....	56	52	.04	Cloudy

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, November 18, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3% ..	500	@ 108½	107¾	108¾
Bay Co. Power 5% ..	3,000	@ 103	102¾	103½
Los An. Pac. R. R.				
Con. 5% ..	1,000	@ 101	100	
Market St. Ry. 1st				
Con. 5% ..	2,000	@ 113	114	
N. R. of Cal. 5% ..	12,000	@ 114½	114¾	116
Oakland Transit				
5% ..	1,000	@ 109	108½	109½
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5% ..	2,000	@ 107	106¾	
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1909 ..	9,000	@ 107½-107¾	107¾	107¾
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1910 ..	1,000	@ 108½	109	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1905, S. B. ..	3,000	@ 103¾	103¾	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1906 ..	2,000	@ 104¾	105	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1912 ..	11,000	@ 114-114½	114¾	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%				
Stpd.	4,000	@ 106½	106½	
	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Water.				
Spring Vall'y W.Co	890	@ 37-39½	39½	
Banks.				
Anglo-Cal.....	50	@ 81	80	85
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	45	@ 64-65	65	66
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. & S...	30	@ 45	43	44½
Honokaa S. Co....	75	@ 13½	13	13½
Hutchinson.....	335	@ 10½-10½	10	10½
Pauhaui S. Co....	50	@ 15¾	15¾	
Gas and Electric.				
S. F. Gas & Electric	1,695	@ 69-69½	69	69½
Trustees Certificates.				
S. F. Gas & Electric	175	@ 69	69	69½
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers ...	170	@ 147-148	146	150
Cal. Fruit Cannerns.	60	@ 92-92½	92½	93
Cal. Wine Assn....	85	@ 89½-90½	90	
Pac. Coast Borax...	7	@ 167	167	

San Francisco Gas and Electric has been in good demand, and on sales of 1,870 shares gained one-half point, selling up to 69½, closing at 69 bid, 69½ asked.

It is reported on the street that the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company has declared a special dividend of \$2.50 per share payable on December 24th, also a regular quarterly dividend of \$1.25, payable March 15th, 1904. On this class of security it should result in a marked advance in the market price of this stock.

Spring Valley Water Company was strong and advanced three and one quarter points to 39½, closing at 39½ bid, with no stock offered.

The sugars have been quiet and have held their own in price, with the exception of Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar, which sold off two points to 44.

The powders were quiet with no change in price. Alaska Packers on sales of 170 shares sold off two and three-quarters points to 146½, closing at 146 bid, 150 asked.

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Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
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Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
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Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	5.50
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West.....	5.25

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Kansas editor received the following note, the other day, which explains itself: "Dere professor editor, I would like for you to putt in yo'h paper a notice fer a husband fer me. I am thirty-eight years old, have no dentist hills for my teeth are all ok. I can cook a stake, wash deeshes, and grace the parlor fine. Also player on the accordeen, and have had two husbands. They are ded, but their graves are green and tended to all on account of me. Any lovin man of wait over one hundred and twenty answer please. No doods."

In his memoirs, Adolf Kussmaul relates a curious story of a Heidelberg hanker. This hanker was known for his haughty, forbidding manners; consequently, Dr. Nuhn, the professor of anatomy, was much surprised one day when the banker came and sat with him in a railway car, and, after a pleasant chat, asked him all sorts of questions, especially about the anatomy of the heart. The next day, he even called, by permission, in the medical department, and watched the professor dissecting one of those organs. Then he drove home, and a few hours later it became known that he had committed suicide by skillfully plunging a dagger into his heart.

The *Journal des Débats* tells a story of the late Professor Rudolf Falb. In 1874, he predicted an eruption of Etna on August 27th. He offered to a Vienna editor to write an account of it if the editor would send him to Sicily. Falb was commissioned. When he reached Etna there was not the slightest sign of disturbance. As the twenty-seventh approached, Falb was tortured by anxiety, and spent sleepless nights watching the volcano. Nothing happened on the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth. The following morning his servant rushed into the professor's room, shouting, "An eruption, a terrible eruption!" Falb saw the spectacle, and sent off his dispatch.

There are fewer guards to be seen about the Vatican nowadays than when Pope Leo was alive. Nor is every one hustled out of sight when his holiness passes through the corridors or grounds. The other day Pius the Tenth had occasion to go through the Raphael Rooms, when they were open free to the public. He was accompanied by a couple of guards, and his private secretary, the former making the move hurriedly to clear the rooms. The Pontiff is said to have touched one guard on the arm, saying, while he looked about him, smiling: "Do not disturb them. If they have the same pleasure in looking at an old man that he has in seeing them, it would be a pity to curtail their satisfaction."

In Elizabeth, N. J., last week, Carrie Nation scored a big hit in her new version of "Ten Nights in a Barroom." In the fourth act she demolished a barroom with her famous hatchet, and the audience fairly rose to her. But as soon as the curtain went down, whisky ads., beer ads., and mineral-water ads. were thrown on a screen. When she learned of this after the performance, Carrie was furious. "The idea of making my performance ridiculous!" she cried; "I will smash it! I will smash that curtain to-morrow night just as sure as I'm standing here. I'll come out at the side and throw my hatchet through it, and I'll smash that little lantern up there, too. It's an outrage to treat me and my performance this way. I expected it would teach such a lesson, and it will teach it, too, or my name isn't Carrie Nation!"

Here is Abe Ruef's story of how he came to enter politics: "One day, I saw a notice in the paper that there would be a meeting that night to organize a Republican club in my district. It was somewhere down on Sansome Street, and I went there. When I got there, the place was dark, and, in fact, the neighborhood was dark and dubious. I was pretty well frightened, but I knocked at the door. It was opened by one of the most forbidding men I ever saw. He had a red scar across his face as if he had been cut with a sabre. He looked like a pirate. I asked if that was the place where the meeting was to be held. He looked me over, and told me to come in. In a back room I found two other ruffians. That was the whole meeting. They told me to sit down, and they asked who I was. I told them I was studying law. 'Can you write?' said one of them, and I declared I could write my name. They waited a minute, and one suggested, 'What's the matter with

making this young man secretary of the club?' Then they got me to sit down and write an account of the meeting from what they told me had occurred. I wrote a separate story for each of the papers, and they were all printed, word for word. According to the reports, there were something like one hundred and seventy-five people at the meeting. That was the way things were done nearly twenty years ago."

Marie Cahill, the clever comedienne, who has naturally slipped into the theatrical niche left vacant by the retirement of May Irwin, once gave some of her famous songs at a benefit in New York for a worthy hospital. While awaiting her turn to go on, she stood in the wings and listened to a speech on dramatic art by Joseph Jefferson, the veteran actor. Presently, a giddy song-and-dance girl came down from her dressing-room, and leaned over Miss Cahill's shoulder to see what was going on. The comedienne gently attempted to shake her off, but such a hint was unavailing with such a performer. A moment later the song-and-dance girl's partner joined her, and asked: "Say, Mag, who's on?" "I dunno," was the reply; "some old guy doing a monologue." "How's he going?" "Rotten. He's been on fifteen minutes, and aint got a laugh yet."

"Years ago, when I was living in Boston, Colonel Higginson was running for Congress," said Bishop Potter, in a lecture in New York, the other day. "On election day I met a negro whom I knew well, and I said to him, 'I suppose you are on your way to vote for Colonel Higginson?' To my surprise, he said he was going to vote for the other man. Now, Colonel Higginson had been the lieutenant-colonel of the negro regiment of which Robert Shaw was colonel, and after Shaw was killed in the charge at Fort Wagner he led the regiment. So I said to Tom that I thought every consideration of chivalry and honor should lead him to support the man who had given the negro race its greatest opportunity in the Civil War. Tom replied, 'I don't see it that way, sah. I think chivalry and honor constrain me to vote for the gentleman what gave me five dollars this morning.'"

Not long ago, W. S. Gilbert, the English humorist, was so unfortunate as to lose his umbrella while dining at the well-known Carlton Club in London, of which he has long been a member. In a rather waggish mood the librettist caused the following notice of his loss to be posted in the cloak-room: "The nobleman who took the undersigned's umbrella will confer a great favor on Mr. Gilbert by leaving it (the umbrella) with the clerk of this club." When a friend remonstrated with Mr. Gilbert, saying that he thought it was a gratuitous affront, and asked why Mr. Gilbert should assume that a nobleman had taken the umbrella, the witty Gilbert exclaimed: "Oh! according to the first article of the club's rules, its membership is composed of noblemen and gentlemen." And, since the person who took my umbrella is certainly not a gentleman, it follows that he must be a nobleman."

It is related that a very brilliant Irish lady once arranged that the late William Lecky, the famous historian, should meet an eminent Irishman of very advanced opinions in politics. It was intended that they should exchange views, and the Irishman had a good deal to say about Mr. Lecky's later work, and was well able to put what he had to say in the most effective language. However, as soon as Mr. Lecky was introduced to the Irishman, he began a political harangue which he kept going without cessation the whole time he was there. The Irishman at first tried to break in with a word, but he was swept away, as it were, in the unceasing flow of Mr. Lecky's language; so after a time he sat in amused bewilderment, waiting until nature gave out. But when Mr. Lecky felt he was getting exhausted, he rose from his chair, shook hands with the hostess and her guest, keeping on talking all the time. They came out with him to the top of the staircase, but could not get in a word edgewise even then, as he talked all the way down to the door, and was even in an unfinished sentence when the door was shut behind him. Then the hostess and her guest looked at each other and roared laughing, for the brilliant Irishman's intentions to impress Mr. Lecky had cleverly been frustrated.

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Plaintiff of the Turkey.
I'm an unassuming Turkey.
And I am not to blame
If by a primogenesis
Upon the earth I came;
They never said a word to me,
And if I'd had my way
I should have gone some otherwheres
To spend Thanksgiving Day.

I'm an unpretentious Turkey,
And do not seek to rise
Above my station to a place
Among the great and wise.
Rich dressing isn't to my taste,
I hate all grand display,
And I don't like the way at all
I'm served Thanksgiving Day.

I'm an unoffending Turkey,
And never quite could see
Just why a horde of thanking souls
Should chase me up a tree.
If I were full of thanks, perhaps
That might explain their way;
But I am not, and never was—
Goldarn Thanksgiving Day!
—William J. Lampton in *New York Sun*.

Ma's Physical Culture.
Sis takes calisthenics.
Injun clubs an' such,
Reaches fr her toes ten times
'N' each time makes 'em touch;
Raises up ber arms an'
Sweeps 'em all around,
Kicks her heels three times 'tbout
Ever touchin' th' ground.

Ma takes phys'cal culture
In th' washin' tub—
Gets th' clo'es an' soaks 'em down
'N' 'en begins to rub;
Makes ten thousand motions
Up an' down 'at way—
She gets lots o' exercise
In a workin' day!

Sis goes t' th' gym an'
Travels on the rings,
'N' 'en she takes a big, deep breath.
'N' 'en she yells an' sings—
Says it's good fr weakness
In th' lungs; an' say!
Tennis is her hardest work—
Ought t' see ber play!

Ma sbe washes dishes
'N' 'en she sweeps the floor,
'N' 'en she scrubs th' marble steps
Clear up t' th' door;
'N' 'en she chops th' kindlin'
When ber work is through—
Has t' do it, 'cause pa, he's
Calisthenic, too!

Both take phys'cal culture,
But I tell you this:
They's lots o' difference 'tween th' kind,
My ma takes, an' Sis!
—Baltimore News.

The Age We Live In.
To get-rich-quick, with reckless haste,
We risk our little store;
To get-wise-quick, we cram the young
With fifty kinds of lore.

To get-strong-quick, we strain and pull,
And sawdust food we pick,
Until it seems we moderns need
A scheme to get-slow-quick.
—McLanburgh Wilson in *Life*.

The Thankful Freshman.
Thanksgiving Day had never had
For me, a callow college lad,
A meaning worth a moment's thought.
My father was a millionaire;
I never knew a day of care;
'Twas hardly strange my thanks were rare
For what Fate, ever kind, had brought.

My golden hair (some call it red)
Was hanging down my back, and led
Me to select a mission high.
I yearned to win undying fame
In some Thanksgiving football game.
At last the fateful moment came—
My hair was there, and so was I.

By bruisers on the other side
My form was very promptly "pied";
They walked and waltzed upon my neck,
They lammed me till they shed my blood,
They slammed me down with sick'ning thud,
They jammed me deep in seas of mud,
Until I seemed and was a wreck!

With tireless zeal throughout the game
They jumped and humped upon my frame,
They sought my legs and arms to rive;
And when the doctors set me free,
Thanksgiving Day had come to be
A day of fervent thanks to me—
I thanked my stars I was alive!
—Earle Hooker Eaton in *Harper's Magazine*.

"The more a man earns," says the Cynical Bachelor, "the more his wife yearns for more."—Ex.

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A ton—and please you.
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NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.
Phl'd'phia Dec. 5, 9:30 am New York, Dec. 19, 9:30 am
St. Louis, Dec. 12, 9:30 am St. Paul, Dec. 26, 9:30 am
Philadelphia—Queensdown—Liverpool.
Noordland, Dec. 5, 9 am Marion, Dec. 26, 2:30 pm
Friesland, Dec. 12, 3:30 am Westland, Jan. 2, 9 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Menominee, Dec. 5, 9 am Mesaba, Dec. 19, 9 am
Min't' nka, Dec. 12, noon Mir'apolis, Dec. 26, 10 am
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Canada, Nov. 28, Dominion, Dec. 9
Cambroman, Dec. 5, Canada, Jan. 2

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 a.m.
Finland, Dec. 5, 10:30 am Kronland, Dec. 19, 10:30 am
Vad' r'nd, Dec. 12, 10:30 am Zealand, Dec. 26, 10:30 am

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Cedric, Dec. 2, 2:30 pm Teutonic, Dec. 23, noon
Arabic, Dec. 9, 9:30 am Cedric, Dec. 30, 1 pm
Oceanic, Dec. 16, 4 pm Majestic, Jan. 6, noon
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Cretic, Dec. 10, Dec. 10, Feb. 11
Cymric, Dec. 24, Jan. 28, Feb. 25

Boston Mediterranean Direct
AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.
Romanic, Dec. 5, Jan. 16, Feb. 27
Republic (new), Jan. 2, Feb. 13, Mar. 26
Canopic, Jan. 9, Jan. 23, Mar. 12
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Streets, at 1 P. M., for
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Gaelic (Calling at Manila) Wednesday, Nov. 25
Doric, Tuesday, Dec. 22
Coptic, Friday, January 15, 1904
Gaelic, Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1904
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and
connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903
Hongkong Maru, Thursday, December 3
Nippon Maru, Wednesday, December 30
(Calling at Manila.)
America Maru, Monday, January 25, 1904
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
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W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

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at 11 A. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tabiti, Dec. 1, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,
and Sydney, Thursday, Dec. 10, 1903, at 2 P. M.
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FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTAB-
lished 1876—18,000 volumes.
LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED
1865—35,000 volumes.
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTAB-
lished 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223
Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.
PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED
June 7, 1879—148,297 volumes.

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SOCIETY.

The Poett-Carolan Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Genevieve Carolan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, and Mr. Henry William Poett took place at the residence of the bride's parents, 1714 California Street, on Tuesday. The ceremony was performed at high noon by the Rev. Burr M. Weedon. Miss Emily Carolan was her sister's maid of honor, and Mr. William D. Page acted as best man. The ribbon bearers were the bride's niece, little Miss Emily Timlow, and Master Joe Howard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Howard. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony, those seated at the bride's table being Miss Emily Carolan, Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott, Miss Poett, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Schussler, Miss Isahel Kittle, Mr. William D. Page, Mr. Fred Poett, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mr. Harry Simpkins, Mr. Arthur Redington, and Mr. Edgar Carolan. On Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Poett sailed for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship Korea on their wedding journey.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

Miss Helen Chesebrough and Miss Virginia Newell Drown will make their formal debut at a tea to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough this (Saturday) afternoon at their residence, 3508 Clay Street. The hours are from four to seven.

Mrs. William Irwin gave a luncheon on Wednesday, at which she entertained Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Bowie-Dietrick, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. R. Schwerin, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. Ansel Easton, Mrs. Howard Coit, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, and Mrs. Fred Zeile.

Mrs. John Rodgers Clark gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Gertrude Dutton at her residence, 1800 Gough Street, on Wednesday. Others at table were Miss Gertrude Dutton, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Miss Mave Colburn, Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson, Mrs. Henry Bates, Mrs. Arthur Callaghan, Miss Ethyl Hagar, Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Ethel Dean, and Miss Gertrude Van Wyck.

Mrs. John I. Sabin, Mrs. Redmond Wellington Payne, and Miss Pearl Sabin gave a tea on Thursday afternoon at the Sabin home on California Street.

Miss Helen Dean gave a theatre-party at the California Theatre on Monday night. Her guests were Miss Hazel King, Miss Genevieve King, Mr. Athole McBean, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. Frank King, and Mr. Marks.

Miss Alys Sullivan made her formal debut at a tea given by her mother, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, at her residence on Jackson Street on Thursday afternoon, the hours being from four to seven. Assisting Mrs. Sullivan in receiving were Miss Phelan, Miss Ada Sullivan, Miss Florence Mullen, Miss Margaret Mee, Miss Frances McKinstry, Miss Eugenie Peyton, Miss Bri Conroy, Miss Florence Callaghan, and Miss Helen Pettigrew.

Mrs. Louis F. Mead will give a luncheon in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Wednesday afternoon, December 24, complimentary to Miss Marion Smith. Those invited to meet the guest of honor are Mrs. Frank M. Smith, Mrs. Frank Wilson, Mrs. A. L. White, Miss Florence White, Mrs. George Sperry, Mrs. Hermann Smith, Mrs. Edward Selfridge, Mrs. James Scott Wilson, Mrs. Samuel Wilson, Miss Elsie Sperry, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. Klein, Mrs. Froelich, and Miss Katherine Selfridge.

Mrs. Bowie-Dietrick formally presented her niece, Miss Helen Bowie, at a tea at her residence, 1901 Jackson Street, on Wednesday afternoon, the hours being from four to six o'clock. The receiving party included Mrs. Chauncey Winslow, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Hyde-Smith, Mrs. Walter L. Dean, Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mrs. Fred Lake, Mrs. Barroilhet, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Annie Worcester, Miss Lurie Collier, Miss Frances Harris, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, Miss Gertrude Buckley, Miss Grace Buckley, Miss Violet

Buckley, Miss Dorothy Gittings, and Miss Virginia Joliffe.

The Baroness von Schroeder gave a luncheon at the University Club on Tuesday, at which covers were laid for nine. Among the guests were Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Oxnard, Mrs. Winslow, and Mrs. Sprague, with whom the baroness will shortly leave for the East.

Mrs. John Parrott and the Misses Parrott will give a reception this (Saturday) afternoon at their residence, 1100 O'Farrell Street. The hours will be from four to seven.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Dillon will give a tea this (Saturday) afternoon from four until seven o'clock, in honor of Mrs. Malcolm Henry of Washington, D. C., at their new residence, 2906 Broadway. The tea will be followed by a dinner, at which forty of Miss Dillon's friends will be entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. John Spreckels, Jr., gave a theatre-party on Monday night in honor of Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Grace Spreckels, and Miss Lillie Spreckels, who returned from the East last Sunday.

Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. W. R. Wheeler, and Miss Gertrude Wheeler gave their second reception of the season on Monday afternoon, when they were assisted in receiving by Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Georgine Shepard, Miss Rickoff, of Berkeley, Mrs. S. Goar, and Mrs. G. Childs-Macdonald.

Mrs. Paul Bancroft will give a tea at the St. Dunstan's this (Saturday) afternoon. Those who will assist her in receiving will be Mrs. H. H. Bancroft, Miss Lucy Bancroft, Miss Georgine Smith, Miss Helen Gibbs, Miss Virginia Gibbs, Miss Kathleen Kent, and Miss Ethel Kent.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the most important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

Suit has been brought by Thomas H. Rooney, uncle of the late Charles L. Fair, against his nephew's estate, to recover seventy-five thousand dollars for services as mining expert and superintendent for a period of six years prior to Fair's death. Hermann Oelrichs formally rejected the claim on September 26, 1902. A number of other claims, aggregating some two or three hundred thousand dollars, have been paid by the executors, including one of twenty-five thousand dollars to Detective John Seymour. Those who know the value of the services of Mr. Rooney to the late Mr. Fair, claim that his charge for expert services is by no means excessive compared with the sum paid to Detective Seymour.

The estate of Henry G. Newhall has been appraised at \$360,858.23, of which \$24,418.23 is cash, and the bulk of the balance real estate in this city and Los Angeles County.

The Burbank Building, which is to be vacated by the Pacific-Union Club next November, has been offered by its owners to the Union League Club on a ten-year lease at \$1,500 a month. Some of the Union League members, however, think this heavy rent will be too great a burden, and accordingly they are anxious to have the Press Club, which has also decided to move to other quarters, join with them in the renting of the Burbank Building, keeping the two organizations distinct. A committee from the two clubs has been appointed to confer on the matter. The Burbank Building has three large floors for club purposes, and it is proposed to divide these and have separate entrances. If the clubs decide against the Burbank Building, it will be changed into a modern rooming-house.

A theatrical event of more than passing interest to German amusement seekers, is announced for the night of Sunday, November 29th, at the Columbia Theatre, on which occasion a production of Blumenthal and Kadelburg's comedy, "Im Weissen Roessl" ("The White Horse Tavern") will be interpreted by high-class players in the amateur ranks, who are well known on both sides of the bay. They appeared in the piece a short time since, and their success was such as to warrant the arrangements for the presentation of the play at the Columbia Theatre.

The first event this season of the Ladies' Annex of the San Francisco Golf Club took place at the Presidio links on Tuesday morning. The competition was a handicap over eighteen holes, medal play, and was won by Mrs. E. S. Miller, with a net score of 103; Miss Edith Chesebrough being second, with a gross and net score of 105. Miss Hoffman, Mrs. J. R. Clark, and Miss Alice Hager were the other contestants.

The first fall showers have done wonders to beautify Mill Valley and the Marin County hills. Already they are beginning to be clothed in verdure. A trip to Mt. Tamalpais through this pretty little valley is especially enjoyable at this time of the year.

San Francisco Shopping.

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—MAID SERVANT.—AN EXPERIENCED SECOND-girl and waitress desires a situation. The best of references can be given. Address Argonaut, Box 49.

—"KNOX" CELEBRATED HATS; FALL STYLES now open. Eugene Korn, Hatter, 746 Market St.

Promenade Concert at the Art Institute.

The annual fall exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association was opened on Thursday evening, with a reception and promenade concert, when the following programme was rendered under the direction of Henry Heyman:

March, "American Citizen," E. E. Schmitz; overture, "Raymond," Thomas; serenade, "The Dawn of Love," Bendix; waltz, "Southern Roses," Strauss; selections, "La Bohème," Puccini; intermezzo, "Moorish," Arnold; song, "For All Eternity" (cornet solo), Mascheroni; caprice, "La Carita," Osborne; selections, "The Strollers," Englander; waltz, "Tout Paris," Waldeufel; idyll, "Cupid's Bower," Mills; march, A. F. Johannsen.

During the exhibition, concerts will be given on Wednesday evening, November 25th, and Thursday evening, December 2d.

Among the artists represented in the exhibition are:

L. Maynard Dixon, Anna Frances Briggs, Eda St. John Smitten, C. A. Beck, G. F. P. Piazzoni, J. M. Griffin, Mrs. Charles W. Farnan, Edith Whitefield, C. P. Neilson, Elmer Wachtel, Willis E. Davis, L. P. Latimer, Amanda Austin, Helen Fonda Walker, Amy B. Dewing, Mrs. Ross Morgan, Lydia F. Gibbon, Mary Hodgkinson, A. V. Meyers, E. W. Treadwell, Margaret M. Buck, Ruth L. McCarthy, S. L. Waite, C. A. Fries, Kate H. Maher, H. Hammarstrom, Bertha Stringer Lee, Alice M. Best, A. W. Best, Carlos J. Hittell, Mary C. Brady, Anne M. Bremer, Alice B. Chittenden, John M. Gamble, Will Sparks, C. Chapel Judson, Harry W. Scawell, Mary D. Barber, Maren M. Froelich, Margaret Bradford, De Neale Morgan, and H. K. Bloomer.

The first dividend that the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company has paid since Claus Spreckels opened war upon it was declared this week, it being at the rate of \$2.50 per share, amounting in all to about \$350,000. The transfer of the properties of the Independent Gas and Power Company and the Independent Electric Light and Power Company to the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company has been completed, under the terms of the agreement entered into on July 2, 1903. Cash and bonds to the amount of \$6,210,000 were paid to John D. Spreckels and A. B. Spreckels, who represent Claus Spreckels. The San Francisco company has given the Union Trust Company a mortgage on all its properties to secure an issue of bonds amounting to \$10,000,000, payable in 1933, with interest at 4½ per cent. per year, and this mortgage was recorded Tuesday.

The death of the late William L. Elkins, the multi-millionaire of Pennsylvania, develops the fact that he has completely ignored in his will his daughter-in-law, Mrs. William L. Elkins, Jr. Her husband died not many months ago, and it was supposed that the senior Elkins would handsomely remember his son's young widow. She is now lying critically ill, and the doctors have not revealed to her the fact of her being cut off in the will. Mrs. Elkins was formerly Miss Kate Felton. She is a daughter of Senator Charles N. Felton, and a sister of C. N. Felton, Jr. Mrs. Elkins is by no means left destitute by the curious will of the senior Elkins, as her father, Senator Felton, is a man of wealth, and has one of the finest country places at Menlo Park.

The statements of the expenses of candidates in the recent election, which have just been filed, makes interesting reading. City Attorney Lane says he expended \$391.45 in an effort to become mayor. H. J. Craker spent \$583. H. H. Lynch \$793.50, R. J. Loughery \$116.50, Edwin M. Sweeney \$150. E. H. Aigeltinger \$104.80, Thomas C. Duff \$102, Cary Friedlander \$102, G. G. Vickerson \$118, J. F. Jewell \$95.85, J. J. Purey \$118, E. W. Kent \$119.20, William E. Lutz \$135.90, E. S. Salomon \$410, Thomas H. Morris \$392.

The board of trustees of the Mechanics' Library have decided to adorn their building on Post Street with an artistic entrance. The designs for the hall and vestibule were prepared by Arthur Mathews, the dean of the Art School, who will superintend their execution. The present staircase will be turned into the main library room on the first floor, and the vestibule decorated in quartered oak, leaded cathedral glass, panels, and a beautiful mural decoration by Mathews.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Homer King has been for the past month with her mother, Mrs. Smith Brown, at Napa, where they have been breaking up their old home, "Della Rancho."

Mrs. James D. Bailey and Miss Florence Bailey have returned from their Eastern visit, and are at their residence, 1915 Franklin Street, for the winter.

Mr. Walter S. Martin was in Los Angeles during the week.

Mrs. Alfred Voorhies is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Scott, in Baltimore.

Dr. and Mrs. John Hemphill have returned from their ranch in the south after a brief vacation for rest and recuperation.

Mrs. Loughborough and Miss Josephine Loughborough sailed from New York for Europe on Tuesday.

Mrs. Ives and Miss Florence Ives are at Santa Barbara, where they have taken a cottage for two months.

Mr. Joseph M. Quay has returned from the East, after an absence of a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Ayres and Miss Caroline Ayres came up from Menlo Park on Monday, and will reside at 2127 California Street for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Bredeon have returned from the East, where they have spent the last two months.

Mr. John Mailliard and Miss Lulu Mailliard are in town for the winter, residing on Baker Street.

Mrs. D. D. Colton, who now resides in Washington, D. C., expects to spend the winter in California, and will probably arrive here within a fortnight.

Mrs. Kaufman and Miss Laura Kaufman, who have been spending several weeks in New York, are expected home about December 10th.

Mrs. William I. Kip and Miss Mary Kip expect to leave about the middle of December for the East, where Miss Kip's marriage to Dr. Robinson will take place.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Landers are spending the winter at the St. Dunstan's.

Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Van Fleet, leaves for the East to-day (Saturday). They will be absent several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis C. Masten left last Monday for their home in Phoenix, Ariz.

Mr. Clinton E. Worden was in New York during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall (née Taylor) have arrived in New York from Europe. Upon their arrival here soon, they will occupy apartments at the Palace Hotel until their residence on Pacific Avenue is completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Postley in New York.

Mr. John Hays Hammond arrived from the East early in the week, en route to Oroville.

Miss Bessie Bowie, who has been visiting her aunts, the Misses Friedlander, since last July, departed early in the week for Paris, where she will resume her musical studies.

Mrs. Emma Shafter-Howard and her son, Mr. Karl Howard, have taken apartments at St. Dunstan's.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury returned a few days ago from her trip East.

Dr. and Mrs. William Hopkins will arrive in New York within a fortnight, and are expected here about the middle of December.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa sailed for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship Korea on Wednesday. They expect to be absent several months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting, Jr., of New York, were at the Palace Hotel during the week.

A party including Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Lent, and Mrs. A. C. Tubbs recently visited the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Hon. Dean C. Worcester, a member of the Philippine Commission, who has been in the United States for several months on a leave of absence, arrived from the East early in the week, and, with his family, sailed for Manila on the Oceanic steamship Korea on Wednesday.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pittsburg, of Racine, Wis., Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Andrews, of Chicago, Miss Wilson, of Baltimore, Mr. J. S. Laidlaw, of New York, Mrs. Edward S. Griffith, Mr. William Griffith, and Mr. James Jenkins, of Ross Valley, Mr. Walter A. Seimart, of Oakland, Mr. M. E. Pinckaid, of San Rafael, Miss Florence Hayes, Mr. R. P. Greer, Mr. N. J. Miller, Mr. Daniel E. Hayes, Mr. F. B. Anderson, and Mr. J. S. Van Ness.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Austin, of New York, Mrs. F. B. Cramton, Mrs. M. C. Gates, Mrs. Lavouche and Mr. George H. Cutts, of Rutland, Vt., Miss Bontwell, of Boston, Mrs. A. Meyers, of Seattle, Mr. G. R. Jones, Mr. R. S. Stubbs, Mr. H. L. Meek, Mr. A. S. Morris, and Mr. Charles A. Ramsay, of Chicago, Mr. Stanley W. Forsman, of Williamsport, Miss Cook, of Santa Barbara, Mr. and Mrs. Armsby, Miss Florence Hammond, Miss Hammond, Mr. L. C. Hammond, Mr. R. E. Hammond, Mr. Leland S. Ransdell, and Mr. W. O. B. Macdonough.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. MacArthur and his aide-camp, Colonel Parker W. West, U. S. A., sailed on Wednesday on the Oceanic steamship Korea for Honolulu, to remain about three weeks in the Hawaiian Islands. He will make the annual inspection of Camp Mc-

Kinley, the army hospital, and the garrison, and will also visit the islands in the Hawaiian group to find the most suitable location for an army post.

Mrs. Guy L. Edie and her two young daughters arrived from Columbus Barracks last Sunday, and expects to remain here all winter. Dr. Edie, U. S. A., who was unexpectedly called to Washington, D. C., will probably join her here later.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry S. Kilbourne, chief surgeon of the Department of California, has been transferred to the division of the Philippines. He will sail on December 1st for Manila.

Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Rodgers, Fifteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., was among the passengers from Manila on the transport Logan.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edwin B. Bolton, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., arrived from Fort Assiniboine, Mont., last week, and is now with his regiment at the Presidio.

Colonel William M. Wallace, Fifteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., returned from service in the Philippines on the transport Logan last Sunday.

Colonel Percival C. Pope, U. S. M. C., has assumed command of the marine barracks at the Mare Island Navy Yard, succeeding General Robert L. Meade, U. S. M. C.

Colonel H. O. S. Heistand, U. S. A., recently adjutant-general in the Philippines, accompanied by Mrs. Heistand, returned from the Orient on the transport Thomas last week.

The total receipts from the sale of tickets at the Stanford-California football game amounted to \$25,173. The expenses of the game were approximately \$7,200. This leaves a balance of about \$18,000 to be divided equally between Stanford and California. In addition to her share of \$9,000 from the sale of football tickets, Stanford also receives \$580 profit from managing Fischer's Theatre on the night of the game, and \$200 from the sale of souvenir programmes at the game. Thus the total financial advantage of the game to Stanford is about \$9,780. This money is used in paying coaches, trainers, and other football expenses of the season, and the balance goes into the student-body treasury. The total receipts from this year's game were the largest in the history of Western intercollegiate football games, nearly 14,000 people being present.

Admiral Dewey has sold his summer home, "Beauvoir," in the suburbs of Washington, D. C. The purchaser is Fred Sharon, a son of the late Senator Sharon, of California, and a brother-in-law of Senator Newlands, of Nevada. Near the Dewey place stands the old residence occupied by President Cleveland during the heated period, when Congress was in session.

Spain in 1903.

Jerome Hart's new book, "Two Argonauts in Spain," makes nearly three hundred pages, and is now ready. It is very handsomely printed on costly wove paper from new type.

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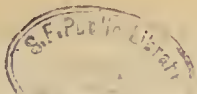
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The Argonaut.

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Everybody knows that Edmund Winston Pettus, senior senator from Alabama—eighty-three years old his next birthday, begad, sir! —is a great lawyer, a good fighter, and an altogether admirable Southern gentleman of the old school, with a war record as long as your arm. Not so many people know that in '49 he rode all the way from Alabama to California on horseback. Ah, they were husky fellows those days! But what nobody at all suspected is that the venerable Alabamian is a high

authority on dietetics, a deep student in the philosophy of foods. Since he divulged his views on eatables to a New York reporter, the other day, we know just what is the matter with us. It's not "race suicide" that ails Americans; all the trouble with us is—we eat too much gravy! "Gravy," solemnly asseverates Senator Pettus, "is shortening the life of the race just like so many other French abominations are." The honorable gentleman is more than four score, and feels, he says, like a rollicking young blade of forty—and why? "I never ate much gravy"—that is the all-explaining, all-sufficing answer. One reason the rest of us have been led unrighteously to put gravy into our mouths to steal away our good health is, says Senator Pettus, because in these days gravy is Gallicized into "sauce." "If it had not been given a French name, I dare say not so much of it would be eaten."

It were indeed a graceless thing to oppose mere unsupported opinion to Senator Pettus's gravy dictum, of whose truth his hale and hearty person is so convincing a demonstration. Still, why does the member from Alabama pour out all his vials of wrath on humble gravy and shower none on the other more aristocratic "French abominations" whose existence he admits? A foreign wine expert lately told Dr. Wiley, of our Agricultural Department, that no French château wines are ever shipped from Bordeaux to America. What American Luculluses are said to imbibe from bottles bearing famous French labels is a grocer's mixture of the sirupy wine of Spain, California claret, and a dash of fragrant chemical ethers drawn from coal tar. Surely few of the French sauces that Senator Pettus abominates are more curiously composed. And what of French peas colored with copper, French sausage preserved with borax, French olive oil liberally diluted with the product of the Alabama cottonseed? Some of these are concoctions calculated to make "gravy" blush with shame for its very innocence.

And there are others. According to the report of one of our voracious consuls-general abroad, ordinary liver patty is made into "Strassburger" *pâté de foie gras* by means of borax and finely chopped pieces of black silk representing truffles; in Paris, he says, snails are adulterated with the lungs of cattle and horses; even entirely artificial snails are manufactured, the shells being recoated with slime, and filled with lung; "chopped truffles" are made out of black rubber, silk, or softened leather; "whole truffles" are made from roasted potatoes flavored with ether; and "fresh rooster combs" are made from hog's intestines.

What appetizing dishes these, veritable delicatessen—and principally for export! True, thanks to the righteous but crafty lobbying of the Washington pure-food men last winter, the United States now has a law that is tolerably effective in excluding would-be imports of adulterated foodstuffs. Within a month or so, Dr. Wiley has reported the rejection of Rhine wine containing salicylic acid, Sauterne containing sulphurous acid, misbranded olive oil, doctored sausage, vegetables in lead cans, and vinegar made from alcohol. That the law is not entirely effective in excluding ingenious adulterations is due to lack of funds to pay expert chemists. It is the intention of Dr. Wiley, we believe, to ask for an increased appropriation at the present session of Congress, and we hope he gets it. He is sure, at any rate, of the enthusiastic vote of Pettus, of Alabama.

Apropos of this, by the way, another attempt will be made, at the next congressional session, to pass the Hepburn national pure-food bill, which squeezed through the House last year, but died the death in the

Senate. The present national law is ineffective; the State laws are chaotic. In consequence, the domestic food adulterator still blithely goes his way labeling stuff that never saw a maple-tree "Pure Maple Sugar," combinations of paraffin and glucose "Superior Comb Honey," dilute acetic acid "Best Cider Vinegar," and choice mixtures of glucose, coal-tar colors, gelatine, and timothy seed "Finest Strawberry Jam." Besides the bill above mentioned, it was at last accounts the intention of Congressman Bell, of this State, to introduce a measure taxing all wines produced in this country something like half a cent a gallon, but all impure wines as much as fifty cents, the expected effect being greatly to check, if not to end, wine adulteration. Congressman Bell is a very young, innocent, and hopeful person. However, we wish him all success.

But to return to the initial theme, vaulting lightly from wine to gravy—there may be something in this dietetic theory that emanates from Alabama. Not, indeed, because sauces and gravies are in themselves necessarily more deleterious to health than many another gastronomic confection, but because they are so often used to hide the deficiencies of that which they cover. Is a roast a trifle high, is a fish tainted, has a fowl been thawed and frozen a few times too often—the careless cook's remedy is in each case the same. Soak the dubious article in some piquant sauce, and the badness of it may escape detection by the taste thus blunted. As "a good wine needs no bush" so most good meat needs no sauce, save that pleasant juice which appetizingly exudes in the process of cooking. Sauce on meat like rouge on a lady's cheek is apt to mean that something is amiss—one may properly be suspicious.

Talleyrand once described the United States (some say he stole a similar saying of Voltaire's) as a country having seventy-seven religions and only one sauce. Many will mourn with the senator from Alabama that the statement has no longer even a modicum of truth.

Many a battle has been lost through over-confidence, and Mr. Roosevelt is being admonished by some hostile journals not to be too sure that he has the Republican

Presidential nomination safely in his trousers pocket. Hanna's great victory in Ohio, the enthusiasm with which it was received by Republicans everywhere, the difficulty he had in stopping the boom started by his ardent friends, are causing politicians to modify their conclusion that Roosevelt's nomination is "absolutely certain." Hanna is especially strong among the white Republicans of the South. The South has more practical strength in convention than at the polls. Unless the bold course of the President in the Panama matter has greatly strengthened him there, Mr. Hanna can have the solid Southern delegation—if he wants them. Besides this, the striking statement has several times been made by careful observers, and is reiterated by *Harper's Weekly* in its last issue, that "it virtually lies with five United States senators—Mr. Platt, of New York, Mr. Quay, of Pennsylvania, Mr. Cullom, of Illinois, Mr. Allison, of Iowa, and Mr. Spooner, of Wisconsin—to say, at the last moment, whether Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Hanna shall be put forward as the standard-bearer of the Republican party." In other words, these senators control the delegations of their respective States. If, through friendship for their senatorial colleague, through belief that Mr. Hanna would be the strongest man in doubtful States like New York, or through lack of confidence in Mr. Roosevelt's conservatism, they should be led to agree

coup, it might be successfully carried out. This is not saying that they will do so. But the possibility is interesting to contemplate. Mr. Hanna, of course, says he does not want the nomination; he is sixty-seven years old, and his health is not good; but that he would refuse it if offered him is not to be supposed. Moreover, despite all the seeming friendliness between the Ohio senator and the President, there is reason to believe that the two men are mutually antipathetic. Nobody familiar with the facts supposes for a moment that Mr. Hanna liked having to knuckle under and permit the Ohio convention last fall to indorse Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy. This indorsement, by the way, is not binding upon any State convention, and if Mr. Hanna asked for it, he would doubtless have Ohio's support.

Those who scoff even at the bare possibility of Hanna's becoming a candidate think it was Tom Johnson's weakness, not Hanna's strength, that rolled up the big Republican majority in Ohio. The old line Democrats, they say, were fiercely determined to bury Tom Johnson, Populism, Bryanism, Single-Taxism, and all the other forces of discontent beneath a veritable avalanche of popular displeasure. This, and this only, is held to account for the striking result. Probably, as a matter of fact, the truth is as usual somewhere between these two extremes. Mr. Roosevelt may be unanimously nominated, but until it is all over, the country will keep a speculating eye on Mr. Hanna. Certain it is that he is the only man who is even being mentioned as a possible antagonist of our strenuous President.

But Mr. Hanna says he is not a candidate.

We are all fond of fighting. That is, we all love to look at a fight, and some of us like to be in a fight. But we all love to see one. There are some superæsthetic and hyper-refined humans of both sexes who think they do not like to see a fight; some of them actually believe they are sincere. But deep down in the average man and woman, the love of a fight exists. It is ingrained. It is congenital. It is in the human baby. When he screams, squalls, and kicks if his will is thwarted, he is fighting. So with the same baby when, grown up into a boy, he pulls his little sister's hair. It is partly, perhaps, the love of fighting, and partly, perhaps, the love of giving pain, for cruelty also seems to be part of the make-up of the human animal. After little brother has finished pulling little sister's hair and she has dried her eyes, she soothes her wounded feelings by pulling off flies' wings and legs, or pinching the cat's tail under a rocking-chair. Of the higher flights of juvenile cruelty to which her brother rises, when he ties two cats together by their tails over a clothes-line where they fight till nothing is left but their tail-tips—of these familiar facts we will not speak.

When brother goes to school and then to college—whether it be to the English "public" school or to the American "public school"—resembling each other only in name—to the academy, to the preparatory school, to the university, he speedily becomes past-master in cruelty. In most of these institutions he must fight. Hazing exists in every college in the country. Even the United States Government can not stamp it out at West Point and Annapolis. In both these institutions fist-fights under prize-ring rules are of almost daily occurrence; they are masterful battles, and they have not a little to do with making stout-hearted, stalwart fighters of our army and navy officers. To those who object to these battles the unanswerable reply is that the boys are there to learn to fight, and that the way to learn to fight is to fight.

All of this is preliminary to a few remarks on football. At the cheerful Thanksgiving time the newspapers are full of accounts of football games. Some of these journals make heroes of the football men. Others make ruffians of them. This year the ruffian tinge seems to prevail. A New York paper has been making statistics which show that there are more fatalities on the football gridiron than in the prize-ring.

What of it?

A certain number of men have to die anyway. What difference does it make whether they die of typhoid fever, beri-beri, pugilistic concussion of the brain, or football broken neck? The man who dies in bed of

typhoid fever affords no particular amusement by the method of his ending. Drinking other people's sewage is a most unheroic way to die. On the other hand, the pugilist who is carried lifeless from the ring, or the quarter-back who breaks his neck on the gridiron, thereby having "game" called, makes a dramatic ending, and gives a distinct thrill to many thousands of startled spectators. It is, however, a melancholy fact that athletic aforesaid heroes, living or dead, are not remembered long. Who was Stanford's star player in '92? Who Berkeley's? What was the name of the Princeton man who knee-tackled Harvard's full-back in '94? Alas and alack! Where are the snows of yester-year?

Tender people and serious football enthusiasts may look upon these remarks as cold-blooded. Not so. We believe in football. We believe in athletic sports. We believe in fighting—that is, other people fighting. We believe in all the sturdy and primitive virtues, like battle and manslaughter, which make for strenuousness, for pure living, for a nobler and a higher citizenship. That is why we believe in football; that is why we believe in fighting; and that is why we believe nearly every man and woman likes to see a fight.

It is very difficult to refrain from going to a convenient fight. American tourists in Spain shudder at the mere thought of going to a bull-fight, but they always go. When a street fight takes place between two sturdy teamsters, delicate women shriek, and shiver, and fly around like headless hens. But they do not leave the dreadful spot; they stay, and watch the scene as long as they can stand it. For a fight between two unscientific and determined teamsters speedily becomes a nasty sight; they soon become as muggy, muddy, and bloody as—well, as the star players in a football game.

Yes, everybody loves a fight, and we do not all care very much whether the rules are strictly followed. Spectators at a football game where there is "off-side" play and ugly scrapping, are forced to admit, if they are truthful, that they like to see it; that it produces a distinct physical thrill—the same thrill that came to them in the old childhood days when they saw the eviscerated cats hanging over the sanguinolent clothes-line.

The most intense excitement ever known in San Francisco was created when Wrestler Whistler, the "Kansas Demon," challenged John L. Sullivan to a "rough-and-tumble fight." For some days a waiting world hung on John L.'s lips. The champion paused, wavered, and declined. Intense disappointment ensued. But the forthright Sullivan in little bar-room conclaves gave excellent reasons for his declination. As a "rough-and-tumble" fight is fought without rules, Sullivan, from Whistler's record, feared results which, while not impugning his courage as a man, would in ancient Rome have deprived him of the right to wear the *toga virilis*.

A personal experience is not without application here.

Once in Paris the present writer was invited by a polite fencing friend to witness a "serious duel"—which meant a duel to the death. It was not the usual perfunctory French fencing-bout with antiseptic sword-points. It grew out of the good, old, simple story of three—the husband, the lady, and the lover. The husband had found out all about it—hence, a challenge. A rendezvous was set on the Belgian frontier; one of the seconds was the polite fencing friend, who extended a polite invitation to the present writer to witness the encounter in the capacity of a pseudo-surgeon. It was with a distinct pang that the writer decided not to accept the polite invitation. He had witnessed many fights of many kinds, but never a "serious" duel in the Old World, where two decorous gentlemen in quiet garb strive to take each other's lives on the field of honor. He hesitated long, but finally concluded not to go, for several reasons; one was that he would have to state that he was a surgeon when he was not, and it is disagreeable to lie. Then again he was unacquainted with the principals—he knew neither lady, lover, nor husband, and in the event of a fatal result, he would be totally unacquainted with the remains. He therefore regretfully stayed away, and perused the papers the next few days with feverish interest. At last, he learned that the lover had fallen before the avenging husband's sword. It was not, as in novels, thrust

through the lover's heart: this was real life, and it was through a much less romantic organ, to wit: the liver. Being totally unacquainted with the deceased, the writer felt no sentiment of mourning, but rather a distinct twinge of disappointment that he had not been present when the husband's sword administered this deadly thrust, and when the lover lay by the stone monument on the Franco-Belgian frontier, with his glazing eyes staring up at the dull sky while his life-blood ebbed away—through the hepatic artery and the portal vein, to be anatomically accurate.

These are more frank confessions than most people are willing to make, but they are truthful. We all love a fight. Our primeval ancestors loved fighting. They captured their wives by fighting. They won their wives with stone axes, wooed them with clubs, and managed them with switches. These fight-won wives gave birth to fighting sons. In later ages our less remote ancestors hired men to fight animals, or else used men of heterodox religious beliefs to feed to orthodox wild-beasts.

In more refined ages, like those of the last two or three centuries, we have improved on that, and we get men to fight each other. It was a distinct advance in England when bull and bear-baiting went out of fashion and prize-fighting came in. It was about the time of the Stuart restoration that the Puritans objected to the baiting of animals. Macaulay suggests that it was not so much because it gave pain to the animals as because it gave pleasure to the spectators. In our day we have still further improved in these matters, because the contestants in our fighting spectacles are men and not animals. The men enter them of their own free will; the animals were often prodded there with red-hot irons. Thus we have improved on ancient Rome and on modern Spain.

The hasty reader may believe from the foregoing that this is an attack on football. Not at all. We do not believe it possible to eliminate from the race the love of fighting even if it were desirable. And football means fighting. Talk as you may of the "old open game," of "running with the ball," of the "excitement over drop-kicks and punts." None of them compare with the dull, hoarse roar that runs through the audience when twenty-two husky youths meet with a thud in a compact mass; when the lighter ones bounce up in the air like tennis balls; when the heavier ones grunt, and grind, and knee, and punch, and slug; when curses ring out across the gridiron even over the yells of the rooters; when one six-footer lays out another with a stiff left-hander under the jaw; when one giant, who has tackled his man in the middle, throws him clear over his head with a double hammer-lock; when these towering gladiators, their locks hanging over their eyes like shaggy beasts, glower at their opponents and retire sullenly and slowly at the command of the referees—these, oh, these, are the glorious moments of the football field. They are the moments when we know there is a fight. These are the times when we feel, deep down in the marrow of our bones, the fighting thrill of our primeval ancestors.

Own up, now—be honest—talk straight—don't you like the fighting part of football?

The United States Supreme Court has handed down a decision that has startled the people of New York. In effect, the decision holds that the Erie Canal is a navigable highway of commerce, and therefore subject to Federal control. As is not infrequently the case with important decisions, the question arose over a very minor matter—a dispute over the repair of a canal boat that plied on the canal. The case was carried to the Federal courts, and the question of jurisdiction was at once raised. The New York papers declare that this is farther than the highest court of the country has ever before gone in declaring the extent of the admiralty jurisdiction which belongs to the courts of law, organized and maintained by the national government. This is probably true, but it is an immaterial point. As Justice Brown declared in the majority opinion, "the only difference between canals and navigable waters is that they are rendered navigable by artificial means, and sometimes, although not always, are wholly within the limits of a particular State." The Erie Canal is a highway for commerce originating in Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and even farther West. It is clearly a highway for interstate commerce, and control over interstate commerce is given by the Constitution to the Federal government. The question really strikes deeper than this, however. It is difficult for the people of to-day to realize the fear with which those who lived in revolutionary times regarded the Federal

THE LOVE
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government. At that time, nothing short of the clumsy expedient adopted would have saved the life of the nation, and, for the first time in history, the world saw two governments ruling side by side over the same territory and over the same people. Yet, like all expedients, it could in the nature of things be temporary only. The story of the development of the United States is a story of the centralization of power in the Federal government. With regard to matters connected with the framework of government, we Americans are the most conservative people on earth, and so the movement has been slow, but it has been none the less sure. The tendency is a natural, an inevitable, one. It is seen in every phase of human activity. The time is coming when California and New York will be geographical, not political, names; when every citizen of this country will realize to the fullest extent that he is a citizen of the Whole United States. The canal decision is but one evidence of the general movement.

The central labor union of Philadelphia has taken under advisement a question of prodigious import to men who insist upon time-honored, if unwritten, corollaries to the marriage contract. It is brought before the union laborers of Philadelphia that a great infringement on the license of the label is committed by wives who patch the marital trouser. It is urged that the domestic thimble deprives the union tailor of his prerogative, that upon the seat of the federated trades pantaloons it is unseemly to view an unauthorized emendation. From the reports of the debate one learns that certain men defended their economical wives, contending that the domestic patch was allowable under the strictest reading of the law, hotly averring that the conjugal rehabilitation of the wage-earner's inexpressibles was not only customary, but a fundamental office. From the other side the tailors laid charges at the housewife's door of depriving the journeyman of his compensation, and of annulling before the hearthstone the solemn pledge of her husband. The central labor union seems to look upon the tailors' protest as worthy of full consideration. Possibly this may mean the doom of the voluminously tailed coat affected by the Philadelphian on a Sunday, it being enacted that its graceful folds are too likely to conceal an illegitimate patch. In time, let hard-working women pray, an embargo will be fixed on non-union darning of the foraminous sock.

The ocean lanes of the Atlantic have been known ever since a growing steam traffic rendered well-defined courses necessary for safety. There is now no line out of New York that does not insist upon its shipmasters following a route so narrow in its limits that in case of accident or delay another ship of the same company will quite inevitably come up with it. In view of the possibilities of collision outward bound vessels take a track some miles away from the inbound, and there are, besides, winter and summer routes. Since the laying of the Pacific cable the quartermaster's department of the government has undertaken the laying out of similar ocean lanes from San Francisco to the Orient. At present there have been, roughly speaking, two routes from this Coast to China, Japan, and the Philippines. One is the northern, by way of the Aleutian Islands, the southern by way of Hawaii. Neither of these is defined within a hundred miles, and it is almost an extraordinary occurrence for a ship passing over either course to sight another in mid-ocean, so widely do the lines followed by shipmasters differ. A few years ago, when American traffic with the Orient reached its present great proportions, Captain McCalla, of the navy, projected two direct lines out of San Francisco to Asia and a third by way of Honolulu. In general, these "lanes" were those used by two generations, but they were aimed to provide economical, safe, and speedy courses within twenty-mile limits. These routes are known as "great circle lanes," and follow the geometrical law that the shortest distance between two points on a sphere is along the arc of a circle whose diameter is that of the sphere. But the cold, foggy, and stormy seas of the Aleutian Islands have proved a drawback to the northern route, and now modifications are being made which will practically form the great Pacific lane along the line of the new cable. Oddly enough, to go to Guam, two thousand miles south of San Francisco, by a great circle route, a ship goes north-west from the Golden Gate and makes nearly one hundred and fifty miles northing before turning southward. This makes the direct Guam route the main artery, and from this branch off lines to Nagasaki and Manila. Beside this main thoroughfare is the Puget Sound-Asiatic route and the much-used "great circle" route from San Francisco to Honolulu. The advantages of these lanes are obvious. The disabled ship will quickly be found, and as there are two cable stations en route ships can twice report. By confining all regular traffic to a few carefully projected courses the scattered merchantmen of the Pacific will come to travel within economical limits, and in case of war a very few cruisers can patrol efficiently these main thoroughfares and protect the commerce of a whole ocean faring by them.

An old, ugly phase of the negro question has again appeared in a problem set the athletic committees of Dartmouth College and Princeton University. These two bodies have been asked to determine officially whether, in the Princeton-Dartmouth football game on October 24th, Matthew Bullock, a negro player on the latter team, was intentionally and brutally "put out of the game." The New York Evening Post has taken the matter up, and presents the charges of Dartmouth, and the rebuttal—amid countercharges and admissions—of Princeton. Assistant Professor George Ray Wicker, of Dartmouth, states that his team was "refused accommodations at Princeton Inn"; that "Bullock was warned repeatedly before the game that he would be injured; on the first line-up

the centre or quarterback of the Princeton team was heard to call out to Henry, Princeton's end: 'Remember what you are to do with the nigger,' and that on 'the third regular play of the game, and the first in which such an occurrence was possible, Bullock had his left shoulder thrown out by a downward dislocation. He was at the time several feet from the centre of play. He was tackled by one player, and then, while still held and nearly prostrate, he was 'jumped on' by another player, Henry, the end. Bullock himself will not say that the injury was intentionally inflicted."

Mr. Edwin M. Norris, of the Princeton Alumni Weekly, admits that lodging was refused the Dartmouth team at Princeton Inn, and regarding Bullock's injury quotes the director of athletics in Princeton University, Mr. John Burchard Fine, who says: "On a punt by Dartmouth, Mr. Bullock was running down the field to tackle the catcher; he was first interfered with by Mr. Kafer, one of the Princeton hacks, and then blocked by Mr. Henry, to keep him from tackling the runner. He fell over Henry and to the ground, dislocating his shoulder. The play was nothing but that of straight, hard football, as any well trained end ought to have made it, with no intention of injury." A signed statement from Henry, the accused Princeton end, disclaims any intent to injure, and adds vaguely: "I told him (the Dartmouth centre) I was sorry Bullock had been hurt, but that I was not sorry I had handled some of the other players roughly after the indecent epithets they had applied to me personally during the game." Mr. Norris virtuously exegesis this passage by asserting that "the indecent epithets referred to by Mr. Henry are unprintable, and such as no self-respecting gentleman would submit to, on or off the football field." He further says that "it is probably well enough known that neither the Nassau Hotel nor the Princeton Inn has any connection with Princeton University or the Princeton Football Association," a slightly disingenuous statement, as the directors of Princeton Inn are all noted alumni, including Mr. M. Taylor Pyne, the most influential alumnus living, and a trustee of the university.

The gist of the matter appears to be that Bullock, an excellent fellow and of great honors, scholastic and social, in Dartmouth, was distasteful to the Princetonians, always Southern in sympathy, and that his injury was due wholly to the risks of a gentleman's game intensified by unwise vituperation on somebody's part, and everybody is very sorry it occurred—including Mr. Bullock.

In his biography of the sculptor, poet, lawyer, and "precursor," William Wetmore Story, Mr. Henry James has quite wisely interjected his own apology. The novelists' delicately inconsistent style sets forth with gravity or humor the life of his friend, its aspirations, its achievements, its happy failures, yet all so largely alien to the New England Mr. Story called "home." Biographically, the work is very rich, voluminous, illuminating, but one can hardly escape the feeling that Mr. James's sympathy is broadly that of exile with exile. And the question will surely arise: Does Mr. James think it fatal to the best work to leave one's native land? Is Mr. James sorry that he himself has sought "the golden air"?

Mr. Story, already known as a legal writer, left America for Italy in 1846, at the age of twenty-seven, thereby falling among those whom Mr. James terms the *éclaireurs*, skirmishers, precursors—seekers of artistic inspiration in Europe. Remembering that Mr. James belongs himself among these, is it not very personal to himself when he says of Mr. Story: "It becomes interesting, in the light of so distinct an example, to extract from the case—the case of the permanent absentee or exile—the general lesson that may seem to us latent in it. This moral lesson seems to be that somehow, in the long run, Story paid—paid for having sought his development even among the circumstances that at the time of his choice appeared not alone the only propitious, but the only possible. It was as if the circumstances on which, to do this, he had turned his back, had found an indirect way to be avenged for the discrimination. Inevitably, indeed, we are not able to say what a lifetime of Boston would have made in him or would have marred. We can only be sure we should in that case have had to deal with quite a different group of results."

In this passage, Mr. James says Story expended himself "for results of which, when time had sifted them, little remains but the appearance of his having been happy—and Mr. James is happy? Possibly he realizes a loss of the straightforward, hard-dealing New England directness that would make one's thoughts bully the words of one's speech and that declares against even the compromise of tortuous diction. It is very true that nearly every American man of letters has gained power and sometimes inspiration from a sojourn in Europe; one can scarcely name a poet or artist or novelist of worth unacquainted intimately with what we still call the old country, but here, from the mouth of the most famous absentee of all, comes a note of deep, almost querulous regret that he has preferred "the golden air" to the invigorating circumstances of home. After all, men are horn citizens of one country. And from Mr. James's use of the phrase "moral lesson," we infer that in some fashion he fears that the happiness gained by Mr. Story and himself is scarcely manful and worthy.

What with a United States senator under indictment for selling a post-office appointment; a fight against the confirmation of Brigadier-General Wood's appointment as major-general; a strong movement to unseat Senator Smoot because of alleged polygamy; a senatorial scap over a resolution looking toward the annexation of Cuba; and the developments in the Panama matter, including a hitter arraignment of the administration by Senator Morgan, things in Washington have of late been rather lively.

Senator Charles H. Dietrich, of Nebraska, has the unique distinction of being charged with trafficking in petty post-offices at so much per post-office. Other senators have, heretofore, been accused of corruption, but not of small retail business,

like this. If the charges are true, Mr. Dietrich will enjoy the reputation of being the "cheapest man" that ever got into the Senate. The gentleman has issued several statements, which tend to show that there is something in the charges against him.

Sensational testimony regarding General Wood has been offered during the week before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. Affidavits were introduced showing that, while General Wood was in Cuba, he was given a set of silverware, valued at \$5,100, by the Jai Alai Company—proprietors of a gambling establishment—and that Mrs. Wood was given a pearl earring and diamond brooch, valued at \$2,500. These facts are not denied. But Wood's friends allege the gifts were merely part of the general expression of gratitude of Cubans to Wood. His enemies say that the presents were for granting the company a monopolistic concession, and they offer affidavits showing that the company's shareholders were assessed \$10.00 on each dividend to pay for them. The presentations were made to General and Mrs. Wood on May 18, 1902. The concession was signed May 9, 1902. It is alleged that an agent was sent to New York by the Jai Alai early in May, with instructions to "look around," but not to buy the presents till so instructed, and that when the concession was formally granted he was sent a telegram reading, "Concession signed; buy the silverware." Thrift, thrift, Horatio!

Much of this testimony has been ruled out of order by the committee on legal grounds, but it has been practically decided that a sub-committee will be appointed to go to Cuba to investigate, and months may, therefore, elapse before the case is settled. It promises to be a celebrated one.

In the case of Reed Smoot, Mormon senator from Utah, great pressure is being brought to bear on senators by many organizations of women, committees from which have opened headquarters in Washington, and are prosecuting a vigorous campaign. Some of the affidavits they will present for the consideration of the Senate have been published. One of the more striking, from an ex-Mormon, alleges that the oath of high priesthood requires affirmation of the following: "Do you swear, in the name of God, the Son and Holy Ghost, that you will avenge the blood of the prophets Hyrum and Joseph Smith upon the United States Government, upon all Gentiles, upon all those who have spilled their blood, forever and forever, throughout all time." The penalty for violation of this startling oath was to have the throat cut from ear to ear and to be expeditiously disemboweled—a fate the affiant appears to have escaped.

In the Panama matter, the significant events of the week may be briefly summarized. The German emperor has directed the recognition of Panama. In the French Chamber of Deputies, the statement of Foreign Minister Delcasse that he had followed the course of the United States in the matter, and believed French interests secure, was warmly applauded. President Marroquin has addressed still another letter to the people of the United States, asking us to give him back Panama. The formula of all his letters seems to be, one part flattery, one part entreaty. Our minister to Chile has reported that the Chilean Government highly approves of the action of the United States in recognizing the new republic, and sympathizes not at all with Colombia. Though there has as yet been no breach of relations between the Washington and Bogota governments, dispatches from the little capital tell of wars and rumors of wars. Colombians are said to be showering gold and jewels into the treasury. One of the "courageous generals"—Salazar—sends the word that an army of one hundred thousand men can be raised. But it is sagely pointed out at Panama that, even if such an army were organized, its first act would be to attempt the overthrow of the present Colombian Government. Meanwhile, General Reyes, duly accredited from Colombia, is en route to Washington, amicably to arrange the little matters at issue. What his propositions will be is in doubt. The Colombian foreign minister, M. Rico, has, however, expressed a willingness to submit all questions to The Hague Court, and it has also been suggested that the court might be invoked to decide whether Panama ought to assume part of the Colombian national debt. Panama will ratify the treaty when it arrives—December 1st.

As we pointed out last week, the Democrats in the Senate have been unable to agree on any plan of action in the Panama matter. Senator Morgan, however, makes up a tolerably formidable opposition party all by himself, and this week talked till he could stand no longer and then continued, sitting. Here are some extracts from reports of this caustic address:

He accused the President of using his official position to advance his personal views in the matter of the selection of a route for the canal. The revolution in Panama, he said, was a Caesarian operation which took Panama alive from the womb of Colombia. The senator further charged that the President had made the canal question a party question, and added: "I think the President's appeal to party discipline to force his opinions on the country and his measures of aggression on foreign countries, in addition to his power as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, which he uses with a dreadful latitude of construction, is strong proof of heart-failure in the present wild moments. The pretense in Assistant Secretary Loomis's dispatch that it was our desire to maintain peace on the isthmus, Morgan declared, was the grimmest piece of irony that ever graced diplomatic annals. "As for the President," he said, "he never sleeps on his post of duty or desire, although he sometimes closes his eyes to what is going on about him." Morgan contended that Colombia had a perfect right to suppress an uprising on the isthmus, and declared that the United States had failed utterly to observe its treaty obligations in pursuing the course it had taken. He predicted that the immediate result would be disastrous and cause the loss of both men and treasure. Hay had not been in his (Morgan's) opinion a free agent in negotiating either of the canal treaties. Following his statement that McKinley would have taken no such course, the senator said: "But he is dead, and a new Richmond comes upon the field, and he seems not to feel the obligations of good faith when a more enticing feeling for a unique administration breaks on the vision of this ambitious spirit." He declared that it was President Roosevelt's ambition to have all the glory of constructing the canal for his own administration, but predicted that he would "fail to carry the people with him in his and inexcusable raid."

THE SKIPPER'S HONOR.

How the Salt Waves Washed Bright the 'Scutcheon of Cap'n Flint.

The steam coaster *Gracie Jackson* was lost. She had strayed out of the Columbia River on a thick morning in November, bound for San Francisco. Three days had passed since then, and on this dull forenoon she tumbled wildly in a jumble of sea somewhere off the Oregon coast, the crew knew not where. In her cramped saloon the skipper and mate were asleep, asleep beyond the power of the frightened sailors to awake. The chief engineer had come up from below to assist in the process of rousing them, but after a half-hour's vain attempt he now stood back against the bulkhead easing his mind. "They're a couple of sots," he explained to the drawn-faced bos'n. "The old man started lushing before we were across the bar, and the mate aint been sober for a week. I don't believe those two seacooks have even got their departure chalked down. I know they aint wrote a line in the log since we passed Tillamook a-bellowing in the fog. Drunk! Drunk!—" and the engineer and the bos'n lifted up their voices in a sea blessing, deep, vociferous, and mighty.

"I reckon we're off Cape Blanco somewhere," suggested a sailor who had stamped in. "It's running an ugly sea, too. Thicker'n peasoup, and the glass way down. What'll we do, sir?"

The engineer grunted with the wrath of two sleepless days. Then he stumbled up the companionway to the deck, and the bos'n shuffled after him. Forward in the wheelhouse they found a grim-visaged seaman clinging hungrily to the jerking wheel, and peering out from the compass to the gray, frothing ocean that seemed to have risen like a cloud of hissing steam about the *Gracie Jackson*. There was no twinkle of the sun, and the howling wind drove the vapor across the plunging decks in huge billows. A boat, crushed and broken, lay wabbling under the weather rail. Aft the humming funnel spun a sooty thread against the low cloud. All this the engineer took in with a sweeping glance. Then he looked back on the chart shelf at the slate. A clumsy hand had chalked tentative reckonings on it and the barometer and log readings. There was no attempt, however, to fix the position of the steamer on the chart pinned beneath. The engineer swore gruffly, and then abruptly departed by the lee door, to return holding in his hand a copy of his own log. The bos'n joined him, and they puzzled, and figured, and cursed till noon. "It's no use," said the engineer, after a final wrestle. "We can't get bottom with the lead; we aint an observation of any sort to go on; we aint even got an approximate distance logged. We might be off San Diego or the Sahara Desert so far's we know."

"How much we making now?" asked the sailor at the wheel.

"Seven by the engines," was the reply. "Five by the log. May be going astern for all that."

"I reckon," continued the helmsman, slowly—"I reckon we're about off Blanco. How much coal we got?"

"Sixteen hours' this gait."

There was a long pause, filled only with the harsh noises of the ocean and the laboring vessel. Then the man at the wheel, as he eased the *Gracie* over a crested surge, muttered an oath and besought his Creator to show no mercy to the stupored men in the saloon.

"We've got to do something," said the bos'n, practically. "I guess Cap'n Flint aint coming to to-day, and the mate's worse off yet. We got to get sail on her to steady her and fetch somewhere mighty quick. When we're short of coal the foresail and staysail ought to take us along."

The engineer thought a while, and then turned brusquely to the bos'n. "I'm in command here," he said. "Put some sail on her and get out to sea somewhere. We aint going to risk it inshore this weather. I'll save my coal for a pinch. You take command on deck, and I'll keep watch with you soon as I shut my dampers and get all snug below."

The bos'n nodded, and slipped out on deck. He took his chance and ran forward, and disappeared. When he emerged again from the tiny fo'c's'le it was with three men at his heels. They regained the pilot-house and received their orders. "We got to fetch in somewhere," finished the bos'n, sourly. "It's up to us to do it by dead reckoning. At least we can keep off a lee shore. Maybe by to-morrow they [he pointed a scornful thumb over his shoulder] will be wise enough to take a sight and navigate the ship. Keep your eyes open and don't let her get away from you."

So the *Gracie Jackson* came into the hands of her untutored crew, and while the skipper and his mate slumbered on the saloon deck the thread of smoke ceased to blow from her slender funnel and two sails were set to give her steerage way. Thus she swung drunkenly on her unknown course, staggering, pitching, reeling through the beaded seas. Afternoon dimmed into dusk; swirling fog and wind wreathed her and smothered her till the men at the wheel craned their necks in vain to catch a glimpse of the waves that roared in the darkness, or foamed over the rail and beat her dumbly down till the crew clung dizzily to each other, and swore blasphemously that they had seen her last dawn.

Light blanketed the ocean and mocked the scanty

beams of the lights. The watery steam poured hoarsely through the whistle as the bos'n pulled the cord in dread of an answer from the invisible. The gale rose and thundered in the sails till the rigging tautened to the breaking point. The engineer stood by the helmsman and prayed that he might be spared again to hear the throb of his engines in the ship's bowels. Other times he exhorted his assistant to keep up steam enough for the whistle and pumps. Then when the strain was too great they suddenly fell to talking shrilly. In the end they started the engines again, and by the aid of a headsail kept the almost uncontrollable steamer from falling into the trough and foundering. "It's all off 'f we don't make s'me port t'night," said the engineer when the dawn glimmered. "Al' coal's a'most gone, an' m' engines 'r teetering on th' plates, 'nd th' drunks 're drunkener 'n ever."

"We ought 'a' throwed the liquor over the side," mumbled the bos'n through lips bleeding from the stinging brine. "I thought they were too full to lush any more."

"Steward 'nd me just tried t' wake 'em up," the engineer went on. "Nd the mate's past talking still."

"I reckon it 'ud do us a heap of good to have a drink of that same," growled a sailor, avidly.

"No you don't!" yelled the bos'n, distractedly. "No liquor for you. My God! Aint we 'ad enough?"

"Hell's wide open for them guzzlers," said the engineer in chilly rage. "Th' old man was a good sort till the mate got a-hold of him. The mate always was a bad one, anyhow."

"So he was," assented the bos'n. "The old man always stuck right by him, though. Always held him his job. Always stood between him and the fellows ashore that wanted to fire him. Always said he was a smart seaman, and never let on to the owners that he drank. Now he's got his pay, and we're drawing it along of him. Look at that!"

The group looked as the bos'n sprang to the aid of the man at the wheel. A huge boiling wave rose straight up out of the ocean, and soared in black majesty while the *Gracie Jackson* wallowed helplessly and her emptied sail slatted uselessly. Still obedient to her helm the little steamer turned suddenly to mount this precipice of water. She thrust her nose into its huge flank, and then, as the weight of it throttled her, the men in the pilot-house threw themselves together on the wheel and clung there.

The bos'n was the first to get back his power of speech. "We're going ashore!" he shouted.

The engineer looked a question, and a sailor tossed him an explanation: "That was a breaker in shallow water."

As they waited for the next, while the engineer yelled down the engine-room speaking-tube, the door leading from the cabin opened. It showed the gray, sodden face of the mate. They did not greet him. He stepped slowly in, and they saw that he was wringing wet. He slid across the deck to the plunge of the ship, and pushed his face out of the window. The day had come in gloom, and the gray mist and driving scud shut out all view a few yards from the side. From the welter to windward rose another wall of hissing water and fell crashing on the decks of the *Gracie Jackson*. The mate's face flushed, and he dragged the men, thrown down by the impact, to their feet. Then he seized the wheel and motioned to the engineer to approach. "Steam!" he ordered, thickly. "We're goin' shore. Steam!"

The throb of the engines changed to a steady beat, and the steamer found herself for an instant. The mate handed the wheel over to the bos'n and a sailor, and tore off his jacket and shirt till he stood before them naked to the waist. Then jumping between them with a thundered order he drove the spokes around and the *Gracie* bucked over a low, scudding wave that had sucked her down till the brine bubbled in over the sill of the pilot-house doors.

For an hour the steamer held her own under the awakened skill and strength of the mate. Then something in the engine-room clattered and crashed; a cloud of steam whirled up from the after skylight. The coaster rolled helplessly in the trough of the sea. Almost immediately the engineer, followed by his assistant and a couple of firemen, tumbled on deck and scampered for shelter. "Wheel gone and engine's lifted cylinder heads off," explained the engineer, wiping his eyes with a piece of waste. "God ha' mercy on us."

But the half-naked mate was forward with his hands getting more sail set. The effort was vain, for a few minutes later a heavy sea swept her fore and aft, tossed her skyward and let her fall into a turn of broken water that streamed over the rail. A long line of crested breakers rose from the sea and hurried on, pelting her, thrust her toward the invisible shore.

She struck, and the mast and funnel slipped to leeward. Under the mate's direction the crew set to work to free a boat hauled out of the fore-cabin black. With a mighty effort they hoisted the decrepit boat to the rail, and by the aid of a flooding wave launched it, half full of water. The fog was then so instant by the blast of the gale, and they saw the boat from the reef on which the *Gracie Jackson* was foundering a smooth sheet of water rolling gently shoreward from the caldron of the breakers. The mate pointed to it. They understood. As the coaster settled heavily again on the bottom, the sailors, led by the engineer, tumbled into the boat, one by one. The mate yelled to them to pull away. The answer was a cry, "The skipper!"

He caught its purport, and disappeared in the saloon companionway.

Squatting on the rocking deck the captain idiotically watched the antics of a big saltcellar rolling about before him as the steamer wallowed. When the mate entered he looked up, and then his eyes reverted to the frolicking piece of ware on the writhing deck. A gap opened in the planks and the water sucked through, noisily. Another strain of the wreck and the gap yawned wider and the saltcellar was swallowed up. The old man watched with fascinated eyes.

The mate shook him roughly by the shoulder. An oath answered him. He dragged the drunkard to his feet and held him swaying there till both lurched dizzily to the deck. The mate got up again and strove to put life into his superior. Then in his passion he shrieked in the dull ears the truth of their state.

The captain mumbled and his face took on the livid complexion of terror. Then reeling to the steps he scrambled out on deck with the mate at his heels. As they thrust their heads out in the air a wave washed them back. The mate shoved on, pushed his captain out on the careening deck, and then swiftly dragged him to the pilot-house, unroofed by the last breaker. The men in the boat, now almost swamped, shrieked another call. The skipper looked down at them as the *Gracie Jackson* rolled over on the reef, and clutched at something to hold him while he hastened to the boat. The mate caught him back, thrust him against a stanchion, and waved his hand to the upturned faces below. "Pull away!" he ordered.

"The captain!" bawled the engineer. "Lemme go! Lemme go!" cried the captain. "Lemme go! We're wrecked!"

The mate looked seaward. A long, sharply crested comber was rising out a little, and as it sped in toward the reef, he knew the imminent doom. He turned to save the man who had saved him. "That boat's overloaded," he said, tensely. "Tell 'em to pull away!"

A flash of courage lit the old man's degradation. He threw out his hand and gathered his voice into a command that rose above the tumult of the sea. In response the boat swept shoreward from under the crumbling steamer and into the smooth waters in the shelter of the reef. The mate turned to his superior. It was his last report. "Boat's away, sir. Shall we give 'em a cheer?"

Captain Flint raised his hand, and the half-naked man beside him stepped forward a little. Above the plunging roar of the breaker that ended forever the *Gracie Jackson*, the men toiling to safety in the overloaded boat heard a feeble cheer.

The bos'n held up his arm an instant. His face was reverent. "The old man give us a cheer, mates," he said, hoarsely. "Give 'im one for goin' like a man." And, to the great peril of their frail craft riding in unstill waters, the crew of the *Gracie Jackson* rested on their oars to bellow a last salute to the captain perishing on the reef.

The skipper's honor was saved.

JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1903.

IN MEMORIAM.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

Farewell! O Poet of a purer time,
Whose lips the Muses touched with sacred fire;
Master of trenchant prose, and tenderest rhyme,
Our Nestor of the lyre,

A long farewell!—Now age hath lost its dread;
Eyes that were dimmed with honored toil of years
Shall see the long line of illustrious dead—
And there shall be no tears.

Perchance in radiant worlds athrill with Song
Thou hear'st angelic voices, passing sweet;
Or, toward thee harping, some celestial throng
Wends down the Golden Street.

Whatever shores ethereal thou dost roam
Rest thou shalt found, and peace, and labor past;
As some faint carrier-dove, storm-tossed from home,
Reaches her home at last.

O lifeless Presence! mute, unknowing clay!
Accept from us our sorrowing hearts' behest,
As, with a sigh, we reverently lay
The laurel on thy breast.

—Lloyd Mifflin in the Critic.

James McNeill Whistler.

Greatest of modern painters, he is dead!—
Whistler, in whom death seemed to have no part:
He of the nimble wit and jocund heart,
Who sipped youth's nectar at the fountain-head,
And felt its wine through all his veins run red:
Who worshiped the ideal—not the mart,
And blessed the world with an imperial Art,
Whereby who longs for beauty may be fed!

When things men deem momentous are forgot,
Laurels will bloom for him that wither not;
And Death's inverted torch shall fail to smother
The light of genius, tender and sublime,
Which with austere restraint, and for all time,
Painted the gentle portrait of the "Mother!"
—Florence Earle Coates in Lippincott's Magazine.

Until a few years ago, barely half a dozen important newspapers were issued in the Chinese language. To-day every large city, however remote, has its journals. These usually contain—besides the imperial edicts—extracts from the Pekin periodicals, editorial articles, and a special section devoted to European and American affairs, and affording much enlightenment regarding foreigners and their ways.

BALFOUR'S NEW CABINET.

The Mix-Up in English Politics Caused by Chamberlain's Protective Tariff Scheme—Some of His Notable Opponents—Weak Spots in the New Appointments.

The air is so full of politics that one hears of hardly anything else. Surely, not since Gladstone's break-up of the Liberal party and the Home Rule bill in 1885, has there been such a political commotion. It is really, in many of its aspects, very similar to that time, and the remnants of the old Liberal party, which have held together since then under the name of Gladstonians and Radicals, have blossomed forth in marvelous spirits. Their hopes run high and depend chiefly on the disaffection of many of the biggest men in the Unionist ranks. Of these, the most important is, no doubt, the Duke of Devonshire. He is a tower of strength, not only on account of his wealth, rank, intimacy with the king, but because of his natural abilities. He is cautious, of course—an attribute of the English character, more or less—and is regarded as a safe man to follow, his utterances being taken as gospel. He is pronounced in his antagonism to Chamberlain's fiscal scheme of a retaliatory tariff, especially where it comes to putting a tax on food. Then there is Mr. Ritchie, the recently resigned chancellor of the exchequer in Balfour's cabinet. When people see a man like Ritchie stand out against Chamberlain, it makes the staunchest Conservative hesitate.

Winston Churchill is another disaffected member of the Tory party. Even though people may liken him to his erratic father in the early days of his career, when he and Arthur Balfour, with Gorst and another, organized their famous "Fourth party" of free lances to attack the vulnerable rifts in the armor of both friend and foe, the fact remains that he is a young man of great ability, and has the gift of speech to a degree that makes his utterances noticed. His audacity and aggressiveness are simply sublime. He hesitates at nothing; his tongue is at times a rapier pointed with the finest sarcasm; at others, it is a knotted bludgeon. But this is only in public. In private life he is quiet, silent, and retiring. To look at him smiling and whispering at some society function in high life (where he is much in demand as a matrimonial eligible), you would never believe he could say "boo" to a goose.

Lord Goschen—the great Jewish expert on finance—has also joined the opposition. He was a Liberal until Gladstone "played old gosling" with the party, and was really never comfortable in the Tory ranks, although Lord Salisbury made him a viscount in 1900, in payment for his services.

Balfour's new cabinet is full of weak places. Perhaps Austen Chamberlain, as chancellor of the exchequer, is the weakest of all. Apart from his inexperience, and consequent inability to take charge of the nation's money-bags, as Joe Chamberlain's son he at once raises suspicion as to the motives which controlled his appointment. Of course you might just as well have old Joe himself filling the office. People wouldn't object to that, for he would make a good chancellor. But it is the trick, the artfulness of the whole business, that is not liked.

No one can find fault with Arnold-Forster in the war office, but he is chiefly welcome because he ousts Broderick. The most mediocre man would be hailed with delight if he displaced Broderick. But, unfortunately, Broderick isn't got rid of as people hoped he would be. He is simply transferred to the India office, where, as secretary for India, he is to manage the affairs of the Indian Empire; that is, if the next general election doesn't turn him and his coterie out.

Then, look at the next secretary for the colonies—Lyttelton! He is an honorable, it is true, and a king's consul, a brother of the general who did fairly well in the late war, as well as of the head master of Haileyburg College, as he was of the late Bishop of Southampton. He is also known—and better known than for anything else he has ever done—as the best "gentleman" wicket-keeper the game of cricket has ever known. Nothing can, of course, be said against him. But he is hardly the sort of man to succeed Chamberlain in a post that required the exercise of all of Chamberlain's unique abilities to fill. What people think, and say, is that he will be another dummy in the hands of Chamberlain, who will virtually run the office.

All this sort of thing is going to tell when the final appeal is made to the people by a general election. When that is to be depends upon Arthur Balfour. He is the nominal head of the government. But it will really occur when Chamberlain thinks his fiscal reform speeches have convinced the voters that it is right to have their food taxed. In the meantime, the Balfour government will stay in office and enjoy the loaves and fishes. There is one great harm that Chamberlain is doing to his cause. Every day demonstrates more and more how completely he himself is the Balfour government, and the nation is getting a bit sick of one-man power.

Another big mistake the government has made is appointing Captain Lee to be civil lord of the admiralty. Captain Lee was for some time military attaché of the British embassy at Washington, where he is well known, and where he married an American wife—a Miss Moore, I believe, who brought him so many dollars that he at once purchased a landed estate in Hampshire and set up as a country squire. He was also at-

tached to the United States army in Cuba during the Spanish war. He is an officer of the Royal Artillery, having been educated at Woolwich. He is looked upon as an expert on military matters, and his proper place was at the war office, not the admiralty.

LONDON, November 2, 1902.

COCKAIGNE.

ADELINA PATTI.

The Last of the Great Prima Donnas.

Between forty and fifty years ago a noted impresario—I think it was Max Moretsez—introduced to the New York public a young prima donna. She had come of a family of singers and musicians, and as a child had sung over that part of the country which at the time comprised the circuit of traveling theatrical companies. She had been regarded as a sort of infant prodigy, but this New York appearance was her introduction to the greatest public of that day as an aspirant for the highest operatic honors. She was seventeen years of age, and the opera—if I am not mistaken—was "Don Pasquale."

Among the audience that night were a lady and gentlemen—relatives of mine—who have often described to me the dark, piquant prettiness of the young singer, her light, fragile figure, and the crystalline purity of her birdlike voice. Between the acts they went into the box of a certain lady of fashionable proclivities, whose husband was a great light in the newspaper world. Between the acts the impresario entered the box, anxious to hear their opinions of his star.

These differed. My relative, who was musical, told him she thought the voice was of remarkable quality, and that the singer would have a great future, provided that she retained her physical health. She had now an appearance of girlish fragility that did not suggest the powerful constitution necessary to the prima donna. The other lady was pessimistic, and told him frankly that she thought the voice thin and poor, and not to build his hopes upon one who would never amount to anything. But the impresario's faith was unshakable. As he rose to leave the box he said: "This girl you hear singing to-night will be some day not only the greatest prima donna in this country—she will be the greatest in the world."

And he was right. For the singer was Adelina Patti.

Looking at Patti to-day and glancing backward over the forty-five years which divide her from that time, one realizes that hers has been one of the great careers of the nineteenth century. It has not been spectacular and tragic like that of so many celebrated singers. Its unique points have been the length of its period of public performance, its unfaltering success, and the undiminished power of the singer over her audiences. Has any other operatic star in the history of the stage held such a position for nearly half a century? In her sixty-second year Patti can draw a full house—in sated, blasé New York—at seven dollars a seat. It will be her last, and in its way, it is her greatest triumph.

Du Maurier in "Trilby" called her "the last of the great prima donnas." And she does seem to be the last of that line of singers who were truly "queens of song," women who swayed vast masses of people not only by the perfection of their vocal gifts but by their triumphant charm. We have great voices to-day, but that combination of peerless singing, with physical beauty and personal magnetism, has for the time being passed. Adelina Patti is the sole survivor of that company of incomparable singers and beguiling women, who made a simultaneous appeal to the eye and the ear, to the body, the mind, and the soul.

The general opinion in the outside world is regret for this tour. There was no necessity for it. The diva is rich enough already without needing the three hundred thousand dollars which it is said she is to be paid for the winter's work. She is not a wrecked Patti, a feeble echo of a once perfect thing. Neither is she an old Patti, a being who belongs to the chimney corner now that her life's work is over. But it would have been better to have left a lovely illusion in the memories of men, not only of a haunting voice, each note a perfect pearl, but of a bewitching woman, whose beauty was melting into an autumnal ripeness when it was withdrawn into the peaceful seclusion of Craig-y-Nos Castle.

On the stage she still preserves a wonderful illusion of youth. This is not the case in the hard light of day. It is nearly three years ago now that I saw Patti and her husband, one morning, on the Rue de Rivoli in Paris. She was dressed with a wonderful elaboration and brilliancy, was much made up, and had red gold hair of a most improbable shade. She looked as old as Mrs. Skewton, and fully as artificial. It was a shock, especially when you looked at her husband, who was a very tall, well-dressed, and handsome young man, who had the air of being say (to be charitable) thirty-five.

Her remarkable appearance on the stage is, I think, a matter of lights. I noticed on the afternoon I heard her that the illuminating was mostly from above and was behind her, throwing her figure out against a sort of radiant background. She was dressed with all Patti's famous elegance, wearing no hat, and a low neck, though it was a matinée performance. Her dress, a filmy white affair, with some pale pink flowers scattered

over it, was supplemented by a dog-collar of pearls so high that she was forced to hold her chin up at rather an awkward angle. She has changed the golden red dye she used for her hair into a reddish brown, and her coiffure was simple, all the hair drawn up to the top of her head and there loosely knotted, and framing her face in a dark roll. As to her face itself, it was impossible to say whether it was an old one or not, because no light fell directly upon it. It looked a little fuller in contour than of old; that was all one could notice. It was in her figure, and only there, that you saw the encroachments of age. She has the elderly woman's back, no longer flat and upright, but with a curious molded stoutness at the nape of the neck, and an ungraceful heaviness over the hips.

In manner, in all the famous tricks that have held her audiences spellbound for nearly half a century, she was the same old Patti. There was the little, quick, confident walk out from the wings in answer to the roar of the encores. The same expression of naive, delighted surprise as she bowed right and left, a picture of astonished pleasure at such unexpected appreciation. When the flowers were handed up, she ran to receive them with the old and always charming gesture of enraptured amazement, clasped them in her arms, and looked over them at the audience with a face so wreathed in smiles that one did not notice it was no longer fresh and young.

It was the same old Patti! No one has ever understood so perfectly and completely the way to manage an audience—give it only what you want to give it, and make it think it has got just what it wanted to have given. It clamored for a second encore to the first aria, but it got only the one. The diva appeared as often as it called her, bowing, smiling, hand on heart, charmingly pleased, almost humbly gratified, but she would not sing again. After every call she retired to a side door, whence, from where I sat, I could see a little group of women waiting for her. As she came among them the arms of one were held out toward her, a white woolen cape depending from the hands, and almost before she had got out of the audience's sight the cape was thrown on her shoulders and muffled tightly round what is still the most valuable throat in the world.

She was only down twice on the long programme. She gives two of her famous Italian arias and two encores, with generally "Home Sweet Home" or "The Last Rose of Summer" as a supplemental third. Musicians say that her voice becomes obviously exhausted by the time the second encore is over. I am fain to confess that I did not notice this. What one did notice was her determined resolution to give no more than "what was nominated in the bond." It is said that she has just enough voice to get through the concert programme with honors, and she is too clever a woman to let vanity or the public's demand beguile her into what might be a disastrous generosity.

As to the condition of her voice there are many opinions. I have heard her performances called "lamentable" and "as fine as ever." In my opinion, one finds the truth between these two extremes. I never heard Patti till she was old for a prima donna. That was about twelve years ago, when she must have been in the second half of her forties. Her voice was then incomparably finer than it is now. Those who had heard her in the zenith of her career, when as the young wife of the Marquis de Caux she was the operatic star of Europe, say there was no comparison between the voice they heard and the voice I heard. This I could now repeat to the lady I was with, who had never before seen the great singer.

The first encore, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," was extraordinarily beautiful. The harshness which has crept into the liquid perfection of the upper notes was less noticeable, and in parts the purity of tone seemed unimpaired. There was a floating, dreamy quality about the mounting sounds that was strangely moving. The soul of the dying queen seemed already detached from its mortal part and slowly ascending to sweet, sad harmonies. The diva sang with unwonted feeling, and the audience sat breathless and enchanted. A storm of applause followed the fading away of the last exquisite note. The singer responded with something genuinely flushed and triumphant in her mien. She was still Adelina Patti!

It was in the second operatic aria, "The Jewel Song" from "Faust" that she showed "the tooth of time." The splendid exuberance and joy of youth with which she had once sung this rippling hurst of song, the upbubbling of laughter from a girl's gay heart, were gone. It was an old performance, labored and cautious. The spontaneous gladness of the high notes was absent. Instead, they came with a calculated precision; sometimes they seemed difficult of achievement, and were edged with harshness. It was the only performance of the afternoon which showed beyond a doubt that the singer was far in the decline of her powers.

I think myself that this will be the last of Patti's farewell tours. One is loath to think it and write it. Though we have laughed at them and made merry over them, they have been part of our lives, and such a gracious part! When they are over and Patti becomes a really old lady at Craig-y-Nos, how we will talk of the wonders of her voice, and try to describe it to those who never heard the "last of the great prima donnas."

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, November 16, 1903.

New Anecdotes of Lee, Jackson, and Ewell—A Father Captured by His Son in Battle—Strange Premonition of Death—Fierce Fighting at Antietam and Gettysburg.

Every patriotic American citizen should read General John B. Gordon's "Reminiscences of the Civil War," for it is the brilliant narrative of a genial, unaffected, broad-minded, eloquent Confederate officer, who writes without prejudice or rancor and contributes many new anecdotes of General Lee, General Jackson, General Ewell, and many other of the leaders whom he knew intimately. "While the object of these papers," he says in his introduction, "is to record my personal reminiscences, and to perpetuate incidents illustrative of the character of the American soldier, whether he fought on the one side or the other, I am also moved to write by what I conceive to be a still higher aim; and that is to point out, if I can, the common ground on which all may stand; where justification of one section does not require or imply condemnation of the other—the broad, high, sunlit middle ground where fact meets fact, argument confronts argument, and truth is balanced against truth."

General Gordon says that, at the outbreak of the war, the rush of Confederate volunteers was so great that when his company, the Raccoon Roughs—a company formed in the mountainous region where Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee meet—reached Montgomery, the provisional capital of the new Confederacy, they felt themselves favorites of fortune when they found themselves enrolled among the "accepted." J. P. Walker, of Alabama, the first secretary of war, was overwhelmed by the vast numbers wishing to enlist. Before the Confederate Government left Montgomery for Richmond more than 360,000 men and boys had offered their services. The number of volunteers far transcended the power of the new government to provide arms and ammunition, and in many cases, even notable men who offered their services were not accepted. For example, as soon as the Confederate Government was organized, W. C. Heyward, of South Carolina, a man of fortune, who had graduated at West Point in the same class with President Davis, went to Montgomery to tender his services, with those of an entire regiment. For some time he could not even obtain an interview on the subject, and he failed to get himself or his regiment accepted. Returning to his home in disappointment, this thoroughly trained military man joined the Home Guards, and died a private in the ranks.

General Gordon relates this rather remarkable story of how a father and son met on the battle-field:

At the beginning of the war, Major M. H. Clift, of Tennessee, was a mere lad, and was attending school in another State. His father was an East Tennessean, and was devoted to the cause of the Union. Young Clift, however, was carried away by the storm of Southern enthusiasm, and joined the Confederate army. The father soon yielded to his own sense of patriotic duty, and enlisted in one of the Union regiments formed in the neighborhood. In the fortunes of war, the two—father and son—were soon called to confront each other under hostile banners and in battle array. Neither had the remotest thought that the other stood in his front. In a furious charge by the Southern lines this young Confederate forced a Union soldier to surrender to him. Looking into the captured soldier's face, the young man recognized his own father. No pen could adequately depict his consternation when he realized that he had been on the point of killing his own father, nor the joy which filled his heart that this dire calamity had been averted. Steps were at once taken to render it certain that no such contingency should again occur.

One of the most interesting of the Southern generals with whom General Gordon was associated during the war was General Ewell:

He was a compound of anomalies, the oddest, most eccentric genius in the Confederate army. He was my friend, and I was sincerely and deeply attached to him. No man had a better heart nor a worse manner of showing it. He was in truth as tender and sympathetic as a woman, but, even under slight provocation, he became externally as rough as a polar bear, and the needles with which he pricked sensibilities were more numerous and keener than porcupines' quills. His written orders were full, accurate, and lucid; but his verbal orders or directions, especially when under intense excitement, no man could comprehend. At such times his eyes would flash with a peculiar brilliancy, and his brain far outran his tongue. His thoughts would leap across great gaps which his words never touched, but which he expected his listener to fill up by intuition, and woe to the dull subordinate who failed to understand him! When he was first assigned to command at the beginning of the war, he had recently returned from fighting Indians on the Western frontier. He had been dealing only with the enlisted men of the standing army. His experience in that wild border life, away from churches, civilization, and the refining influences of woman's society, were not particularly conducive to the development of the softer and better side of his nature. He became a very pious man in his later years, but at this time he was not choice in the manner of expressing himself. He asked me to take a hasty breakfast with him just before he expected the order from Beauregard to ford Bull Run and rush upon McDowell's left. His verbal invitation was in these words: "Come and eat a cracker with me; we will breakfast together here and dine together in hell." To a young officer like myself, who had never been under fire except at long range, on scouting excursions, or on the skirmish-line, such an invitation was not inspiring or appetizing; but Ewell's spirits seemed to be in a flutter of exaltation.

An hour later, after Gordon had been recalled from his perilous movement to "feel of the enemy," he found General Ewell, almost frenzied with anxiety over the non-arrival of the anticipated order to move to the attack:

He directed me to send to him at once a mounted man "with sense enough to go and find out what was the matter." I ordered a member of the governor's Horse Guard to report immediately to General Ewell. This troop represented some of the best blood of Virginia. Its privates were refined and accomplished gentlemen, many of them university graduates, who, at the first tocsin of war, had sprung into their saddles as volunteers. The intelligent young trooper who was selected to ride upon this most important mission under the verbal directions of General Ewell himself, mounted his high-spirited horse, and, with high-top boots, polished spurs, and clanking sabre, galloped away to where the general was impatiently waiting at his temporary headquarters on the hill. Before this inexperienced but promising young soldier had time to lift

his hat in respectful salutation, the general was slashing away with tongue and finger, delivering his directions with such rapidity and incompleteness that the young man's thoughts were dancing through his brain in inextricable confusion. The general, having thus delivered himself, quickly asked, "Do you understand, sir?" Of course, the young man did not understand, and he began timidly to ask for a little more explicit information. The fiery old soldier cut short the interview with, "Go away from here and send me a man who has some sense!"

There was a romance in Ewell's life which ought to furnish some writer of historical novels with an excellent plot:

In his early manhood he had been disappointed in a love-affair, and had never fully recovered from its effects. The fair young woman to whom he had given his affections had married another man; but Ewell, like the truest of knights, carried her image in his heart through long years. When he was promoted to the rank of brigadier or major-general, he evidenced the constancy of his affections by placing upon his staff the son of the woman whom he had loved in his youth. The meddlesome Fates, who seem to revel in the romances of lovers, had decreed that Ewell should be shot in battle and become the object of solicitude and tender nursing by this lady, who had been for many years a widow—Mrs. Brown. Her gentle ministrations soothed his weary weeks of suffering, a marriage ensued, and with it came the realization of Ewell's long-deferred hope. It was most interesting to note the change that came over the spirit of this formerly irascible old bachelor. He no longer sympathized with General Early, who, like himself, was known to be more intolerant of soldiers' wives than the crusty French marshal who pronounced them the most inconvenient sort of baggage for a soldier to own. Ewell had become a husband, and was sincerely devoted to Mrs. Ewell. He never seemed to realize, however, that her marriage to him had changed her name, for he proudly presented her to his friends as "My wife, Mrs. Brown, sir."

General Gordon describes a striking interview which occurred between General Lee and General Jackson at the inception of the Confederate movement against General Hooker's army at Chancellorsville. As the fight was about to begin, Jackson rode up to the Confederate commander, and said to him:

"General Lee, this is not the best way to move on Hooker." "Well, General Jackson," was the reply, "you must remember that I am compelled to depend to some extent upon information furnished me by others, especially by the engineers, as to the topography, the obstructions, etc., and these engineers are of the opinion that this is a very good way of approach." "Your engineers are mistaken, sir," said Jackson. "What do you know about it, General Jackson? You have not had time to examine the situation." "But I have, sir," was the rejoinder; "I have ridden over the whole field." It seems that he had. "Then, what is to be done, General Jackson?" "Take the route you yourself at first suggested; move on the flank—move on the flank." "Then you will at once make the movement, sir?" said Lee.

Jackson, on the other hand, had entire faith in his own judgment when once made up. He would formulate a judgment, risk his last man on its correctness, and deliver the blow while others were hesitating and debating as to its wisdom and safety. This trait was strikingly exhibited at Malvern Hill, when General Gordon was sitting on his horse facing General Jackson, and receiving instructions from him:

Major-General Whiting, himself an officer of high capacity, rode up in great haste and interrupted Jackson as he was giving Gordon a message to General Hill. With some agitation Whiting said: "General Jackson, I find, sir, that I can not accomplish what you have directed unless you send me some additional infantry and another battery"; and he then proceeded to give the reasons why the order could not be executed with the forces at his disposal. All this time, while Whiting explained and argued, Jackson sat on his horse like a stone statue. He looked neither to the right nor to the left. He made no comment and asked no questions; but when Whiting had finished Jackson turned his flashing eyes upon him and used these words, and only these: "I have told you what I wanted done, General Whiting." Thereupon, planting his spurs in his horse's sides, he dashed away at a furious speed to another part of the field. Whiting gazed at Jackson's disappearing figure in amazement, if not in anger, and then rode back to his command. The result attested the accuracy of Jackson's judgment, for Whiting did accomplish precisely what Jackson intended, and he did it with the force which Jackson had placed in his hands.

Every fair-minded citizen and soldier, wherever the color of his uniform, will appreciate the beauty of the tribute paid by General Lee to General Jackson, when he received the latter's message announcing the loss of his left arm. "Go tell General Jackson," said Lee, "that his loss is small compared to mine: for while he loses his left arm, I lose the right arm of my army."

Many instances are related by General Gordon of soldiers who had strange premonitions of death. For instance:

Colonel Ebricht had a premonition of his death. A few moments before 12 M. he sought me, and coolly told me he would be killed before the battle ended. He insisted upon telling me that he wanted his remains and effects sent to his home in Lancaster, O., and I was asked to write his wife as to some property in the West which he feared she did not know about. He was impatient when I tried to remove the thought of imminent death from his mind. A few moments later the time for another advance came, and the interview with Colonel Ebricht closed. In less than ten minutes, while he was riding near me, he fell dead from his horse, pierced in the breast by a rifle-bullet. His apprehension of death was not prompted by fear. He had been through the slaughters of the Wilderness and Cold Harbor, had fought his regiment in the dead-angle of Spotsylvania, and led it at Monocacy. It is needless to say I complied with his request.

At Antietam, General Gordon proved what manner of soldier he was. He had promised General Lee that his brigade would hold its ground until the sun went down. It repulsed several Federal attacks at the cost of serious losses. There were no breastworks, and the firing by each side was deadly. "The persistent Federals, who had lost so heavily from repeated repulses," says General Gordon, "seemed determined to kill enough Confederates to make the debits and credits of the battle's balance-sheet more nearly even." In a brief space of time Gordon received four wounds, two through the right leg, one in the left arm, and one through the shoulder, but although bleeding profusely, he refused to go to the rear. "I remembered the pledge to the commander," he says, "that we would stay there till the battle ended or night came. I looked at the sun. It moved very slowly; in fact, it seemed to stand still. I thought I saw some wavering in my line, near the ex-

treme right, and Private Vickers, of Alabama, volunteered to carry any orders I might wish to send." Vickers started on a run, but had not gone fifty yards before he fell, instantly killed with a ball through the head. General Gordon continues:

I then attempted to go myself, although I was bloody and faint, and my legs did not bear me steadily. I had gone but a short distance when I was shot down by a fifth ball, which struck me squarely in the face, and passed out, barely missing the jugular vein. I fell forward and lay unconscious, with my face in my cap; and it would seem that I might have been smothered by the blood running into my cap from this last wound but for the act of some Yankee, who, as if to save my life, and at a previous hour during the battle, shot a hole through the cap, which let the blood out. I was borne on a litter to the rear, and recall nothing more till revived by stimulants at a late hour of the night. I found myself lying on a pile of straw at an old barn, where our badly wounded were gathered.

Gordon's noble wife, who accompanied him on all his campaigns, was soon at his side:

When it was known that the battle was on, she at once started toward the front. The doctors were doubtful about the propriety of admitting her to my room; but I told them to let her come. I was more apprehensive of the effect of the meeting upon her nerves than upon mine. My face was black and shapeless—so swollen that one eye was entirely hidden and the other nearly so. My right leg and left arm and shoulder were bandaged and propped with pillows. I knew she would be greatly shocked. As she reached the door and looked, I saw at once that I must reassure her. Summoning all my strength, I said: "Here's your handsome (?) husband; been to an Irish wedding." Her answer was a suppressed scream, whether of anguish or relief at finding me able to speak, I do not know. Thenceforward, for the period in which my life hung in the balance, she sat at my bedside, trying to supply concentrated nourishment to sustain me against the constant drainage. With my jaw immovably set this was exceedingly difficult and discouraging. My own confidence in ultimate recovery, however, was never shaken until erysipelas, that deadly foe of the wounded, attacked my arm. The doctors told Mrs. Gordon to paint my arm above the wound three or four times a day with iodine. She obeyed the doctors by painting it, I think, three or four hundred times a day. Under God's providence, I owe my life to her incessant watchfulness night and day, and to her tender nursing through weary weeks and anxious months.

In discussing the battle of Gettysburg, General Gordon expresses his conviction, which he declares is now general, that, "had Lee's orders been promptly and cordially executed, Meade's centre on the third day would have been penetrated and the Union army overwhelmingly defeated." Here is a specimen of General Gordon's work as a painter of battles, the description of the second day at Gettysburg:

As I write of it now, a myriad of thrilling incidents and rapidly changing scenes, now appalling and now inspiring, rush over my memory. I hear again the words of Barlow: "Tell my wife that I freely gave my life for my country." Yonder, resting on his elbow, I see the gallant young Avery in his bloody gray uniform among his brave North Carolinians, writing as he dies: "Tell father that I fell with my face to the foe." On the opposite hills, Lee and Meade, surrounded by staff and couriers and with glasses in hand are surveying the intervening space. Over it the flying shells are plunging, shrieking, bursting. The battered Confederate line staggers, reels, and is bent back before the furious blast. The alert Federals leap from the trenches and over the walls and rush through this thin and wavering line. Instantly, from the opposite direction, with deafening yells, come the Confederates in counter-charge, and the brave Federals are pressed back to the walls. The Confederate banners sweep through the riddled peach orchard; while farther to the Union left on the gray wheat field the impacted forces are locked in deadly embrace. Across this field, in alternate waves, rolls the battle's tide, now from the one side, now from the other, until the ruthless Harvester piles his heaps of slain thicker than the grain shocks gathered by the husbandman's scythe. Hard by, is Devil's Den. Around it and over it the deadly din of battle roars. The rattle of rifles, the crash of shells, the shouts of the living and groans of the dying, convert that dark woodland into a harrowing pandemonium. . . . The apex of Little Round Top is the point of deadliest struggle. The day ends, and thus ends the battle. As the last rays of the setting sun fall upon the summit, they are reflected from the batteries and bayonets of the Union soldiers still upon it, with the bleeding Confederates struggling to possess it. The embattled hosts sleep upon their arms. The stars look down at night upon a harrowing scene of pale faces all over the field, and of sufferers in the hospitals behind the lines—an army of dead and wounded numbering twenty thousand.

As early as March, 1865, General Lee had come to the conclusion that immediate steps should be taken to secure peace. General Gordon suggested that he should go to Richmond and discuss the subject with President Davis at once. Lee, however, was extremely reluctant to take any step not in accord with the strictest military ethics; but, ultimately, he said: "I will go, and I will send for you again on my return from Richmond." He spent two days in the Confederate capital, and on his return summoned General Gordon. Nothing, he said, could be done at Richmond:

The Confederate Congress did not seem to appreciate the situation. Of President Davis he spoke in terms of strong eulogy; of the strength of his convictions, of his devotedness, of his remarkable faith in the possibility of still winning our independence, and of his unconquerable will power. The nearest approach to complaint or criticism were the words, which I can never forget: "You know that the President is very pertinacious in opinion and purpose." President Davis did not believe we could secure such terms as we could afford to accept, and was indisposed to make further efforts after the failure of the Hampton Roads Conference. Neither were the authorities ready to evacuate the capital and abandon our lines of defense, although every railroad except the South Side was already broken.

Having heard the commander's report of his interviews in Richmond, I asked: "What, then, is to be done, general?" He replied that there seemed to be but one thing that we could do—fight. To stand still was death. It could only be death if we fought and failed. This was the prelude to my assault upon Fort Stedman on March 25, 1865—the last Confederate attack on Grant's lines at Petersburg.

The volume is handsomely bound, and contains an elaborate table of contents and index. It is also supplemented with three excellent portraits of the author—picturing him at the age of twenty-two, at the close of the war when he was thirty-three years old, and in 1896, when he represented Georgia in the United States Senate.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$3.00 net.

LITERARY NOTES.

A New Edition of the "Standard Dictionary."

Our editorial copy of the "Standard Dictionary" bears upon its title-page the date 1893. Accordingly, the new, revised, and enlarged edition just issued marks the decadal anniversary of the appearance of this great dictionary. And very welcome indeed is the method of celebration.

The great feature of the new edition is the addition of seventeen thousand new words to the two hundred thousand already given place. The editors of the "Standard" were always very tolerant toward doubtful words, and this spirit has apparently been strengthened rather than weakened with time and by experience. Thus, the "Addenda" is crowded with curious locutions, many of which are eyed askance by careful speakers. But this very fact gives the "Standard" its conspicuous utility. It is not the classic word, as a rule, that one needs to "look up," but the pushing new one, the provincialism, or an old word given a new meaning. Just one example of the policy which is the "Standard's" distinguishing characteristic: The word *cadet* is a common one, and for ninety-nine one-hundredths of the English-speaking race carries no unpleasant significance. Yet to the people of New York City, and to all who read New York newspapers, *cadet* is not a nice word. In the last New York election what *cadet* stands for was an issue. The word was inscribed on political banners. What does it mean? The "Standard" gives as one of its particular meanings "a person who marries a woman that he may subsist on her earnings as a prostitute." Evidently, if a dictionary is held to be a book in which shall be enshrined only words which have become a permanent part of the English language, then the "Standard" was wrong in giving this meaning of *cadet* place. But if, on the other hand, a dictionary's aim is merely to be of the greatest service to the greatest number of people, then the policy of the "Standard" is the correct one. There is room for both views, and there is room for many dictionaries. We are far from saying that the "Standard" is the best for everybody. Different people have different needs, and one dictionary, no matter how good, can supply them all.

Many of the "Standard's" seventeen thousand new words have entered the language through inventions, discoveries, and contact of English-speaking people with new races through trade or war. The conflict in South Africa brought many new words into common use—*boopie*, *commando*, *trek*, *Uitlander*. The acquisition by the United States of Hawaii and the Philippines brought many more. *Carabao*, *bolo*, *presidente*, *nipa*, *mestizo* are examples. A host of terms have grown up about the game of golf, and the advances in electricity and of the automobile have brought many more. It is somewhat amusing to note that, with all its enterprise, the "Standard" has been unable to keep pace with the verbal developments in the auto industry. The word *garage*, meaning a repository for autos, is now in common use, yet the "Standard" knows it not—so swiftly do such verbal innovations come about.

The other new features of this excellent dictionary may be briefly noted. We do not think the several pages devoted to pictures of the editors are an improvement. The atlas added to volume I is new, and will prove very useful. New, also, is the geographical cyclopædia, and a distinct addition—even though the article on Colombia does begin with the unmitigated misstatement: "Situated in the North-West corner of the South American continent, and including the Isthmus of Panama!"

In the second volume, proper names have been thoroughly revised, and the results of the latest census incorporated. Formations of plurals of nouns is a new subject treated at length, and there is also a new dictionary of Bible proper names.

In appearance, the new volumes resemble the old ones, the bright red leather covers rendering the books exceedingly substantial as well as remarkably handsome.

Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; sold only by subscription.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish this week an important book on "Central Asia and Tibet," by Sven Hedin, in which the author describes his discoveries and extraordinary experiences during his three years' stay in Central Asia. The work contains four hundred illustrations from photographs, eight

illustrations in color, sixteen drawings by distinguished artists, and four maps.

The Macmillan Company, who have just published Canon Ainger's life of Crabbe in the English Men of Letters Series, promise for publication before Christmas Austin Dobson's life of Fanny Burney, and the life of Jeremy Taylor, by Edmund Gosse.

"The Musical Guide," by Rupert Hughes which is being published this month, is in two volumes, at a popular price. It is a dictionary of biography and a dictionary of names, contains the pronunciation of every musical term, and a chart showing the principles of pronunciation in sixteen different languages. It tells the stories of all the operas, has charts of great value to students, and is prefaced with an essay explaining in simple terms the construction of music.

Frank T. Bullen's next collection of short stories about the adventures of sailors, will be called "Sea Wrack." It will appear within a few weeks.

Quiller-Couch, whose long novel, "Hetty Wesley," has just been published by the Macmillans, will also bring out this season a volume of short pieces, "Two Sides of the Face: Mid-Winter Tales."

It appears that Harry Furniss's love-story, shortly to be published, will describe "the psychological development of the hero" in "some of the most curious phases of the conditions of modern life."

William Roscoe Thayer, of 8 Berkeley Street, Cambridge, Mass., has undertaken, at the request of Mr. Fiske's family, to edit the letters, journals, and memorials of the late John Fiske.

The Outlook Company announce "A Preacher's Story of His Work," by Dr. W. S. Rainsford, and "The Story of a Labor Agitator," by Joseph R. Buchanan.

The London *Athenæum*, in its issue for October 31st, says "we are able to state authoritatively that, in spite of rumors to the contrary, no biography of Whistler has at present been authorized by his legal representatives."

D. Appleton & Co. have just published "Spencer Kellogg Brown: His Life in Kansas and His Death as a Spy, 1842-1863," by George Gardner Smith. The book tells the story of the short life of Brown, who, though no relative of John Brown, fought under him in Kansas.

The family of the late Elizabeth Cady Stanton are preparing a collection of her letters for the press. Persons who may have such letters are asked to send them to Mrs. Stanton-Blatch, No. 612 East Buffalo Street, Ithaca, N. Y., or to Theodore Stanton, No. 9 Avenue du Trocadero, Paris. Letters will be copied and carefully returned.

Mr. Crosland, the author of "The Unspeakable Scot," has a book in press entitled "Five Notions." It consists of a series of parodies on the poems in Kipling's "Five Nations."

Augustus C. Buell, author of "Sir William Johnson" and "Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy," is writing an exhaustive biography of William Penn for D. Appleton & Co., the first part of which is now in press. It will be published in a large octavo, and will be based principally on the correspondence between Penn and his agent in America, James Logan, which has as yet been sparingly drawn upon, if at all, by historians and biographers.

Shot Defending Mrs. Coit.

Major J. W. McClung, an old Confederate veteran, and one whose family has been prominent socially for years in San Francisco, was shot by Alexander Garnett on Wednesday, and died at the Waldeck Sanitarium the following day. The shooting took place in the rooms of Mrs. Lillie Hitchcock Coit. Garnett, who is a distant relative, had been acting as her business agent. He entered the hotel apartments flushed with liquor, and attempted to shoot the lady, who was defended by Major McClung. This unfortunate gentleman received the bullet intended for Mrs. Coit.

Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina, sister of Mrs. James Freeborn, Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins, Mrs. Frederick W. Zeile, and Harrison A. Smith, died on Thursday, November 19th.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., in New York, has been brightened by the advent of another daughter.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

James P. Clarke, who succeeds James K. Jones, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, as senator from Arkansas, is only forty-nine, but he is nicknamed "Old Cotton-Top," because of his snow-white hair.

Rev. James M. Pullman, D. D., pastor of the First Universalist Church of Lynn, Mass., died on Sunday last of apoplexy, after preaching a sermon of unusual vigor. Rev. Mr. Pullman was a brother of the late George M. Pullman, the parlor-car builder. He was sixty-seven years of age, and leaves a widow and a son.

Pope Leo's new secretary of state, Cardinal Merry del Val, has not only an Irish grandmother, but is likewise of Irish origin, the Merry family, like that of O'Donnell, Duke of Tetuan, and of scores of others among the Castilian aristocracy, having emigrated from the Emerald Isle to Spain at the time of the overthrow of King James the Second.

President Roosevelt this week entertained at luncheon at the White House the seven representatives of the labor unions of Butte, Mont., who have been visiting the national capital. They were the leaders of an entertainment committee who received the President at Butte during his Western trip, and Mr. Roosevelt took this occasion to return the courtesy.

William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet and dramatist, and president of the National Irish Theatre Society, is visiting the United States. He expects to remain in this country two months, during which time he will deliver lectures before Yale, Harvard, the University of Pennsylvania, the College of the City of New York, and other educational institutions. He is also to visit San Francisco.

Edwin Lord Weeks, the well-known American artist, died in Paris on November 17th. Mr. Weeks showed remarkable taste for Oriental subjects, his best work dealing with subjects in Egypt, Syria, and India. Among his best-known paintings are "A Cup of Coffee in the Desert," "Pilgrimage to Jordan," "Jerusalem from the Bethany Road," "A Moorish Camel Driver," "An Arab Story Teller," and "They Toil Not, Neither Do They Spin." He was also well known as an illustrator, and contributed freely to the American magazines.

Lord Kitchener, commander-in-chief of the British forces in India, met with a serious accident while riding home alone from a country house near Simla a fortnight ago. As he was passing through a tunnel, his horse became frightened at some coolies, swerved and jammed its rider against a beam in the side wall. His leg was twisted and both bones snapped above the ankle. Upon discovering the identity of the injured man, the coolies bolted and left Kitchener lying on the ground, where he suffered greatly for half an hour before he was found and taken to his palace.

Vice-Admiral Togo, who has just succeeded Admiral Tsuboi in command of the standing Japanese squadron, the force which would probably be engaged first in case of war, is one of the popular heroes of Japan. He is a young officer, as flag officers go, in the prime of life, and has had a taste of what modern warfare under present conditions means. In 1894, when the Japanese "wiped out" the Chinese fleet, Admiral Togo—he was only a captain then—struck the first blow. He was in command of the second-class cruiser *Naniwa*, a good, British-built ship of 3,650 tons, with a protective deck from two inches to three inches thick, and armored conning towers. For her size she was very heavily armed, carrying two 10.2-inch guns, six 5.9-inch, and a couple of 9-pounders, and ten Maxims for repelling torpedo craft. This little ship saw more fighting than any other vessel in the Japanese navy, and Captain Togo won for himself then his title, "The Fighting Admiral."

The Princess Eulalia, who visited the United States at the time of the World's Fair at Chicago, is described by William E. Curtis as looking scarcely more than twenty-five years old, although she is really forty. She has all the vices of the Spanish people, who adore her, and such a contrast as is offered between her sister-in-law, the queen, and herself, he says, can scarcely be found in any other family. She has a handsome palace of her own in the older part of the city, near the royal palace, almost across the street from that of her sister, Isabella, who is also a great favorite. Eulalia has separated from her

husband, their property is divided, and they have nothing more to do with each other. They are divorced as far as the church will permit. Eulalia tried to coax Pope Leo to give her an absolute divorce, but an old bachelor of ninety could not appreciate her situation, and she got a lecture instead. She has two children, Alphonso, aged seventeen, and Louis Fernando, aged fifteen, who are at school in Paris. Her ex-husband is Antonio de Bourbon, son of the late Duke of Montpensier, brother of Mercedes, the first wife of Alphonso the Twelfth, and her own cousin

"TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

Opinions of the Press.

San Francisco Call:

Jerome Hart has given us a very readable book of travel in his "Two Argonauts in Spain." With his letters sent from abroad to his periodical as a foundation, Hart has elaborated upon the originals and written enough new material to make a good-sized volume, which is printed by The Argonaut Press, and which is brought out in excellent dress. . . .

The keynote of Mr. Hart's work is its engaging sketchiness and breeziness of thought and diction. There is no attempt to delve into musty figures and produce government tables of the number of Angora goats in Andalusia, or the per capita tax in Saragossa for the last fifty years. There are no rhapsodical passages upon moonlight at the Alhambra. None of the earmarks of the time-honored books of travels are apparent in Hart's collection of thumb-nail sketches.

The book is the fruit of a flying trip through the Land of To-Morrow. . . . But it is not upon the typical "grand tour" that the author-editor leads his readers; the hurry and rush of the ordinary sightseeing tourist. When Hart finds something which strikes his fancy—the bell-ringers of Giralda, the make-up of a Spanish newspaper—he pauses and gets all the meat out of the subject before he leaves it to go on.

A whimsical humor characterizes the Californian tourist's work. He loves to catch the odd side of things and turn it into a smile. That a beggar should ride a-horseback and demand a *largesse* from the humbler wayfarer on foot tickles Hart, and he in turn passes the laugh on to his reader, reinforced by the dry humor of the telling. One gains the idea from "Two Argonauts in Spain" that its genial creator was drifting easily along through Spain, always ready to see some new thing and more than willing to see some funny thing.

The author very effectually tears the veil from "sunny Spain." Those of us who have dreamt of Spain as a place where people lie under palm-trees in hammocks and lazily chew pomegranate pips, feel almost as we did when we discovered who Santa Claus was upon reading what Hart has to say of the weather.

"Never in my life," says he, "have I seen such wrapping and muffling as I saw in Spain. The men wear heavy cloaks—heavier than any outer garment we have in America, except fur-coats. They know their climate and its treacheries better than strangers. One of the reasons for such careful muffling is the Spanish terror of pneumonia."

The book is a very creditable exhibition of the book publishing craft. It is printed on a high-grade, thick linen paper, and is typographically artistic. Many illustrations, the clear reproductions from photographs taken by the author, add to the appearance of the volume.

ROBERT W. RITCHIE.

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco; illustrated.

Dr. Tyndall to Tell "How He Does It."

Dr. Alex. McIvor-Tyndall offers a most attractive subject for his psychological lecture at Steinway Hall on Sunday night, "The Secret of Thought-Reading." Dr. Tyndall has the charm of lucidity, and as he does not attempt to surround himself with mystery of any kind, or claim supernatural powers, it is to be expected that what he has to say on this alluring subject of thought-transmission will have the merit of being explicit and practical. Just whether the average person will be able to accomplish the same wonderful feats as does this interesting telepathist, even though the secret is laid bare, is, of course, another question. At all events, there is a very large number who would like to hear "how he does it," and Steinway Hall will be filled Sunday night without doubt.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Beautiful Edition of Turgeneff.

Ernest Renan once said of the great Russian novelist, Ivan Turgeneff: "His conscience was not that of an individual to whom nature had been more or less generous; it was in some sort the conscience of a people. Before he was born he had lived for thousands of years; infinite successions of reveries had amassed themselves in the depths of his heart. No man has been as much as he the incarnation of a whole race; generations of ancestors, lost in the sleep of centuries, speechless, came through him to life and utterance."

This noble passage, which Henry James quotes in his introduction to an English edition of Turgeneff's works, contains the germ or the reason why Turgeneff appeals so strongly to non-Russians who are somewhat curious about "those vaguely imagined multitudes . . . in the gray expanses of the North." Turgeneff's voice is their voice. Only in Turgeneff shall you feel the heartbeat of a people whom, again to quote Mr. James, "we think of more and more to-day as waiting their turn in the arena of civilization."

The appearance of an excellent complete English edition is therefore a notable literary event. The translations are newly made from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. Each volume contains either a frontispiece portrait or a drawing, by some capable artist, printed on Japan paper. The paper is lightweight, deckle-edged, and gilt-topped, and the binding is properly described as a "seal-brown sateen." The format of this set of fifteen octavo volumes is similar to that of sets of Tolstoy, Kipling, Stevenson, etc., already issued by the same publishers. The printing is by De Vinne, and, altogether, the edition is entirely admirable. The first four volumes, which are all we have yet received, are I and II, "Memoirs of a Sportsman"; III, "Rudin: A Romance"; IV, "A Nobleman's Nest."

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; fifteen volumes, \$30.00; sold only by subscription, and no order taken except for the entire set.

Love and Political Intrigue.

"You can fool some of the people all of the time, all of the people some of the time, but you can not fool all of the people all of the time." This trite proverb might well have been the theme of Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews' new book, "A Kidnapped Colony," a rather improbable but, nevertheless, entertaining narrative of how one John Lindsay, being mistaken on shipboard for General Lindsay, the newly appointed governor of the Bermudas, conspires with several friends to play a practical joke on the whole population of Bermuda. The real administrative head having been delayed beyond the time set for his coming, the imposter makes the Bermudians believe him governor, and proceeds to have a good time with the house, servants, and other perquisites of the governmental office. The complications that arise from the appearance of an eccentric and conscientious old gentleman who knows the real governor, and finally the coming of the latter, make interesting and amusing reading. The last chapter marks the climax of a naive little love-story that runs lightly through the account of political intrigue.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

How Stevenson Gave Life to a Moribund Book.

Edmund Gosse's introduction to a new printing of William Penn's "Some Fruits of Solitude" is interesting. The book, he says, was once extremely popular. Scores of editions appeared during the eighteenth century. During the early years of the last century there were a few. Then it seems to have been forgotten till an "enchanter" awakened the delicate dead thing into life. The enchanter was Stevenson, who, "in December, 1879, while he was wandering disconsolately in the streets of San Francisco, convalescent after a very dangerous illness," ignorantly picked up the book in the stall of a San Francisco book-seller. Years after he wrote: "Even the copy was dear to me, printed in the colony that Penn established, and carried in my pocket all about the San Francisco streets, read in street-cars and ferry-boats when I was sick unto death, and found in all times and places a peaceful and sweet companion." This exceeding high praise of Stevenson's has awakened such an interest in the book that publishers feel justified in giving it to the world afresh. The present pocket edition is beautifully printed and bound in crimson leather.

Published by the H. M. Caldwell Company, Boston; 75 cents.

Indispensable to Students of Art.

The first edition of "Bryan's Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters" appeared in 1816, and won immediate favor. In 1849, it was revised by J. Stanley. In 1876, a supplement was prepared by H. Otley. Again, in the years 1884-9, the dictionary was extensively revised and many additions made by various writers, so that the edition of 1889, issued in parts, was practically a new work. Since that time a host of painters have won such a measure of fame as entitles them to a place, new facts have been discovered about those already included, and many errors have been pointed out. These are the considerations which have induced the publishers to issue still another edition in five volumes, the first two of which are before us. We have not the space at our disposal to mention even the names of writers on artistic themes who contribute to this practically new work. Suffice it to say that there are among them some of the most notable critics of the day. Furthermore, the entire work is under the supervision of George C. Williamson, Litt. D., whose name will be familiar to most students. Each volume is profusely illustrated with full-page plates, well printed in double columns, and serviceably bound.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; per volume, \$6.00.

The Works of Charles Lamb.

Of quite an excellent comeliness are the volumes in the new edition of "The Works of Charles Lamb," published by Dent, of London, the foremost book-maker, it seems to us, in America or England at the present time. And in these books

he has quite outdone himself, since they are at once low-priced and beautiful. To begin with, the edition is edited by William Macdonald, who is certainly clever (see his preface) and, we think, competent. Through his alertness, considerable matter, both in prose and verse, appears here for the first time in a collected edition. The new illustrations (several hundred) are by C. E. Brock, Herbert Railton, and Winifred Green, capable artists all. Also, there are reproductions from the engravings in the original edition, together with many portraits. As for the format, each volume of the twelve is a "long f' cap 8vo," four and five-eighths by seven and three-quarter inches. The binding is of blue cloth with drab sides, the back being flat and embellished with a delicate design worked in gold. The two volumes of the set which have reached us are "Essays of Elia" and "Last Essays of Elia."

Imported by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; each, \$1.50.

More Books for the Children.

"Pleasant Town, Smiling Valley" is the title of an indeed pleasant and smiling little book of children's stories by Sarah E. Lee. Published by the H. M. Caldwell Company, Boston; 75 cents.

L. Frank Baum who, for some fifteen years, has been writing children's stories for the *Youth's Companion* and kindred publications, is the author of no less than three juvenile books appearing this fall. Two of them, however—"The Magical Monarch of Moo" and "The New Wizard of Oz"—are new editions of these old favorites, embellished with exceedingly effective illustrations in colors by Frank Verbeck and W. W. Denslow. "The Enchanted Island of Yew," whereon Prince Marvel encountered the High Ki of Twi and other surprising people, is new. Like others of Mr. Baum's books, it is a wondrous tale of adventure, with "all the terrible left out," and is much to be commended. The drawings in colors by Fanny Y. Cory are in her usual delicate and agreeable manner. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

The amazing adventures of an apple pie are pictured in colors and black and white by Bessie Hitch for "Wee Folks' Alphabet," a thin book for children that has quite a little merit. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

"Tom Brown at Rugby" is a book much read in America, but now that the domestic production of juveniles is so healthy, not to say huge, one would think that mediocre English school-boy stories, such as "The Little People," by L. Allen Harker, would hardly find sale enough to warrant importation. Five of these stories, we note, have appeared in *Longman's Magazine*, ten in the *English Outlook*, and one in the *Treasury*. Published by John Lane, New York.

"Troubadour Tales"—the very words are redolent of picturesque medievalism. And when we read "Pierrot! Pierrot! are thy saddle-bags well fastened—and how fare my lutestrings?" then we are sure that these stories of golden times are of a sort to please wide-eyed, fanciful childhood. Evalene Stein is their author, and the delicate pictures in colors by Maxfield Parrish and others are altogether harmonious. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

"Angel's Wickedness," a short Christmas story by Marie Corelli, is published by Walter R. Beers, New York; 75 cents.

Some four or five assorted superlatives will be needed by all reviewers of "Lil' Verses for Lil' Fellers," by George V. Hobart. We place it unhesitatingly in the front rank of this fall's children's books. It resembles most nearly the type of verse-book for children that James Whitcomb Riley wrote, but at the same time has a distinct freshness and charm that is all its own. Most of the verses are humorous, but some are as wistful as childhood itself. Two sympathetic spirits, E. Mars and M. H. Squire, have made a score of full-page pictures for the volume, some of which are in colors. There is, besides, a portrait of Donald Bayne Hobart, "the lil' feller who inspired many of these lil' verses." His amused expression strengthens our confidence in the book's jolly merit. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.40.

Miscellaneous Publications.

"Mother and Father" is not a very big book, but few or none among the hundreds that have passed through the reviewer's hands since the autumn literary flood began, have been, we think, more genuine and truly fine. It is a book whose character is difficult to define. It might be called "Pictures of Childhood for Grown-Ups." Certain it is that it arouses recollections keen as knives. It breathes the very spirit of childhood. It abounds in wistful humor. The stories have appeared before, both in the magazines and in the book, "In the Morning Glow." The present edition finds its excuse in the exquisite series of illustrations by Alice Barber Stevens, with which the volume, in printing, decorations, and binding, accords. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

"Rips and Raps," by L. de V. Matthewman, with pictures by T. Fleming, is a little book of illustrated witticisms. Some are really clever. "He who is successful," we read, "can afford to smile; he that is not can not afford to do otherwise." Another page presents a picture of a signboard bearing the legend, "Honesty is the Best Policy." Below is written: "An assertion which does not admit of proof, and which is contradicted by weight of evidence, usually passes muster when presented as a proverb." Elsewhere we learn that "extremists are those whose views are diametrically opposed to ours." Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

How many householders know how to ascertain, by means of the "peppermint test," whether or not sewer gas is escaping into the house? That is one of the many useful bits of information given by T. M. Clark in his book, "The Care of the House," described as "a volume of suggestions to householders, housekeepers, landlords, tenants, trustees, and others, for the economical and efficient care of dwelling-houses." It is an elementary, thoroughly practical, and, we think, a useful, volume. The author is an architect of note. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

One of the great literary enterprises of the time, the "Jewish Encyclopedia," appears to be progressing prosperously. The fifth volume, covering subjects from Dreyfus-Brisac to Goat, is now from

the press, and equals, if not exceeds, the standards set by previous volumes. The complete work, according to the publishers' statements, will contain 8,000 pages and 2,000 illustrations, while the number of editors and contributors will number 660. The total cost is estimated at \$600,000, and the date of issue of the twelfth and last volume is fixed at January 1, 1906. The editor-in-chief is Rabbi Isidore Singer, Ph. D. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, per volume, \$6.00.

"A New School Management," by Levi Seeley, Ph. D., professor of pedagogy in the State Normal School, Trenton, N. J., is a work that should prove useful to teachers and those intending to follow that profession. Published by Hinds & Noble, New York; \$1.25.

The American Book Company's Text-Books.

Among recent school-books are the following: "German Composition," with a review of grammar and syntax, and with notes and vocabulary, by B. Mack Dresden, A. M.

"The Baldwin Speller," by S. R. Spear and Margaret T. Lynch.

"Aus dem Deutschen Dichterwald," edited with notes and vocabulary by J. H. Dillard, professor in Tulane University. Here are presented eighty "favorite" German poems, representing twenty-three authors—Goethe, Heine, Körner, Rückert, Schiller, and Uhland having the largest proportion. "Money, Banking, and Finance," by Albert S. Bolles, Ph. D., LL. D., lecturer in the University of Pennsylvania. This book is intended for persons who are engaged, or are about to engage, in the business of banking, and for those who are studying the history and theories of banking. It is elementary, practical, and authoritative.

"Physical Laboratory Manual" for secondary schools, by S. E. Coleman, S. B., A. M., head of the science department and teacher of physics in the Oakland High School. This volume is written with the intention that, in schools where it is used, laboratory work shall stand in coordinate relation to classroom study. It aims, also, to present experiments that shall show forth physical facts and principles rather than those which shall merely develop manipulative skill in the school. Both these aims seem worthy, and the book a valuable one.

"Elements of Plane and Solid Geometry," by Alan Sanders. The distinctive features of this work, as set forth by the author, are the omissions of parts of demonstrations, the introduction of exercises after each proposition, the giving of all constructions before they are required for use in demonstrations, the presentations of converses when possible, and the large number of exercises presented.

"Latin Prose Composition," by Henry Carr Pearson, A. B. It is based on the same plan as the author's popular "Greek Prose Composition," and is intended for use by students at the beginning of the second year's study of Latin.

"The Philippines: A Geographical Reader," by Samuel MacClintock, Ph. B., principal of the Cebu Normal School. It is intended for young school-children, and contains many illustrations.

"The Merchant of Venice," edited by W. J. Rolfe. The appearance of this small, neatly bound book is, it should be needless for us to say, quite a little event for teachers of literature. It is a revision, by himself, of the author's admirable edition of "The Merchant of Venice," which appeared in 1883. So many changes have been made that, he says, it is "substantially a new book." The alterations are so numerous and varied that we can not list them here, but we think teachers will agree that this is the best school edition of the play extant.

Published by the American Book Company, New York.

INTAGLIOS.

The Stolen Hour.

When midnight comes
And all is still; when the work is o'er
And silent is the city's roar;
I lightly step across the floor
And softly close my study door,
When midnight comes.

When midnight comes
'Tis then I love to ponder o'er
The ancient tones of mystic lore,
And dream away an hour or more
With wise and wicked men of yore,
When midnight comes.
—Will M. Clemens in the Reader.

Inter Sodales.

Over a pipe the Angel of Conversation
Loosens with glee the tassels of his purse
And, with a fine spiritual exaltation,
Hlastens, a very spendthrift, to disburse
The coins new minted of imagination.
An amiable, a delicate animation
Informs our thought, and earnest we rehearse
The sweet old farce of mutual admiration
Over a pipe.

I heard in this hour's delicious divagation,
How soft the song! the epigram how terse!
With what a genius for administration
We rearrange the rambling universe,
And map the course of man's regeneration,
Over a pipe!
—William Ernest Henley.

Hugh Stowell Scott, the novelist, who wrote over the pen-name of Henry Seton Merriam, died in London on November 10th, after having been operated on for appendicitis. Mr. Scott was educated for the bar, but had a preference for literature, and some of his works have been well received. His first notable novel, "The Phantom Future," appeared in 1889, followed by "From One Generation to Another" in 1892. Others of his books were "With Edged Tools," "The Sowers," "In Kedar's Tents," and "Roden's Corner." An improvement in the style and more complicated plots marked his last works, "The Vultures" and "The Slave of the Lamp," but in a general way they lacked the elements that make for popularity.

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LITERARY NOTES.

One School of Art.

The *Studio* is undoubtedly the leading art magazine published in the English language. Its editors have this fall selected from the pictures that have appeared in it during the past seven years one hundred colored and monochromatic plates, which they think are "representative" and constitute a "survey of the progress of the arts" during that time. These are printed handsomely on heavy glazed paper in an attractively bound volume. The book's chief lack is that there is no list of artists or table of titles. Most of the artists' names can be deciphered from the margins of the pictures themselves, but, save in a very few instances, the prints are untitled. This omission is most keenly felt in the case of architectural drawings—bridges, old buildings, corners of towns and cities, streets by night—at whose identity one can only guess. As to merit, the book contains "all sorts." Some of the plates, like that of the pair of green-garbed, petal-sprinkling maidens, or the book cover that follows it, or the be-robed lady sitting on the moon's sharp edge, surely are not "representative" of art—only of non-art. And what an artistic infinity divides Maris's excellent representation of an old Dutch windmill from some unknown's vapid treatment of a similar theme a few pages farther on. Taken all in all, however, the collection is a highly interesting one, immensely varied, yet having an essential unity.

Published by John Lane, New York; \$5.00.

"The Pensionnaires."

The skillful weaving of a love-story into a recital of the chances and changes of tourist life is the prevailing characteristic of "The Pensionnaires," a readable little story by Albert R. Carman, who has evidently turned his knowledge and experience of life in pensions to literary account.

There is, too, a musical element in the tale. Jessica Murney, the American heroine, is studying music in Dresden, and is at once the delight and despair of Herr Vogt, her German teacher, who tells her she sings like a "heavenly phonograph," but that she has no "soul expression." The writer then proceeds to work out a fanciful little theory bearing on Jessica's lack of soul; a lack which disappears under certain favoring influences.

The esoteric reader may find himself a little mixed as to the author's meaning, and a little impatient over the farcical scheme of rescuing Jessica from her harmless Svengali. But the writer has a pretty gift of description, and has at least succeeded well in depicting the pleasant, casual life and comradeship of the pensions. He will doubtless find quite a proportion of interested readers among returned tourists, who may review past pleasures and form projects for the future, which will doubtless include pensions in their itinerary.

Published by H. B. Turner & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

A New Edition of Shakespeare.

A book might be made of arguments for or against the various editions of Shakespeare's works. To say that this edition or that edition is the best for everybody is like saying that all the masculine world should wear red cravats. What edition shall be chosen is largely a matter of taste and fancy. Some like their Shakespeare minus his naughtiness; others like all the queer jokes left in; some like profuse notes to help over difficulties; others think notes an impertinence; some like the ancient spelling; others will have none of it—and so it goes. All things considered, however, the editors (Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke) of the new twelve-volume Pembroke Edition make out a very good case for that work. Its distinguishing feature is that it follows the First Folio of 1623 exactly—misspelling, punctuation, and all. This has advantages without doubt—it gives to the plays a flavor of quaintness and an ancient air that modernized versions do not possess. There are few notes, only those absolutely necessary, and these are put, not at the end of the play, but at the bottom of each page.

In mechanical make-up the set is thoroughly in accord with the best modern ideas in book-making. There are three plays in each volume. They are printed from large, clear type, on thin, opaque paper so that each book, though containing about two hundred and fifty pages, is less than an inch in thickness. In height, the books measure six inches, in breadth four, the top is gilded, and the edges trimmed. The binding is red huckram, with a decorated back.

Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$9.00. Sold only in sets.

Pay for What You Get.

"The Unit Books" are a new scheme in publishing. It is proposed to reprint a hundred or more classics uniformly, charging not a set price for each volume, but one cent for each twenty-five pages, adding a paper cover free, a cloth cover for thirty cents, a "full leather" cover for fifty cents. Thus, Hawthorne's "The Marble Faun," of five hundred and twenty-five pages, in cloth cover, costs fifty-one cents. "Letters and Addresses of Abraham Lincoln," four hundred pages, "leather" cover, costs sixty-six cents. They are both remarkably good value for the price. As to format, the paper and print are good. The size—seven inches high, four and three-quarters broad, and not more than one inch thick—we think not an attractive one. The ideal size of a small book is half an inch narrower and about three-quarters of an inch shorter than this. A "library" book should be somewhat larger. Thus these volumes are neither one nor 't'other, and in size not at all pleasing to the eye. The "leather" covers are not leather, but a composition.

Published by Howard Wilford Bell, New York.

New Editions—Poetry.

Elsewhere in this issue we review the Pembroke Edition of Shakespeare. "The Comedie of Errors" in the First Folio edition is edited by the same persons (Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke), and the text is identical. It differs in that there are profuse notes; that each play is

printed in a separate volume; that each may be purchased separately; that thick, deckle-edge, gilt-top paper is used, and that the binding is in green huckram. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; 50 cents.

What we think must be the nine hundred and ninety-ninth edition of Khayyam's "Ruhaiyat" is just a finger's length tall, a quarter of an inch thick, and one and a half inches wide. The quatrains are printed endwise on the paper. This is a vest-pocket edition with a vengeance. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; 30 cents.

Those who were deeply impressed with the morality play, "Everyman," when it was produced here, will be interested in the new edition of the old piece just published. It contains, in addition to the text of the play, numerous illustrations from scenes and an exhaustive historical introduction by Montrose J. Moses. The cover shows Mrs. Crawley in the part of Everyman. Published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York; \$1.00.

Those who bear in affectionate remembrance that sincerely simple poem of Adelaide Proctor's, "A Lost Chord," will perhaps welcome the extremely handsome new library edition of her works. It is prefaced by the introduction of Dickens—who was her warm friend—and contains an admirable portrait of the poet. We believe that the edition published shortly after Miss Proctor's death in the early 'sixties is the last complete one, and the present volume is therefore needed. It is printed on high-grade paper, with uncut edges and gilt top, and bound in red huckram. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; (in box) \$2.00.

New Editions—Prose.

Now a new hand takes up the ceaseless task of revising Le Conte's "Elements of Geology"—a work in which death stayed the hand of the venerable and much-beloved scientist—and the fifth edition comes from the press with two names on the title-page in place of the one to the eye so long familiar. Herman L. Fairchild has, he says, found it necessary "to largely rewrite some sections of the book and to insert several new topics. Few changes, however, have been made in the text where not required by advancing knowledge, and the spirit and style of the revered author has been held as a model." Doubtless Mr. Fairchild is a capable geologist, and doubtless he has done his work well; but we are sorry that he found it in his heart to say, "to largely rewrite." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$4.00.

The bulldog made famous by his master, Richard Harding Davis, in "The Bar Sinister," has the honor of coming out in handsome holiday dress. E. M. Ashe has drawn for the book a number of pictures of the great prize winner, and Mr. Davis himself presents a few pages of introduction in answer to many correspondents who want to know if the tale was based on fact. Mr. Davis says it was. No need for us to say that "The Bar Sinister" is a holly dog story. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

Those are really beautiful and charming essays that Henry Van Dyke published in "Little Rivers," and a new, handsomely printed edition with some delicate and appropriate drawings in color is therefore more than welcome. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50. Popular editions of standard writers that shall be cheap but not too cheap; neat but not necessarily ornate; rather serviceable than for adornment of parlor tables, are always welcome. Of such sort are the new editions of "An Inland Voyage" and "Essays and Criticisms," by Robert Louis Stevenson. The type used is extremely artistic, the paper fine; there are no pictures, and the binding in dark red cloth accords with the books' character. Published by Herbert B. Turner & Co., New York; each, \$1.25.

A beautifully printed new edition of Richard Jefferies' "Wild Life in a Southern Country" is welcome. The title is not new, and indeed never was, an apt one, and perhaps the publishers are not to be blamed for renaming the book "An English Village." Clifton Johnson has contributed to it twenty-five excellent pictures of nature and rural life in Wiltshire, and also a preface; and Hamilton W. Mabie has written for the volume a brief introduction. Mr. Johnson calls Jefferies "the most notable nature writer England produced in the nineteenth century," and Mr. Mabie remarks: "Since Gilbert White kept the record of the seasons in Selborne, no Englishman has divined and described nature with such loving care for details as Jefferies, and no Englishman of any age has reinforced accurate and minute observation with such gifts of feeling and imagination." Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The new edition of Henry Harland's clever novel, "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," is profusely illustrated in black and white by G. C. Wilms-hurst, who shows himself a capable person. Those who like pictures in their novels undoubtedly will approve of Mr. Wilms-hurst's. Published by John Lane, New York; \$1.50.

Mr. Sherwin Cody believes in pushing a good thing along—rapidly. Last year he compiled "A Selection from the World's Greatest Short Stories." The publishers gave the book a neat dress, and it proved popular. Six months later "A Selection from the Best English Essays" came from Mr. Cody's deft hand, and now we have "The Best Poems and Essays of Edgar Allan Poe" and "The Best Tales of Edgar Allan Poe," and we observe that another book is in preparation. We certainly have no fault to find with these, the mechanical make-up (which is the main thing) being particularly attractive. Each volume is well printed on thin deckle-edge, gilt-top paper, and contains nearly five hundred pages, though even then making out a smallish book. The binding is in green buckram. Published by A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago; \$1.00 each.

The publishers of the holiday edition of "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary" say that up to date a round half million copies of those books have been sold. But evidently the publishers think the end is not yet, for they have spared no pains to make the new edition attractive. It is printed on yellowish paper in black and brown, with Renner type. There are twenty-four drawings, by Florence Seovel Shinn, in each volume, twelve being in black and white and twelve in three colors. The bindings are very neat. Published by the Century Company, New York; two volumes, \$4.00.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Impressions of an Eastern Resident.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 20, 1903. When my wife and I came here from New York, we expected to settle, if not permanently, at least for a long time, but we have since changed our plans; why, the public might be interested to know, as our case is a typical one. Before we left Gotham, we knew of a particular disease called New Yorkitis, and we thought that the rest of the Union, free from such local complaints, would be in a normal condition; but we discovered that this part of the country is infected with its own peculiar affliction, which is of an entirely different nature and of endemic form—a "native-born" product of the State.

Californianitis is principally a defective sense of proportion. We have no doubt that California is a big State, and that Californians are called to big things, but the Native Sons of the Golden West might do well to remember that there is something else beside their State, and that there are some other people, and good for something besides serving as trinkets in their hands. This megalomaniac distortion of realities is sometimes offensive to other Americans, and oftener funny. It had never occurred to us that we were "Easterners" until we found ourselves chained to the triumphal car of some native daughter of California as she passed to her drawing-rooms showing us as the victor's spoils. We thought we were only Americans, coming from one part of America to another; we found ourselves declared foreigners, and called upon for daily largesse of dutiful homage. We have even begun to doubt our right to eternal life, since our physical being was debarré the essential lot of entering this world by the Golden Gate.

This is interesting, because the estrangement is certainly not ours! We look in vain for justifications of distinctively American pride, or developed Californian originalities; in fact, the chief things held out to us as the glories of California are the missions (which are Spanish), the Chinese quarters (which are Oriental), the Mexican restaurants (which are half-breed), and the kaleidoscopic scenery (which was here some years before Californians). Given these conditions, we are still in a quandary as to why the Californian refuses for his State the modest place claimed for itself by every other in the Union, abreast of its sister States, not tandem; but, on the contrary, insists upon for it an isolation, golden-haloed, though at times he himself be conscious that the golden halo is only plated ware.

Californianitis is not peculiar to the lady in the drawing-room, but extends through all classes and occupations of society—newspapermen, tradesmen, day-laborers, errand-boys, and, as may be naturally expected, is fostered by the conditions of a region where the bricklayer on a college building is paid as much as the professor who teaches inside. In a recent issue of the San Francisco daily paper we read an editorial on the August yacht races for the America Cup, in which the editor mildly suggested that San Francisco might be a better place for the races than New York—there is certainly wind enough to swamp the yachts, but what about the fog? This is funny enough; but, irresistible is the idea of the chief objection he foresaw. New Yorkers would make the loss of trade brought by visiting enthusiasts—which, by the way, might number ten thousand. Isn't this sizing things too much by local units, when it takes a Dewey parade with three million visitors actually to crowd New York, and an extra hundred thousand is there a wanted influx of ordinary travelers?

Other instances of this acute form of disorder are plentiful and not hard to find. We remember seeing an illustrated advertisement of one of the transpacific steamship companies, a big picture of one of their latest and largest steamers (which local papers like to call the "giant steamers of the harbor"), with the statement that its tonnage was eighteen thousand; while the Atlantic trade always gives the net tonnage, this company has here given the gross tonnage, supposedly to make an impression on the public; without stating that this is the case, one is led to imagine that the steamers in question are larger than the fast express steamers of the North German Lloyd, and nearly record size, while in fact they are not half so large.

Still more amusing is the seigniorial pride of the tradesman, who thanks God that he isn't as Easterners are, and "aint got so low down as pennies yet!"—consequently, refuses to give or to accept that legal coin of our Union; and while he also refuses to handle the convenient greenback, he burdens his pockets with the cart-wheel silver dollar and cumbersome gold. The love of gold might indicate that he is after the real thing, but when it comes to silver dollars, which are worth thirty-two cents (more or less), he has to trust our government practically as much as if he used a bill. These phenomena are only explicable as the bluff of a mining and lumber camp where wealth is *show* and not *substance*, and not the habits of a long-established community, where economic thrift is the rule.

Some time ago, a Californian writer, describing the mission period of Californian history, declared that the Spanish monks had given to the world a new style of architecture and a new form of art, the mission furniture; the facts are, the mission architecture is nothing but the "baroque" style of ecclesiastical constructions used widely in Spain and Italy in the seventeenth century; and the mission furniture is easily to be found in all the medieval castles of Europe, with only this difference, that the former is made uglier and the latter cruder because of the want of suitable materials and good artisans. The monks certainly did the best they could, but why attempt to exploit their modest efforts as they themselves would have scorned to do? It is only too legitimate to suspect that the Californian's skillful commercial use of his missions is the justification of his mission boom!

There are many things in California most gratifying to us as home-keepers coming from New York—low rents, cheap cost of living, cleanliness and quiet, everything that is necessary to cure one of the neurasthenia of New Yorkitis, and of the numerous economic evils of New York life, and living in San Francisco would be particularly pleasant if it were normal, but since there is a bacillus here, too, and we must choose between the pains of Californianitis and the pangs of New Yorkitis, we prefer the latter every time. Very truly yours, FELIX FERRERO.



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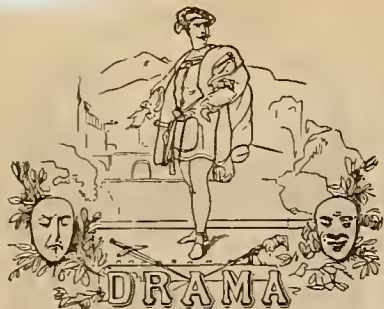
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"A Poor Relation" is a play that, one would think, had reached the *passée* stage, having originally been written for Sol Smith Russell, whose heyday was from fifteen to twenty years ago. As a humorist, this once popular comedian, funny as he was, lacked versatility. He did not at all fit into comic-opera rôles, being able to amuse his audience only at scattered intervals, when some bit of burlesque would turn up that gave him his chance. Naturally, an actor whose comedy talents were of so circumscribed a nature would need to have a character written all around his personality.

In "A Poor Relation," the idea of keeping that luckless inventor, Noah Vale, in a chronically starved condition, was doubtless due to the extreme leanness of Sol Smith Russell's figure. His peculiar mannerisms told well in the songs and stories with which Noah Vale regaled the children, and the jokes with which, for lack of more substantial fare, he regaled himself.

Mr. James Durkin, having first started in as the leading man at the Alcazar, is now taking a turn in comedy, with Russell's well-known character part this week, and, having manifestly put a good deal of careful study and preparation into the rôle, is making a success of it. He has been rather put to to give the necessary effect of lankness to his figure, but has actually succeeded, resembling indeed, a benevolent Uriah Heep. His plump cheeks are hollowed out to cadaverous shadows with skillful applications of charcoal, his voice is a carefully cultivated nasal, and the twinkle of delight with which the plucky inventor disarms malignant fortune with a jest would almost win an indulgent smile from an undertaker.

The play is as naïve as a country helle in the directness of its appeal. It is the kind in which people are perpetually entering rooms and displaying such remarkable obtuseness of hearing and vision that they remain oblivious of the fact that the room is already occupied until they collide with the occupier, or overhear the kind of important secrets upon which plots revolve.

There is a villain who is so direfully base that he won prolonged hisses of disapproval; a trihute which Mr. Luke Connex acknowledged with a bright and beaming smile.

There is a lovely and compassionate heroine who considers the suggestion of quarters less humble than the drawing-room for the fainting wayfarer at the front door as an evidence of unbelievable cruelty.

There is a stepmother whose character is builded on models drawn from Grimm's fairy tale. There are two rosy-cheeked children, bright little things, whose solemn-eyed enjoyment of fairy tales and "eating stories" seemed most genuine.

Like the "eating stories" for which the children clamor, "A Poor Relation" is an "eating play," the starving ones being obliged to tuck away, even in the sketchy meals of the stage, sufficient provender to make the compassionate spectator foresee touches of indigestion.

The play is so full of Joe Miller skits, sentimental hits, and melodramatic hits, that it thoroughly pleased the audience, who rewarded Mr. Durkin's comedy with a running accompaniment of laughter. The rest of the company are appropriately disposed, and do their share in winning success for the revival of the piece, but the honors easily fall to Mr. Durkin, whose characterization, although a little lacking in spontaneous humor, is so carefully studied as to be very telling.

The elevation of Zaza to the position of grand operatic heroine shows what a hold on stage life that queen of gutter morals has. The enormous popularity of "Zaza" as a play is perhaps due to the sentimental interest that is often felt in the heart sorrows of *déclassée* women. It is not an interest that is usually placed in evidence, most people expressing themselves somewhat cynically as regards the capacity for feeling of those so-called butterflies, but it is pretty widespread

Zaza's strong card is her position as the under dog. It would have mightily injured her prestige with the usual audience to have shown the supplanted wife weeping sore over the defection of her husband. But the spectacle of an arrogant woman, safely enthroned in a luxurious home, the happy mother of a charming child, and quite able to scold the servants with considerable nerve, gave her the unsympathetic position of the woman on top, and so Zaza was safe in the hearts of the public.

There is a curious perversion of morals in thus deliberately exalting the courtesan at the expense of the wife; so much so that one may be pardoned for feeling a little cynical over the attitude of those who experience virtuous shocks at "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "Iris," and weep over Zaza's woes. The play of "Zaza" virtually lays down this dictum: an emotional and good-looking courtesan is worthy of all sympathy, and if she abjures flash and tinsel, changes her dress-maker and talks about "living in her art," she attains to the aristocracy of the stage heroine, and is as good as the best.

With "Iris" it is different. The calm inexorable logic of her creator has its effect. She is the slave of her own temperament, and we accord her the same impersonal pity as that bestowed upon a flower torn from its stem and trampled in the mire of a city street. Or akin to the remote compassion with which we look upon Iris's humbler sisters in sin.

One could almost read it, the other night, in the gaze which people turned upon one such, a lovely creature, who sat, the observed of all observers, watching with interest the unfolding of a drama which must of necessity bear features akin to her own. As she sat there, a bit of bruised fruit, her blooming youth thrown in relief against the stodgy outlines of her sole companion, a hard-faced heldame, with an eye of flint under her wig, there were doubtless none who observed her but likened the sordid destiny awaiting her to that which was confronting Pinero's lovely transgressor.

And therein is the main fault in the play. It turns the attention too much to the underways of the world. The strength of it lies in its deadly reality. It is impossible to come away and lightly dismiss Iris and her fate from the memory. Pinero has planned it all out far too skillfully for that. He has not left a stone unturned in the remorselessness with which he has hedged Iris within the limitations imposed by her own folly.

She has exhausted all resources in draining dry the financial compliance of her friends. Her tiny income is pledged. Trenwith has turned away, sick at heart, and forever disillusionized. Maldonado, with the glare of hate in his eyes, has turned her out. Where shall she go? The universal hypothesis is, the gutter. But the mind can not bring itself to accept such a fate for a creature of such grace and elegance as Iris, and falls to outlining a hypothetical course of conduct. Her friend, Fanny Sylvain, has already cut her, and besides is newly married, and therefore accountable to another for her friendships. If Iris would not marry Lawrence Trenwith poor, it is scarcely conceivable that she would throw herself in the arms of her sole remaining friend, Croker Harrington.

But she is destitute. Croker is true and tender. She goes to him for aid, only to find that Maldonado's coarse taunt is true. He has been kicked out of the secretaryship of the club, and has scarcely the wherewithal to keep body and soul together.

And then—whither? Thus one's mind will revolve about the final destiny of the poor, beautiful hit of frailty that goes to the making of Iris.

As to Zaza, transplanted to opera, we take her quite calmly. She is an entirely different person when singing her woes, having shed much of the chippiness that gives the Zaza

of the play, both in joy and sorrow, so much coarse vitality. The librettist has dispensed with the peculiarly idiotic final act, which, I believe, was tacked on hoddily by the enterprising American adapter as a concession to the Puritanism of one element and the flashy sentimentality of another in the American theatre-going public.

Tina de Spada gave Zaza a somhre mien, putting into the scenes of the first act nothing of that effervescent joy with which the music-hall singer sipped the foam from the champagne of a volatile existence.

Her vocalization was necessarily subdued and restrained, as the singer was afflicted with a cold. But she was able to render Zaza's softer and more plaintive numbers with sweetness and tenderness.

Ischierdo was dramatically a very satisfactory Dufresne; vocally he was too loud and strident, his tendency to shriek having ruined his *pianissimo* notes, and introduced a grating tone into his voice that has come to stay. Marchesini, as Zaza's mother, was a farcical monstrosity. The character is one of the clever points in the play, but as presented by Marchesini it was exaggerated to the point of buffoonery.

Gregoretti, minus a romantic make-up, was less handsome. He has some very effective numbers, however, of which he made the most. One would be quite safe, I think, in prophesying that this gifted youth will not retain his voice as late in life as Salassa did. I have seen the face of the latter in the street, under his funny little cigarette hat, and it was that of a man in the forties.

Dado might well stand for an example to the younger singers about him. A bass, to be sure, has less tendency to wear threadbare than the lighter voices, but while Dado is a singer of much experience, his artistic restraint and admirable method have prevented his voice from showing the inevitable wear and tear, many of his notes being as round smooth, and resonant as Gregoretti's own.

The orchestration is thoroughly modern in its richness, variety, and abundance of illustrative meanings. It was not particularly well rendered, however, the general effect being over-loud, so much so, in fact, as seriously to hamper the singers a number of times. Nevertheless, the modern element of realism in "Zaza," a certain dramatic *verve* about the story, and abundant beauties in both the vocal and the orchestral score, made the performance one that afforded universal interest and ample enjoyment to the spectators.

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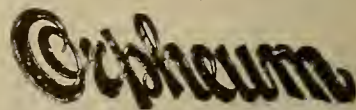
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STAGE GOSSIP.

"Way Down East."

On Monday evening, Lottie Blair Parker's successful New England play, "Way Down East," will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theatre. Those who have already witnessed this pretty pastoral play during its previous visits here, will want to enjoy its wholesome comedy again, while those who have not seen it have a treat in store for them. The play pictures the peace and plenty of prosperous farm life, and its leading characters are simple, quaint, "Down East" types, such as Martha Perkins, the village gossip, who makes all the trouble for the heroine; faithful Seth Holcomb, Martha's devoted slave; the constable, Rube Whipple, who always has his eye on somebody; Hi Holler, the chore-boy for Squire Bartlett; the doctor; and the dear old squire himself, who, when not in a tantrum, is full of fun and humor. These and many other strong studies of New England folks are skillfully handled by Lottie Blair Parker, who wrote the play, and by Joseph R. Grismer, who elaborated it. The snow-storm effect, in the third act, is one of the most striking things of its kind which has been attempted on the stage. The company to be seen here will include Ruby Bridges, Imogene Hyams, Madge Douglas, Charles M. Riegel, Edward J. Heron, Charles A. Burke, Philip Yale Drew, H. M. Forsman, and Loyola O'Connor.

At the Alcazar.

So great has been the success of James Durkin in Sol Smith Russell's charming play, "A Poor Relation," that the management of the Alcazar Theatre has decided to continue it another week. On December 7th, a picturesque romance of St. Petersburg in the early part of the eighteenth century, entitled "A Royal Prisoner," will be given, and an elaborate production of "Blue Jeans" is promised for Christmas week.

Fischer's New Burlesque.

The management of Fischer's Theatre have such great faith in "I-O-U," the new burlesque which is to be given its first presentation on any stage on Monday evening, that they have given it a splendid setting, and the chorus has been increased to over fifty people. The music is by Dr. H. J. Stewart, and the book was written by a local writer—Judson Bruse, it is said. The plot is based upon the trials of three hotel proprietors, who become financially embarrassed by reason of having housed and fed a circus outfit, which also becomes bankrupt and therefore is unable to pay for its board and lodging. As a compromise, a trade is made whereby the circus manager exchanges his circus for the hotel property, and the landlords become owners of the circus, with such direful consequences and complications as to bring about a final re-transfer, the circus man going back to the sawdust ring, and the landlords returning to their hotels. Among the special features will be a skit in which Georgia O'Ramey will impersonate six or more well-known characters, and the famous Althea twin sisters, singers and dancers, who are to replace Flossie Hope and Gertie Emerson.

"The Counterfeiters" at the Central.

The Central Theatre's offering next week will be a sensational melodrama, "The Counterfeiters," which is said to contain several thrilling climaxes and a wealth of wholesome comedy. In the opening act there is a mysterious robbery and murder in Wall Street, the victim being falsely accused of the crime. The second act contains a capital picture of New York tenement life, introducing a great variety of street characters. The third act is laid in the den of the counterfeiters, in an abandoned tunnel, and the fourth on the banks of the Hudson, where all the wrongs are duly righted. All the favorites will be in the cast and some really striking stage pictures are promised.

The Orpheum's Bill.

Hal Godfrey, known as the "Private Secretary of Vaudeville," will appear with his strong supporting company at the Orpheum next week in a one-act playlet by Arthur J. Lamb, entitled "A Very Bad Boy." The other new-comers are Agnes Mahr, styled "The American Tommy Atkins," who will be seen in several new artistic and graceful dances; Clarice Vance, who sings coon songs with an irresistible emphasis and side-play; and Joseph Newman, the Denver song writer, who appeared here three seasons ago, and, with his quiet, easy manner, won hosts of friends. Those retained from this week's bill are the Armenis-Tito quartet of European dancers; Searl and Violet Allen, "The Rent Collectors"; Bryant and Saville, the musical minstrels; and Annie Abbott, "The Little Georgia Magnet," who will enter on her last week in San Francisco.

Melodrama at the Grand.

The last performance of "Ben Hur" will be given at the Grand Opera House on Saturday evening, and at the Sunday matinee the regular combination season will be inaugurated with "Over Niagara Falls," a spectacular melodrama, containing several startling climaxes. Among the characters introduced are Starlight, an old Indian chief; Asa Phillips, a pillar of the church, who uses his religion as a cloak to cover his many villainous deeds; a circus equestrienne and a French ring-master; a ubiquitous newspaper reporter; a mischievous, fun-loving darkey; and an old Irish guide, the superintendent of Chautauqua Park. The scenic and electrical effects are very elaborate,

and include a view of beautiful Lake Chautauqua, Goat Island above the Falls, and the Whirlpool Rapids and Suspension Bridge by moonlight.

AUTOMOBILE NOTES.

Barney Oldfield at Los Angeles.

The interest taken in automobilism in the southern part of this State was clearly demonstrated at the race meet of the Automobile Club of Southern California in Los Angeles last week, when, during three afternoons of time-destroying contests, nearly thirty thousand people witnessed the novel races. Barney Oldfield, of course, was the cause of the immense attendance, and those who were spectators on last Sunday were treated to the most remarkable performance on a circular mile track that Oldfield, in his Bullet No. 2, has ever accomplished, namely, 54½ seconds for one mile, and 4 minutes and 40½ seconds for five miles.

The local horseless carriages which journeyed to the southern city did well, and carried off their share of the prizes. Two of the most beautiful trophies offered in the meet were won by local autos. The Chanslor Cup was captured by the Toledo, and the Huntington one-thousand-dollar perpetual challenge cup took its first trip to San Francisco in company with H. D. Ryus, who won it with a White. Financially as well as otherwise the race meeting was a great success, and no doubt the campaign for better roads will be a strong one.

Now that the fall racing meets are over, the motorist will turn his attention again to touring, one of the greatest pleasures to be derived from the automobile. Many drivers prominent in society are already planning winter tours.

As is the case all over the country, there is an increasing popularity of the automobile with the ladies of San Francisco, there being several expert automobilists among them. Miss Bertha Dolbeer, the driver of a Packard, is seen quite frequently in the park and on the country roads, and Miss Georgie Strong, of Oakland, a Stevens-Duryea owner, is known for her extended trips in her horseless carriage. Miss Katherine Dillon, who purchased a White touring car only two weeks ago, is learning to handle the throttle herself, and gives promise of becoming quite an expert. Miss Jennie Champion is often seen in her father's Cadillac, and Miss Drum, since her return from New York, is again frequently out in her White Stanhope.

The sterner sex, too, take a great delight in touring the country. W. H. Gorham, A. W. Wilson, and John D. Spreckels are three White owners who have taken trips recently. A. E. Joy, of Watsonville, lately made a most difficult run to his home from this city in a Winton. D. L. Westover has been touring in the vicinity of Monterey lately in his new Packard, and Douglas Watson reports having had a most pleasant trip up to Lake County in his St. Louis.

Robert Lincoln Sherwood, son of the late Robert and Mrs. Robert Sherwood, died last Sunday, after an illness extending over many years.

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At the Races.

An excellent programme of six races has been arranged for to-day (Saturday) at the Oakland Track. When the racing scene changes to Ingleside there promises to be a lot of notable entries. The stables of C. A. Johnson, R. Bradley, and J. F. Winters have just arrived from Chicago. Among the horses are Whisky King, Bummer, Suburban Queen, Dandy Belle, Tom Kingsley, The Stewardess, and Virginia Boy.

John L. Beard died at his residence near Centerville on November 19th, at the age of fifty-eight years.

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ESTABLISHED 1888.

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VANITY FAIR.

Some years ago, when the automobile was coming into fashion with a rush, predictions were made to the effect that the day of the horse was over; that the devil wagon and the puff wagon were to take his place for business as well as for pleasure. This prophecy was based in the main on the theory that Americans could not be interested in more than one thing at a time. But instead of the noblest friend of man going to the wall, he has more than held his own. The shows at Madison Square Garden, in New York, and likewise those in Chicago and many of the larger Eastern cities, have improved steadily in the quality of the exhibits. The competition for the ribbons is keener than ever before. Bad weather, however, somewhat marred the attendance during the first few days of the Horse Show in New York last week. On the opening afternoon, the sporting clothes of the horsemen, the gaudy waistcoats, lurid scarfs, and emphatic checks and plaids came in for the most attention, although Alice Roosevelt and Ethel Barrymore attracted much notice. In the evening, however, the private boxes, in which fair women, gorgeously dressed, were attended by well-groomed escorts in immaculate evening-clothes, were the objects of curiosity for those who made up the never ceasing walk-around on the floor of the Garden. It was here that families famous for their social standing and great riches were grouped, and it was here, too (according to the *New York Sun*), that New York's most beautiful *débutantes* were having a gay time exchanging greetings with their men friends. White was the prevailing color everywhere, with now and then a symphony in red or blue or brown or pink, which brightened the picture to a marked degree. Society has often been accused of indifference to the horse, but it appears that this year there was an apparent enthusiasm over the incidents of the oval tanbark ring on the part of society that augurs well for reform on this line. This unusual state of affairs may be attributed to the general public interest in the thoroughbred of to-day, which has gradually spread throughout America until it is of national flavor. It is quite the thing just now to be "horsey," to be able to discuss racing, and to speak without error upon the fine points of hunters, four-in-hands, tandems, and high-school performers. Behind the private boxes of the Four Hundred there was noted a scattering of those who, while not actually in the social swim, always make strenuous efforts to get into it. Then, as an outside fringe in the rear seats, there were the ordinary persons who take in all sorts of public functions, and feel fully repaid if they get a chance to stare at, and hush shoulders with, the exclusive Four Hundred.

Obnoxious dressmakers, haberdashers, jewelers, and tailors were on hand in droves taking notes. But the police did not find it necessary to interfere. Last year they were called upon to suppress the dressmakers, who lined up in serried ranks inside the main entrance and made progress for the rich and well-dressed a hazardous undertaking. However (says the *Sun*), it was nothing uncommon to see one of these persons spot a well-known society woman at the Madison Avenue entrance, get in her wake, and then follow her the length of the amphitheatre, jotting down valuable pointers as to her clothing. "These dressmakers," explained a well-known tailor, "are from the East and West Sides, and from Harlem. They can not get a line on the styles promoted by the swell Fifth Avenue dressmakers except at the Horse Show, so they come here looking for points. It is safe to say that they will reproduce them later for the benefit of their patrons, and will be well paid for their trouble."

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, the new Speaker of the House of Representatives, has abandoned his hotel quarters in Washington, D. C., and taken a handsome house on Vermont Avenue, where he is now established for the season. Miss Helen Cannon, who will be the head of her father's household, is eminently fitted for the rôle of leading lady in congressional circles, a place that will be hers by right and precedent. Miss Cannon, although unmarried, will have the same rank enjoyed in past years by Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Henderson. The wife of the Speaker of the House is exempt from all first calls, except upon the wife of the President and the wife of the Vice-President. She takes precedence of all congressional hostesses, and may, if she chooses, decline to return all visits except to the Supreme Court, Cabinet, and diplomatic

circles. Miss Cannon being young, healthy, amiable, and fond of society in its best sense, may not avail herself of the advantages of her new position, but being an experienced woman of the world will be keenly alive to the same. It will be the duty of the wives or daughters of her father's associates in Congress to call on her. In official society the etiquette of visiting is the reverse of that in most communities, the new-comer making all the advances and the junior matron or maid calling on her senior, the order of precedence being established by seniority in office of the husband or father of the visitor. Therefore, the wife or daughter of a new member of Congress arriving in Washington must call promptly on the wife, or, in the present case, the daughter of the Speaker of the House, the wives of the senior representatives and senators from her own State, and also the wives of the Cabinet officers. After that, if she is socially inclined and energetic, she may call on any other woman of the congressional circle.

Speaker Cannon's wife, by the way, died many years ago. A. Maurice Low, in a recent article in *Harper's Weekly*, gives this version of how Cannon won his wife and his first election, for State's attorney, by the same coup. Cannon comes of Quaker parents, to whom dancing and other innocent amusements were anathema. For some reason that no one has ever yet been able to explain—perhaps it was in the blood derived from a long-forgotten ancestor and had to come out—young Joe was passionately fond of dancing, and many a night after the old folks had gone to bed the lad, togged out in his best and most un-Quakerlike garments, stole off to village dances, where he always had the prettiest girls for his partners, as his tersichorean skill was acknowledged even by his rivals. And then the young fellow fell in love, head over heels in love, with Mary Reed, a girl of unusual beauty and still more unusual character and intellect. But although she smiled on him, she wanted something more for a husband than a mere dancer. When Joe discovered the state of affairs, he did some serious thinking. Mary Reed's brother was the opposition candidate for State's attorney, and the problem Joe had to face was this: if he ran and was beaten Mary would have only contempt for him, for he knew enough of women to know that they, even more than men, worship success; and, on the other hand, if he won, Mary would be bitter against him for having defeated her brother. Cannon wrestled with that problem for several nights, trying to find a way out of the maze, and finally came to the conclusion that success would atone for everything. He went into the campaign and won, and his reward was the hand of the girl he loved and the friendship of the man he defeated. To Mrs. Cannon, who died many years ago, Mr. Cannon owes much. For years they studied together; and if to-day Mr. Cannon knows more about more things of practical value than any other man in Congress, it is because of those early years of his married life when the woman of his heart was his teacher.

The Philadelphia *Record* declares that a young society matron of Philadelphia has instituted a novel sort of dinner. Ten young women have formed themselves into a sort of club, the mission of which is to give a very elaborate dinner once a month. The dinners are held at the different members' houses, but the hostess provides the servants and the flowers only. The novelty of the club is in the way the food is provided. Each girl is intrusted with one course of the menu. It is her duty to decide what it shall be, and arrange with the cook as to how she wishes it to be served. When all the guests are seated at the table, the butler announces every course by the title of the young woman who ordered and paid for it. There are charming little menus, too, on which are written "Soup à la Marie Wharton," "Rôti à la Edith Burden," etc., which show who was responsible for every course. The interest that is shown in the preparation and catering of these club dinners is very striking. Each girl tries to make her course the best and most popular, and in the evening votes are cast as to which was the most successful course.

The New York *Evening Post* says that only two hotels in New York refuse to keep their register of guests open and publicly accessible. These are the Fifth Avenue and the Waldorf-Astoria. The Fifth Avenue is a favorite resort of politicians, and its guests sometimes prefer not to have it known that

they are there. The Waldorf-Astoria has made its way with social leaders, captains of industry, and with important and unimportant persons. The books there are not accessible to the public; lists of guests can not be transcribed. This is not only intended as a protection to the guests, but as a protection to the office staff. Many business houses send circulars to "hotel arrivals" when they can get the names, and at the Waldorf this would mean each morning the sorting of some fifteen hundred additional pieces of mail. The law only requires that a register be accurately kept, so that the police or authorized officers of government may consult it.

The New York *Tribune's* Paris correspondent points out a case now before the Seine tribunal showing the danger not infrequently incurred by respectable but thoughtless American women in the course of their visits to Paris. The facts are as follows: In the summer the wife of a rich Paris banker became acquainted at a watering-place with a young man named Mayer, with whom she made a sentimental but innocent moonlight journey through a local park. The pair were suddenly approached by a park-keeper, who intimated that he must prosecute them. Ultimately he agreed to accept a bribe of 150,000 francs. In the moonlight the banker's wife thereupon signed a bill for 150,000 francs, and also handed to the park-keeper her jewels, worth 40,000 francs. The next day she found that she had been the victim of a plot laid by Mayer and the pseudo-park-keeper, who was merely Mayer's accomplice. Mayer was arrested on a charge of blackmailing, and will be tried in Paris. His accomplice is still at large.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie
District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain- fall.	State of Weather.
November 19th....	60	50	.25	Cloudy
" 20th....	62	56	2.38	Rain
" 21st....	64	58	.15	Cloudy
" 22d....	60	58	.00	Cloudy
" 23d....	64	56	.02	Cloudy
" 24th....	58	54	.00	Clear
" 25th....	—	—	—	—

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Tuesday, November 25, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Closed
	Shares.	Bid. Asked
Cal. Central G. E.		
5%	3,000 @ 106	106½
N. R. of Cal. 5%	11,000 @ 114½	114½
Oakland Transit		
5%	3,000 @ 108½	109
S. F. & S. J. Valley		
Ry. 5%	10,000 @ 116¾	117
S. P. R. of Arizona		
6% 1909	10,000 @ 107½-107¾	107½ 108
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%	4,000 @ 104½	104½ 105
1906	10,000 @ 114%	114% 115%
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%	3,000 @ 106¾-107	107 107½
S. V. Water 6%	10,000 @ 105¾	105¾ 107
S. V. Water 4%	8,000 @ 99	98¾
	STOCKS.	Closed
	Shares.	Bid. Asked
Water.		
Contra Costa	40 @ 40	39¾ 42
Spring Valley W. Co	708 @ 39-40	39 39¾
Powders.		
Giant Con.	15 @ 66	66 66½
Sugars.		
Hawaiian C. & S.	60 @ 44	43
Honokaa S. Co.	50 @ 13	12 13
Hutchinson.	110 @ 10-10½	10 10½
Makaweli S. Co.	20 @ 23¾	22 24
Pauahau S. Co.	200 @ 15	14½ 15½
Gas and Electric.		
S. F. Gas & Electric	760 @ 68¾-69¾	68¾ 69
Trustees Certificates.		
S. F. Gas & El'ctric	175 @ 69-69¾	68 68½
Miscellaneous.		
Alaska Packers ...	140 @ 142½-147	143 145
Cal. Fruit Cannery.	20 @ 92	92 94
Cal. Wine Assn.	90 @ 91-92¼	91¾ 92½

The water stocks have been in good demand; Spring Valley Water selling up to 40, Contra Costa Water to 40.

Giant Powder sold up to 66, a gain of two points. Alaska Packers on sales of 140 shares sold off five and one half points to 142½, closing at 143 bid, 145 asked.

The sugars were weaker, about 450 shares changing hands at fractional declines.

San Francisco Gas and Electric on sales of 760 shares has about held its own in price, closing at 68½ bid, 69 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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THE
Argonaut
CLUBBING LIST FOR 1903

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.25
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.10
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	5.50
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Out West.....	5.25

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"That fellow," said Alfred Henry Lewis, the other day, when a certain well-known Tammany man was mentioned, "puts up a good bluff, but there is nothing to him. Open the front door and you are in his back yard."

Alexandre Dumas's good-natured vanity was so undistinguished that his famous son once said of him in his presence: "My father is so vain that he is capable of standing in livery behind his own carriage to make people think he sports a negro footman."

Maclyn Arhuckle, once a great favorite here with the Frawley company, recently received a mysterious package at his hotel in Chicago. It was about a pint of yellowish, scented dust—evidently a toilet preparation, and for a week Mr. Arhuckle used it after shaving with a great sense of relief. He had about exhausted the supply when he received a letter from the proprietor calling attention to the box, and saying: "Now that you have had a chance to try it thoroughly will you favor us with a testimonial for our Great Imperial Breakfast Food—sample box sent you a week ago?"

Commenting on his first meeting with James McNeill Whistler, Mark Twain is reported as saying: "I was introduced to Mr. Whistler in his studio in London. I had heard that the painter was an incorrigible joker, and I was determined to get the better of him, if possible. So at once I put on my most hopelessly stupid air, and I drew near the canvas that Mr. Whistler was completing. 'That aint had,' I said; 'it aint had, only here in this corner'—and I made as if to rub out a cloud effect with my finger. 'I'd do away with that cloud if I was you,' Whistler cried, nervously: 'Gad, sir, be careful there. Don't you see the paint is not dry?' 'Oh, that don't matter,' said I; 'I've got my gloves on.' We got on well together after that."

The veteran actor, Joseph Jefferson, is fond of relating this story of an election in Colorado, where the women vote on the school question: A lady came to the place of registration, one morning, to qualify herself for suffrage at the coming election. "With what political party do you affiliate?" asked the clerk, sonorously. The lady blushed, started, and was evidently much embarrassed. "Must I answer?" she asked. "Yes, madam," said the clerk; "you must answer if you would vote." "Well," she replied; "I don't think I'll vote then, for it is nobody's business what the party's name is, but I don't mind telling you that he is a candidate for school trustee, and he is one of the nicest men I ever met."

Representative Livernash, of California, who sits near the rear of the House, walked down the centre aisle, the other day, on a question of personal privilege. He said California wanted to call the attention of the sisterhood of States to the fact that the President in dealing with the Panama situation was infringing on the rights of the House. Republican Leader Payne made a point of order. Speaker Cannon told Representative Livernash that he should present his complaint in the form of a resolution, and that it then would come within the rules. "I can not do that until I read this statement," said Representative Livernash, waving a few sheets of manuscript. "If the gentleman is so unfortunate as to be unable to express his question of privilege in a resolution, then he can not come within the rules of the House," observed Speaker Cannon, mildly. And that settled it.

In a recent number of *Cornhill Magazine*, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie says that Miss Horace Smith told her father a story on which she declared Thackeray based the opening chapters of "Pendennis." It concerned a family living in Brighton, somewhere near Kemp Town. There was a somewhat autocratic father and a romantic young son who had lost his heart to the housemaid, and determined to marry her. The father made the young man give his word of honor that he would not marry clandestinely, and then, having dismissed him, rang the bell for the butler. To the butler this Major Pendennis said: "Morgan" (or whatever his name was), "I wish you to retire from my service, but I will give you two hundred pounds in bank-notes if you will marry the house-

maid before twelve o'clock to-morrow." The butler said, "Certainly, sir," and the young man next morning was told of the event which had occurred. Miss Smith adds that a melancholy and sensational event immediately followed; for the poor young fellow was so overwhelmed that he rushed out and distractedly hlew his brains out on the downs behind the house, and the butler meanwhile, having changed his two hundred pounds, sent a message to say that he had omitted to mention that he had a wife already, and that this would doubtless invalidate the ceremony he had just gone through with the housemaid.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Her Annual Fall Cleaning.

Maud Muller on an autumn day
Rak'd all the fallen leaves away,
(I'd hate to tell what Maudie said
Next morn when rising from her bed,
And looking from her window fond
Another layer on the ground).

—Philadelphia Press.

A Simple Evolution Theory.

I do believe with all my heart
That dogs as little puppies start.
That tiny kittens cats will make
If they the proper method take.

That eggs change into cock or hen,
And baby-boys turn into men.
And apes now swinging on the trees
Had parent apes for centuries.

But oh, confusion worse confounded!
This theory wise men have sounded:
That dog and cat and cock and hen,
And little apes and great big men,

Were all one time mixed up together,
And knew not which was which, nor whether
The dog would be a crowing hen,
Or man an ape, or apes be men.

—Anna Temple Whitney in Independent.

Our Panama.

Our men-of-war patrol your shore, Panama;
You needn't worry any more, Panama;
Though others long to spill your gore,
Make faces at them—let them roar;
But don't you care, your trouble's o'er,
Panama, our Panama.

Hark to Colombia's angry shriek, Panama!
It echoes forth from peak to peak, Panama—
But there's an eagle with a beak—
He once was rather mild and meek,
This eagle bird of which we speak,
Panama, our Panama.

He's got his eye on you to-day, Panama—
He aint a-shriekin', but he may, Panama—
He's given up the modest way,
He's soarin' rather proud and gay—
Fling out your flag—hip, hip, hooray!
Panama, our Panama.

We'll dig the ditch and charge the toll,
Panama;
We'll have it under our control, Panama—
You've got Colombia in a hole—
The joke's on her—fill up the bowl—
Here's to you, bless your little soul!
Panama, our Panama.

So don't you worry, don't you care, Pan-
ama;
Let others touch you if they dare, Panama;
For you the future stretches fair—
But if you should go in the air—
Well, don't you worry, we'll be there,
Panama, our Panama.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

'Tis Folly to Be Wise.

"Jevver see Max Elliott in 'The On'y Way'?"

"No, I never seen him. Did you?"

"No. I wuz goin' to, but Jim he took me to a dance instead. They played the grandest two-step. It was 'Annie Ona.' Jevver hear it?"

"No, hut I heard 'High Water.'"

"'Annie Ona's' a companion to that. The same man wrote 'em both.'"

"'Atween theatre and dancin' I could jis' go crazy.'"

"I don't know why they ever called that play 'East Linn' for, d'you?"

"Aint that jis' a gran' play? I seen it three times, an' ev'ry time I 'most hellered my eyes out.'"

"I used to like James K. Hatchet till he got married to May Manning."

"I did, too. But aint his inishinals J. J.?"

"Oh, you're thinkin' of Corbin, the prize fighter—James J. Corbin."

"Oh, yes. Jevver see E. H. Northern?"

"What'd he play? I don't remember."

"'In the King's Palace,' wasn't it?"

"Oh, no. Violet Allen played that."

"Oh, yes, of course she did. D'you read much?"

"Oh, quite a bit. I read 'Mrs. Wiggins in Her Cabbage Patch.'"

"Jevver read the equal—'Lovely Mary'?"

"No. Is it out? I mus' git it."

"I'm readin' Libby Jean Laury's last."

"Aint she jis' gran'?"

"Yes, indeed. I finished Mary J. Clay's 'English Orphans' the other day. It was awful sad."

"Jevver read 'Richard Carver'?"

"Let's see—did the same woman write that that wrote 'Dora Haddon from Vernon Hall'?"

"I don't know. But I think so. I never bother 'bout who writes the books. It's so significant."

"It is so. Jevver see Nat Elliott and Maxon Goodwin in 'Our Twenty-First Birthday'?"

"No, hut I seen Annie Hobbs in 'Miss Russell.' An' when it comes to N'York I'm goin' to see 'The Fading Light.' That's from a book by Barnard Kipling. Jevver read his pome, 'The Hag'?"

"Is that the one about the—the switch?"

"The what?"

"The switch. Don't it begin, 'A rag, a bone, an' a switch'?"

"No, not a switch. 'It's on'y a rag, a bone an' a hunch o' hair—don't you rimerber how it goes'?"

"I thought it wuz somethin' like that. Oh, there goes Hortense. I want to see her about somethin'. Goo-hy."

"Goo-hy."—Albert J. Klinck in Life.

Infants Thrive

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Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Doric.....Tuesday, Dec. 22
Coptic.....Friday, Jan. 15, 1904
Gaelic.....Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1904
Doric (Calling at Manila).....Saturday, Feb. 5, 1904

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK-SOUTHAMPTON-LONDON.
Phil'd'phia Dec. 5, 9, 30 am | New York, Dec. 19, 9, 30 am
St. Louis, Dec. 12, 9, 30 am | St. Paul, Dec. 26, 9, 30 am
Philadelphia-Queensdown-Liverpool.
Noordland, Dec. 5, 9 am | Maroon, Dec. 26, 2, 30 pm
Friesland, Dec. 12, 3, 30 pm | West'land, Jan. 2, 9 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK-LONDON DIRECT.
Mesaba, Dec. 5, 9 am | Menominee, Dec. 19, 9 am
Min'et'nka, Dec. 12, noon | Min'apolis, Dec. 26, 10 am
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

Montreal-Liverpool-Short sea passage.
Cambrian, Dec. 5 | Canada, Jan. 2
Cambrian, Dec. 19 | Dominion, Jan. 23

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK-ANTWERP-PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 10, 30 a. m.
Finland, Dec. 5 | Kronland, Dec. 19
Vandaland, Dec. 12 | Zealand, Dec. 26

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK-QUEENSTOWN-LIVERPOOL.
Cedric, Dec. 2, 2, 30 pm | Teutonic, Dec. 23, noon
Arabic, Dec. 9, 9, 30 am | Cedric, Dec. 30, 1 pm
Oceanic, Dec. 16, 4 pm | Majestic, Jan. 6, noon
Boston-Queenstown-Liverpool.
Cretic, Dec. 10, Jan. 14, Feb. 11
Cymric, Dec. 24, Jan. 28, Feb. 25

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES-GIBRALTAR-NAPLES-GENOA.
Romanic, Dec. 5, Jan. 16, Feb. 27
Republic (new), Jan. 2, Feb. 13, Mar. 26
Canopic, Jan. 9, Mar. 30, May 12
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Hongkong Maru, Thursday, December 3
Nippon Maru, Wednesday, December 30
(Calling at Manila.)
America Maru, Monday, January 25, 1904
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

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Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Nov. 28, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Dec. 1, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, Dec. 10, 1903, at 2 P. M.
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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement has been announced of Miss Lena Hollida Sefton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sefton, and Mr. Franklin Webster Wakefield. The wedding is to take place on December 29th at the First Presbyterian Church in San Diego.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Miss Alice Beach McComas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll McComas, formerly of this city, to Mr. Charles P. Gray, which took place Thursday, November 12th, in New York. After December 1st Mr. and Mrs. Gray will be at home at 681 Degraw Street, Brooklyn.

The wedding of Miss Caroline Ayres, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor P. Ayres, and Mr. Dennis Searles will take place at the home of Miss Ayres's parents, 2127 California Street, on the evening of January 6th at nine o'clock.

The wedding of Miss Juliet Willbur Tompkins and Mr. Emery Pottle took place in Grace Church, New York, last Saturday. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Huntington, only a few intimate friends being present. Mr. and Mrs. Pottle will go to Virginia on their wedding journey, and upon their return to New York will reside at 418 West Twentieth Street.

The wedding of Miss Grace Garoutte, daughter of Judge and Mrs. C. H. Garoutte, and Mr. Richard H. Hovey, son of Mr. Chester L. Hovey, took place last Saturday afternoon at the Unitarian Church in Berkeley. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by Rev. Dr. White. Miss Amy Garoutte was her sister's maid of honor, Miss Paula Wolff and Miss Rachel Hovey were the bridesmaids. Mr. Charles Suydam was the best man, and Mr. Rudolph Bertheau and Mr. Chester Haskell acted as ushers. The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, and, later in the day, Mr. and Mrs. Hovey departed on their wedding journey. They will reside in San Francisco on their return.

The wedding of Miss Elsie Beatrice Bennet, daughter of Mrs. Charles A. Bennet, of Oakland, and Mr. William Lynham Shiels took place on Monday at the Church of the Advent, East Oakland. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. William Carson Shaw, and only immediate relatives were present. After the ceremony, Mr. Shiels and his bride departed for "Petit Trianon," the country place of Dr. and Mrs. George Franklin Shiels at San Mateo. Upon their return, in a fortnight, they will reside at 1318 Jackson Street, Oakland, where Mr. Shiels has leased a house.

The wedding of Miss Mary Harrington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Harrington, and Lieutenant-Commander Albert P. Nihlack, U. S. N., took place at the home of the bride's parents on California Street on Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock. Owing to the serious illness of the bride's father, the wedding invitations were recalled, and only a few intimate friends and relatives attended the wedding. Commander Nihlack returns to Honolulu to-day (Saturday).

The wedding of Miss Georgette Champlain Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Smith, and Mr. Frederick Palmer took place at the home of the bride's parents on Devisadero Street on Wednesday. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Wilson, and was witnessed by only the relatives and near friends of the family. Miss Emily Outout, of Fresno, was the maid of honor, and Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton acted as best man. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer will reside in San Francisco.

The first dance of "The Assembly," formerly known as La Jeunesse, took place in the new hall-room of the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening, and proved a brilliant affair. The guests were received by Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. B. H. McCalla, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, and Mrs. W. G. Irwin. Supper was served at midnight at round tables in the Maple and Marble Halls, and later dancing was resumed and continued till a late hour. Among the debutantes who were present were Miss

Gertrude Dutton, Miss Maylita Pease, Miss Ethel Kent, Miss Elsie Tallant, Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Florence Gibbons, Miss Newell Drown, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Lucy Coleman, Miss Alice Sullivan, Miss Margaret Postlethwaite, Miss Livermore, Miss Dorothy Durstan, Miss Mattie Milton, Miss Selfridge, and Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith. The assembly was preceded by several dinner-parties, notably those given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mr. and Mrs. George D. Toy.

Mrs. Grayson Dutton gave a luncheon in honor of her sister, Mrs. Charles Kindelberger, and Miss Gertrude Dutton on Monday. Others at table were Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mrs. Douglas Watson, Mrs. John Rodgers Clark, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. Thomas Benton Daragh, Mrs. Paul Bancroft, Mrs. George Beardsley, Mrs. Stafford Parker, Miss Bernie Drown, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Patricia Cosgrave, Miss Woods, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Huntsman, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Elizabeth Cole, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, Miss Ednah Robinson, and Miss Ardella Mills.

Miss Frances McKinstry gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Margaret Wilson and Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, at which she entertained Miss Helen Bowie, the Misses de Guigne, the Misses Parrott, Miss Ada Sullivan, Miss Alice Sullivan, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman, Miss Margaret Postlethwaite, Miss Helen Chesbrough, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, and Miss Elsie Tallant.

A farewell dinner is being arranged at the Bohemian Club in honor of Mr. Orrin Peck and Mr. Amadee Joulain. They both leave San Francisco soon. Mr. Joulain goes to Paris, where he will remain for quite a lengthy period. Mr. Peck talks of revisiting his old haunts at Munich.

Miss Elsie Tallant made her debut last Saturday afternoon at a tea given by her mother, Mrs. John Tallant, and her aunt, Mrs. F. W. Tallant, the hours being from three until seven o'clock. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Austin C. Tuhhs, Mrs. William B. Tuhhs, Mrs. H. Alston Williams, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. Ryland Wallace, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Edward Pond, Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. George Hellman, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Suzanne Blanding, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, Miss Ruth Allen, Miss Elizabeth Allen, Miss Margaret Wilson, and Miss Pearl Landers.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson have sent out cards for a tea to be given at their residence on Van Ness Avenue on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cutler Bigelow will open their new residence on Jackson Street and Central Avenue with a tea on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Charles D. Farquharson gave a euchre-party at her residence on Jackson Street on Monday, when she entertained Mrs. Douglas Watson, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. Frederick Kimball, Mrs. George Boardman, Mrs. Hilda Baxter, Mrs. George Sperry, Mrs. H. Alston Williams, Mrs. Charles Welch, Mrs. Middleton, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. Gerstle, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Frederick Lake, Mrs. Daniel Drysdale, Mrs. Cary Friedlander, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Frank Bates, Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, Mrs. Edward Pond, and Miss Bolton.

Mrs. J. Lowenberg gave an entertainment last Friday afternoon at her home, 1950 California Street. The programme consisted of a talk by Mrs. Lou V. Chapin and violin selections by Mr. Natrop Blumenfeld.

The Pacific Union Club, as has been its custom for many years, entertained its members at luncheon on Thanksgiving Day.

Death of Julian Rix.

Julian Rix, the well-known artist, died last week in New York City as the result of an operation for kidney trouble. He was fifty-three years of age at the time of his death. Julian Rix was one of the prominent members of the Bohemian Club, and an associate of Joe Strong and Jules Tavernier. He was a pupil of the latter. Rix showed great talent as a landscape artist, but, as is often the case in San Francisco, met with inadequate recognition here. Therefore, as long ago as 1882, he left San Francisco. He was one of three guests at a famous dinner still remembered in the Bohemian Club, the honored Bohemians being himself, Mr. Charles Dungan, and Mr. Fred Somers, then one of the editors of the *Argonaut*, and now dead for a number of years. Rix made a great success in New York City, and was one of the most prosperous of the California artists there. He never married, but is survived by three brothers, all living in this city.

Applied Art Works.

We find among the beautiful Christmas goods at O'Hara & Livermore's a decided novelty in the use of peacock eyes, inset as a part of the decoration of their charming desk sets, book covers, and post-folios. This gives an unusual and striking effect that in the greens and blues is very pleasing. Among the endless number of other artistic and useful articles this firm is famous for making, there are some most elaborate and beautiful pieces of work in leather and the old Chinese embroideries combined, in bags, boxes, frames, books, and photograph cases. These, and a large variety of other articles for ornament and use, especially suitable for holiday gifts for hachelors, may be found at O'Hara & Livermore's, 354 Sutter Street.

The Fruit and Flower Mission.

On Tuesday, the *Argonaut* received through the mail a fifty-dollar note, the annual Thanksgiving offering of M. R. and M. F. to the Fruit and Flower Mission, with this modest little note:

SAN FRANCISCO, November 23, 1903.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The enclosed fifty dollars, together with best wishes for a bountiful Thanksgiving Day, the undersigned would thank you to receive in behalf of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission.

Respectfully, M. R.-M. F.

The money was at once forwarded to the treasurer of the Mission, who in acknowledging its receipt, inclosed a note of thanks to the generous donor. Inasmuch as we still have no idea of the identity or address of "M. R.-M. F.," our only means of delivering the message is by printing it, which we do herewith:

SAN FRANCISCO, November 25, 1903.

TO OUR FRIEND AND BENEFACTOR, M. R.-M. F.: The Thanksgiving season is at hand again, and it is with feelings of deepest gratitude and appreciation that we have to acknowledge through the columns of the *Argonaut*, the receipt of our usual donation from M. R.-M. F.

Our anonymous friend—or friends—has certainly given us repeated assurance of the deep interest manifested in the work of our association; and the generous donation, so modestly sent, enables the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission to make many of the sick poor happy and comfortable at this Thanksgiving time.

On behalf of the association it is my privilege to extend to our friends our heartfelt thanks.

Very sincerely yours,

EDNA R. BAUER, Treasurer.

St. Luke's Twenty-Minute Society.

The annual reception and sale of St. Luke's Twenty-Minute Society will be held in the parish rooms of the church on Wednesday afternoon and evening. The high standard of this annual bazaar is well known, and it has been the aim and desire of the president, Mrs. Philip Caduc, notwithstanding almost overwhelming odds, to make it even more attractive than in past years. In this she has been aided by many faithful and earnest workers. Many interesting features will be added. There will be good music under the direction of Mr. Wallace A. Sabin, choir-master of St. Luke's. There will be the usual tables, presided over by Mrs. Brownell, Mrs. J. D. Ruggles, Mrs. J. Goddard Clark, Mrs. E. A. Belcher, Mrs. R. C. Pell, Miss Sarah D. Hamlin, Mrs. C. E. Gibbs, Mrs. John Gray, and Mrs. Sidney Worth.

The reception committee is composed of Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, Mrs. Sidney Van Wyck, Mrs. Marshall Hale, Mrs. J. B. Clifford, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. H. C. Davis, Mrs. Henry L. Davis, Mrs. A. S. Rodgers, Mrs. R. J. Anderson, Mrs. Brownell, Mrs. A. Weihe, Miss Gibbs, Miss Morrison, Miss Pease, Miss Middleton, Miss Carolan, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Miss Sullivan, Miss Davis, Miss Van Sicken, Miss Allen, and Miss Ruth Anderson.

E. F. Gerald, a prominent member of the Pacific-Union Club, died last week at his home in Alameda, after a brief illness of four days from pneumonia. Mr. Gerald was for many years freight auditor of the Southern Pacific Company, retiring with the change in ownership not long ago. He was a man of the most genial and kindly disposition, and his loss is keenly felt by his friends.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS and visiting-cards engraved to suit the tastes of the most select trade. Latest society note-paper and holiday papeteries now on display. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant were among the guests at a large house-party last week at "Ophir Farm," the country place of Mr. and Mrs. Whitclaw Reid, on the Hudson, near New York City.

Dr. and Mrs. John Hemphill, who expect to leave for Australia early in the year, will give up their handsome house on Broadway for four months.

Mrs. Horace B. Chase was in town for a few days during the week.

Mr. J. Downey Harvey and Mr. Walter S. Martin have returned from a brief trip to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean and Miss Helen Dean departed on Monday for New York, where they expect to spend the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood have returned from their extended sojourn in Europe and the East.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has been in Southern California during the week.

Mr. H. M. D. Spencer was in New York during the week.

Mrs. George A. Crux, since the sudden death of her mother, has been residing in San José with her father, Dr. P. M. Lussan, at the corner of Second and San Fernando Streets.

Mrs. George Howard, of San Mateo, has returned from abroad and taken Mr. Charles Bier's house at 1827 Clay Street for the winter months.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge, who have been at Santa Barbara the past few weeks, will spend the winter at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall have returned from their European trip, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Oscar Long arrived from Washington, D. C., last week, and will spend the winter at Piedmont during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Regua in the Hawaiian Islands.

Mrs. D. D. Colton and Mrs. Martin arrived last week from Washington, D. C. They will spend the winter here and in the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, who have spent the greater part of the past two years in Paris, have returned to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Shotwell left for the East and New Orleans on Wednesday. They expect to return about January 10th.

Mrs. Horace Hill returned last week from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Hecht were in New York during the week.

Judge W. W. Morrow will depart for Washington, D. C., on December 1st to attend a meeting of the trustees of the Carnegie Institute.

Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent spent several days in town this week.

Mrs. Alfred Voorhies has returned from her trip to Charleston and Baltimore, where she visited her daughter, Mrs. Guy Scott.

Mrs. Hugh Tevis is spending the winter in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Among the arrivals at the Hotel Rafael during the past week were the following: Miss Elma Hinton, of Galveston, Mr. John U. Hohoch, of Philadelphia, Mr. N. H. Winchell, of Minneapolis, Mr. and Mrs. Mendell Welcker, of Berkeley, Mrs. C. O. Swanberg, Mr. James A. Snook, Mr. B. G. Mantel, Mr. E. J. Benedict, Mr. Edward C. Landes, Mr. Milton R. Hall, Mr. R. H. Wells, Mr. J. M. Gleaves, Mr. W. G. Anderson, Mr. W. V. Bryan, Mr. W. K. Fletcher, Mr. Joseph Thompson, Mr. Ray White, Mr. R. H. Hunt, Mr. Julian Eisenbach, and Mr. F. G. Olsen.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

The Senate on November 23d confirmed the following nominations as brigadier-generals in the army: Jared A. Smith, Jacob B. Rawles, Stephen W. Groesbeck, John R. Myrick, Louis H. Rucker, Theodore A. Baldwin, William P. Rogers, Peter C. Hains, John H. Page, Charles A. Woodruff, William L. Haskin, Charles W. Miner, James M. J. Sannow, Charles W. Rohe, James W. Reilly, Edwin B. Atwood, Frank G. Smith, George B. Rodney, Almond B. Wells, Peter J. A. Cleary, and John B. Babcock.

Colonel Alfred G. Girard, Medical Department, U. S. A., will return early in the new year from the Philippines, where he will be succeeded as chief surgeon by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry S. Kilburne, U. S. A., who sails for his new station on December 1st.

Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Torney is the new chief surgeon on the staff of General Arthur MacArthur at army headquarters.

Major George W. Ruthers, U. S. A., has been detailed as chief commissary of the Department of the California, relieving Major Charles R. Krauthoff, U. S. A., who will now be able to devote his entire attention to the duties of depot commissary.

Captain Henry A. Webber, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from further duty in the Philippines and ordered to Fort Walla Walla.

Lieutenant Herbert G. Shaw, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Riley, and ordered to the Philippines. He will sail for Manila about January 1st.

San Francisco Shopping.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

Concert at the Art Institute.

At the promenade concert given at the Hopkins Institute of Art on Wednesday evening under the direction of Henry Heyman, the soloists were Miss Beulah George, soprano; Miss Madeline Todd, violinist; F. Dudley Moss, haritone; Miss Elizabeth Howard, accompanist for Miss Todd; Miss Daisy B. Jacobs, accompanist for Mr. Moss; and Otto Fleissner, organist. Following was the programme:

Organ, "Allegro Maestoso," Mendelssohn, Otto Fleissner; song, "A Flower's Sorrow," Coverly, F. Dudley Moss; violin, "Andante Cantabile," Spanghetti, Miss Madeline Todd; aria from "Carmen," "Qui Dei Contrabandier," Bizet, Miss Beulah George; organ, "Invocation," Capocci, Otto Fleissner; song, "Until You Came," John W. Metcalf, F. Dudley Moss; violin, "Romanze," Wilhelmj, Miss Madeline Todd; song, "Summer," Chaminade, Miss Beulah George; organ, "Marche Militaire," Barnes, Otto Fleissner.

The next and last concert of this series will take place on Thursday evening, when the fall art exhibition comes to a close.

Cecil Cowles' Concert.

Cecil Cowles, a precocious pianist of nine years of age, and one of Hugo Mansfeldt's most brilliant pupils, will give a recital at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening, when she will offer the following programme, which includes two of her own compositions:

Fantasia, D-minor, Mozart; fantasia, E-minor, Cecil Cowles; impromptu, Cecil Cowles; fuge, op. 5, No. 3, Rheinberger; Arabesque, op. 18, Schumann; Vogel als Prophet, op. 82, No. 7, Schumann; Papillons, op. 2, Schumann; Romance pathétique, No. 1, E-major, Floersheim; "Frühlingsrauschen," op. 32, No. 3, Sinding; Intermezzo, op. 110, No. 1, Brahms; waltz, E-minor, posthumous, Chopin; étude, op. 25, No. 2, Chopin; Humoresque, op. 101, No. 7, Dvorak; Humoresque, op. 101, No. 1, Dvorak.

Miss Ingeborg Resch-Petersen, a Swedish singer, who has appeared with such famous artists as Gade, Sinding, and Grieg, is visiting this city, and has issued invitations for an afternoon of music at Lyric Hall, on next Saturday. Miss Petersen's programme is very interesting, as she makes a specialty of the charming folk-songs of Scandinavia. Miss Ramus, talented violinist, whose brother, Dr. Ramus, is at the United States Marine Hospital here, will assist, and Fred Mauer will be at the piano.

With eight additional musicians just arrived from Europe, Ellery's Royal Italian Band will begin a return engagement at the Alhambra Theatre on Sunday night, December 6th. The repertoire of the band will embrace a great variety of music, and some fine special nights are being arranged. The opening night will be devoted mainly to compositions of the modern Italian composers, a magnificent selection from Puccini's "La Tosca" being one of the features.

Mrs. Arristine Schultz will give a song recital on Thursday afternoon at Century Hall, at half after two o'clock. She will be assisted by Arthur Weiss, cellist, and Gyula Ormy, pianist. A very interesting programme will be given. Among other numbers, Mrs. Schultz will sing two new songs by Shafter-Howard.

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VOL. LIII. No. 1395.

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An event of the highest political importance in its bearing upon the nomination and election of Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidency is the conference between Senator Platt and Governor Odell at Washington last week.

New York, politically, is the most important State in the Union. It has thirty-nine electoral votes, almost one-twelfth of the whole number. It has more than California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, and Colorado combined. Generally speaking, its loss by a Presidential nominee means defeat. And New York is admittedly a doubtful State in the next contest. Its Republican governor, Odell, is reported to have said some weeks ago: "The outlook for next year is not bright. It could hardly be worse for the Republicans. Unless something is done in a hurry to stir up the party, especially in New York City, we are

going to lose the State. It is of no use to disguise the situation, and talk about harmony. There is too much harmony." Odell himself was elected last year by only nine thousand votes. McClellan's great victory in New York and Brooklyn encourages Democratic leaders to believe that they can wipe out this small majority. "To overcome such odds [by the "up-State" vote] the Republican leaders will have the struggle of their lives," exclaims the independent New York Evening Post.

It was these disturbing conditions that gave peculiar importance to the rumors of still more strained relations between Governor Odell and Senator Platt. If, under the best of circumstances, New York was doubtful, it was hopeless with a faction fight on between these two towers of political strength. The conditions have long been anomalous. Senator Platt is the nominal Republican leader. But it is said that at the legislative session last year he tried conclusions with Odell and it was not Odell who went down in defeat. Still, Platt has much strength. The President has treated him, in the distribution of patronage, as the real power in the State. It is said that the President has not had implicit confidence in Odell. His preference for Platt has been very marked.

Such a state of affairs, with a Presidential campaign approaching, Governor Odell found intolerable. He announced that he was going to start a movement for thorough reorganization of the Republican party in the State in order to hold New York in the Republican column. This alarmed Platt's henchmen. They sent to Washington for the "Easy Boss." He came to New York, had a conference with Odell, found that they couldn't agree, and Odell is said to have left the meeting in a huff.

Then Mr. Roosevelt took a hand. He had a talk with Platt. Also with State Chairman Dunn. Then he telegraphed Odell to come to Washington. And Odell came—with his fighting clothes on. It is said that he presented to Senator Platt in a two-hour conference the ultimatum—knuckle under or fight. And Senator Platt knuckled under. "A lot of hot bricks were thrown around" is the way one of Platt's men expresses it. More elegantly, the New York Times remarks: "He [Odell] appears to have accomplished his object by the simple exhibition of the strength of his position." Platt is said to have admitted that Odell's contentions were just, to have agreed to turn over the management of the party, to consult him on all questions of detail, and even to resign the title of leader. Governor Odell would not, however, hear of that, and it was agreed that though robbed of power Platt should still be leader in name. He is leader *emeritus*. Then Odell went triumphant to the President. The *Evening Post* describes the then situation thus graphically:

The question which President Roosevelt had to settle after the battle was whether he should recognize the governor as the real Republican leader in New York, or whether he should allow Platt to continue his policy of mischievous meddling. When the President saw the two men before him and measured their strength, he could do nothing but say to Odell—in the hearty dialect of his Montana friends—"You're It."

So, at threescore and ten, after forty years in politics, Thomas Collier Platt is shorn of power. Henceforth he is meekly to take his orders from Benjamin B. Odell, and do everything possible to help along the Republican party—that is the rare and roseate dream. And it is really too bad of the Democratic press to disturb it by hinting that, "though advanced in years and somewhat discredited as a leader, Platt is nevertheless not a man to bear his humiliation with meekness," and that the "prospects of a factional fight" are still "excellent." "Is the old boss really dead after all?" inquires the New York *World*. "Louis the Eleventh rose

from his death-bed and took back the crown from his too-impatient heir. Fuzzy Wuzzy has been found to be 'generally shammin' when he's dead.' And Platt himself has been laid out for burial on several previous occasions, and has always survived to attend the funerals of his undertakers."

Only time will decide beyond peradventure whether these wicked Democratic suspicions are correct or no. It is not too much to say that upon their being proved baseless depends Theodore Roosevelt's chance of winning the State of New York's thirty-nine electoral votes in the fateful year 1904.

For many days a tule fog has been brooding over California. These tule fogs are not like our sea fogs. The sea fogs come from the broad bosom of the vast Pacific. They are salt and healthy and clean. The tule fogs come from the great valley of interior California. They are the product of marsh and bog and fen. We have no use for them, we dwellers on the seashore. We have plenty of nice, clean fog of our own, and the interior can keep its soiled second-hand fog. But every winter the grangers send down this foreign fog, and it sticks to us like fly-paper. The sea fog blows in and out of the Golden Gate. On the wings of the wind it comes and goes, but the land fog sticks and stays.

When the land fog descends on San Francisco Bay, our ferry-boat skippers feel their way through it blindly—first, because there are few lights and buoys in San Francisco Bay, and second, because they have to dodge the moving islands. The San Francisco ferry-boats travel in zones, or fairways, and any decent and self-respecting island should keep out of these channels. But every now and again, Alcatraz, Angel, or Goat Island floats from its moorings, and tries to run down some well-meaning skipper in a double-ended ferry-boat. The latest instance of this was when a North Shore boat bound for Sausalito was proceeding peacefully on its way and Angel Island ran into it. The skipper made a noble effort to dodge the island, but failed. He then tried to climb over it, but as he had left the boat's roller-skates at home, he failed in this also. The passengers strenuously objected to his taking the boat further ashore, and as the Federal shipping laws prevented him from running her on land as an automobile, he was forced to stop.

This is an aggravated instance, but Sausalito luck in ferry-boating is proverbial. Still, this occurrence serves to point again the crying need there is in San Francisco Bay for more lights, beacons, bells, and buoys. Any man who has ever sailed on the Atlantic Coast must have been struck by the difference between that seaboard and our own. When you sail along Long Island Sound at night, you see so many lights stretching in long lines for miles ahead and astern of you, that it looks like a gigantic torchlight procession. When you sail up the Sound by day, the spar-buoys, can-buoys, whistling-buoys, and bell-buoys are equally as numerous. The spar-buoys make the Sound look like an international oyster-bed. The bell-buoys make Long Island resound with sounds like the sound of many church bells. The mournful melody of a bell rung by the irregular action of the waves once heard can never be forgotten. Some prehistoric wit said it reminded him of the lamentations of unhappily married people because it was the moaning of the tied.

Coming from Long Island Sound through Hellgate, through the East River, through Buttermilk Channel, through the Narrows, and out into the open ocean, the sight is equally peculiar. Sailing on a Saturday when the great transatlantic liners set forth loaded down with youth, beauty, American duchesses, the *Four*

Hundred, and seasickness—when scores of other steamers bound for the West Indies, Gulf ports, Central American, and Southern points generally—when such a fleet streams out from the great city, the sight is most peculiar. The ocean is charted out in lanes and alleys, through which the steamers pick their way. As you go along you see a gigantic peg-top iron buoy painted red with white characters on it. Here the steamer turns sharply to the right—it is the corner of Neptune Street and One Hundred and First Avenue. Next comes a black buoy—a black and red—a black and white—a green buoy; here is a sunken wreck. No wonder accidents are rare coming in and out of New York harbor. The ships travel on as regular lines as we do in turning the corner of Kearny and Market Streets.

And so it goes from Bar Harbor to Fire Island Light, from Sandy Hook to Cape May, from Hatteras to Key West. Uncle Sam looks out carefully for the lives of those who go down to the sea in ships—that is, when they go down to the sea on the Atlantic Coast; but when they go down to the sea on the Pacific Coast, they may go down, not only to the sea, but to the bottom of it, or even to Davy Jones's locker, for all that our Uncle Samuel cares.

California pays yearly many millions into the Federal treasury. We pay enormous sums in the shape of custom-house duties, internal-revenue taxes, and post-office receipts. We are paying all the time. If a poverty-stricken grape-grower in the Napa Valley squeezes some of his grapes into a barrel, lets them sour, and attempts to sell the juice without interviewing his Uncle Sam, he always gets into trouble, and generally into jail. If the grape-juice is worth seven dollars a barrel, Uncle Sam collects about five dollars in taxes, and gives the grape-grower the other two.

Now what is the matter with Uncle Sam's spending some of our own good money in lighting up the California coast? It is the foggiest coast in the world, likewise the least lighted. The present writer has sailed from Vancouver to San Diego, and seen nothing but a fog-bank all the way—saw no light, observed no buoy, and heard no bell. The average coastwise skipper along the California coast must sail entirely by dead reckoning and the sense of smell. Most of the skippers know San Francisco by her pungent odors—Chinese, Japanese, sewer, and Dago. As soon as they strike a solid bank of smell sticking out into the Pacific they put the helm hard a-starboard, and in a few moments they pierce the fog-bank and are in the Golden Gate. On the starboard hand the passengers gaze with interest and curiosity at the Point Lobos Lighthouse; on the port hand, they gaze with curiosity and interest at the Point Bonita Lighthouse. Thousands of children in California, reared within sight and sound of the sea, never saw a lighthouse. If Uncle Sam is going to be so stingy with his lighthouses, he ought to put one on exhibition in San Francisco, in order that naval apprentices and boys intending to follow the sea should get to know a lighthouse by sight, so they will not run them down.

And this brings us back to where we started. San Francisco is certainly the most populous place on the Coast, and probably the most foggy. For these, if for no other reasons, Uncle Sam should properly buoy San Francisco Bay. But a further point is that the islands in the harbor are under the control of the War Department. If these distressing collisions continue, great injury to the islands will be caused, and the War Department may even find itself, as the result of erosion, collision, and explosion, shy an island or two.

"Big Tim" Sullivan, the new Democratic member of Congress from the densely populated, polyglot lower East Side of New York City, recently discussed in print the burning question, "How to Succeed in Municipal Politics." It was a masterly effort by an expert—one rich in "straight tips" for all political aspirants, East and West.

"Big Tim," otherwise the Hon. Timothy D. Sullivan, began as a newsboy, at nineteen he went into politics, at twenty-four he was elected to the State assembly, at thirty-two he became State senator, and at forty he went to Congress. The assembly, he says, was his grammar school, the State senate his high school, Congress his college. "The newspapers are my library. I read them all." He wears no Bowery clothes, but a regulation frock coat; never smokes or

drinks; talks little, and is a model husband. And the keynote of success, he says, is to be always "on the level." To this dictum he adds these pregnant words:

Real practical politics doesn't consist of getting hot around the collar early every autumn and calling the other fellows crooks and grafters, and then forgetting to register. In this part of the town the man in politics is selected by the people to look after their interests every month in the year and every day in the month. It annoys them, as it would you, to have people who forget they are alive eleven months out of the year come around the twelfth and ask about their morals. We are the people, and we look after one another. If a hoy is going to the had we give him good counsel to do better. If a man is out of work we hestir ourselves to get him a job. If a neighbor is in hard luck we help him. If he is in good luck we rejoice with him. If his daughter marries we dance at the wedding; if one of his family dies we go to the funeral. The people of the East Side do not say, "Who are those people?" and go coldly on their way when it is a time to mourn, a time to laugh, or a time to be up and doing.

In other words, the Hon. Timothy abhors spasmodic politicians. He loathes those who talk loudly, but forget to subscribe to the relief fund for the distressed widow around the corner. His ideal man for an administrative office is evidently one who makes it his business to exercise a benevolent and fatherly supervision over everybody in his district. And why not? Is it not curious that with all the talk of "reform," of "good government," of "municipal purity," of "civic ideals," so few self-confessed "municipal reformers" should have bethought themselves to gain power by taking a genuine, friendly, human interest in the people of their political divisions? They leave that for the bosses.

"Down with the bosses" is an old cry. Yet nothing is more certain than that a great part of the bosses' power is legitimately gained by looking out for the interests of their people "every month in the year, and every day in the month," as the New York congressman puts it. But why can not citizens of character and standing do this public service as well as persons of indifferent reputation, "out for the stuff"? Why should not politically ambitious and well-intentioned young men "down the bosses" by taking a leaf out of their book—by giving to the personal side of city politics more intelligent and sympathetic attention than do the bosses themselves? Under present conditions, "the devil (as it were) has all the good tunes." The Kellys, Crimmins, Lynches, Buckleys, and Burkes, to take a local illustration, keep in touch with the voters, know what they want, and help them to get it. When they talk they talk concretely. Is not the "higher politician," on the other hand, too prone to talk glittering abstractions about "good government," which fail to warm the cockles of the voters' heart, or win his political regard? A famous preacher's maxim, "If you would save men you must come near them," with slight alteration, will fit city politics as well as religion. It was only because New York's college-president mayor was a person of such peculiarly chilly virtue that the city passed this fall into the hands of men who "look after their constituents."

"Politics is curious," and scarcely anything is more curious than that for a man to be a dilettante in municipal affairs is considered commendable; to be a master—a professional—puts him outside the pale.

Doubtless it would surprise Mr. Sullivan to learn that some of his views on practical politics are indorsed by one of the foremost economists in the country. Richard T. Ely, of Wisconsin University, firmly holds to the belief that the salvation for city government lies in the professional politician. We must, he says, have a class of office-holders. A man should devote his life to municipal administration. And Professor Ely's reasons are plausible. Nowadays, he argues, a man gives his life to railroading, or lumbering, or dry goods, or some other trade or profession. But it is absurd to suppose that because one is a good railroad man he is therefore fitted for the dry-goods business. It is equally absurd, he thinks, to contend that, because one is successful in some line of business, he is therefore fitted for a public office. A man may be a very good farmer, and it would not be expected that he should be able to manage a great railway system. Yet the difference between these two is not greater than that between the management of a railway and the management of a city. The business man in politics is, he holds, usually a misfit. He comes to it with shopkeeper's ideas; he fears to offend old customers; he lacks expert knowledge. And if he does succeed it is apt to be through the guidance of a practical politician.

Then why not elect politicians—men who resemble

"Tim" Sullivan, at least in the respect that they are in politics, not merely the two weeks before election, but day in and day out, rain or shine, and yet who possess in addition to his invaluable qualities the education, the training, and the ability to administer high offices wisely.

The political leader is a product of conditions. Professor Ely proposes, not to destroy him, but to develop him. His ideal office-holder would be a sort of sublimated boss. This is an age of specialization. Why not specialization in municipal politics? City engineers are now largely chosen because of their training and ability, and it may not be too much to hope that the future will see it accepted as a settled fact that "municipal government is a profession, not a business."

"Is the present action of the Senate intended as a rebuke to the President?" is a question made pertinent by the Washington situation. Congress was called to ratify the Cuban reciprocity treaty. The House has done its share, and is ready to adjourn. The Senate, at this writing, not only has not passed the bill, but is not even discussing it. On Tuesday the Senate was in session thirty minutes, and then adjourned till Friday. Such dilly-dallying is very queer. "There is some wise, it may be inscrutable, reason," was the sarcastic remark of Representative Grosvenor in the House on Tuesday. And he added: "But the reason is a wise one, for it comes from the greatest parliamentary body on earth, and greater than any in heaven." But what is the "inscrutable reason"? The theory advanced is interesting. It is that many senators are piqued because the President went ahead and called the extra session without consulting them. He is, they think, too independent of their wishes. They are the People, and don't like to be hustled. They will show the country that there was no need of an extra session, with its attendant expenses, by quietly passing the bill during the regular session. This is the only explanation offered, and it is full of interest as indicating that the relations between the Senate and the White House are not of the best. Of course, the Senate may yet recede from its apparently hostile position.

But if the Senate has been wantonly idle, the Senate Committee on Military Affairs has not. The investigation into the record of Brigadier-General Wood, who would a major-general be, goes merrily on. The important developments this week may be summarized briefly:

Major James E. Runcie, Wood's friend in Cuba, and probably the most important witness in the whole case, testified that he was present at a dinner with Ray Stannard Baker, the journalist, and General Wood, at which it was agreed that he (Runcie) should write an article exploiting the success of Wood in dealing with affairs at Santiago, where he was then in charge, and comparing his administration with that of General Brooke's, at Havana, to the disadvantage of the latter, in order that the authorities at Washington might be induced to oust Brooke and promote Wood. Major Runcie further testified that he did write the article at Wood's request; that he gave it to Baker; that he did not expect it to be published over his own name, but that it was so published in the *North American Review* for February, 1900. That, thereupon, General Brooke wrathfully asked that he (Runcie) be court-martialed; that Wood, to whom the case was referred, endeavored to evade any responsibility; that Runcie was much shocked at this duplicity; that relations between him and Wood were then severed, and that he invited court-martial and a full investigation, whereupon the case was dropped.

It is not necessary for us to point out that for an officer to instigate an attack on a superior in print for the purpose of discrediting him and getting his place is a heinous offense, meriting dismissal from the army. It is now a question of veracity and evidence. The testimony of Ray Stannard Baker tended to discredit Runcie's. He is reported to have "qualified and contradicted" Runcie's story as to the conversation at the dinner when the magazine article on Cuba was discussed, denying that Wood suggested it.

The testimony of General Brooke was also important. He alleged many and flagrant cases of insubordination. The testimony of Horatio S. Ruhens, formerly a member of the Cuban junta, is reported to have "tended to corroborate the statements of Major Runcie." When asked if he would be willing to accept the word of Major Wood in any matter in which the doctor had a personal interest, Ruhens answered that he was sorry to say he could not.

In the postal matter, some members of the Senate appear not to be satisfied with Bristow's exhaustive report, and Senator Penrose has introduced a resolution in the Senate asking for all the papers in the case, with view to further investigation. The resolution has been referred to committee. Should it be agreed upon, the postal scandal will be subject of congressional investigation.

Mr. Bristow's report fills fifteen closely printed columns in the *Call*, which was the only local paper to print it in full.

It was evidently sent by mail, not telegraph, as the President's comments are dated November 24th, while they were printed here on Monday, the 30th. The President, in his memorandum on the report, points out that the investigation was really decided upon by Congressman Loud and Postmaster-General Payne in December, 1902; that subsequent charges laid against Beavers, Machen, and Tyner led him to order a thorough investigation by Bristow; that he then chose the Democrats, Bonaparte and Conrad, as special counsel, and that these men now indorse Bristow's report as "an able, candid, and impartial review," and "heartily commend" it. The President further calls attention to the fact—he calls it melancholy—that all the offenders, with one exception, are appointees of previous administrations, some of them of Cleveland's. He gives a list of the fourteen employees "most seriously implicated," including ex-Assistant Postmaster-General Perry S. Heath, who appears to have only escaped indictment by the skin of his teeth. Twenty outsiders indicted are also listed. The President recommends that the "statute of limitations be extended in the case of government servants to a period of at least five years." He promises that, in the present investigation, "the government will exhaust every expedient in its power in the effort to see that justice is meted out to the offenders."

And now the Great Postal Scandal is up to the Democrats!

A touch of grotesque humor was given the Panama affair this week by the solemn assurance of General Reyes, Colombia's commissioner to this country, that Colombia is now willing to give us permission to construct a canal across the Isthmus free, gratis, for nothing. "All Colombia," he said, "is afire with zeal for the building of the canal by the United States!" The only trouble with the proposition is that Colombians have now nothing to give! It's everlastingly too late. They had their chance; they threw it away; they have only themselves to blame. As Uncle Sam marches up the aisle to the altar with Miss Panama on his arm, Colombia can only lugubriously murmur: "It might have been me." Saddest words of tongue or pen—it might have been!

The signing of the treaty—from the reports evidently an event marked by truly South American impressiveness—in Panama on Wednesday by the officers of the republic brings the canal one step nearer realization. The treaty must now be ratified by the United States Senate, and the question is, Will the Senate agree? The Democrats, if they were united, have just enough votes to defeat the treaty—thirty-three out of a total of ninety. But they are known to be undecided on a course of action. Only Senators Morgan and Teller have announced undying hostility. Several Southern Democratic senators have said they would vote for it. On the Republican side, there is as yet no reason to suppose that there will be any party bolters. Whether, in view of the revolution, any further legislation will be required from Congress as a whole to enable the payments to the French company and Panama to be made, is a question upon which lawyers disagree. At the rate things are moving in this Panama matter—under the Rooseveltian spur—it will not be long before everybody will know all about it.

The Panama dispatches say that "the slight opposition to the ratification of the canal treaty appears to have been overcome. This opposition existed among a few government officials, who now have been won over and thoroughly convinced by the reasonable arguments of the revolutionists." Although the dispatch does not say so, we may believe that the gentlemen who have been convinced by these arguments are doing as well as can be expected, and will probably be out in a few days.

A tide of common sense on the question of currency is at last reaching the Pacific Coast. Some two months ago, an unexpectedly large order from San Francisco for one-cent pieces astonished the Treasury Department, and already a second call is made. So urgent is this new demand that, after sending out all available supplies from Washington and Baltimore, the department has issued hurry-up orders to the Philadelphia and New Orleans mints, as well as to the New York and Chicago sub-treasuries. In addition, arrangements will at once be made to have placed in operation at the San Francisco Mint machinery for making pennies, an equipment heretofore deemed superfluous, owing to the lack of demand on this Coast for small coppers.

This new use of pennies in San Francisco has been brought about in a large measure by department-stores, where prices often run in odd figures to catch the eye of bargain-hunters. It may be due, also, in a not inconsiderable degree, to the increasing influx of a new population who are accustomed to the use of the penny as the smallest coin in circulation. The communities on the Pacific Coast have been wont to take a misguided pride in the matter of the coins they employ. Their attitude is a heritage from the old pioneer days when even the "bit" was regarded scornfully, and to produce it required some courage on the part of thrifty citizens. In time, however, the dime came into general use, and the nickel followed in due course. Now the penny has come into favor as the smallest coin, and an apology is no longer in order when one is handed across the counter.

These changes are an indication that San Francisco is get-

ting rid of her provincial airs, and may soon take rank among the large cities of the nation.

Using, not disrespectfully, President Roosevelt as a divining-rod, the oracles have gone forth to locate the source whence is to gush a Democratic victory in 1905. These rhabdonancers—political water-witches—differ in their auguries, the wand presumably refusing to turn down decisively, leaving the wise-workers to conjectures more or less supported on arguments drawn, not from the future, but the past; nay, one prophet averreth of another that he has willfully turned the rod down, not awaiting the occult working of the spell.

Aside from certain rustic, cross-roads nominations made in moments of editorial enthusiasm and not generally recognized, there are at present six leaders presented to the choice of the Democratic rank and file, each warranted a good opponent to Mr. Roosevelt, this being a desideratum beyond that of Jeffersonian simplicity. These six are ex-President Cleveland, Senator Gorman, of Maryland, Judge George Gray, of Delaware, Judge Alton B. Parker, of the New York appellate court, Mayor-Elect of New York City George B. McClellan, and Congressman W. R. Hearst. Of these, Mr. Cleveland has declined the honor which be intimates has been thrust upon him by the Brooklyn *Eagle* and the New York *World*, and the mantle of Mr. Cleveland has been bestowed, over night, by the *Eagle* upon Judge Parker, "a model judge," as the *World* had remarked, "but very little known to the country at large," adding: "Would it not be better to oppose the very positive Roosevelt with the equally positive, but radically different Cleveland?" And while the abnegation of the Princeton sage is hardly accepted as final by many Democratic journals, it is considered—especially in the South, where opposition to Mr. Cleveland as a "bolter" is very strong—as a timely solution to a perplexing problem.

The candidacy of Senator Gorman is viewed with some dismay by those who fear his record as a supporter of the Wilson tariff on coal and sugar, and say, openly, that he will not appeal to the necessary "second wing"—in short, that he will not unite a much-torn party. Mayor-Elect McClellan, nominated by the Republican warhorse, General Grosvenor, in his "prediction of victory" speech as a man "without a detrimental record" is not considered a "possibility" by the *Atlanta Journal*, which remarks: "The South will, as usual, go solidly for whatever candidate is nominated," but thinks Gorman and Cleveland have more of the popularity which "materializes into delegates at a national convention." Apart from his own three papers and a syndicate press appertinent thereto, Congressman Hearst appears to receive little encouragement. The leading Democratic dailies—with the exception of his own—say doubtfully, if courteously, that Mr. Hearst is "ambitious," a fault imputed to a man of prior greatness.

As to the chances, one of these gentlemen—or yet another—will have in next year's election, General Grosvenor, the Republican statistician, predicts that two hundred and sixty-three votes in the electoral college are assured to Mr. Roosevelt, two hundred and thirty-nine being necessary to election. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, with a warning that it is Republican, proves a very Cassandra, foresees difficulties in the path of the G. O. P., and refers darkly to "business interests." The *Atlanta Constitution*, placing twenty-one States, with two hundred and seventeen electoral votes, among the safely Democratic, looks westward and surmises that Oregon and California will join Connecticut and New Jersey in running up an additional thirty-three for the Democratic candidate, and hints that West Virginia, Indiana, and Illinois are debatable ground. The New York *Tribune* and the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, using the figures of the last general elections, in which the Republicans carried thirty States, with three hundred and fourteen electoral votes, argue that if those statistics are reliable, which show that for the last forty years the party which has carried those States, having a majority of electoral votes at the election preceding a Presidential election, has elected its candidate for President, why, "to run a Democratic candidate will be a worse waste of time than usual." But the generality, like Mr. Micawber, simply state that they have the firmest grounds for believing that something will turn up.

Among the many documents relating to the Philippine tariff is a protest of a body of business men in Manila against the present policy of the administration of the islands. This protest, which indulges in much strong, if hardly elegant, language, is largely an attack on former Governor Taft and his successor, Governor Wright. "We do not believe," these gentlemen of trade say, "that the administration here can escape responsibility for the frightful industrial conditions of the present, due to a lack of proper financial and other legislation at this end of the line, by charging the Washington administration with dictating the policy which has been followed here. . . . In fact, they believe that the administration in Washington has been systematically deceived as to the true state of affairs in Manila." They favor "a substantial cut in exorbitant salaries of officials and other sources of leakage which will enable the government to borrow at least one hundred millions of dollars gold with which to build highways, railways, and other necessary improvements." They assert that they "are tired of wearing themselves to the withers paying exorbitant salaries to public officials, who know little and care less about the commercial interests of the archipelago," and protest against what they call "the folly of intrusting the lives and property of millions of human beings to the keeping of one man who is without interest or stake in a country ten thousand miles away"—from the Senate lobby, we suppose.

These quite acid complaints are resolvable into the follow-

ing three statements, given in the Manila *Trade Review* and *Price Current*:

First—A tariff is levied against American manufactures which enables the cheaper and shoddier manufactures of Europe to compete on an equal footing with American goods of superior quality.

Second—The present tariff, instead of making it possible to turn Manila into a vast warehouse, where the trade of five hundred million souls might be made to centre, imposes restrictions which make it too expensive to be undertaken.

Third—The merchants of the United States can increase their imports to these islands fully twenty times in less than one year by insisting upon Congress putting the Philippines upon the same plane as Porto Rico.

Amid the vagueness of the main part of the memorial, here is solidity and meaning in the last phrase, "on the same footing as Porto Rico."

The tariff reform, not only demanded by the business men quoted above, but favored, we understand, by the iniquitous Taft and the deluded Roosevelt, is also, in the minds of many ardent advocates, connected with the repeal of that law, to be in force July 1, 1904, making all interisland commerce subject to the United States coast-wise shipping act. This latter enactment, which makes it necessary for all craft to be American built and American manned, the New York *Sun* terms a "hold-up," and asserts that it will mean a "forced sale" of native shipping. The *Sun*, of course, agrees that the present situation is a "nightmare and a scandal." Tariff-reform itself is called by the San Francisco *Chronicle* "this measure of decency," and the New York *Tribune* states that "there is no violation of true and progressive protection principles in a large reduction or even complete remission of duties on Philippine products," and that "the only opposition is found in a mere blind adherence to a formula of protection on the part of a few persons who will not realize that protection is made for man and not man for protection." Other papers that deprecate the position of the protesting business men, say emphatically that Governor Taft had gained the ill-will of these gentlemen by governing in the interests of the Filipino, and that "it is not the law that the trade boarders of Manila object to, but the manner of its enforcement." Thus two parties, bolding precisely opposite views of our duty to the Philippines, place their hopes of victory on the same arguments, and both lay great stress on three articles that are held to exemplify the evil workings of the present tariff: tobacco, hemp, and sugar. It is stated in figures that the insular government loses something like \$700,000 on a year's exports of hemp through the abolition of the export duty of \$7.50 a ton, and this is not made up by \$300,000 by the turning into the treasury of the seventy-five per cent. Dingley rate imposed on the other commodities. In the meantime the foreign trade of the Philippines, exclusive of United States Government importations, has risen from \$58,153,967 in 1902 to \$67,062,994 in 1903; a gain of \$8,909,027, and nearly all this in exports, leaving a trade balance in favor of the islands of nearly half a million.

The whole question of Philippine tariff-reform resolves itself into a single proposition. Are the people of the United States willing to take the chance of serious, perhaps ruinous, competition in our own sugar and tobacco industries in order that the Philippines may prosper?

A certain great Roman kept a slave to whisper to him, in too-triumphant moments: "Memento mori." The Portland *Oregonian* aspires to perform a somewhat similar function for San Francisco, so that we San Franciscans shall not get too much puffed up in our prosperity. Harken to the chastening voice:

With the possible exception of the New Yorker, no other American is so well satisfied with his own smartness and his own town as the San Franciscan. Whether he be a ham actor counting the ties on the homeward trip, a shoe-string peddler going in on a brakebeam, or a merchant prince in a private car, there is the same fond regard for dear, old Frisco, and the same haughty contempt for the rest of the country. Force of circumstances, principally because they need the money, compels many of the residents of the Bay City to wander out among the jays of the neighboring States, and on these trips they, with becoming modesty, regale the aforesaid jays with tales calculated to give out the impression that life anywhere outside of the Bay City can never be anything but a joyless existence. But with all of this superior wisdom there are lapses, during which it is made plain that San Franciscans are not only "jes' common folks," but that they are also what the outside jays would term "easy marks." Corroborative evidence to this effect is found in the closing developments regarding the Eppinger failure. The total losses, which will be sustained by the California bankers, brokers, warehousemen, not to mention the butcher, baker, and other small fry, will aggregate something over \$1,600,000. Now, gold bricks have found purchasers in Oregon. In some of the Oregon cities trusted pillars of the church have extracted fairly large sums from the banks by the unsecured overdraft. The maximum figure involved in these financial transactions, however, was of no great consequence—a mere few thousands. But here we are confronted with the spectacle of the "wisest people on earth" being buncoed out of \$1,600,000! What a field for thimble-riggers, shell-workers, and other gentlemen with get-rich-quick schemes. San Francisco has always held the undisputed prestige of having the most changeable climate on earth, the dampest fog, and the most sensational crimes and criminals. To this category can now be added the easiest victims for a financial sharper.

Now will we be good!

At Grant's Pass, Or., a special municipal election was held the other day (says the Sacramento *Union*) for the purpose of determining whether or not the city should accept the gift of a ten-thousand-dollar library building from Andrew Carnegie, and by a close but emphatic vote the gift was declined. This is the second rebuff of the kind which Mr. Carnegie has had from the State of Oregon. Some two or three years ago the offer of a large sum was made to Portland for a general library, but it was declined with thanks, on the ground that Portland had already a fine library, and that it preferred not to be under obligations to any non-resident for a purely domestic institution.

THE FAITH OF CHUN TAI.

How It Was Shattered by the Foreign Devil-Doctors.

Chun Tai walked slowly up and down before the door of his house—forgetting in the cool of the evening the hot sun that had been at noon—with the little one in his arms. At every step, it gave the low whimper, half patient and half petulant, of a sick child, and he soothed it by gentle pats of his rough hands, whose finger joints stuck out in great knots that seemed to have been tied in the bone. The lines were drawn deep in heavy corrugations on his face as he quieted the little sufferer, and his heart was hard and bitter within him. He could not let his first born die; he would draw it back to life by the force of his love.

He muttered curses on the village doctor, all of whose herbs had wrought no cure for his motherless son. In spite of them, the disturbance in the baby's throat was increasing, the fever burned its small, crumpled, yellow body. There was plainly no hope left. It might be to-day or it might be to-morrow that he would be left without a son to worship at his grave, to burn joss-sticks before the ancestral tablets of his fathers. It was a calamity—immeasurable.

In his trouble a sudden need for sympathy came upon Chun Tai, and he walked toward the village threshing-floor where, at this hour, the neighbors were gathered. It was early autumn, the gorgeous season in North China when nature is as lavish of blue sky as if there were enough for every day in the year. Gradually the crops were being gathered in, and, on all sides, from sunrise to sunset, the busy sounds of harvest, punctuated by the regular heavy thud of the hand flails, sounded from threshing-floors innumerable scattered over the great plain. At evening, the people of each village collected on their own mud floors to gossip, to chatter, or else to squat stolidly in mysterious circles, ghostly and indefinitely outlined by the gray twilight, smoking their water-pipes with companionable gurglings, lost in Oriental, thoughtless reverie. Whatever disputes or quarrels had disturbed the even tenor of the working hours were settled then and there, the neighbors constituting an impromptu jury, the judgments equitably pronounced by the village headman, for which respected and responsible position the oldest male inhabitant was always chosen.

As Chun Tai approached, the graybeard asked, kindly. "How is thy son?"

"Worse, always worse," groaned the father. "Thy prayers have failed. My prayers have failed. Now medicines have failed. There is no more to be done."

The villagers gathered around him to look at the child, partly from sympathy, but more from the insatiable curiosity which is the dominant character note of the Chinese countryman. A woman made as if to take the boy out of his arms, but he would not let him go. Very tenderly he held the baby, his own face reflecting the pain on the flushed little one, just as a mountain lake reflects the lights and shadows that fall on the hills around it.

After his fashion the graybeard tried to bring comfort. "My son," said he, "have you not lost the child's mother and recovered from your grief?"

Chun Tai answered, bitterly: "What man will grieve for a wife? A wife is like a table that in time breaks and becomes useless. By working a little longer each day in the fields one may soon purchase a better. But a first-born son is a gift from heaven." His voice broke in a sob. "The water-carrier who has a son is happier than the great man who has none."

On the outskirts of the crowd some one spoke up. "Take the child to the foreign devil-doctor in Tai Yuan."

"Ah, Tai Yuan is two hundred *li*," put in the cautious graybeard, shaking his head with a heavy regularity.

"Yes, yes, Tai Yuan is two hundred *li*," the crowd murmured, shaking their heads in unison after him.

"And it is well known that foreign devil-doctors gouge out children's eyes," continued the old man.

"But they have a medicine that heals all sickness," resumed the first speaker. "I have heard it myself from Wun Li. He was healed of a shaking disease."

"No good comes from the foreign devils," retorted the old man, with a contemptuous sniff. "They may cure the bodily disease, but they cast the evil spell. They kidnap children to make this great medicine out of their eyeballs. They are devils and the sons of devils."

"But is it true they can work cures?" asked Chun Tai, eagerly. "Tell me, is it true?"

He looked over the group of stolid, expressionless faces for an answer. The friend-of Wun Li, however, had slunk away, since custom forbade him to set up his opinion in contradiction to that of the village patriarch, and Chun Tai was met by an uncompromising silence.

"Tell me," he said again, more insistently, "will the foreign devil-doctor cure my son?"

A murmur of doubtful grunts came from the bystanders. Only the headman replied, half under his breath: "Tai Yuan is two hundred *li*."

This made Chun Tai wince. Two hundred *li*—which is one hundred miles as we count distance—was further than his fathers or his grandfathers had traveled. He himself had been but five *li* from the village along the stone highway. To him and to these simple

peasants, a journey of a hundred miles was a sign of light-mindedness. If he embarked upon it, he could never again expect to occupy the solid, respectable position in the village which was now his. They would always point to him with the finger of suspicion as the man who had tried strange things and seen strange sights. Yet, for the sake of the child, he would be willing to suffer mistrust, to pay any price for the cloak which should hide his boy from destiny. The villagers would no longer allow him to watch the growing water-melons lest he cast the evil eye on them; that he realized. He could neither join in the festivals nor worship the gods with the rest. In all ways he would be as one polluted, an outcast.

Slowly, without asking more information, Chun Tai walked back to his house, leaving a silent group behind him. All night long he watched over the restless child. Now and again, with mechanical carefulness, he wetted the little parched lips with tea. It seemed years to him before at last the first beams of the sun appeared. Then, as he stood in his doorway and looked out, the trees, which stretched away in a long avenue marking the course of the road—the road to Tai Yuan—and apparently marching along with it, gave him courage.

He went to the little wooden cupboard built in the wall and took out a square of blue cloth. Next he collected his few poor belongings, the two china teacups and the teapot, a wadded coat for the child, his rice bowl, and his chopsticks. Last of all, he tied in a cloth bundle the small store of uncooked rice that remained, as well as what little boiled rice was left over from the last meal, and wrapped them all in the bed-quilt. Nothing remained in the squalid room, no treasures to conceal nor valuables to leave behind, since Chun Tai carried in his little blue bundle all the worldly goods that he possessed.

He pressed some hot tea again to the lips of the boy, who swallowed with compulsory gulps. Then he picked up his bundle, grasped the baby firmly and tenderly in his arms and, shutting the door quietly behind him, walked out toward the stone road.

For three days he trudged along carrying his child, begging a little food, sleeping at night under the kindly shelter of some temple roof, and passing a variety of life on the high road which he scarcely noticed. When the boy seemed to suffer less pain, Chun Tai walked, in spite of his burden, with an enthusiasm, almost an exaltation. His spirit was already looking down from the heights, and his weary feet struggled to overtake it. When the child suffered more, he walked silently, with a dogged stoop of his shoulders and a shambling hitch of his hips, his eyes fixed on the ground.

The evening of the third day Chun Tai reached the gates of Tai Yuan before sunset and wended his way through the streets, now and again asking the road to the principal inn. When the flaring candles of mutton fat were commencing to flicker in the tea-shops he reached the inn and entered the courtyard. In Chun Tai's heart a tense struggle was going on—shame at his untoward adventure, fear lest the landlord should turn him away.

Hearing the child crying in his arms, the inn-keeper asked, kindly: "Is the child ill?"

"Yes," Chun Tai answered. "I wish to sleep here to-night. I am come to search," he went on, tremulously, his reserve breaking down, "for the medicine of the foreign devils which heals all sickness. They tell me there are devil-doctors in Tai Yuan; is it true?"

The landlord laughed. "True enough," he said. "Men devil-doctors and women, too. And the people are angry at them all. Placards have even been posted on the city walls warning honest men of them because the white healers gouge out children's eyes for medicine."

He walked away to speak with a man entering the courtyard, evidently a person of importance, since he rode a sleek mule, and Chun Tai settled himself in a corner of the courtyard and made a pillow for the child with a little straw from the bed being spread for the rich man's mule.

All night long Chun Tai lay in an agony. The boy was burning with fever and breathing hard. Since sundown there had been a sudden drop in temperature of twenty degrees, and these abrupt changes in North China mean steps to the tomb. Oh, the agony of deciding if he should risk the child's life, his eyes, by taking him to the mission doctor. The great omniscient healing medicine he must have. But how was he to get it? The devil-doctors dispensed it only with their own hands at the doors of their houses. Turning, whirling, shifting, and combining, the thoughts arranged themselves in his brain like the patterns formed by a kaleidoscope. At last they settled into the final pattern, and his mind grasped a plan.

When the light came he searched for the inn-keeper and besought his permission to lay the child upon the *k'ang*. Servants were preparing food over a charcoal stove in one corner of the room, and a table stood against the wall covered with rude cooking utensils. Chun Tai sidled toward it, and picked up a big, blunt knife used for peeling vegetables. Then before any one had noticed him, he was out of the door and on his way down the street toward the mission compound.

He ran breathlessly, stumbling up the little blind alleys, vaguely picking his way by the iron cross on the top of the chapel. He looked into the eyes of every child he met as if for proof of the rumors which were

none the less truth to him because he found no confirmation. On and on he ran till the little cross was almost above him. The heavy, troubled breathing of the sick boy sounded in his ears and urged him faster until he neared the gate.

There was a small walled street on one side almost destitute of houses and empty as the streets of Pompeii. He turned into it. Slowly he disengaged the big knife from the folds of his coat. He bared his left arm deliberately and cut a long gash above the elbow. Then he threw the knife into the thick grass near the walls.

Where another man might have fainted from the pain, Chun Tai, through the force of his resolve, remained conscious. No scream escaped his lips, and the contortions of his face were dominated by a look of supreme love and sacrifice. The blood flowed freely from the wound, and he stanching it with the little blue wrapping-cloth he had brought from home, binding his arm up roughly. After a moment's rest he continued his way slowly and entered the door of the mission.

Passing through the gateway he was directly in a room furnished only by benches running round the sides of it, and a large brass-bound chest at one end. A kindly man came up to him, an elderly man. Chun Tai pulled up his sleeve, showing the wound, and the doctor, seeing the red stream of blood trickling down from it, left the little row of patients sitting on the benches near the door and attended to him first. While he washed and dressed the wound, the devil-doctor asked him many simple questions in the vernacular—whence he came and how he had been hurt.

As he answered, Chun Tai wondered that such a kind old man should gouge out children's eyes; yet he was glad that, instead of subjecting his first born to such a risk, he had borne the pain himself.

The old knife which had been chosen for the instrument of sacrifice was rusted on the edges, and the lips of the gash were ragged. The dressing of it was slow, but he stood the pain stolidly and unflinchingly, impatient at the washing and cleaning, desirous only for the great medicine. At last the preliminaries were done. The devil-doctor walked to the cupboard and brought out a small box. Chun Tai's heart beat fast, and the excitement made his arm tremble, until the healer, accustomed to the phlegmatic dispositions of his regular patients, wondered and was unusually kind. Gently he laid the curing white ointment on the cut, covering it thickly and binding it up with clean linen bands. Chun Tai felt a moment of despair. "Will you give me none of the great medicine to carry away?" he asked, trembling.

The doctor smiled and, knowing that the cure of faith with the simple Chinese minds is half the cure, he gave Chun Tai a tiny box of the precious white ointment with careful directions. "In case you can not come again to the mission," he was told, "lay the medicine on the wound and bind it up again just as you have seen me do."

Chun Tai, when the operation was done, fumbled with his unhurt hand in the folds of his gown. Excitement unsteadied his fingers, and he was a long time finding what he was looking for. Presently, however, he drew forth a string containing eight large cash—three cents—the remains of his little store, and handed them to the doctor. "For the great medicine," he said, simply.

When the white man gave them quietly back to him, Chun Tai was astonished. Had he seen the mist on the doctor's eyes he would have been even more surprised. As it was, he pondered on the curious ways of the children-stealers.

Then back he went through the narrow streets to his boy in the inn. The child was lying as he had left him, but breathing more and more heavily. However, the halting gasps which were agony to him before, caused him no worry now. He had obtained the Elixir, the great cure, and there was no more doubt in his simple mind that it would save the boy than that the boats which sailed on the canals near his village could see their way with their painted eyes. The room was empty, but a kettle stood as usual on the table near the charcoal stove. Some tea remained from the men's breakfast. It was a moment's work to pour it into a bowl and to mix in the little box of the great medicine. He stirred it well with the end of his long pipe, nothing else being at hand. When it was dissolved, he lifted the boy's head and poured the mixture between his lips. Once, twice, and a third time the child gulped it down, till nothing remained.

Then he lifted up the baby and walked slowly to and fro with him to wait for the cure. For two hours he paced back and forth, waiting. His feet were on the highest point of the heights of faith. The child was slowly growing cooler; he felt its hands. They had burned before; now they were quite cool. The breathing was less painful. The baby seemed to be dropping into a natural sleep. Meanwhile, the pain in his own arm increased, but Chun Tai hardly thought of it. He was waiting for the great healing. Only when the boy fell fast asleep did he lay him on the *k'ang*, wrapped in the little wadded coat. He laid himself down beside him and, worn out with watching and pain, he, too, fell asleep.

The return of the inn-keeper to oversee the evening meal awakened him. With a start he leaned over to the child. It was cool. The burning fever was gone. Chun Tai touched the little face. A shudder went over him. He felt the little hands, the tiny brown

feet. He listened for the halting breathing. There were no labored sobs. The great medicine had cured the burning and the gasping—but it had chilled every bit of the little life away.

Chun Tai smoothed the baby cheeks, he rubbed the baby hands—and then he knew that his faith had not availed. He was not a man to burst into a torrent of emotion. Stolidly he drew the string of cash from the bosom of his gown. One, the biggest, he pressed between the little teeth. It was the toll for the ferryman who was even then ferrying the childish spirit across the Buddhist Styx. The rest he threw on the *k'ang* for the inn-keeper, and, for a second time, he wrapped the child in the wadded coat and, with set face and aching arms, stalked away with his burden toward the great stone road. C. E. LORRIMER.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1903.

AT THE PARIS THÉÂTRES.

Alfred Capus's Remarkable Success, "L'Adversaire"—Rejane's New Play a Disappointment—Her Marital Troubles—Sarah Bernhardt's Debut as an Old Woman.

The theatrical event of the season in Paris is "L'Adversaire," which is drawing crowded houses at the Renaissance, and has received more enthusiastic criticism than any other production since Edmond Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." It is by all odds the strongest play that Alfred Capus has ever written, and its remarkable success is regarded as opening the door of the French Academy to the brilliant dramatist. In order to give strength and weight to the political element in his four-act drama, M. Capus has, for the first time, taken as his collaborator, Emmanuel Arène, the Corsican deputy and intimate friend of Waldeck-Rousseau.

Besides being brimful of wit and sparkling dialogue, "L'Adversaire" faithfully reflects the foibles and vanities of fashionable French life in the twentieth century. Of course, it deals with the everlasting *ménage à trois*, but not in the stereotyped way. Maurice Darly—superbly acted by Lucien Guitry, most versatile of actors—is an accomplished lawyer of wealth, who shuns society for the quiet of his home, where he spends much of his time completing a literary work that he has undertaken. His wife, Marianne, is impersonated by Mlle. Martha Bréautin, whose rupture with the House of Molière provided the theatrical sensation of the latter end of last season. She is a charming woman who loves her husband, but is socially ambitious and anxious to see him plunge into the political arena and become a Cabinet minister. When a *cause célèbre* comes along—the defense of a rich but fraudulent financier—she urges Maurice to take up the case, but he says it is not interesting, and lets it go to a young and ambitious friend. The case is won; the young barrister becomes the lion of Parisian society, and Marianne has her head turned by it all. The barrister pays court to her, and she falls an easy victim to his flattery.

The wronged husband's suspicions are soon aroused, and he questions her closely. His cross-examination soon involves her in a web of contradiction, and finally he extorts from her a full confession. Then he indulges in no hysterics or heroics, but, while admitting that he still loves her, decrees that they must part. However, he does not wish to be revengeful, or to ruin her, and, therefore, he says, he will take the blame himself. Acting upon this resolution, he summons his wife's mother, Mme. Grécourt, and informs her of his assumed offense. Thereupon the older woman bitterly reproaches her daughter for being so hard and merciless. She points out that, owing to education, custom, and sex, husbands are less rigidly chained than wives. For a husband to err is not nearly so bad as for the wife to fall from grace. "Nearly all of us poor women have had these sad, bitter experiences," she says, and then adds: "Ah, but if it were the wife that is guilty, it would be very different. The wife is the guardian of the household honor. She ought never to be pardoned. For such a woman the only course left open would be to rejoin her lover and, if possible, to live happily with him! She is forced to exile, and all women think as I do; only they are not always willing to say so!" Maurice, sadly turning to Marianne after her mother has left the room, says: "You see, it is necessary for us to separate"; and, extending his hand in final farewell, exclaims: "We can no longer live face to face. Adieu! It is your own mother who has pronounced judgment!" With one last look at his unforgiven wife, Maurice crosses the room, closes the door behind him, and the curtain falls.

Over at the Vaudeville Theatre, Mme. Réjane is appearing in "Antoinette Sabrier," a play in three acts, by Romain Coolus. I doubt whether it will have much of a run, for it is a clumsy, sombre tragedy, and Réjane is always at her best in light comedy rather than intense passion. The leading character, Antoinette, is the wife of a man she respects, but does not love. She is much courted, but is cold to all until René Dangenne comes along. Like a self-respecting woman, Antoinette decides that love is the only thing worth having in the world, and she prepares to elope with René. Just as they are about leaving, M. Sabrier comes home and tells her that he is a ruined man, ruined by one of her rejected lovers. That makes a difference to Antoinette. She might run away from a man she did not love, all

other things being equal; but she can not run away with a rich lover when her husband is ruined. She returns to her duties, and René, in order to hasten things along, gives M. Sabrier enough money to get on his feet again. Sabrier, however, suspects; he questions Antoinette; she lies like a lady, and he believes. But at last he learns the truth, drives the guilty pair from the house, and then puts a bullet into his own brain.

The estrangement of Mme. Réjane with her husband and manager, M. Porel, by the way, has long been the talk of theatrical circles. A year ago their differences were patched up before they reached the point from which there is no retreat, but to-day both parties are resolved on divorce, despite the amiable efforts of friends on both sides to bring about a reconciliation. The popular comedienne, therefore, can not remain at her husband's theatre, which has known some of her greatest successes. "Germinie Lacerteux," now being rehearsed, is probably the last play in which she will appear at the Vaudeville. Her place as leading actress there will be taken by Mlle. Suzanne Després.

Another quarrel which is talked of is between Victorian Sardou and Sarah Bernhardt. The veteran dramatist complains that his new piece, "La Sorcière," which he read before the actors a couple of days ago, has been dropped out of its proper turn and should have taken precedence of "Jeanne Vedekind," in which Sarah has just appeared at her own theatre after a prolonged absence.

And perhaps it might have been better, from a business standpoint, had the tragedienne produced Sardou's play instead of "Jeanne Vedekind." The critics object to the latter's German origin, and her admirers, although willing to humor and applaud her in masculine rôles, such as L'Aiglon, Hamlet, and Werther, are not yet prepared to accept the divine Sarah as a venerable mother with white locks and melodramatic tendencies. The play has plenty of emotion, but its principal fault is that the audience is clearly made aware at too early a stage of what the *dénouement* must be.

"Le Dieu Vert," the curtain-raiser which precedes "Jeanne Vedekind," however, has caused considerable discussion. It is the work of a young dramatist named Keim, and is in reality a series of tableaux set to verse, which depict the death dreams of Pierrot, who is a victim of alcohol. In his delirium he gets first a glimpse of dancing-girls, then, as a contrast, an apparition of the Reign of Terror; finally he sees the crucifixion of Christ, wherein the Saviour is impersonated by a young man who, save for a white cloth, is actually nude. This last bit of realism surpasses anything yet attempted in Paris, and was introduced by the shrewd Sarah only because she knew it would produce a sensation, invite discussion, and help to bolster up the run of "Jeanne Vedekind," which otherwise would have lasted only a few weeks.

PARIS, November 7, 1903.

ST. MARTIN.

Gladstone and His Queen.

One of the most interesting chapters in John Morley's "Life of William Ewart Gladstone," is that in which he shows that, while Queen Victoria liked the famous premier less than she did Lord Beaconsfield, she recognized his fine qualities. She was greatly touched by the evidence of sympathy he gave her in their first interview after the death of the prince consort. "She saw how much you felt for her," Dean Wellesley wrote to him, "and the mind of a person in such deep affliction is keenly sensitive and observant. Of all her ministers, she seemed to me to think that you have most entered into her sorrows, and she dwelt especially upon the manner in which you had parted from her." Gladstone himself, writing of his interview to the Duchess of Sutherland, said:

I was really bewildered, but that all vanished when the queen came in and kept my hand a moment. All was beautiful, simple, noble, touching to the very last degree. It was a meeting, for me, to be remembered. I need only report the first and last words of the personal part of the conversation. The first (after a quarter of an hour upon affairs) was (putting down her head and struggling): "The nation has been very good to me in my time of sorrow"; and the last, "I earnestly pray it may be long before you are parted from one another."

When, in the following spring, Gladstone took occasion in a public speech to pronounce a panegyric on the dead prince, the queen thanked him "in a letter of passionate resignation, too sacred in the anguish of its emotion" for Mr. Morley to print. These little sidelights on Gladstone's devotion to his queen go far to counterbalance the familiar story of Victoria's having complained, on a later occasion, that he always harangued her as though she were a public meeting.

Analyzing Gladstone's oratory, Mr. Morley says:

Among Mr. Gladstone's physical advantages for bearing the orator's sceptre were a voice of singular fullness, depth, and variety of tone; a falcon's eye with strange imperious flash; features mobile, expressive, and with lively play; a great actor's command of gesture, bold, sweeping, natural, unforced, without exaggeration or a trace of melodrama. His pose was easy, alert, erect. To these endowments of external mien was joined the gift and the glory of words. They were not sought, they came. Whether the task were reasoning, or expression, or exposition, the copious springs never failed. Nature had thus done much for him, but he superadded ungrudging labor. Later in life he proffered to a correspondent a set of suggestions on the art of speaking: 1. Study plainness of language, always preferring the simpler word. 2. Shortness of sentence. 3. Distinctness of articulation. 4. Test and question your own arguments beforehand, not waiting for critic or opponent. 5. Seek a thorough digestion of, and familiarity with, your subject, and rely mainly on these to prompt the proper words. 6. Remember that if you are to sway an audience you must, besides thinking out your matter, watch them all along.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, who, since the death of Lord Tennyson, has stood at the head of living English poets, is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Senator William P. Frye, of Maine, has a new dignity—that of great-grandfather, an honor falling to him a fortnight ago, when a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Frye White, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Frye claims title as the only great-grandfather in the Senate.

Signor Marconi has begun work on the powerful wireless station at Pisa, through which it is intended to establish communication with the Argentine Republic, and later with the United States. When the station is finished it will be inaugurated by King Victor Emmanuel, who will send the first message.

Governor Ferguson, of Oklahoma, in his annual report to the Secretary of the Interior, estimates the present population of the Territory at 650,000, and the actual value of taxable property at practically \$400,000,000, although only \$84,134,472 is returned by the assessors for 1903. The Territorial indebtedness is \$461,766.

Dr. Schwenger, who used to be Bismarck's physician, relates that one time, when there was an epidemic of cholera in Marseilles, the chancellor received from that city a package which, on being opened, was found to contain a rag saturated with a fluid that was found to contain innumerable cholera germs. The matter was kept secret at the time, but when Bismarck afterward heard of it he simply laughed.

Baron Rowton, who died recently in England, became Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary in 1866, and upon the death of the English premier was bequeathed all of Beaconsfield's papers and letters, with full power to use them as he pleased. It was expected that Lord Rowton would write the life of Beaconsfield, as he knew Disraeli better than any one else; but the story goes that Queen Victoria requested him not to write this life until some years had passed, when age incapacitated him for the work.

"Big Bill" Devery is not nearly as much in evidence at the Pump corner in New York since the recent election. The small Devery vote was a great shock to him, as he and his intimates had come really to believe that he stood a good chance of winning. Devery still maintains his headquarters at Eight Avenue and Twenty-Eighth Street, but the old enthusiasm among his handful of followers is lacking. He says he is going to keep his headquarters so that he will be in good shape to put up a good fight at the primaries next year.

William Jennings Bryan is having quite a good time abroad. The other day he was invited to sit on the platform during Mr. Chamberlain's meeting at Cardiff, Wales, and on November 25th, Ambassador Choate gave a luncheon in London in his honor. Among the distinguished persons invited to meet the ex-Presidential aspirant were Premier Balfour, the Earl of Onslow, Charles T. Ritchie, Sir Robert Giffen, Sir Gilbert Parker, Morton Frewen, Lord Denbigh, Lord Mount-Stephen, and W. L. Courtney. The luncheon was informal, and no speeches were made.

James Lane Allen, the popular novelist, who has just returned from Europe, denies the report that he has become a millionaire by a chance investment of a few hundred dollars in the Texas oil fields. It is his cousin, James Lane Allen, of Chicago, who is the fortunate man. Some time ago he acquired a tract of six hundred and fifty acres of land situated in South-East Texas. The land was worth less than five dollars per acre, and was practically of no use except for pasturage. A few weeks ago a gusher oil well was brought in at Batson Prairie, within a mile of Mr. Allen's land. The new oil field has been the scene of the wildest excitement since then, and a town of one thousand people has sprung up at Batson Prairie, where there was only one store building prior to the oil discovery. Land values are increasing daily. It is said that Mr. Allen could sell his entire tract at three thousand dollars an acre, but he is holding it for five thousand dollars per acre.

The youngest man in Congress is Burton Lee French, Idaho's one member of the House. He was born on August 1, 1875, and, therefore, is just past twenty-eight years of age. Like many other men who have come to Congress across the prairie from the Rockies and beyond, Mr. French is a native of Indiana, Delphi being the place of his nativity. His father was one of the winners of the West, and by the time the future congressman was old enough to go to school he found himself in Idaho, where schools were few and far apart. In 1898, at the age of twenty-three, he was elected a member of the State legislature. Two years later he was the nominee of the Republican minority for Speaker of the House, thereby becoming his party's leader on the floor. There was a great redistricting fight at that session of the legislature, and so skillfully did young French lead his forces that he became a marked man in Idaho. His reward was the Republican nomination for Congress last year, and he carried the State by more than seven thousand. He is the first Republican that Idaho has sent to the House in a decade.

THEODOR MOMMSEN.

Reminiscences of the Famous German Historian.

Theodor Mommsen, the famous historian who recently died in Berlin, was an ideal German professor; a fearless German patriot; a model father of a family and domestic man; a true and loyal friend. There was nothing of the dusty pedant about him. He could be savagely sarcastic to those who were strong enough to hear it, but in society he was as suave and pleasant a *censeur* as could be selected anywhere. His mind was a storehouse of information, for his reading had traveled over vast fields, and he had a wondrous memory.

Kurt Matull, a young playwright, who for years lived only a few doors away from him in Charlottenburg, a western suburb of Berlin, relates some entertaining anecdotes of the great scholar. He writes:

Professor Mommsen's most strongly marked characteristic was his intense absorption in whatever work at any time happened to interest him, and this resulted in an absent-mindedness that led him into all sorts of difficulties. Perhaps the most noteworthy of these concerns Mommsen's first and only speech in the Reichstag. When he went to take his seat he was escorted from the University of Berlin, in which he then held the chair of history, to the Parliament building by a great assemblage of students. The students thronged the galleries, prepared to give their beloved professor a great demonstration when he had finished his maiden speech. After Mommsen had taken his seat he was observed to fumble in his pockets and draw out a paper that all supposed was the speech in question. No sooner had he done this than Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, arose to address the House. Not the slightest attention did Mommsen pay to Bismarck. He sat absorbed in his paper, which he held close up to his nose, for he was unusually short-sighted. All of a sudden, while Bismarck was still talking, up jumped Mommsen, and, to the amazement of all, cried in a loud voice: "Stop! Stop! Stop! What does that student mean by talking all this time! He must stop it, I say! If he doesn't I shall call the attendant!" The explanation of the grand old man's outbreak was soon apparent to all. The paper he was examining was one concerning his duties as a professor, and he thought he was still at the university. There was a great outburst of laughter, in which Bismarck joined most heartily. But Mommsen could never be induced to enter the Parliament building again.

In 1890, Mommsen was arrested and locked up for hours by the Berlin police. Mr. Matull says he got into this difficulty through an invitation he received to attend a reception given by the present Emperor William:

On the night of the reception the street that leads to the castle was closed to all save the guests of the emperor, all of whom, with the exception of Mommsen, arrived in carriages. The famous historian, whose manner of living exemplified his democratic principles, rode into Berlin from Charlottenburg on a car. Upon alighting from the car, Mommsen pressed his way through the throng. In a few minutes he came to the police line, and without hesitation started to pass on. He was promptly seized by a policeman and pushed back. It was too much for the old man's temper. Taking the hook that he carried, he beat a tattoo with it on the policeman's head. "You ignorant Russian!" exclaimed the historian, using the term of extreme contempt among Prussians; "you ignorant Russian, what do you mean by seizing old Mommsen. I'm old Mommsen. I tell you—Mommsen, Mommsen, Mommsen!" The policeman, dodging the further play of the hook, looked at the old man's hattered soft hat and seedy overcoat, and decided that he was a crank. Two hours later the emperor received word that his missing guest was in the lockup.

On his eightieth birthday, Mommsen received a visit from a great delegation of students, who marched out to his home, but he could not be induced to leave his work to greet them. "They see me every day at the university," he said; "why do they want to disturb me now?"

Of his daily life, J. L. Bashford writes in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

Up to within seven or eight years ago Mommsen used to get up every morning at five o'clock, and work in his study till eight. Then he would go to the dining-room and have breakfast with his family. He was the father of sixteen children in all, of whom twelve are now living. Some of them are married, one daughter to Professor von Wilamowitz-Möllendorf. This diminutive little man, with his emaciated frame and silver locks reaching to his shoulders, was the last one would have expected to be a friend of children; and yet it was so. They revelled in his company, and sought it. Nevertheless, when he was preoccupied, he could not recognize his own offspring. One day, when sitting in the tramcar on his way from Charlottenburg, a little boy near him disturbed him by chattering loudly as he was reading, according to his wont. "What is your name, youngster?" he said, in a sharp tone, intending to scold him; and, to his surprise, the boy pronounced the word "Mommsen." "I was not till then that the professor became aware that he was talking to his own son. Earlier in life he pushed his infant, who had been confided to his care in his

study, into the waste-paper basket, and covered him up with papers!

Commenting on his relations with France and the French, a writer in the *New York Evening Times* says:

Before 1870, Theodor Mommsen was a *persona gratissima* with the French. He was received at the imperial court, was the friend of Ernest Renan and all the leading writers, and it was even rumored that he had an allowance from Napoleon the Third. Like Richard Wagner, however, Mommsen turned on the French when the war of 1870 broke out, and he was naturally execrated there. In an address to King William of Prussia, Mommsen is said to have called for the bombardment of Paris. After the pillage of the Tuileries, Mommsen's letters to Napoleon the Third were found, and the celebrated scholar was reproached for the basest and blackest ingratitude. Mommsen declared that he never had an allowance from Napoleon the Third. One of his colleagues in Germany went further, and asserted in a newspaper that Professor Mommsen had never received a sou from the French emperor. All this was denied by the celebrated archivist and historian, Henri Bordier, who was directed to collect and classify all the German documents found at the Tuileries after the fall of the Second Empire. M. Bordier wrote that it was quite true that Herr Mommsen had no pension or regular allowance from Napoleon the Third, but at intervals the emperor's steward used to give him an occasional bonus of three or four hundred francs to help him on in his work. He also once received money from the Emperor Napoleon for an indigent German scholar. M. Bordier, having established these facts, declared that Mommsen's conduct was shameful, for, after having been received at the table of the emperor and empress, and accepted the imperial bounty, after having foregathered in the most friendly manner with eminent French scholars, he said that the literature of Paris was as filthy as the water of the Seine, and that the *salon* of the Tuileries was a mere haunt of the *démimonde*. In 1872, Mommsen tried to renew friendship with the French, but he was not very successful.

Mommsen began to write in 1843, and his last book appeared in 1899. His output, according to a writer in the *Athenaeum*, was unparalleled:

Fifteen years ago his publications had reached one thousand in number, and if some of these were little things others were folios that take serious lifting. He worked at a pace and with an accuracy which leave the ordinary scholar gasping; he bequeathes an invaluable tradition of devoted, persistent energy. But more, he could organize. He could conceive a great cooperative scheme combining many laborers in it, could aspire, drive, or coerce them to fulfill their tasks, and control the minutiae of the undertaking to a safe conclusion. Few scholars, I imagine, have shown such practical power and imperative force.

His greatest achievement was his "History of Rome," in which he sketched the history of Rome to the death of Julius Cæsar. Says the *Boston Transcript*:

In this he spoke directly to the general reader, and with extraordinary brilliancy and power. The attractiveness of this book is in part due to the absence, not merely of notes, but of all citation of authorities and discussion of evidence. All the scaffolding which usually remains standing about learned works and obscures their architecture, has been cleared away. In greater measure, the success of the work was due to its clear and telling style; but most of all to the feeling—it is hardly saying too much to say passion—with which it was written. The Revolution of 1848 had drawn Mommsen out of his study into the struggle of his fellows for political liberty. The part he took in the revolutionary movement cost him, in 1850, the chair he held in the Leipzig law faculty, and it was two years before he obtained another academic appointment. In 1854 and 1855, he published his "Roman History." In a period of political reaction he showed his discouraged fellow-Liberals, who had failed to establish either popular government or German unity, how the Romans had won political liberty, and how, as a free people, they had established the most powerful state in the ancient world. Without underrating in any way the intrinsic value of the work, its extraordinary power may fairly be ascribed to the heat in which it was written.

One of the greatest joys that fell to the lot of Mommsen was the award to him last year of a Nobel prize of 150,000 marks. "To think that I should become a rich man even in my old days!" he exclaimed. He promptly donated 5,000 to the libraries in Charlottenburg and 1,000 to the University of Leipsic for its papyrus collections.

Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, the author, who devoted many years of her life and nearly all of her fortune to the study and care of the Indians of the Six Nations, in New York State, recently died, at the age of sixty-eight years. She wrote several books on Indian subjects, one of her works being entitled "Myths and Legends of the Iroquois." She also won success as a poet, and became a personal friend of John G. Whittier, who encouraged her in her work. Many of her poems were written under the pen-names of "Musidora" and "Salome."

Kipling's Vermont Residence Sold.

"Naulakha," the former home of Rudyard Kipling, at Brattleboro, Vt., has been sold to Miss Mary R. Cahot, of that place, for a sum representing a heavy shrinkage from its cost to the famous author. The residence, named for the pretty Indian story of Kipling and the late Wolcott Balestier, was built, some ten years ago, at considerable expense. Here Mr. Kipling wrote "Captains Courageous," and several other stories. It was here that his children were born, and the place had many strong ties to him. He decided to live permanently in England only after unpleasant disagreements with his brother-in-law. It is understood that Miss Cahot buys the estate for family occupancy, and that some improvements will be made, though the general features of the house, which are unique in many respects, will be retained.

"TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

Opinions of the Press.

San José Mercury:

A book which will be read with interest and which will afford instruction and entertainment is "Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart, editor of the *Argonaut*. It is written in the entertaining and delightful style which has maintained the reputation of that weekly through many years, and made it esteemed by all lovers of good literature, not only in this but in other countries. . . . It will have more than a double interest for readers here. . . . Anything appertaining to Spain should be of interest to the people of this valley and State. Many of the old landmarks of this vicinity are of a peculiarly Spanish character, and the foundations of many of our greatest institutions were laid by Spanish settlers. . . .

P. H. McENERY.

Sacramento Bee:

"Two Argonauts in Spain" contains sixteen full half-tone plates, with many other illustrations, including a colored map of Spain. It is made up of letters originally published in the *Argonaut*, which are of a most interesting nature. The author's pen has embellished descriptions of many of the

great points of interest in Spain. Much useful information is also embodied in this book. Granada and the Alhambra come in for a goodly share of the author's descriptions and sentiments. He is also somewhat partial to Seville and the habits and customs of the people of that particular locality. The reader will find the book very entertaining, as well as useful.

From the Santa Clara News:

Jerome Hart's ramblings from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, recorded by him in letters to the *Argonaut*, have been gathered between covers, and the volume is before the public, as choice a piece of book-making as California has yet given to the world.

"Two Argonauts in Spain" has been so clothed that its presence on the library table fits one with a desire to open it. Its greatest attraction lies in the minute portraiture of the Spain of to-day. It somehow carries you out and away with the author in his mountain climh, or his duress in a hostel of Old Spain. Then he carries one into the palaces of Granada, where old armor and rusty weapons of the days of chivalry rattle in the ears; into the corridors of the Alhambra; into the cities, among the nobles; into the provinces, among the peasants; and wherever he takes us we find the pleasure, not of touring, but of rambling with a pleasant and extremely observing companion. Throughout the work there runs a tone of badinage. The book reflects the superannuated Spain of to-day.

The book is bound in rich brown linen-finish paper, with cloth back, lettered in gold. The cover design is embellished with castles, chains, etc. A title-page in red and black shows a Moorish arch, and the lettered configuration of the arch is preserved in the words of the title.

The illustrations are from snap-shots by the Two Argonauts. Heavy deckle-edge paper is used, the type is clear and strong, and the volume is artistic in the extreme. As a holiday gift book it would be difficult to surpass. Payot, Upham & Co. are the publishers, from whom copies can be had, or from the Argonaut Publishing Company, San Francisco.

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco; illustrated.

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The New Gibson Book this year is called The Weaker Sex	\$ 4.20
Little Rivers, by Van Dyke, illustrated by Du Mond	1.08
Vacation Days in Greece, by Richardson	2.00
Reminiscences of the Civil War, by General Gordon	3.00
A Checkered Love Affair, by Paul Leicester Ford	1.60
In Arcady, by Hamilton Mabie	1.80
The Oriental Rugs, by Ellwanger	2.50
Historic Buildings, by Singleton	1.60
The True History of the Civil War, by Lee	2.00
American Myths and Legends, by Skinner	2.50
The Life of W. E. Gladstone, 3 vols., by John Morley	10.50
Musical Guide, 2 vols., by Hughes	6.00
The Country Boy, by Crissey	1.50
Japanese Art, by Hartman	1.60
Hearth of Hyacinth, by Watanna	2.00
Quebec, by Gilbert Parker	3.50

NEWEST FICTION

Putnam Place, by Grace L. Collins	1.08
Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, by John Fox	1.08

Bar Sinister, by Richard Harding Davis	\$ 1.08
Colonel Carter's Christmas, by Hopkinson Smith	1.08
Sanctuary, by Edith Wharton	1.08
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LITERARY NOTES.

A Lance Hurler at Snobbery.

Ruth Hall, who has hitherto been identified with historical fiction adapted to comparatively juvenile tastes, has finally written a novel of present-day life, entitled "The Pine Grove House." Long experience in wielding the pen enables this writer to feel entirely at home in the new field, and her story is very readable in its understanding analysis of the heterogeneous types that jostle each other in the democratic precincts of a second-class country resort.

Pine Grove House is situated in a country village, which has its petty aristocracy of wealthy in strictly exclusive families whose members are principally composed of widows and spinsters. Miss Hall has painted with merciless brush the shallow, spiteful, timid snobbery of these better-class villagers, who have found it obligatory, through social pressure, to extend courtesies to a group of the despised dwellers at Pine Grove House.

From this enforced and grudging intercourse of young people, in which the female members regard each other with mutual distrust and antagonism, springs up the inevitable love-story. Miss Hall has apparently had in view the relating of a plain story of every-day people, uncolored by romance, and in the telling of it she has desired to expose the pettiness and ugliness of that self-elected aristocracy which, in denying itself free intercourse with those outside of its limits, ends by suffering from a sort of social dry rot. In spite of this creditable aim, there is perceptible a comparative triviality of motive and method in the story, which will prevent it from appealing to a much wider class of readers than Miss Hall has hitherto reached. But plain and practical as her view of life is, it is sensible and sane, and there is some possibility that the book may pierce a dart or so through the thick skin of the socially self-elected.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

For Children and Grown-Ups.

Among the juvenile books of the season "The Children Who Ran Away," an English story, by Evelyn Sharp, is one of a class that is not so common as formerly; one that relies partially upon adult readers for an audience.

The story, as told by the title, is one of youthful runaways, and relates their adventures during their flight, which, of course, has a happy sequel. The author permits an adult romance to hover about the figures of an unknown guardian and Miss Cecelia Molyneux, the lady who was so "fond of children" that she had them to live with her without ever waiting till they were left to her in a will, a term of disposal which applies to the young hero and heroine of the story in question.

The author of the book understands child nature, and has a sympathy with its wayward impulses, its happy irresponsibilities, and the unconsciously humorous nature of its outlook on grown-ups, and puts into the mouths of her youthful characters many amusing sayings that will transform to a pleasure the task of the adult who reads the book aloud to juvenile listeners.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

"A Master Hand" Not Masterly.

Why Richard Dallas should choose for the title of his book "A Master Hand" is explainable only by the theory of contraries. It is a detective story of the good, old "out-and-outer" school, but deals with no master hand, is written by no master pen, and conceived by no master mind.

The theme is the running down of a murder committed by a "fourth-rate 'prentice hand," when his friend, the one winning figure in the story, is found in a stupor of intoxication.

Although these bare facts are not pleasant, they are handled in a well-bred, unoffending manner, that might almost merit for the book a place in a Sunday-school library. The principals of the story are up-town New York clubmen, who, we are assured by the author, never think of dining or playing a game of four-handed euchre without donning their evening clothes. The fact that each fellow has his man servant, and that there are lackeys a-plenty at the club, is as important in the mind of the author, apparently, as the chain of circumstantial evidence that leads to the capture of the criminal. And when it transpires that the murderer is one of the quartet of close friends who, after having spent the evening in his rooms, drunk his wine, and played with him, goes back and stabs him

to death, the excellent up-bringing of the author is still to the fore in his polite handling of so unpleasant a theme.

Mr. Dallas's strong situation is, however, in the fact that the perpetrator of the crime, Littell, is chosen for the defending attorney of the wrongly accused man. The consequent emotions that cross-fire through the author and reader through this, redeem the book from whatever charge of limitation may be brought against it. But Mr. Dallas is again up to his high standard of propriety when, in the closing chapters, Littell, upon being charged with the murder of his friend, confesses his guilt, orders a stiff brandy and soda, and shows his good taste by cheating the gallows and making his own exit from this all-too-inquisitive world.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Although Winston Churchill has been averse to the serial publication of his books before their issue in book-form, certain historical portions of his new novel will appear in one of the Eastern weeklies. They will be entitled "The Borderland," and will tell the story of the famous Indian campaign under George Rogers Clark. The complete novel will be brought out early in January by the Macmillan Company under the title, "The Crossing."

The Princess Radziwill's memoirs will be published as soon as negotiations for the simultaneous publication of the book in France, Germany, and the United States are completed. The Princess Radziwill's chapters dealing with her relations with Cecil Rhodes are awaited with interest.

From Lecky's "England in the Eighteenth Century," "The History of the French Revolution" is to be extracted and made into a separate volume.

John Morley is to visit the United States next year, coming to deliver an address at the opening of the Technical College at Pittsburgh in October, 1904.

Stewart Edward White recently wrote to the *Bookman*, in reply to an inquiry addressed to several American authors, "Do reviewers understand the underlying meaning

of your books?" "Reviewers are the only ones who understand the underlying meanings of my books. I don't understand them myself until I am told about them in the public prints."

A new volume by the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress" is entitled "A Keystone of Empire." It tells the story of the life of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, whose wife, the Empress Elizabeth, was assassinated at Geneva some years ago.

The poems which Lord Tennyson considered unworthy of his complete works have been gathered from sundry sources for the first time, and edited and annotated by J. C. Thomson, editor of "The Bibliography of Charles Dickens." The editor says: "I believe I have succeeded in tracing every published poem of Tennyson's not now given in the *Collected Works*."

It is said by certain reviewers that Roswell Field, in his "Bondage of Ballinger," portrays the book-loving side of Eugene Field. Others assert that Mr. Field gives a picture of his brother in Ballinger, and that Mrs. Field is the original of Hannah.

Ernest Vizetelly has finished his biography of Zola, which is soon to be published. Mr. Vizetelly was intimate with the French novelist for many years, and in this book he deals with the latter's home life as well as with his literary career.

Mary Austin's volume of sketches of the desert country of Eastern California, "The Land of Little Rain," has been added by the Bureau of Equipment to the list of books for ships' libraries in the United States navy, with particular reference to ships serving on the Pacific station.

To the literature of the late lurid crisis in Serbia, a biography of the ill-fated Queen Draga is to be added, written by her sister, Mme. Lunevich. A book written in order to counteract the impression it may make is also in preparation. Its probable tone may be surmised from the title that is announced, "Memoirs of Queen Draga, Favorite of Milan and Wife of Alexander Obrenovich." Large advance subscriptions have been received from the regicides and their sympathizers, and, it is said, from King Peter himself.

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LITERARY NOTES.

"Parsifal" in English.

As "Parsifal" will this winter be given in America for the first time, the appearance just now of an excellent metrical translation of this music-drama of Wagner's is singularly opportune. The poet-author, Oliver Huckel, has not only for many years been a sympathetic and receptive listener at the Bayreuth productions of "Parsifal," but in German universities, and at Oxford, he has made scholarly study of the several legends of the Grail, upon one of which the drama is based. He is thus especially well fitted for his task, and though the work—in Tennysonian, unrhymed pentameters—does not, perhaps, quite reach poetic heights, it is nevertheless not in the least inferior to many an English translation of such classics as Homer, Dante, and Goethe, and immeasurably superior to the over-literal English renderings of the libretto now extant. For Mr. Huckel has endeavored, not merely to reproduce the form of the original, but the spirit: his "Parsifal" bears somewhat the relation to Wagner's "Parsifal" that Fitzgerald's "Rubáiyát" does to Omar's.

Mr. Huckel's remarks, in his preface, on the history of the Grail legends, are interesting. He shows that the tradition has several versions. "It was told in slightly varying way in the twelfth century by the French writers, Robert de Borron and Chrestien de Troyes, and in the early thirteenth century by Wolfram von Eschenbach in the strong German speech of Thuringia. The substance of these legends was that the precious cup used for the wine at the Last Supper and also used to receive the Saviour's blood at the Cross was forever after cherished as the Holy Grail. It was carried from the Holy Land by Joseph of Arimathea, and taken first to Gaul and later to Spain to a special sanctuary among the mountains, which was named Monsalvat. Here it was to be cherished and guarded by a holy band of Knights of the Grail. The same legend appears in the chronicles of Sir Thomas Malory, but instead of Gaul, early Britain is the place to which the Grail is brought. Tennyson's 'The Holy Grail,' in his 'Idylls of the King,' largely follows Sir Thomas Malory's chronicles. . . . Wagner, however, uses the version of Wolfram von Eschenbach, modifying it and spiritualizing it to suit his purposes."

This interesting volume is printed in red and black, from special type designs by the Merry-mount Press, and contains five illustrations by Franz Stassen.

Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York: 75 cents.

A Horsey Story.

More of David Gray's hunting-stories have come out; seven of them in a volume, each one crammed with horsey lore from the first syllable to the terminating dot.

These stories are in a way unique in American fiction, the hunting set from which the typical characters in "Gallop" is drawn being comparatively limited in number, and not filling up a very large space in the American social landscape.

The author's laconic style is suited to this kind of stories, which his enthusiastic appreciation of horsemanship and his knowledge of the ways and horse talk of refined people who share his tastes, make him specially well fitted to tell. The story entitled "Her First Horse Show" is the best. "Isabella" is a good second, and the remaining five, including "Ting-a-Ling," with its naive estimate of the comparative unimportance of the baby's sickness, as compared to the family misfortune in losing a horse race, are likely to appeal less to general taste and more particularly to that of the appreciator of horsemanship.

Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.00.

A Mill-Town Romance.

"The Beaten Path," by Richard L. Makin, is a thick volume of five hundred and forty-four pages, fully one-fourth of which could easily be dispensed with. The author has started in with an over-weight of luggage of the lofty, ethical type; added to that, he has a story of a business deal, a seduction by a mill-owner of the plectian beauty of a mill-town, the discussion of local and State politics, religious differences, and labor problems, the recital of a big business deal, mystery that includes a missing heir, and a love-story that covers the ethical aspect of a pure wife's duty toward an ignoble husband. Too many big subjects, it strikes us, for one story. The author, however, does not fail in his aspirations, having written a purposeful and fairly interesting novel in a style which, while showing haste and some lack of polish, is ready and fluent. But by overloading himself with material, Mr. Makin has at one and the same time hastened situations that should be gradually developed, and unduly prolonged the course of the story.

He has, however, given a very good idea of a Pennsylvania mill-town, its inhabitants, and its affairs, painted a faithful portrait of one kind of a plausible politician, and in the unworthy mill-owner has shown decided ability for characterization.

If Mr. Makin could curb his propensity for leisurely and diffused narrative, and put a little more warmth and color into his love-passages and less ingenuity into his plot, there is no question but that his unmistakable ability and unusually high aims would go to the making of a novel of superior quality.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Limericks.

As a lover of nonsense in general, and the limerick in especial, and having in mind the great nonsensicalists from Edward Lear down through Lewis Carroll, W. S. Gilbert, and Gelett Burgess, to Oliver Herford; and, furthermore, being a deep student of the limerick adventures of Nan, of Nantucket, we believe we are fitted both by nature and education to pass upon the "Limerick Up to Date Book" of Ethel Watts Mumford. And we think it very good. The only thing about the book is, excite doubtful speculation in the legend on the title-page—"collected and composed by Ethel Watts Mumford." Collected? From whom? Limericks rather hard that limericks should be

bound up between boards without getting credit for their wit. One-third of the book is "collected," the remainder by Miss Mumford, while Addison Mizner, whose name appears as co-author on the cover of the book, is, singularly enough, responsible for only a part—and that not the best part—of the pictures and decorations. Here are a few of the more clever limericks:

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

There was a young lady of Skye,
With a shape like a capital I;
She said, "It's too bad!
But then I can pad!"
Which shows you that figures can lie.

EXASPERATION.

There was an old person named Sam
Who was wearied by Omar Khayyam.
Fitzgerald, you know,
Is the whole of the show;
But this cult and this music, "Oh, d—!"

ALWAYS SAVE FOR A RAINY DAY.

There was a young lady named Jane,
Who went out for a walk in the rain;
Her skirts were so lacy
It really was racy
And drove all the chappies insane.

SCULPTURE.

There was an old sculptor named Phidias,
Whose knowledge of Art was invincible.
He carved Aphrodite
Without any nightie—
Which startled the purely fastidious.

The "Limerick Up to Date Book" is handsomely bound, and many of the drawings and decorative borders are striking and attractive. There is a limerick for every week in the year, and the month names in the calendar are uniquely printed in Chinese, Greek, Latin, French, German, etc.

Published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

Miscellaneous Books.

Perhaps no clergyman in this country is more highly regarded and deeply respected than Dr. Henry Van Dyke. His essays are widely read. His stories are even more popular. His printed sermons are an inspiration to a vast number. Three of them—pointing, however, in the same direction, urging the same course of action, and appealing to the same motive—are printed this autumn in one small book, entitled "Joy and Power," whose message, says Dr. Van Dyke, impressively, "is the best that I have learned in life." One of the sermons was delivered in Los Angeles, at the opening of the Presbyterian General Assembly, another at Princeton on Baccalaureate Sunday, and the third at Harvard on a similar occasion. The book in which they are contained is bound with special reference to its being used for Christmas giving. It is printed by Mr. Updike in black and red, with ornamental initials. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York: 75 cents net.

The "Familiar Letters" of James Howell—which Dent reprints in three of those admirable duodecimos of the Temple Classics—is one of the many famous works that have been penned in prison. Howell, when he wrote it (1643-51), was a royalist prisoner in the Fleet, and, strangely enough, of all his books, this collection of letters to imaginary persons—the solace of weary days—alone survives. Each of the little volumes contains a frontispiece, one of them being of Ben Jonson, whose name the engraver has provided with a conspicuously redundant h. Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; each, 50 cents.

Charlotte M. Vaile has written a really delicate and beautiful little essay in "The Truth About Santa Claus." We can imagine no better way of replacing the Santa Claus illusion with something finer than by reading to children this small book. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; 40 cents.

A taste as comprehensive as that of a drag net has apparently guided Harriet Blackstone in compiling "The Best American Orators of To-Day." Mr. Bok, of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, rubs shoulders with Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court, while Opie Reed on "Modern Fiction"—truly a masterly effort—comes next, in the index, to another Reed, whose phenomenon was Thomas. However, in our opinion, the book will serve a very good purpose in furnishing fourteen-year-old would-be orators with unhackneyed prose pieces. Published by Hinds & Noble, New York; \$1.25.

Unlike her previous book in historical vein, entitled "Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days," Miss Geraldine Brooks's "Romances of Colonial Days" contains a happy mixture of fancy and fact. The stories are not the hackneyed ones of the well-worn heroes of romance, but quaint bits and humorous episodes hidden away in old records, letters, and diaries. The tales are arranged chronologically from 1621, a fresh version of the story of Priscilla and John Alden, to 1875, the courting of Abby Adams by Colonel Smith. The main idea has been to make vivid the manners and customs of that day, that the true atmosphere of these pretty little stories may not be lost. The book is attractively bound and prettily illustrated by Arthur E. Becher. Miss Brooks has added another interesting book to the list of supplementary reading for students of Colonial history. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.25.

"Hypatia," in two volumes, is the most recent issue in the new edition of Charles Kingsley's works, now in course of publication. The books are introduced by the poet-novelist's son, Maurice Kingsley, contain illustrations by Lee Woodward Zeigler, are well printed on deckle-edge paper with gilt tops, and are bound in red buckram, with paper labels. Published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York.

Part IV of "The Poultry Book," by Harrison Weir and others, is from the press. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; 60 cents per part.

Two more volumes are added to the extremely attractive series of Little French Masterpieces. They are "Alphonse Daudet," containing nineteen of his forty-nine charming stories in new translations by George Burnham Ives, with an introduction by Professor Trent; and "Théophile Gautier," containing five tales in Ives's translations, ten poems in the translations of Swinburne, Dobson, and others, and an introduction by Frédéric César de Sumichrast. Both books con-

tain excellent frontispiece portraits. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.00 each.

Thus runs the title-page of "Daniel Webster for Young Americans": "comprising the greatest speeches of 'The Defender of the Constitution,' selected and arranged for the youth of the United States, to which are added, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and Washington's Farewell Address; with an introduction and notes by Charles F. Richardson, professor of English in Dartmouth College, and an essay on Webster as a master of English style, by Edwin P. Whipple." The book is nicely printed and illustrated, and ought to prove useful. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50 net.

"Songs of the Trees" is a handsomely made book for children, containing for each month a song, with music, about some tree, and a description of it in prose, together with several colored pictures. The authors are Mary Y. and Josephine Robinson. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

INTAGLIOS.

Aliens.

Some must take and others pay,
Some until the Judgment Day
Solitary, waiting stay—
Thus the world's unchanging way
Since the world began.

Men there are who never sip
Warm red wine of fellowship,
Fearing lest the cup pass by
While another drains it dry,
Gayly uses, gayly breaks
What his brother's heart-blood makes—
Thus the world's unchanging way
Since the world began.

Men there are with songs unsung,
Strains that ne'er escape the tongue;
Broken aims and dreams that lie
Hidden from the careless eye;
Secret, passionate, deep enshrined,
Undeveloped, thwarted, blind—
Thus the world's unchanging way
Since the world began.

Shall such some day rise and take
Meed denied by Earth's mistake?
No more waiting, spurned of Fate
Shall they come, though it be late,
And by strange paths to their own;
No more despised failures known—
On some other kinder shore,
Aliens never more? —London Outlook.

Sorrow, My Sorrow.

Sorrow, my sorrow, I thought that you would be
My faithful mate, and bear me company
While I should live, but now I find that you,
Like joy, and hope, and love, have left me too.

Sorrow, my sorrow, you have left me more
Forlorn than all the rest that went before;
For you were last to come and longest stay,
And you were dearest when you went away.
Sorrow, my treasured grief, my hoarded pain,
Where shall I turn to have you mine again?

Wherever there are other breasts that ache,
Wherever there are hearts are like to break,
Wherever there are burts too bard to bear,
Turn and look for me, you shall find me there,
But not to take and have me for your own,
Or keep me, as you thought me, yours alone:
If you would have me as I used to be,
Beyond yourself you must abide with me.
—W. D. Howells in Harper's Magazine.

The Heavy Mists.

The heavy mists trail low upon the sea,
And equally the sky and ocean bide,
As two world-wandering ships close side by side
A moment loom and part; out o'er the lee
One leans, and calls, "What ho!" Then fitfully
A gust the voice confuses, and the tone
Dies out upon the waters faint and lone,
And each ship all the wide world seems to be.

So meet we and so part we on the land:

A glimpse, a touch, a cry, and on we go
As lonely as one single star in space,
Driven by a destiny none understand.

We cross the track of one 't were life to know,
Then all is but the memory of a face.

—M. J. Savage in Century Magazine.

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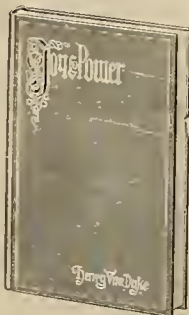
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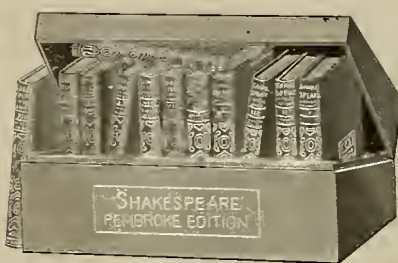
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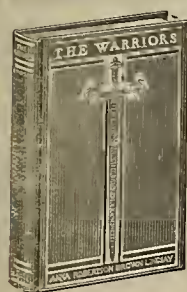
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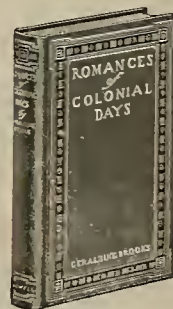
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The girls and the scenery at Fischer's have been smartened up considerably this week, in confident preparation to catch the town with "I-O-U." There are new songs, new costumes, new drops, new girls—even new jokes; some of them actually scintillate. Those that are particularly poor come in the routine work of the three comedians who, it is said, generally take a hand in unloading upon an inoffensive world the redundancy of German jestlets which give the sadly resigned reviewer a pain.

They can scarcely be blamed, I suppose, for producing wares that sell, more especially as the audience has a pain, too—the right kind of pain—the merry pain caused by laughter. But even the audience found they had too much of a good thing during one particularly long scene, in the third act, in which the three comedians twisted colloquial English, pigeon Dutch, and the dictionary into an indistinguishable snarl, and left the stage without a laugh to follow them. Such a happening, however, is unusual.

I noticed a big, good-natured spectator near me who shook all the space within a radius of six feet with his laughter. He exploded into a roar the moment the comedians opened their mouths and spoke—sometimes before. He was the kind of auditor that a newly fledged author, counting each burst of laughter as so many gold pieces, would like to embrace, and present with a stage box. But even he failed to send the usual salvo after the re-treating comedians during this particular scene that needed cutting. And cutting it will have, without any doubt. There are plenty of good jokes in "I-O-U," entombed in a mass of Dutch-English verbiage, which can only be dug out with the pruning shears.

Some of the caricatured legal phraseology is too cumbersome to be funny, and calls for cutting, too, but the author boldly took his stand on new ground and scored a success, even though he dared to make a travesty of unions and the walking delegate. The withers of the audience, however, seemed to be unwrung. The union men there—and there were unquestionably many in the audience—rose to the joke when the walking delegate casually dropped the information that he should call a strike among the watchmakers, because they were working overtime.

Indeed, nobody seemed to find cause for offense in any of the actions of the walking delegate—a gentleman with a swaggering gait, a huge cigar, a huger mustache, and a capacity for breaking up the peace between an indulgent boss and his satisfied employees that could only be outshone by the feats of his prototypes in the industrial world.

Some of the songs in "I-O-U" are very lively, and go with quantities of zip and rather more finish than usual—evidences of extra drill, either by, or in honor of, the local composer; although it seems that Mr. Stewart is not responsible for all of the music.

Miss O'Ramey seems to have made a very decided hit with her spoken songs and vocalized monologues; her walking dances, and dancing walks; an indication not only of the attractiveness of the lady herself, but of the need for an occasional infusion of new blood among the performers.

This need has been further recognized by the engagement of the Althea twins, a pair of Frenchwomen who have had very thorough training for their kind of acrobatic dancing. They turn somersaults, unite themselves into queer, four-legged monsters that revolve like wheels, climb over and under each other, and are generally in an upside-down position when they are not shooting out their agile black limbs in the mazes of unclassified dances that are freely punctuated with elastic kicks.

The management spread itself particularly on costumes, especially in the last act, when groups of girls, gorgeous to behold in long-trailing, low-necked dresses of silk brocade, and huge, tissue-paper picture-hats of pale yellow, violet, pink, and green formed a "show-stopper" line, with Maude Amber for a centre, on Anna Held model, and sang "Delia" into

the favor of the house, which insisted on encores until it could be whistled correctly.

The tiny stage was taxed to its fullest capacity during the mazy figures of the marches, which, nevertheless, went off with the accuracy inseparable from stage work drilled and presided over by the valiant Mr. Jones.

Annie Abbott—or "the Little Georgia Magnet," as she is more familiarly termed—has been of late brightening up a dull hill at the Orpheum by her incomprehensible feats of—really, one scarcely knows what to term it. It can scarcely be called strength, since the incalculable force that resides in her slight frame is of an order that defies analysis or definition.

It certainly partakes not at all of muscle, for there is no evidence of muscular strain perceptible in the Magnet's face or figure, when ten or a dozen men at her smiling invitation are vainly putting forth brute force to dislodge her slight body or pale hands from some chosen place.

The lady conducts her act without assistance, making her preliminary remarks with the fluency of long practice, and arranging the details of each demonstration in a quick, practical, wide-awake way that is entirely unsuggestive of the usual vaudeville manner.

She is a little body, young, apparently, of a brunette pallor, her black hair curled and arranged à l'ingénue, her slight figure gowned in brilliant red, her voice and manner suggestive of long and self-possessed experience before the public.

Mrs. (or Mrs.) Abbott shows considerable tact in gathering her committee, who are coy at first, and hang back in the throes of hashfulness. Once they have rallied around her, they speedily discover that their combined strength is zero compared to hers. Her black curls bob, her red-clad figure is slightly tossed by the muscular efforts of the men surrounding her, but after she has rubbed her hands together, with an appearance of summoning that mysterious magnetic quality that makes her strength, not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men can shift the object she holds until she has willed that it shall be shifted.

A dozen men, with united strength, tried vainly to lower a long rod that rested lightly against the outspread fingers of one hand, and was but half grasped by the other. One of the tugging men, in the enthusiasm of effort, lifted his feet from the ground, and hung bodily to the obdurate pole, which still rested undisturbed against her slight fingers, and lowered not an inch in response to this objective illustration of the inefficacy of weight and muscle again the Georgia Magnet's electric power.

She invited the men singly to lift her up, an act accomplished by each with ease. At the second trial, however, when the magnet had willed otherwise, the men found that the little figure that had been tossed up like a rubber ball but a moment before was absolutely immovable. The entire display forms another curious instance of the number of things in heaven and earth which our philosophy dreams not of. The audience therefore soon accepts that fact, and after relegating the Georgia Magnet to the realm of unexplainable things, proceeds to enjoy itself by witnessing the discomfiture of the twelve good men and true who struggle to their own undoing; so that the Georgia Magnet's turn is a very merry one.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Don't fail to make a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais before the unpleasant winter weather sets in. Mill Valley, in its fall garb, is a pleasant sight to the eye, and the Tavern's excellent cuisine more than satisfies the inner man.

Clara Bloodgood and her production of Clyde Fitch's "The Girl With the Green Eyes," will be an early Columbia Theatre attraction.

Fritzi Scheff in "Babette."

That charming little singer, Fritzi Scheff, who has abandoned grand opera for comic opera, is crowding the Broadway Theatre in New York with Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith's new opera, "Babette." Says the New York Evening Post:

Mr. Herbert is, like Johann Strauss, a high-class musician, who can adapt his style to popular taste without ever becoming vulgar; and underlying his pretty tunes there are orchestral touches which rejoice the heart of lovers of the best in music. Some of the choruses, too, are excellent; but the gem of the whole score is a quartet in the last act which got two encores and deserved a hundred. There is nothing more admirable in the whole range of operatic concerted music, and it deserves to become as famous as the quartet in "Rigoletto," to which, in fact, it is far superior. It was sung, as nothing on the operetta stage has perhaps ever been sung here, with perfect intonation, mellowness of tone, and refined shading. But, in fact, nearly all the music was well sung, from the solos to the choruses; and the orchestra also was unusually good under the direction of Mr. John Lund. Among the singers, Mr. Eugene Cowles, with his deep, sonorous bass, is a tower of strength. He is the Edouard de Reszké of the operatic stage. Among the others who deserve praise are: Richie Ling, Edward Connelly, Ida Hawley, Josephine Bartlett, and Louis Harrison, the funny man, who perpetrated some good jokes. Brighter than all these, of course, shone the star. Fritzi Scheff was lucky to secure in Mr. Herbert a composer who could adapt his music to her special style and requirements. In spite of evident nervousness, she sang better even than in grand opera. Her voice is still growing, and occasionally surprises one by new feats, including even quite acceptable colorature. She looked charming in her various elegant costumes, and as an actress was as pert and vivacious as usual, and, while always piquant, never for a moment vulgar. "Babette" is really, for New York, an epoch-making production, not only because it is so well done, but because it is practically an *opéra comique*, a genre that has long been a desideratum on this side of the Atlantic.

Charles Richman's stellar début in New York has proved a big hit. His play, by Victor Mapes, is entitled "Captain Barrington," and one of the leading characters is General George Washington, who is impersonated by Joseph Kilgour. He is said to present a striking likeness to the Stuart painting of Washington.

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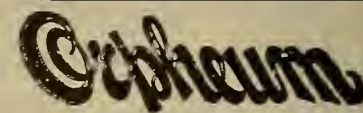
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STAGE GOSSIP.

A Picturesque Romantic Comedy.

"A Royal Prisoner," a comedy-drama in four acts, new to San Francisco, is to be presented at the Alcazar Theatre on Monday night. The scenes are laid in and around St. Petersburg, early in the eighteenth century. The hero is a rollicking young lieutenant of the Imperial Guard, who has the ardor of a Don Juan and the reckless daring of a d'Artagnan. He is saved from death by Maurice de Saxe, a pretender to the throne, and repays the debt by subsequently impersonating him after aiding his escape from prison. His audacity and gallantry enable him to extricate himself from a web of complications and to win the heart and hand of the empress herself, a daughter of Peter the Great. James Durkin will be the dashing Russian swash-buckler, and Adele Block will find an excellent opportunity as the imperious daughter of the Czar. John B. Maher will be the fussy old minister of police; Luke Connors, the pretender; Harry S. Hilliard, a young officer; George Osbourne, the choleric major; Frances Starr, the dainty Theodora; and Eleanor Gordon, the coquettish countess. "The Girl I Left Behind Me," by David Belasco and Franklyn Fyles, will be presented on December 14th, and for holiday week, Joseph Arthur's "Blue Jeans" will be the bill.

Second Week of "Way Down East."

That Lottie Blair Parker's pretty pastoral play, "Way Down East," despite its three visits, has by no means exhausted its popularity here, is evident from the large audiences which have filled the Columbia Theatre during the week. The present company is a very capable one, including Ruby Bridges as Anna Moore; Charles H. Riegel as the hard-bearded Souire Parlett; Imogene Hyams as his wife; Edward J. Heron as Hi Holler, the chore boy; William Lamp—the handsome youth who became a matinee idol at the Alcazar last winter—as Lennox Sanderson, the city man; Madge Douglas as Kate Brewster; Loyola O'Connor as Martha Perkins, the village gossip; Charles H. Burke as the town constable; Philip Yale Drew as David Bartlett; and H. H. Forsman as the summer boarder. On December 14th "Way Down East" will be followed by Julian Edwards and Stanislaus Stange's comic-opera, "Dolly Varden," with Lulu Glaser in the title-role.

The Central's Stirring Melodrama.

Another sensational melodrama, "New York Day by Day," will be produced at the Central Theatre on Monday night. It gives a kaleidoscopic view of lowly life in the great metropolis, and introduces a number of typical local characters, such as a Wall Street banker, a district-telegraph boy, a footpad an Italian padrone, a blind flower-girl, an American sailor, and a German sausage-vender. Some striking settings are promised—a view of Battery Park, New York Bay and the Statue of Liberty, Harlem Bridge, the Rookeries of Five Points, and an opium den in the slums. Among the impressive electrical effects will be sunset, moonlight, and early dawn, depicted in a maze of varied hues. A snow-storm and fog on the bay will also be striking features of the play.

"I-O-U" at Fischer's.

Iudson C. Brusie's burlesque, "I-O-U," will easily fill Fischer's Theatre during the month of December, for it is an original conceit, and gives all the principals plenty of good lines. Dr. Stewart's catchy music is also bound to prove popular. The most anachronized of the songs are Kolb, Dill, and Bernard's "If I Only Could Forget It," Maude Amber's "Hope, But Hoping in Vain," Winfield Blake's "Here's to the Little Tin Pail," and Miss Amber and Mr. Blake's "Am I Dreaming?" Georgia O'Ramey's interpolated specialty, "A Chinese Flirtation," is also a big hit.

Rural Drama at the Grand.

Marie Heath, a clever soubrette, will appear at the Grand Opera House next week in a new rural drama "For Mother's Sake." It is a story of New England life in four acts, by Carrie Ashley-Clarke, and calls for a cast of twenty-five speaking parts. Miss Heath's company includes, among others, Eunice Goodrich, Adelaide Plunkett, Clara Beyers, Theodore Pottle, Dolly Davenport, Ella Blake, the McKinley twins, Charles Plunkett, J. Edwin Brown, Joseph Schaefer, Jr., Joseph W. Walsb, Pete Raymond, Edwin Roy, George W. Lyons, Alexander Lawrence, and William Pottle, Jr. On December 13th Ian MacLaren's Scottish idyl, "The Bonnie Brier Bush," will be presented.

The Orpheum's New Offerings.

Pauline Hall, the well-known comic-opera favorite, who has recently been appearing at the Casino, in New York, with Francis Wilson, in a big revival of "Erminie," is to begin a limited engagement at the Orpheum next week. She will wear some stunning gowns, and sing her most popular ballads and interesting operatic selections. The other new-comers include Francesca Redding and company in Will Cressy's Western skit, "The Cattle Queen"; Hines and Remington in "Miss Patter of Patterson"; and E. L. Edwards, whose trained horse, Bonner, does things which have heretofore been believed beyond the comprehension of a horse. The hold-overs are Agnes Mahr, the "American Tommy Atkins"; Clarice Vance, in an entire change of coon songs; Hal Godfrey and his company of comedians in their amusing skit, "A Very Bad Boy"; Joe Newman, who writes his own

songs, and will be heard in his best ditties and latest stories; and the Brittons, a clever colored couple, who will reappear for one week.

Dr. Tyndall's Hypnotic Suggestion.

The subject of Dr. Alex. McIvor-Tyndall's lecture on Sunday evening will be "Proofs of Immortality." In his recent lecture on "Hypnotism and Crime," Dr. Tyndall related the following incident, apropos of the possibility of a hypnotized person accepting a suggestion to commit crime. It seems that when the doctor was in Bakersfield, some eight or more years ago, he was discussing with some gentlemen one night this very question of the commission of crime through hypnotic suggestion. To illustrate his point, he hypnotized a citizen of the place, and told him that on a certain day, a week or so hence, he would be seized with a desire to strangle the person who was then talking to him (Tyndall himself). On being aroused the man knew nothing of what had transpired, but on the day designated by the hypnotist, as McIvor-Tyndall was walking down the street in company with Dr. Thomas Taggart, now of this city, he was seized from behind and thrown violently to the ground, while a wild-eyed man was endeavoring to strangle him to death. Had it not been for the assistance of Dr. Taggart and the kindly offices of a policeman, Dr. Tyndall asserts that the man would undoubtedly have killed him in obedience to the force of the posthypnotic suggestion given him.

An amusing story is told of Patti's youthful spouse, the Baron Cederstrom. A few days after his arrival in New York, while standing on a corner with his wife's manager, there was an alarm of fire, and presently several smoking engines and trucks came calloping along in splendid array. The baron gazed on the parade as one entranced. He particularly admired the magnificent horses. It turned out to be a false alarm, and the whole paraphernalia turned around and went slowly back. "What do you think of our fire department?" asked Mr. Francke. The baron looked on amused and perplexed. "It's splendid, but what is all this fuss for?" "Why, don't you know?" replied Mr. Francke: "just a tribute to you. I arranged this in your honor." This pleased the baron immensely. He was more than flattered, and showered a thousand compliments on the courtesy of the country toward him. When he went back to his apartments at the Savoy, and met Mme. Patti, he told her of the honor that had been done him. Mme. Patti, it is said, just looked at him with a twinkle in her eye, but said nothing. She enjoyed the joke as much as her manager.

The hit of Ivan Caryll's comic opera, "The Dutchess of Dantzic," founded on Sardou's "Mme. Sans-Gene," has been scored by Holbrook Blinn, the well-known California actor, whose clean-cut piece of acting as Napoleon is praised by all the London critics. The *Daily Telegraph*, commenting on his clever impersonation, declares that all the company—which included our own Denis O'Sullivan and a number of notable English singers—were "outpaced by Mr. Blinn, who did not have a musical note to utter. The actor's triumph was well deserved, for his delivery of every line rang true, while in bearing he realized almost to the life the Napoleon of tradition."

Grieg's beath, according to a writer in the *Academy*, is still causing his friends considerable anxiety, despite all the care of his devoted wife. The composer has left his summer home, near Bergen, for Christiania, where he will spend the winter, but for some months he has been unable to do any serious work. For several summers he has hoped to go to London to produce the pianoforte concerto which he was long ago commissioned to write for the Philharmonic Society, but he has not been able to accomplish it.

Margaret Illington, who appeared here recently with E. H. Sothern, was married to Daniel Frohman, the well-known theatrical manager, in New York a fortnight ago. She is at present playing in "A Japanese Nightingale," at Daly's Theatre, and at the end of this season will retire from the stage.

At the Races.

The leading event at the Oakland track today (Saturday) will be a handicap for all ages, for a purse of \$600, over a mile and a sixteenth course. The other races are a selling purse of \$100, for three-year-olds and upward (six furlongs); a purse of \$400, for all ages (five and one-half furlongs); a purse of \$400, for two-year-olds that have not won a race of \$500 or three races of any value (six furlongs); and a selling purse of \$400, for three-year-olds and upward (one mile and fifty yards).

The forced sale of the household goods of the late Sybil Sanderson Terry, in the Hotel Drouin in Paris last week, reveals the fact that the singer died insolvent. The Terry millions scarcely saved her from want during the latter days of her life. The moment the body was cremated, it is said the creditors seized everything in her flat. The ball dresses, theatrical costumes, laces, jewelry, and furniture did not appeal to the bidders, and the creditors realized little from the sale. Some autographed music, however, fetched high prices.



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VANITY FAIR.

Commenting on the fall styles in men's clothes displayed at the Horse Show, a well-informed writer in the New York Times says: "Never have so many colored and fancy waistcoats been worn. The patterns, however, even for a Horse Show, were not very loud. The all-around turndown collar was a favorite style in neckwear, used even with frock coat and afternoon dress. Reginald C. Vanderbilt wears very deep collars of this kind, and full scarfs of black or some dark shade, puffed and fastened by a small tie pin set with pearls. Alfred Vanderbilt appeared, immaculately dressed, every afternoon, with frock coat, slate-colored trousers, gray or brown figured waistcoat, top hat, and dark four-in-hand tie. The four-in-hands are much wider than in previous years. Red ties were generally worn. Many of these were puffed Ascots or wide four-in-hands. That shade of red known as cardinal was the favorite. Ties of this kind were worn by Robert L. Gerry, Frank Otis, Austin Gray, and Arthur Burden. James Henry Smith has brought some rather striking clothes from England. He has a tan covert coat with large buttons which is decidedly horsey. He affects brown spats in the afternoon and large-checked trousers. He also wears one of the morning coats which are becoming very popular. They are built on the cutaway pattern, but the skirts are long, with flap pockets. A very exaggerated style of this same garment has been worn by E. Berry Wall. The coat belonged to a suit of the same color and pattern. It was light gray, and buttoned quite high in the neck. Mr. Wall still sticks to the poke collar, which has not been adopted in New York.

"For the afternoon a number of men are wearing, with sack or lounge tweed or homespun suits, brown derby hats. These are English importations. The crown is very high and belled, and there is but little brim. Harry Symes Lehr wore one of these hats with a grayish-brown suit, and Elisha Dyer, Jr., also had another of the same kind. The top hats are of two varieties. Reginald Vanderbilt and men whose faces are round and rather full wear the hat with the curling brim. Alfred Vanderbilt sticks to the straight up and down hat with scarcely any brim whatever. This hat has been popular with the King of England. In evening clothes, the coats are made with very long tails, reaching below the bend of the knee. These are quite full and spread out a bit like the caudal appendage of a raven. Some are cut square and others are rounded. White waistcoats are very much worn with evening clothes. They are single-breasted, cut low, in modified U-shape. A number of men wore gold buttons on their white waistcoats. The white square tie and standing collar are seen with evening clothes. Very few winged collars are worn."

In England, there is a marked development in the fashion of wearing jewelry with evening dress. The New York Herald's London correspondent says: "It is no longer correct to say that no gentleman would ever think of wearing anything but mother-of-pearl or plain gold stud links in an evening shirt." He adds: "Enamels are being very much used for these adjuncts of evening dress, and when lightly treated are certainly very beautiful. For waistcoat buttons, links and studs of pale rose enamel on gold, with a raised design in the centre, in brilliants, are now made. Another design is a set of studs made by white enamel in hexagon form, outlined with diamonds, and the effect of the shirt front is extremely good, giving the appearance of diamonds only and causing people to wonder how they are fitted to the shirt. Single studs are not nearly so much worn as formerly, and perhaps two studs are more fashionable than three, though it is purely a matter of taste. The very latest design for studs and links is bright crimson enamel, with Louis the Sixteenth lattice work of diamonds in platinum over enamel. White waistcoat buttons are nearly always fancied nowadays. Though some men still prefer plain mother-of-pearl, lately a tendency has come in to have these pearl buttons outlined with platinum or plain gold, and studded with either a diamond or a colored jewel. They occasionally are made of onyx, with a diamond in the centre, and these look well even with a black waistcoat. But the smartest men of the day not infrequently are seen with waistcoat buttons watching their studs and links. In the matter of evening dress

ties one particular pattern is all the rage just now. It is a modification of the old hatswing shape, the knot being very small, but the ends not so broad as they were in the hatswing variety."

The New York Sun declares that dark hair is discounting entirely the blond in fashionable favor, and quotes a well-known hair-dyer as saying: "The woman with brown hair is making it darker, almost black, and she of the copper-colored and auburn locks is dyeing them a deep mahogany tint, which, according to a high authority, will be the most fashionable tint in Paris and New York this winter. If cleverly done the mahogany shade is very effective, and the secret of its production is not given away by the hair dealers. No one thinks of using bleaches and yellow dyes just now. For the present that fashion is quite dead. Where dye is used at all it is always a darker rather than a lighter color that is chosen. Black hair is very fashionable."

The servant-girl problem is one that usually baffles solution, but here and there rises into public view a man of heroic size who meets it and survives, triumphant. Among this select few belongs the Rev. Francis C. Blackiston, a Methodist minister of New Jersey. Not long ago the eternal question arose. The cook became noisy and abusive, after the manner of cooks, and there seemed to be a fair prospect of a domestic upheaval that promised to shatter a home. Mr. Blackiston, however, was the man for the emergency. According to the New York Evening Post, he calmly took his shotgun and went into the kitchen to argue the matter at issue. When haled to court, the minister testified that he had never intended to use the gun, and only took it to the kitchen for the sake of its moral effect. Said he: "I had to make my home safe. Let each of you" (addressing the jury) "imagine himself forced to contend with a had, threatening, and abusive woman. Knowing that my gun would serve to 'bluff' her, I took it with me. Wouldn't you, every one of you, have done the same thing?" The jurors were sympathetic, memories of domestic disturbances crowded round them, and the minister was promptly acquitted of the charge of assault.

Because he broke the vows of his bachelor club and deserted it to be married, members of the organization in Williamsport, Pa., the other night, tried to kidnap Glenn R. Fisher and prevent the ceremony. Failing in the attempt they enticed him from the house to sign for a telegram while the wedding supper was being eaten, and attempted to carry him off in a closed carriage. His father, who is a blacksmith, ran to his assistance and routed the kidnapers, some of whom were recognized. Young Fisher's wedding clothes were torn, and he was badly bruised and beaten before he was rescued. During the excitement the bride fainted, and the mother of the young man was attacked with heart failure, from which she was resuscitated with difficulty.

Mrs. Frances Sterling, a wealthy Englishwoman, who is in the habit of carrying her valuables in her right stocking, lost \$35,700 worth of diamonds and \$300 in cash in New York, recently, and now she is anxiously awaiting the arrival of some honest person who is willing to return her jewels to her in exchange for a thousand-dollar reward. Mrs. Sterling, it seems, wears thin silk stockings, and explains her loss by declaring that the jewel-hox in which she kept her treasures worked a hole in the stocking and dropped out. This experience ought to serve as a warning to other women who believe that their stockings are superior to banking institutions for the deposit and safety of their valuables.

New York is to have an international physical culture exhibition during December that will embrace many unique features. On the final night a prize of one thousand dollars will be given to the man and woman whose physical development most nearly approaches perfection. They are to pose and the spectators will act as judges and cast votes. Vienna recently held a masculine beauty show. Seventy-three competitors were entered, of whom twenty-nine were weeded out to go before the jury, upon which sat a number of the most prominent sculptors, painters, archaeologists, and other leading men of Vienna. Among the candidates were the sons of some wealthy Austrian families, a

model celebrated in the studios of Vienna, a drillmaster in the Vienna fire department, a professional wrestler, and a cab driver. None of the candidates possessed perfect harmony of head, body, and limbs, which fact showed that the exercises of the modern gymnasium and modern sports are not calculated to develop symmetry. Twenty prizes were awarded. Raimond Walter, who won the first prize, has already learned that beauty has its drawbacks. He has been sought in marriage and sought for exhibition. An American manager has offered him one hundred dollars a day to exhibit himself in this country as the "handsomest man in the world." This offer, like those of the matrimonial agencies, Mr. Walter has been obliged to decline, as his term of military service is about to begin.

Irresistible: "Yes, his painting attracts a great many people." "Great artist, eh?" "No, just a house painter. He puts out a sign, 'Fresh Paint,' and every one touches it to see if it's dry."—Chicago News.

Cereal Foods

without cream are not appetizing, but good, raw cream is not always easy to get. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is superior to raw cream, with a delicious flavor and richness. Use it for general cooking purposes. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., proprietors.

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Let us send you
A ton—and please you.
TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie
District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain- fall.	State of Weather.
November 25th	64	52	.00	Clear
" 26th	60	52	.00	Clear
" 27th	62	52	.00	Cloudy
" 28th	56	52	Tr.	Cloudy
" 29th	64	54	.00	Clear
" 30th	62	50	.00	Clear
December 1st	56	50	.00	Clear
" 2d	64	48	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, December 2, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Closed
	Shares.	Bid. Asked
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	5,000 @ 99	98 3/4 100
Market St. Ry. 1st		
Con. 5%	2,000 @ 114	112 114
N. R. of Cal. 5%	25,000 @ 114 1/2	113 115
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	16,000 @ 106 1/4-106 3/4	106 1/4 106 3/4
S. F. & S. J. Valley		
Ry. 5%	12,000 @ 116 1/4-116 3/4	116 116 1/2
S. P. R. of Arizona		
6% 1909	1,000 @ 107 3/4	107 3/4
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%		
1912	2,000 @ 114 1/2	114 1/4 115 1/4
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%		
Stpd.	5,000 @ 106 1/2	106 1/2 107
S. P. Branch, 6%	1,000 @ 130	131
S. V. Water 6%	1,000 @ 105 1/2	105 1/2 105 3/4
	STOCKS.	Closed
	Shares.	Bid. Asked
Spring Valley W. Co	110 @ 39 1/2-39 3/4	39 1/2 39 3/4
Bank of California	25 @ 447-448	446 455
	POWERS.	
Giant Con.	50 @ 66 1/2	65 1/2
Vigorit	100 @ 4 1/2	4 1/4 4 3/4
	SUGARS.	
Hawaiian C. & S.	5 @ 44	43 1/2 45
Honolulu S. Co.	100 @ 12 1/2	12 1/4 13 1/4
Hutchinson	205 @ 9 3/4-10	9 1/2 10
Makaweli S. Co.	115 @ 22 1/2	22 1/4 22 3/4
Onomae S. Co.	50 @ 32	31 1/4 32 1/4
	GAS AND ELECTRIC.	
Mutual Electric	500 @ 9 1/2-10	9 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric	1,252 @ 65-65 1/2	65 1/4 65 1/2
	MISCELLANEOUS.	
Alaska Packers	60 @ 142	141 3/4
Cal. Wine Assn.	175 @ 92	91 3/4 92 1/4
Oceanic S. Co.	10 @ 5 1/4	5 1/4 6

The sugars have been very quiet, with narrow fluctuations, and have about held their own in price. Spring Valley Water was steady, 110 shares changing hands at 39 1/2 to 39 3/4.

Alaska Packers sold off one point to 142 on sales of 60 shares, closing at 141 3/4 bid.

San Francisco Gas and Electric has been active, and on sales of 1,250 shares sold off four points to 65, but at the close reacted to 65 1/2, closing at 65 1/4 bid, 65 1/2 asked.

Mutual Electric was in better demand, 500 shares changed hands at 9 1/2 and 10.

INVESTMENTS.

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LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POSTER PICTURES.

Most striking effects are produced by premium pictures mounted on harmonious tinted raw silk mat boards—greens, grays, black, and red; most stunning and artistic for a very moderate outlay. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

George Moore, the Irish novelist, says that he was walking one day in a Dublin street when an undertaker's assistant passed him, carrying on his shoulder a coffin unusually tiny. A young man stopped the assistant near Mr. Moore. "Is it possible," exclaimed the youth, "that this coffin is intended for any living creature?"

Once, so the story goes, Emperor Nicholas of Russia asked Liszt to play in his presence. The musician complied, but during the performance the Czar started a conversation with an aid-de-camp. Liszt stopped playing at once. The Czar asked what was the matter. "When the emperor speaks," said Liszt, "every one must be silent." The Czar smilingly took the hint, and the playing proceeded.

Joseph Jefferson caught a trespasser fishing in his well-stocked lake on his Louisiana farm, the other day. The venerable actor went up to him and called his attention to the fact that he was fishing in a private preserve, in violation of the law. The stranger smiled, sadly. "You are mistaken, sir," he replied; "I'm not catching your fish; I'm feeding them. I haven't landed one, and my bait's nearly all gone."

When he recently revived "The Bells" in New York, Sir Henry Irving's first words, "Peace be unto you," were the cause of hearty laughter throughout the house. The English actor is said to have paused in amazement. Then he looked at his auditors with something very much akin to scorn, and went on with the play. It was some minutes, however, before he was able to grip the attention of the audience. When it was later explained to him that the greeting of the Dowietes was "Peace be unto you," his anger was appeased, for no one enjoys a joke better than Sir Henry himself.

Rufus Choate, on one occasion, was examining one Dick Barton, chief mate of the ship *Challenge*. After hurling questions with the speed of a rapid-fire gun for over an hour, the brilliant lawyer asked: "Now tell me: 'In what latitude and longitude did you cross the equator?'" "Ah, you are joking," said the sailor. "No, sir; I am in earnest, and I desire an answer." "That's more than I can give." "Indeed. You a chief mate and unable to answer so simple a question!" "Yes, the simplest question I ever was asked. I thought even a fool of a lawyer knew there's no latitude at the equator." For once, Choate had found a man who could squelch him.

In the absence of a minister, Judge James F. Read, who was born and lived in Kentucky before moving to Western Kansas, was once unexpectedly called upon to say a few words at the funeral, near Fort Smith, of a man who was comfortably well off in worldly possessions, but neglectful of his spiritual welfare. "My friends," the judge said, solemnly, "we are gathered here to-day to pay a final tribute to our friend who has already solved the mysteries of the great hereafter. He did not have the reputation of a religious man, and yet he lived the life of a noble Kentucky gentleman. He had good horses, and he ran 'em. He had good seagars, and he smoked 'em. He had good whisky, and he drank it. He had good game-cocks, and he fit 'em, for such is the kingdom of heaven."

In his reminiscences, General Gordon tells a characteristic anecdote of an eccentric Southern divine, the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, who was one of the most eloquent and fervid—not to say hither—advocates of the Union cause. His trenchant pen and lashing tongue spared neither blood relatives, nor ministers, nor members of the church, not even those of the same faith with himself, provided he regarded them as untrue to the Union. On his death-bed, his family and some of his church members were gathered around him. They were most anxious that he should be reconciled to all men, and especially to a Southern sympathizer of his own church—Dr. Stuart Robinson, of Kentucky—before he died, and they asked him: "Brother Breckinridge, have you forgiven all your enemies?" "Oh, yes; certainly I have." "Well, Brother Breckinridge, have you forgiven our brother, Dr. Stuart Robinson?" "Certainly I have. Didn't I just

tell you that I had forgiven all my enemies?" "But, Brother Breckinridge, when you meet Brother Stuart Robinson in heaven, do you feel that you can greet him as all the redeemed ought to greet one another?" "Don't bother me with such questions. Stuart Robinson will never get there!"

Sir Francis Burnand, in his history of *Punch*, tells a good story of Sir Arthur Sullivan's mother. She was dining with the Duke of Edinburgh, when she startled him by saying: "Sir, your family name is Guelph?" "My dear mother!" began Arthur, remonstrating. "But it is, isn't it?" she persisted. "Certainly," replied the duke, much amused; "what's the matter with it, Mrs. Sullivan?" "Oh, nothing," returned the excellent old lady, musingly, "only I don't understand why you don't call yourself by your proper name." "There's nothing to be ashamed of in the name of Guelph," the duke said, gravely, and the old lady assured him that there was "nothing whatever as far as she knew."

It is related that during one of his busy reception hours, when President Lincoln was talking first to one, then to another of the many who filled the room in the White House, a gentleman asked if any news had been received from John Morgan, whose Confederate cavalry were raiding Kentucky and Ohio. "We'll catch John some of these days," replied Lincoln; "I admire him, for he is a hold operator. He always goes after the mail trains, in order to get information from Washington. On his last raid he opened some mail-bags and took possession of the official correspondence. One letter was from the War Department to a lieutenant in Grant's army; it contained a captain's commission for him. Right under the signature of A. Lincoln the audacious Morgan wrote, 'Approved, John Morgan,' and sent the commission on its way. So there is one officer in our army whose commission bears my signature, with the approval of that dare-devil rebel raider."

Opening of New York's Grand-Opera Season.

After scanning the San Francisco *Chronicle's* New York dispatch, under date of November 23d, describing the glittering horse-shoe at the opening performance of the Metropolitan Opera House, a hewilded *Argonaut* reader wrote: "Will you kindly inform an old subscriber what color of hose the ushers did wear, and, incidentally, what the name of the opera was?"

We regret that we are unable to answer the first important query; the opera, however, was Verdi's "Rigoletto." The new Italian tenor, Enrico Caruso, was the duke; Sembrich, the Gilda; Scotti, the Rigoletto; Mme. Homer, the Maddalena; Miss Bauermeister, the Giovanna; Mme. Mapleson, the countess; Journet, the Sparafucile; and Dufliche, the Monterone. The main interest of the evening centred in Caruso as the duke. He is described by the *Commercial Advertiser's* critic as the best Italian tenor since Campanini. The writer adds:

He is not much to look at, being short and squat, with little or no neck, but his voice is a pure tenor—mellow, rich, and thrilling, produced without any apparent effort, and utterly and gratefully devoid of the white quality which seems to be the chief characteristic of most of his brothers in art. Its beauty is sensuous, the kind which makes thrills chase up and down the spinal cord, especially when he is singing mezza voice. It is also a voice of very considerable power. He is a true Italian in that—at least in operas of the "Rigoletto" class—he saves himself through all the recitative and less important tunes. But he is not typically Italian in that he does not rush to the footlights for every B-flat or C. In truth, his singing was unexpectedly artistic. Of course, the tune of tunes in "Rigoletto" for the tenor is "La donna e mobile," and it is long since it has been sung so exquisitely. His full voice was ingratiating in quality and his mezza voice delightful. He phrases well and intelligently, and indulges in no extravagances or mannerisms. Moreover—and most grateful of all—he is rarely off pitch, and then only for a second or so, and just by a shade. We shall be very much mistaken if Caruso does not come close to being the chief feature of the season, so far as the singers are concerned.

Husband—"I've got a dandy cook coming to-morrow. She says she will stay with us for six months." Wife—"John, I won't have her in the house a minute. A woman who will lie like that will certainly steal."—*Ex.*

A man may be won by flattery; he can be retained only by cookery.—*Life.*

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Cold.

He has a cold, and life no more
Is fair and radiant as of yore.
He sees no sunsets gild the sky,
No autumn colors greet the eye;
For him the earth is full of chills
And potions, capsules, salves, and pills,
Hot baths and blankets, coughs and tears,
Advice and sympathy and sneers;
Red eyes that mark a present plight
Without the glee of yesternight.
And friends declare: "Twill soon be well
Or else 'twill kill you; who can tell?"
Of all the ills life can unfold,
His is the worst who has a cold!

Soliloquy.

Now I lay me down to sleep—
Don't want to sleep; I want to think.
I didn't mean to spill that ink:
I only meant to softly creep
Under the desk an' he a hear—
'Taint 'bout the spanking that I care.

'F she'd only let me 'splain an' tell
Just how it was an accident,
Ar' that I never truly meant,
An' never saw it till it fell.
I feel a whole lot worse'n her;
I'm sorry, an' I said I were.

I s'pose if I'd just cried a lot
An' choked all up like sister does,
An' acted sadder than I wuz,
An' sobbed about the 'naughty spot,'
She'd said, "He sha'n't be whipped, he sha'n't,"
An' kissed me—but, somehow, I can't.

But I don't think it's fair a bit
That when she talks an' talks at you,
An' you wait patient till she's through,
An' start to tell your side of it,
She says, "Now that'll do, my son;
I've heard enough," 'fore you've begun.

'F I should die before I wake—
Maybe I aint got any soul;
Maybe there's only just a hole
Where 't ought to be—there's such an ache
Down there somewhere! She seemed to think
That I just loved to spill that ink!

—Ethel M. Kelley in *Century Magazine*.

A Steel-Oil Lullaby.

Rocky is sleeping so cozy and fair
While sunset glows red on his absence of hair,
And Morgan the cradle full busily swings,
And further to soothe him just hear what he sings:

"Rock-a-hy Rock-feller, now you're on top.
When you say so the market will rock,
When you say so the Steel Trust will fall,
And down will go market, Morgan, and all."

Morgan is somewhat unused to such toil,
And the steel of his armor is dripping with oil,
And he sings out of key, for it has not been long
That he's had to rock Rocky to sleep with this song:

"Rock-a-hy, Rocky, now you're on top—
Twelve million plunks isn't easy to drop,
But when the string breaks then some one must fall,
So down tumbled Morgan, Steel Trust, and all."
Sweet visions of childhood! What comfort to feel
As smooth as your oil and as hard as your steel,
And who would not smile in the consciousness dim
That J. Pierpont Morgan was working for him?

"Rock-a-hy, Rocky, rock-a-hy rocks,
Cradled in steel-oil, pillowed in stocks;
When the stocks break the market must fall,
And down will come Rockefeller, market, and all."

—Wallace Irwin in *Commercial Advertiser*.

Wife—"Before marriage a man is known by the company he keeps." Husband—"And after?" Wife—"By the clothes his wife wears."—*Town Topics*.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.
St. Louis...Dec. 12, 9.30 am | St. Paul...Dec. 26, 9.30 am
New York...Dec. 19, 9.30 am | Phil'd'phia Jan. 2, 9.30 am
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Friesland...Dec. 12, 3.30 am | West'land...Jan. 2, 9 am
Merion...Dec. 26, 2.30 pm | Haverford...Jan. 9, 3 pm

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Min'et'ika...Dec. 12, noon | Minneapolis Dec. 26, 10 am
Menominee...Dec. 19, 9 am | Minnehaba...Jan. 2, 5 am
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Canada...Jan. 2 | Canada...Feb. 6
Dominion...Jan. 23 | Dominion...Feb. 27

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 a. m.
Vader'l'd...Dec. 12, 10.30 am | Zealand...Dec. 26, 10.30 am
Kron'l'd Dec. 19, 10.30 am | Finland...Jan. 2, 10.30 am

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Arahic...Dec. 9, 9 am | Cedric...Dec. 30, 1 pm
Oceanic...Dec. 16, 4 pm | Majestic...Jan. 6, 10 am
Teutonic...Dec. 23, noon | Celtic...Jan. 13, 2 pm

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Cretic...Dec. 11, March 10
Cymric...Dec. 24, Jan. 28, Feb. 25

Boston Mediterranean Direct
AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.

Romanic...Dec. 5, Jan. 16, Feb. 27
Republic (new)...Jan. 2, Feb. 13, Mar. 26
Canopic...Jan. 30, Mar. 12
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,
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Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903
Doric...Tuesday, Dec. 22
Coptic...Friday, Jan. 15, 1904
Gaelic...Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1904
Doric (Calling at Manila), Saturday, Feb. 5, 1904

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

TOYO KISEN KAISHA (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903
Nippon Maru...Wednesday, December 30 (Calling at Manila.)
America Maru...Monday, January 25, 1904
Hongkong Maru...Wednesday, February 17
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, corner First. W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland and Sydney, Thursday, Dec. 10, 1903, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Dec. 19, 1903, at 11 A. M.
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Jan. 6, 1904, at 11 A. M.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

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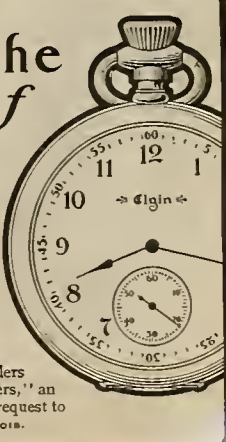
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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week, concerning San Franciscans here and elsewhere, will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Laura Blackwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Blackwood, and Mr. Alfred Crowell Martel, son of Mrs. J. L. Martel.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bertha Gardner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Gardner, to Dr. Donald H. Ross, of Reno, Nev.

Mrs. Mary A. Kruger, of Alameda, announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Anna Wilhelmina Kruger, to Mr. Leigh Savage Jones.

Mrs. Silas Palmer will be "at home" next Friday and the first Friday in January, at her residence on Van Ness Avenue. On her first reception day she will be assisted in entertaining by Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Earle Brownell, Mrs. A. D. Keyes, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Lucy King, and Miss Suzanne Blanding.

Mrs. Homer King, Miss Genevieve King, and Miss Hazel King gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Caroline Ayers. Covers were laid for twelve.

Mrs. William Dutton and Miss Gertrude Dutton have sent out invitations for a luncheon to be given at their residence on Pacific Avenue on Thursday, December 17th.

Mrs. John F. Swift and Mrs. E. B. Norris will give a tea next Saturday at Mrs. Swift's residence to introduce Miss Helen Bailey, Mrs. Norris's daughter. Miss Bailey will also be the guest of honor at a luncheon which Mrs. Homer King will give on Wednesday.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith gave a luncheon on Monday in honor of Miss Dorothy Gittings, of Baltimore. Others at table were Miss Marie Louise Parrott, Miss Lucie King, Miss Helen Chesbrohne, Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Frances McKinstry, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Anna Foster, Miss Helen Bowie, Miss Elsie Tallant, Miss Olga Atherton, and Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith.

Mrs. Joseph King and Miss Lucie King will give a tea on Thursday in honor of Miss Caroline Ayers.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith has sent out invitations for a cotillion to be given in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel, Tuesday evening, December 22d, at half after nine o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Stetson gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon at their residence on Van Ness Avenue. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Chaucery R. Winslow, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, and Mrs. Bowie-Dietrick. The tea was followed by a dinner, at which the receiving party and General William R. Shafter, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Mr. Robert Oxnard, Mr. John F. Merrill, and Mr. Holbrook were present.

Mrs. Lewis Risdon Mead gave a luncheon in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club Wednesday, December 2d, complimentary to Mrs. F. M. Smith and Miss Marion Smith, of Oakland. Those invited to meet the guests of honor were Mrs. A. L. White, Miss Florence White, Mrs. Frank C. Havens, Mrs. John Scott Wilson, Mrs. Samuel Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Frank M. Wilson, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. Edward A. Selfridge, Mrs. Edward A. Selfridge, Jr., Miss Katherine Selfridge, Mrs. George B. Sperry, Miss Elsie Sperry, Mrs. Hiram C. Smith, Mrs. John Coxon Klein, and Miss Maren Froelich.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott gave a tea on Wednesday afternoon. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. John Parrott, Mrs. Joseph Donohue, the Misses Parrott, and the Misses de Guigne.

Mrs. Asa R. Wells will be "at home" on the first and second Tuesdays during the winter at her residence, 1406 Jackson Street.

The Friday Fortnightly Club gave its first assembly of the season last Friday night in the new ball-room of the Palace Hotel. Mrs. Monroe Salisbury received, assisted by Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Hyde-Smith, Mrs. Bowie-Dietrick, and Mrs. Henry Glass. Dancing began at nine o'clock and was continued until midnight, when supper was served. The dance was preceded by several dinner-parties, notably those of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding

and Miss Susie Blanding, and that of Miss Bessie Wilson. The latter's guests were Miss Mabel Watkins, Miss Katherine Herrin, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Elizabeth Mills, Miss Bernice Wilson, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Joseph King, Mr. Max Robbins, Mr. Reddick Duperu, Mr. Ralph McCormick, and Mr. Robert Greer.

Mrs. John Francis Merrill, Mrs. John Sroufe Merrill, and Mrs. Henry Sears Bates held the first of their "at homes" on Friday, at the Merrill residence, 1782 Washington Street. They will receive again on next Friday.

Mrs. J. Joseph Spieker and Miss Spieker will give a tea on Tuesday, December 8th, at their residence, 2100 Devisadero Street.

Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. W. R. Wheeler, and Miss Gertrude Wheeler gave the last of their "at homes" on Monday, when they were assisted in receiving by Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Mrs. W. H. Mills, Miss Frances Jolliffe, Mrs. Henry B. Montague, Mrs. James A. Cooper, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Ednah Robinson, Miss Georgie Shepard, and Miss Bertha Monroe Rickoff, of Berkeley.

Mrs. Charles D. Stone and Miss Emily Stone, of 2061 Green Street, have sent out cards for the first and second Wednesdays in December, from four to six.

Miss Elsie Dorr made her formal debut at a tea given by her mother, Mrs. L. L. Dorr, Saturday afternoon. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Morton Gibbons, Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Helen Baily, Miss Evelyn Hussey, Miss Newell Drown, Miss Marjorie Gibbons, Miss Florence Gibbons, Miss Mattie Milton, Miss Jane Wilshire, Miss Ida Gibbons, and Mrs. Katherine Selfridge. The hours were from four to seven.

Wills and Successions.

The following notes concerning the most important wills and successions coming up in the local courts during the week will be found of interest:

The appraisal of the estate of the late Collis P. Huntington, who died on August 13, 1900, shows a gross personal estate of \$35,594,886 in New York State, and gross real estate of \$1,796,225. The personal estate is reduced by debts, claims, expenses, and other expenses to \$26,505,540. The executor appointed by Mr. Huntington's will are his widow, Mrs. Arabella D. Huntington, Isaac E. Gates, and Charles H. Tweed. The chief beneficiaries under the will are Mrs. Huntington, whose share amounts to \$15,025,000; Henry E. Huntington, a nephew, who receives \$9,239,734; the Princess Clara E. Hatzfeldt, his adopted daughter, for whom \$1,000,000 was left in trust; and Archer M. Huntington, an adopted son, who receives a bequest of \$250,000, besides a contingent interest in a portion of the estate.

The will of the late Carolina Smith de Santa Marina, dated May 11, 1900, has been filed for probate. To the Hospital for Children and Training School for Nurses she gives \$5,000 for the endowment of a free bed, to be known as the E. J. de Santa Marina bed, in memory of her deceased husband, and to the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies' Home she gives \$5,000 outright. To the Armitage Orphanage of San Mateo, the Maria Kip Orphanage of San Francisco, and the King's Daughters' Home for Incurables she leaves \$1,000 each, and \$2,000 to St. Luke's Church. The family bequests include \$25,000 to a cousin, Mary Eliza Blacker, increased to \$50,000 by a codicil dated December 1, 1900; \$2,500 each to two cousins, Anita Polhemus and Margaret Polhemus, of San José; \$500 each to a nephew, Bode Keefer Smith, of San Francisco, and Rosa Mercedes Ames, of San José; the furniture, jewelry, ornaments, etc., to Eugenie Emanuelita de Santa Marina, of Ross Valley, a niece of her deceased husband; and the residue in equal parts to her sisters, Eleanor Freeborn, of Paris, Georgiana Carolina Hopkins, and Sophia Zeile, and her brother, Henry Alexander Smith. Mr. Smith and Andrew T. Corbus are named as executors without bonds.

The will of Robert L. Sherwood has been filed for probate. The testator bequeaths his entire estate, valued at \$30,000, to his young daughter, Nadine, and his sister, Mrs. Dora Sherwood Chapman. The will was made November 3d. It names as executors the testator's brother, William R. Sherwood, and his sister, Mrs. Chapman. To the latter is given a specific bequest of one-half the estate. The residue goes to the daughter, described as the child of the testator and Mrs. Hope Ellis Sherwood, and said to be living with the latter's stepmother at Marysville, in the form of a trust held by the executors. When Miss Sherwood reaches her majority she is to come into full possession of her inheritance.

In Behalf of the Eye and Ear Hospital.

The Heartease Auxiliary to the California Eye and Ear Hospital will give an entertainment this (Saturday) afternoon and evening in the Marble and Maple Rooms of the Palace Hotel, the proceeds being used to endow a charity bed in the new hospital which is to be erected. All sorts of pretty Christmas trifles will be on sale in the afternoon, and in the evening an interesting programme will be given, the principal feature being the presentation of Jerome K. Jerome's one-act play, "Sunset." The cast of characters will be as follows: Lois, Miss Florence Cooke; Joan, Miss Mabel Cox; Aunt Drusilla, Miss Florence Schroth; Azariah Stodd, George Thompson; Mr. Rivers (Lois's father), Harry Hopper; and Lawrence, Charles McKinnie.

The officers of the auxiliary are Miss Irene Sabin, president; Miss Emily Plageman, historian; Miss Mande Easton, recording secretary; Miss Aimee Van Winkle, first vice-president; and Miss Genevieve Kavanaugh, corresponding secretary.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Ellery's Italian Band.

To-morrow (Sunday) night Ellery's Italian Band will begin a series of concerts at the Alhambra Theatre which will run through the week, ending Sunday night, December 13th. The organization has been increased by eight new soloists, and the programme will be particularly interesting. At the opening concert the selections will include "March of the Drums," by Chiaffarelli, the capable conductor of the band; the Italian overture, "The Girl of Asturia," by Secchi; "Siberian Scenes," by Marengo; selections from Puccini's "La Tosca" and "La Gioconda"; and some lighter numbers. The soloist will be Antonio Decimo, a talented clarinetist. Monday night's programme will be made up of numbers by Verdi and Bizet, while on Wednesday Wagner and Gounod will be chiefly represented. Every night during the week varied programmes will be given, with soloists at each concert. Saturday night will be a smoking concert, after the manner of the London "smoker pops." The prices for this engagement are very moderate, reserved seats being 75, 50, and 25 cents, while at the matinees, Saturday and Sunday, children will be admitted to all parts of the house at 25 cents.

"Parsifal" in New York.

Last week, Judge Lacombe, in the United States Circuit Court, in New York, declined to grant the injunction asked for by Cosima Wagner and Siegfried Wagner, heirs of the late Richard Wagner, restraining Manager Heinrich Conried from producing the dramatic festival play, "Parsifal," at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of December 24th. Beyreuth, therefore, will no longer be able to monopolize "Parsifal" for impresarios in other countries will doubtless follow Conried's lead and produce Wagner's masterpiece. "Parsifal," by the way, has been given eight times outside of Beyreuth, namely, in Munich, for the delectation of King Ludwig the Second, its sole spectator. The dates of these private performances were May 3d, 5th, 7th, and November 5th, 7th, 1884, April 26th, 27th, 29th, 1885. The list of artists who took part included MM. Reichmann, Gura, Kindermann, Siehr, Gudehus, Vogl, Fuchs, Mmes. Malten, and Vogel. Intendant Possart claims that Munich has a legal right to give public performances of this opera now.

Mrs. Snider-Johnson's Song Recital.

At her song recital at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, on Tuesday evening, Mrs. L. Snider-Johnson will be assisted by Dr. H. J. Stewart and Miss Kathleen Parlow, violinist. Her programme is as follows:

Song cycle, Schön Gretlein ("Fair Jessie"), Alex. von Fielitz; violin solo, Schwedische Tanze, op. 63, Max Bruch; recitative and aria from "Jeanne d'Arc," Tschakowsky; old English songs: "Where the Bee Sucks" (Ariel's song from "The Tempest"), Dr. Arne, "The Banks of Allan Water," Anon., "Bid Me Discourse," Sir H. R. Bishop; modern songs: "O! Swallow, Swallow Flying South," Arthur Foote, "Contrasts," H. J. Stewart, "April Rain," Oley Speaks; violin solo, "Souvenir de Moscow," op. 6, Wieniawski; recitative and aria from "Der Freischütz," C. M. von Weber.

W. P. Harrington, president of the Bank of Colusa and of the Bank of Willows, and well known in this city, died at his residence, at California and Laguna Streets, on Monday, at the age of seventy-seven. He is survived by a widow and four children—Tennent Harrington, W. M. Harrington, Mrs. Niblack, and Miss Louise Harrington.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. C. B. Brigham, Miss Alice Brigham, and Miss Kate Brigham left the city early in the week for an absence of some duration. Mrs. Edward Barrow, who has been spending a few weeks at the Palace Hotel in this city, has returned to Washington, D. C.

Mr. John Tarn McGrew, who is a student in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, is spending the month of December in Spain.

Mrs. Antoine Borel and the Misses Borel, who have remained at their country place at San Mateo during the absence of Mr. Borel in Europe, have returned to town, and will spend the rest of the season at their residence on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Dutton will spend the next few weeks at the St. Dunstan.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Gilbert Perkins, in New York, is expected home before the holidays.

Mr. Tom C. Grant and Miss Mary Grant have returned from a two months' pleasure trip to various Eastern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brett, who are now on their way home from Japan, are expected to arrive here before the end of the month.

Mrs. Leland Stanford, when last heard from, was in India.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway returned from Santa Barbara early in the week.

Mrs. John H. Boalt is at present in Berlin with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Stillman Kelley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Oulton are guests at the Hotel Richelieu.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow left for Washington, D. C., on Tuesday.

Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow has returned from her trip to Oregon.

Dr. and Mrs. Garceau are guests at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Newhall have taken the Dore house on Pacific Avenue for a term of years.

Mrs. D. D. Colton expects to leave about the first of the year for Southern California, where she will spend the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, and Miss Myra Josselyn sailed from New York last week for Antwerp.

Dr. and Mrs. William Hopkins, who have spent the past year in Europe, are now en route home. They are looked for in San Francisco before the holidays.

Mrs. John W. Mackay was in Washington, D. C., during the week.

Mr. E. H. Harriman arrived from the South in his private car, the Arden, on Wednesday. His stay here will be very brief.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson are occupying their residence on Steiner Street.

Mrs. William Giselman has returned from Europe. Her son, who accompanied her abroad, is in London.

Countess de Rougemont, of France, who has been making a tour of the Australian colonies, arrived on Tuesday on the steamship *Ventura*. She was a guest at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff are sojourning at Santa Barbara.

Mr. Harry Oelrichs, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Oelrichs, has come to San Francisco for the purpose, it is said, of entering business here.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Watson expect to leave soon for a trip to Portland, Or.

Hon. Spencer Lyttelton, nephew of the late William E. Gladstone, and the latter's secretary for many years, returned from Australia on the steamship *Ventura*, after an absence of several months, and is registered at the Palace Hotel.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. H. Forcheimer, of Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. Grace Clarke and Mr. W. H. Budinger, of Los Angeles; Miss Clara Nicolson, of New York; Miss A. Patton and Miss Kittie Clarke, of Oroville; Mr. N. H. Nelson, of Chicago; Miss Elizabeth E. Tait, of Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Dohrmann; Mrs. C. O. Swanberg; Mrs. R. E. White; Miss Willis; and Mr. H. P. Nye.

The Bohemian Club's Art Exhibit.

The seventh annual exhibition of paintings by the artist members of the club will be held in the Jinks Room, from Monday, December 7th, until Wednesday, December 23d, inclusive. On the opening day, members only will be privileged to view the pictures.

The ladies will be tendered a reception on Tuesday evening, December 8th, from eight to eleven, admitting them not only to the Jinks Room, but also giving them the freedom of the second floor.

The public (including ladies) will be admitted to the Jinks Room (only), where the exhibition of pictures will be held—upon presentation of cards issued by members—on Saturday, December 12th, from 2 until 5 P. M.; on Tuesday, December 15th, from 2 until 5 P. M.; on Friday, December 18th, from 2 until 5 P. M.; and on Wednesday, December 23d, from 2 until 5 P. M., and 8 P. M. until 11 P. M.

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Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel Frank U. Robinson, Thirteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Robinson, was among the passengers who sailed for the Philippines on the transport *Logan* last Tuesday.

Colonel William M. Wallace, Fifteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., left for Washington, D. C., last week.

Major William E. Birkhimer, U. S. A., and Mrs. Birkhimer have returned from their trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

Major William A. Glassford, Signal Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to Denver, Colo., for duty.

Major Alfred M. Palmer, quartermaster's department, U. S. A., and Mrs. Palmer sailed on the transport *Logan* for the Philippines last Tuesday.

Captain Charles R. Howland, Twenty-First Infantry, U. S. A., who has been on the staff of General MacArthur since he has been in command of this department, has been relieved from duty here, and will join his regiment at Fort Snelling, Minn.

Captain Carl F. Hartmann, U. S. A., will soon take command of the Signal Corps at Fort McDowell.

Lieutenant Harry George, U. S. N., is at present on duty at the Union Iron Works until the *Tacoma* goes into commission, when he will act as executive officer.

Major William T. Wood, U. S. A., has been appointed inspector-general of the Department of California. Major Wood was scheduled to accompany the Twentieth Infantry to the Philippines, but he has now been detached from his regiment.

Lieutenant A. P. Niblack, U. S. N., sailed for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Alameda* last Saturday.

Paymaster W. H. Doherty, U. S. N., who has been detached from the *Chicago*, has not yet been assigned to a new ship.

Close of the Fall Art Exhibit.

The water color and sketch exhibition at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art closed on Thursday evening with a well-attended promenade concert, under the direction of Henry Heyman. The soloists were Mrs. Greenleaf-Kruger, soprano; Miss Virginia Pierce, soprano; Miss Helen Crane, mezzo soprano; Miss Julia Rapier Tharp, vocal accompanist; Master James Hamilton Todd, violinist; Miss Elizabeth Howard, accompanist for Master Todd; and Mr. Otto Fleissner, organist. The programme was as follows:

Organ, "Marche Solennelle," Gounod, Otto Fleissner; song, "Listen Here Cavaliere," Von Stutzman, Mrs. Greenleaf-Kruger; Sonata No. 4, for violin and piano, Mozart, Master James Hamilton Todd and Miss Elizabeth Howard; songs (a) "Mignon's Song," Thomas, (b) "Sunrise," Wexlerin, Miss Virginia Pierce; organ, "Barcarole," Josef Hofmann, Otto Fleissner; songs (a) "Who is Sylvia," Schubert, (b) "When Mabel Sings," Speaks, Miss Helen Crane; violin (a) "Bolero," (b) "Sarabande," Bohm, Master James Hamilton Todd; songs (a) "Ecstasy," Mrs. H. H. A. Beach; (b) "Benedicite," Streams, Old Irish, Mrs. Greenleaf-Kruger; organ, Postlude in B-flat, West, Otto Fleissner.

Charles Patterson, who had been connected with the Palace Hotel as pastry cook ever since the opening of the hotel in 1875, died last week, at the age of fifty-six years. Warren Leland brought him here from the East when he came to take charge of the Palace. Patterson always worked for the same pay, forty dollars a month.

Great preparations are being made for the annual benefit and entertainment of the Press Club on the afternoon of December 15th at Fischer's Theatre. Besides the regular production of the house, there will be presented a number of clever specialties and features expressly gotten up by some of the club members.

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Politically considered, a strange, anomalous, and altogether unsatisfactory condition of affairs exists in the new, so-styled "Republic of Panama." Nominally, there is there a duly established government having authority. Actually, the United States is master of the Isthmus. Nominally, the Republic of Panama is a state risen of its own strength. Actually, it could not exist a single day were the strong, supporting arm of

the United States withdrawn. As a matter of cold fact, the members of the Panama junta are but marionettes manœuvred by a string which ends in the back room of the State Department, Washington, D. C.

Such a condition of affairs is, we say, unsatisfactory; in time it will become intolerable. "Nine poor men will sleep on a pile of straw, but no country is large enough for two kings," says an ancient proverb. And Panama is far too narrow to support two governments in harmony. Between the fiery little Spanish officials and the American engineers and officers who will be constructing the canal there are bound to come conflicts of authority and wretched squabbles, if not worse. In a country where, as Mr. Roosevelt points out, there have been fifty-three revolutions in half a century, worse may reasonably be expected.

In the treaty just ratified with Panama we guarantee its independence; promise to defend it against all comers; agree to clean the streets, alleys, and back yards of its cities; to make health resorts out of pest-holes; to furnish Colon and Panama a pure water supply; to give the government special telegraph and telephone rates within the canal strip; to allow free passage through the canal of Isthmian vessels; and furthermore to hand over to Panama ten millions of dollars in cold cash, and to pay a rental of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year for ever and ever, Amen.

And why? Why should we do all this for a foreign nation, an alien people, in addition to conveying upon it the inestimable blessing of there building a two-hundred-million-dollar canal? Why should we guard foreign shores and clean foreign cities? If we are going to perform these elementary governmental functions for Panama, why should we not do all the governing? Why let these Latin upstarts strut around in gold braid with tin swords while we do all the hard work? In short, what is the use of nursing and perpetuating so puerile and palpable an absurdity as the "Republic of Panama." If, as Senator Morgan avers, we have by a Cæsarian operation taken Panama alive from the womb of Colombia, hadn't we better now adopt the orphan child? Panama is not now and can not be in fact "independent." She is absolutely "dependent." To speak of Panama's "independence" is mere jugglery with words. Why, then, should we play the childish play of "make believe"? Why not just annex the Isthmus? Why not make those 31,571 square miles an integral part of the territory of these United States of North and Central America? Then we would have to pay over no ten millions in gold. Then we would have to dig up no two hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually. Then there would be no squabbles over jurisdiction. It would be a clean-cut, straightforward, forthright, practical solution of an evasive and hypocritical situation.

And nobody would object. The nations of Europe would view our action calmly—benignly, in fact. It would make no difference to Colombia; she has irrevocably lost Panama anyway. And in this country only the soured anti-imperialists would squirm and howl. Yet even they could not allege injustice in the act. No sane person will contend that the "junta" can better govern Panama than can the United States. Already there is incipient revolt against the junta. What assurance have we that it can properly perform even the few governmental functions left to it? We have been freely calling the Colombian officials thieves, robbers, highwaymen, what not. Are Panama officials, who were late Colombian citizens, likely to be any better? Ought we, in justice to the inhabitants of the Isthmus,

to let the Isthmus be governed by this mushroom government? Is it good, sound sense to pay over to the revolutionists ten millions of dollars, when it is more than likely to be stolen or squandered? To what citizen of any country should we do a positive injustice were we to assume complete control of the Isthmus of Panama? That is a question worth an answer.

But beyond all this, it is Manifest Destiny! Is not the Anglo-Saxon race the predestined master of the world? Since, in the dark backward and abysm of time, the reluctant Romans sailed away from British shores, has there been a pause in the world-battle which shall surely end in the triumph of the Northman, the defeat of the Latin? Is not Spain, ancient and decrepit, losing her dominions? Is France a good colonist? What are the possessions of Italy beyond the Mediterranean? Contrariwise, are not the English dominant in Southern Asia and Africa? Do they not hold Egypt, where Napoleon once trod conqueror? What of Canada? Australia? Has the United States not successively wrested from Latin races, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, California, Porto Rico, Cuba, the Philippines? And shall this world-advance pause at little Panama? When we have swallowed the camel of suzerainty, shall we strain at the further gnat of absolute possession?

By Thor and Odin, no! Let the Stars and Stripes wave over Panama. It is our manifest destiny; it is our "plain duty"!

The small boy who inquired timidly whether kings wore suspenders has reached his apotheosis in Mr. William Jennings Bryan, formerly alluded to in Democratic prints as a candidate a third time for the Presidency of the United States, and now enjoying a blessed resurrection as a political tourist. Mr. Bryan, a notable from Nebraska, U. S. A., as certain British periodicals state, has not only gone abroad, but has adopted in Rome all the customs that appeal to him as being, in essence, Roman. The change worked in the well-known figure of the Apostle of Silver by these assumed trappings is calculated, as his fellow-citizens would say, to strike dismay into the heart of every true disciple. One can almost analyze the development of the chrysalis of democracy into the butterfly of aristocracy by giving a few dates.

It was on November 19th that the boy orator, clad in the vibrant-brimmed sombrero and cutaway of his native plains, left the portal of his country's representative at the Court of St. James and departed breezily, bold-faced, and anti-imperialistically through the London crowd. One would have liked to see him, sturdily democratic, frankly scornful of obsolescent tradition among the hordes of golden-slaved Britons. For this was the last appearance of Bryan, the Nebraskan. In his stead there reappeared in Victoria Street, some hours later, a sombre gentleman, glossy-hatted, frock-coated, immaculate, genteel—conservative. The Commoner of Lincoln had been engulfed by the voracious maw of an aggressive empire; the Platte, winding among its prairies, would anticipate in vain the return of the siren of Ogallala and the spellbinder of Central City. William Jennings Bryan had learned that kings wear suspenders, and with the unerring logic for which he is so justly famous, he had turned the syllogism and assumed the dignity due those who sport the double-galluses supplied by the army and navy stores.

On November 26th (Thanksgiving night), and the dominical anniversary of the new raiment, the Hon. W. Jennings Bryan delivered an address before the American Society in London, in defiance of the

LET US
ANNEX THE
ISTHMUS!

tion of Nebraskan democracy that dictates that speaking comes before eating. Replete with British cheer, the Hon. Gent., pointing the decorous finger of pride at his own political position, asserted that he knew of no greater service that his country could give the world than to furnish an ideal "so far above us that it will keep us looking up all our lives, and so far in advance of us that we shall never overtake it, even to our own death." The minutes of this happy occasion, festively incomplete, do not inform us authentically as to whether this was or was not in response to a toast, "The Presidency."

On November 29th, Jennings Bryan was tendered a luncheon by the mayor of Dublin. It must have been a sad blow to Nebraska to learn that the midday meal was not still dinner to Bill. His supper with Ambassador Choate, his hobnobbing with dukes, duchesses, and other nobility might be excused. This was breaking the last tie. Even Mr. Bryan's warm allusion to the Irish and their large share in the greatness of the United States and the Democratic party could not atone, except to a small part of the Nebraska constituency. One can hear the cry of the mother State, plangent, sadly amazed, "Look at Bill!"

Yet in this record of the progress and decline of the Nebraskan there is a solace latent. Some features of it lead us to cherish the belief that the facile pencils of exuberant historians have alleged supernatural phenomena. We read that Mr. Bryan had a friendly chat with Richard Croker, who came purposely to London to see him. We understand that W. J. Bryan cheerfully crossed the horny palm of the Dublin porter—not to be confounded with the stimulating elixir of that name—with gold. We are even told that Mr. Bryan has elicited information from London cabbies. These be prodigious portents. Possibly it may comfort Weeping Water, Oconee, Verdigris, and Radish Fork, cities of Nebraska, U. S. A., to think that their sage has been not conformed to the British world, but transformed a glorious recrudescence, putting aside sombrero and vociferous simplicity for the regal habiliments and lofty orphicness to which all Americans would attain were their birthright acknowledged. And Lincoln may yet have the fond felicity of viewing her Bill, shirt-sleeved, felt-hatted, only the passionate suspenders purchased in the marts of imperialism to disclose to his townsfolk the renounced and forgiven glory of a progress of surrender through the British Isles.

The President begins by reviewing the history and preliminary work of the Department of Commerce and Labor. He declares that the purpose of the bureau is "not to embarrass or assail legitimate business," but to cast the searching ray of publicity upon such corporations as have "cause to dread it." About those he thinks we need not be "over-sensitive."

He speaks briefly of capital and labor, exhorting both to obey the laws, to avoid "arbitrary and tyrannous interference with the rights of others."

On the subject of the tariff the message is silent.

The receipts of the government for the last fiscal year were \$560,396,674, the expenditures, \$506,099,007. The President points out that for the present fiscal year the surplus "will be very small, if, indeed, there be any." Therefore, he commends economy.

No specific currency legislation is asked for. The President recommends that a commission be appointed by Congress to investigate and report what legislation is necessary for the development of the American merchant marine.

A brief reference is made to the need for excluding "undesirable" immigrants, and the attention of Congress thus called to the question. The President declares that in the process of naturalization "forgeries and perjuries of shameless and flagrant character have been perpetrated," and asks the immediate attention of Congress thereto.

He asks for further appropriations for enforcement of trust laws and prosecution of those guilty of gross frauds in sale of public lands and in Post-Office Department.

He states that the State Department is negotiating with foreign powers to make bribery extraditable—at the urgent request of Folk, of St. Louis.

The proceedings in the Alaska boundary case are briefly reviewed, as also the familiar facts connected with the Venezuela trouble, and the occasion is seized by the President to speak in highest terms of The Hague court and the principle of arbitration of international disputes, and to recommend to the nations that private property be respected at sea in times of war, as it is on land.

"The Philippines," says the President, "should be

knit closer to us by tariff arrangements." Furthermore, he declares, that "no one people ever benefited another people more than we have benefited the Filipinos by taking possession of the islands."

The land laws, the President thinks, should be revised. Government irrigation work is progressing satisfactorily. The forests should be preserved. Civil Service should be extended. In the army, such changes are recommended as shall permit readier promotion for merit in the lower grades. Steady progress in building up the navy is also a desideratum, and a naval base in the Philippines a necessity.

Nearly three newspaper columns of the President's message are devoted to an historical review of the Panama canal matter. It, however, contains no points (except by way of illustration) not contained in Secretary Hay's statement discussed at length in these columns. The President is of the opinion that nothing is necessary but the treaty's ratification by the Senate, when the money appropriated by the Spooner act will become available. The treaty accompanied the message, and is now before the Senate.

In Los Angeles, to be boycotted by the labor unions is money in your pocket, according to a most extraordinary story printed in the *Los Angeles Times*. Here are the alleged facts: The L. Sentous Slaughtering Company, having somehow gained the favor of the unions, was placed by the labor council on its "fair list." Mr. Sentous, however, was not pleased. He protested against being declared "fair" by the unions. He asserted that it hurt his business. He published statements in the newspapers. He demanded that his name be stricken from the "fair list." He wanted to be boycotted! He wanted to be boycotted so badly that, when the labor council refused to strike his name from its list, he brought an injunction suit against it. The court granted the injunction. A writ was issued, but at last accounts the officers of the council had not been found by the sheriff. But what an extraordinary case! We are aware, of course, that the *Times* is a bitter enemy of unions, but we have no reason to believe that it willfully misstates facts. If this is the way they feel about it down in the southern city, Mr. Hearst's *Los Angeles Examiner* may have hard sledding. That journal, by the way, is programmed to make its bow Sunday morning, December 12th. It is on the cards that "all the workingmen between Tehachapi and the Mexican boundary" are to parade Los Angeles streets the night before in honor of the event. "The city will be ablaze with red fire," we hear, "and Harrison Gray Otis will see the handwriting on the wall." Well, we shall see what we shall see.

The new Democratic leader in the House—John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi—is not, and does not pretend to be, an adept parliamentarian. His great strength, it is said, lies in constructive, not obstructive, statesmanship, and he has publicly asserted that, under his direction, there will be no filibustering and no tactics unworthy a united party with well-defined issues to support. The war cry of the Democrats, as lined out by Mr. Williams, is tariff-reform and Cuban reciprocity—the latter thought to be an exceedingly shrewd bait for the administration. The congressman from Mississippi is not yet fifty years old, and in most ways a typical Southerner. He was born in Memphis, Tenn., the son of a gentleman afterward killed at Shiloh while fighting in a Confederate regiment. His mother died while he was yet a boy. Mr. Williams went to the Kentucky Military Institute, and then to the University of the South at Sewanee and the University of Virginia. After finishing the courses at these colleges, the young man traveled in Europe and studied at Heidelberg, where he gained a knowledge of Continental politics and history that he has kept fresh by voluminous reading. His first public office was that of congressman, to which he was elected in 1892, while living in Yazoo, and his debut before the House was when he called to order Isadore Rayner, of Baltimore, who characterized in a bitter speech the Senate as a body in a state of anarchy. Mr. Williams served several sessions on the Committees of Agriculture and Education, being associated with Farmer Joe Sibley of Pennsylvania, Cyclone Jim Marshall, of Virginia, Jerry Simpson, and Farmer Funston, father of the captor of Aguinaldo. In the Fifty-Fifth Congress, Mr. Williams was assigned to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and in the Fifty-Seventh was, at his own request, dropped from this and added to the Committee on Insular Affairs. As a member of the last-named he made a brilliant speech,

it is considered his best, on the Philippines. Congressman Williams is somewhat careless in his dress, brushes his hair virtuoso-wise, boasts little flesh and a drooping mustache.

Last summer one of the *Argonaut's* staff of contributors

THE CALAVERAS BIG TREES.

visited the Calaveras Big Tree Grove.

From an article printed in these columns

at that time we extract one paragraph:

"There were giants in those days," Genesis says. There must have been giants to match such growths as these. Did the mammoth and mastodon range under the enormous boughs, rubbing their sides against the rough bark? Looking down the forest aisles, where here and there a towering red shaft rises, one can almost see the huge form of some shaggy, prehistoric brute, nosing about among the underbrush, throwing a tusked mouth aloft, pausing in its slow stroll to lift a listening head, and then send forth a tremendous bellow for its mate. One of the most curious things about the trees is their suggestion of youth and vitality. They were standing thus when Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt; when the Roman legionaries were invading the matted forests and pestilent fens of Britain æons had passed over them; when Christ was crucified they were old. Yet their foliage is thick and green, clear and vivid against their bark. They do not suggest a green old age, but a perennial youth, as though the sap rose strong and juicy in them, and their roots sucked a vivifying nutriment from the earth's bosom.

These trees, the greatest on earth, are owned by private individuals. They are in peril of being cut down—sawn into planks and shingles and fence stakes. Such an event would be a public calamity. To prevent it, a bill has been introduced into the lower House of Congress by Representative Bell, of this State, providing for the purchase of the grove by the Federal government. A similar bill passed the Senate at its last session, but was side-tracked in the House. That such shall not be the fate of the present bill the California Outdoor League is determined. It is writing letters, sending petitions, and making personal appeals. It asks that every man who would see these venerable trees preserved for the enjoyment of his children's children lend a hand. To this request the *Argonaut* gives its hearty and unqualified indorsement. To permit to be cut down these trees, that have been standing for five thousand years, would be a crime. If in their hale old age they need a protector, the Federal government, not the State, should undertake the task.

The striking feature of the restaurant lockout is that the proprietors, not the unions, took the offensive. They are carrying the war into the enemy's country. It begins to look

EMPLOYERS' UNIONS MEAN BUSINESS.

as if the long-rumored determination of the employers in this city to resist stoutly all union demands might bear fruit. Further evidence of such determination was given by the cloak manufacturers' course in their recent difficulties with their employees. As soon as the trouble began, nearly all the factories in the city shut down, and non-union hands were imported from the East. Such a course spells fight. The Property Owners' Defense Association is another local organization said to have been formed to resist the demands of the painters' union. All these bodies appear to be more or less closely connected with the National Manufacturers' Association, headed by D. M. Parry, of Indianapolis; the Citizens' Alliance, in which the moving spirit is H. J. G. Craig, of Denver; and the Citizens' Industrial Association, whose executive committee at a recent meeting at Dayton, O., passed resolutions declaring that, "in its demand for the closing of shop organization, labor is seeking to overthrow individual liberty and property rights," and that "its methods for securing this revolutionary and socialistic change in our institutions are those of warfare." That a branch of these organizations exists in this city does not admit of doubt. Charles Kahlo came to San Francisco and engaged in the work of organization some months ago. The membership is now said to number several hundred. Some of San Francisco's leading merchants are supposed to be at the head of the alliance. In fact, Herbert George, the editor of a Denver anti-union paper, who has recently been personally investigating San Francisco labor conditions, "mentions names." He says:

It has been about decided upon to make Claus Spreckels president. Hon. John P. Irish, the famous Pacific Coast lawyer and orator, was given the chairmanship of the executive committee on a salary of ten thousand dollars per year, and the following big business men were selected for the executive committee: R. P. Schwerin, Leon Sloss, Andrew Carrigan, Percy T. Morgan, H. T. Scott, James McNab, John D. McGilvery, A. A. Watson, and Vandylynn Stow. A finance committee has been named, and half a million is to be raised at once to put in the "war chest."

The labor unions can not logically deny to employers the right they themselves exercise—that of organization.

ON BUYING THINGS ABROAD.

By Jerome Hart.

What traveler has not dreamed of drinking genuine curaçoa in the little island where grow LIQUEURS, the orange groves of Curaçoa? Of COFFEE, TOBACCO, AND SOAP. sipping the real Turkish coffee in Turkey? Of smoking the authentic Egyptian cigarettes in Egypt? Of eating rich, melting, luscious Smyrna figs. In Smyrna? Of washing one's hands with the only original Castile soap castled in fair Castile?

How do these travelers' dreams materialize? Alas and alack! They are but clouds and shadows. They don't come true.

For on the beautiful islet in the Leeward Island group where grew the groves of Curaçoa orange-trees in the aforetime, there are now none. But the world, being used to the flavor of the Curaçoa oranges in its curaçoa, will tolerate no other. So the world has its way. The liqueur curaçoa is still made in large quantities, but it is not a Curaçoa liqueur. It is made out of everything—as it is an orange liqueur, even of oranges sometimes; but the Amsterdam house that handles it largely is said to make it mostly out of potato alcohol and prune juice.

How about the delicious Egyptian cigarettes? The delicate Egyptian tobacco? Alas again! The native Egyptian tobacco is so bad that nobody smokes it but the natives, and not even they when they can get anything else. In Egypt, as in so many places, the tobacco comes from Somewhere Else. The highest grade tobacco there apparently is imported from Europe—from Roumelia. The next best comes from Northern Syria—the best-known grade of this tobacco being known to Europeans as "Latakia," although not so called in Egypt. Persian tobacco is also imported. In short, Egypt imports the tobacco, the wrappers, the boxes, and the smokers, and then you have the Egyptian cigarette.

"But still," contends the enthusiast, "there can be no coffee like the genuine Turkish coffee. Ah, think of the Arabian Nights! And Scheherezade! And Lady What's-Her-Name, the English peeress who wore Turkish trousers, lived in Turkey for years, and sipped Turkish coffee with Turkish pashas. And of the bearded Sheiks in the desert—with hubble-bubble pipes—and harems of beautiful black-eyed houris—all sitting on divans—and all sipping coffee—with all the comforts of a home—out in the desert! Come, now! You must give in on the Turkish coffee."

To this I can only reply that they may have had good coffee in Turkey in the time when Sultan Haroun-al-Raschid walked his city's streets incognito, but they have not now. You can get better Turkish coffee (so called) in New York than in Turkey; you can get much better Turkish coffee in the Hoffman House than you can in Stamboul, Pera, Scutari, Smyrna, Beyroot, Jerusalem, or Cairo.

How about the luscious figs of Smyrna? Well, my experience was that the nearer we got to Smyrna the poorer grew the figs. When we reached Beyroot they were pretty bad; when we were off Smyrna, the peddlers brought some aboard that were very bad; when we got ashore at Smyrna, we were offered some on the quay that were worse; in the hotel they were wormy, and when we got into the heart of Smyrna the figs were able to walk around the dealer's counter. It is a cold fact that we have purchased in the leading groceries of San Francisco very much finer Smyrna figs than we have seen in Smyrna.

If it be asked how can Smyrna figs be purchased in San Francisco which are superior to the Smyrna figs on sale in Smyrna, the answer is that they are specially selected and specially packed. They are stamped in English on the boxes "Packed by Turkish labor." Some of them are stamped "Washed Figs." From the fig-dealers and handlers I saw in Smyrna, I think it much more essential that the fig-handlers should be washed.

I used to be very fond of Smyrna figs before I went to Smyrna.

I have not eaten any since.

I shall never eat any again.

Never mind why.

The subject of washing naturally brings me back to soap. In Castile I found no Castile soap. They did not know what I meant; they had never heard of Castile soap. This irritated me, so I began investigating the Castile-soap problem. I learned—or was told—that Castile soap is not made in Castile; is not sold in Castile; is not used in Castile; that it is made in Marseilles out of olive oil imported from Palestine.

Thus we note this strange anomaly—the name given to a soap comes from a country which knows naught of this particular soap, it is manufactured in a city using little or no soap, out of materials coming from a country which uses no soap at all.

.

As for buying books, once while in Paris I discovered this curious condition of things: you want a newly published fifteen-franc book; you go to the publisher's retail establishment, just off the grand boulevard; price, fifteen francs. Next day you see it in the windows of a shop on the boulevard marked "fourteen francs." Next week the book-dealers on the Rue Richelieu near the great National Library have it marked "thirteen francs." Thinking there was no bottom to the book business in Paris, I ordered such a volume through a New York dealer who for years has bought books abroad for me and allows me what discount he can procure. When the bill came it was marked "fifteen francs, 30 p. c. dis. off." Thus the book, when bought through a New York dealer, cost me 10 francs, 50c., or 4 francs, 50c. less than the publisher's price in Paris. Of course, such a discount can not be secured on all books: the largest is, naturally, on new books and novels. But even on rare, curious, and second-hand books, American dealers can get discounts from foreign dealers which you could not obtain.

But even if you could obtain the discount, think of the time it would consume. Even if the foreign dealer granted it to you, he would make you spend a long time getting it, merely as a matter of professional pride. And time to an American in Europe is a costly item—most people spend several thousand dollars for not very many weeks abroad. Why, then, they should spend so much of their valuable time in haggling with dealers over things that they could buy as cheap or cheaper, at home, has always been a mystery to me. Similarly, I have never been able to understand why Americans abroad should spend so many hours at hotel desks writing letters home to Cousin Susan and Aunt Jane.

When I bought this fifteen-franc book for ten francs and a half, it cost me only the price of a postal-card from Paris to New York. Had I tried to buy it in Paris, it would have cost me cab fare to the Rue Richelieu and back—about three francs—which, added to the dealer's thirteen francs, would have made sixteen francs.

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The things that women wear can doubtless be procured in their perfection at Paris. That city has been dubbed "the paradise of women, the hell of horses." I know nothing of the attire of lovely woman; but it is quite apparent, even to the eye of a mere man, that Paris gowns, hats, wraps, coats, and feminine fripperies generally, have an elegance all their own. In no other European city does one see such handsome and artistic costumes. But American women should be warned that it is always well to have a distinct understanding with the Parisian *modiste* or *couturière*. The agreed price, the date of completion, the charges, if any, for changes—all these things should be settled and written down. Otherwise there will be trouble. The bland and smiling siren of yesterweek becomes a beldame—a fish-fag of the market-place—a very Mme. Angot—"fort en gueule, elle se disputait, les deux poings sur les hanches." Like Clairrette's putative mother, the angered milliner, arms a-kimbo, will pour forth a flood of billingsgate into the startled ears of her terrified customer. If the American woman should prove to be of sterner stuff than most, and defy the irritated *modiste*, the Frenchwoman may have her arrested. French mercantile law is very strict. More than once an American woman in Paris has been imprisoned on the plaint of a dressmaker over a disputed bill—the disputes generally being about misfits and extortionate charges for changes.

Many Americans seem to believe that London occupies the same position concerning men's togs that Paris does for women's clothes. I am a little skeptical about this. There are well-dressed men in London—but so are there in Paris, in Vienna, in New York, in Madrid, in Rome. The men who live in London, or who, living out of London, regularly patronize certain London tailors, get their best work. The tourist or the transient sojourner is fobbed off with scant attention and careless work. The tailor never expects to see the transient again—so why should he bother about him? And he doesn't.

Much of the work done by the London tailors is inferior to that of the first-class tailors of New York.

In such matters as linings and bindings they scamp their work. And I never saw the under-side of a buttonhole finished by an English tailor; for the same reason, I suppose, that a slovenly housemaid does not sweep under the bed—because it will not be seen. Good American tailors finish the back of a buttonhole as carefully as they do the front.

I think the well-dressed men of New York dress just as well as those of London. True, one sees more such men in the English metropolis. But then London is four times as populous as Manhattan.

London men are rather too prone to sneer at the tailoring of all the Continental cities. Some of it is rather weird, it is true, particularly in Germany. But the Roman dandies dress very well—whether for the street, the *salon*, or the saddle. (There is much riding around Rome, and not a little hunting to hounds.) And in Rome, on the Piazza di Spagna, there is one of the best tailor-shops in Europe—that of the Schraider Fratelli. They make "pantaloons" for the Pantaleoni, breeches for the Borghese, "Prince Alberts" for princes of the Roman nobility generally—which garments those persons call *fracs*, patterning after the English "frock-coats," instead of our Western term.

Yes, the Schraider Brothers are not English tailors, but they are very good tailors all the same.

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These things may all seem to be trifles, but they are significant trifles. Books, of course, are LACES, JEWELS, AND RUGS. staples. There are many other things which tourists seem to believe they can buy better in foreign places than at home. I am inclined to doubt this about some things, and I entirely disbelieve it about others. When it comes to laces, jewels, rugs, and carpets, the judgment of an expert is indispensable. Yet what American woman will hesitate to measure wits with an Oriental in a Turkish bazaar? And what chance has she got for coming out ahead? Very little, in my opinion. In purchasing goods like Daghestan or Bokhara rugs, about the only guarantee is the dealer's honesty. People who buy from peddlers or shop-keepers in Oriental bazaars are liable to get fleeced, and they generally are.

I believe that the man or woman who buys at home in the United States generally fares as well as—often better than—he or she who buys abroad. The time consumed in haggling in the Orient is something awful. It might much better be spent in sight-seeing, for example. Time is the most precious thing we have. It is the stuff of which life is made, said old Ben Franklin. Lost money you may recover, lost health regain, but lost time is gone forever.

I have often looked with pity on an American woman, exhausted by hours of haggling in a punk-scented and foul-smelling Oriental bazaar, and neglecting hundreds of beautiful outdoor sights that she might never again have the opportunity to see.

Think of the time consumed; the money spent; the nerve-waste; think of the transportation, which is justly chargeable against your purchases, for you pay for transporting your baggage when you buy your ticket by steamer or rail, even when you do not pay excess luggage, which you generally do; think of the risk by loss or damage in transit—a complete loss if not insured, which baggage rarely or never is; think of the mental worry over the United States customs inspection, which is a terror; think of the United States duty, which must almost unquestionably be paid. If you look into the matter you will often find it would have been cheaper to buy the things from a reputable dealer in your own town. He or his agents can select better than you can; they have more time and a larger variety. He will probably pay less than you for duties, knowing the classification of goods better than you. His profit will come to little, if any, more than you would pay with these extras added. Last, but by no means least, you will have the assurance that you have bought what you paid for. Not so when you deal with the Oriental peddler or with the shop-keeper in a bazaar. You can not even buy a dollar sponge in the Orient with the certainty that it is an honest sponge and worth a dollar.

But waiving all these questions of price, of time, of trouble, there is another one. It is the question of what is fitting, of what is congruous, of what is apropos. The seeker after the congruous, the adorer of the apropos, is, when buying abroad, ever doomed to disappointment. It is indeed a disillusion to learn that there is no Castile soap in Castile, no Turkish coffee in Turkey, no curaçoa in Curaçoa, no wormless Smyrna figs in Smyrna. And it came upon me with a distinct shock, when I also learned that there were no Jerusalem artichokes in Jerusalem.

AN ADEPT SMUGGLER.

From the Annals of Alta California.

Smuggling has never been confined to any one nation nor to any one era, but probably the most persistent smuggler in the world's history was the Anglo-Saxon of the late eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries. In Old England, he burdened the government with a very expensive Coast Guard, which he either skillfully eluded or complacently bribed. In New England, he just as daringly evaded the laws which his own representatives had imposed upon him. With such experiences in his own lands, he entered Pacific waters with a conscience quite oblivious of the Spanish commercial regulations. So it was that in pastoral California the most respected foreigners—the Americans—led in the traffic of contraband wares.

The laws of the country required that each vessel from a foreign port should go directly to Monterey and land all its goods at the custom-house. After they were invoiced and the duty estimated, they were reloaded, and the captain received a passport from the governor entitling him to trade along the Coast. This paper he had to present to the local authority at each place he anchored. The local power signed the passport, and then the captain was permitted to barter in that vicinity.

The citizens for miles around hastened down to the vessel to secure imported goods in exchange for their hides and tallow, which virtually formed the currency of the country. If the captain could allow certain articles to go at a ridiculously low figure, "their's not to question why." Indeed, there was no opprobrium cast on one who outwitted the government, unless he happened to be an official. Then he was bound by his oaths to execute the laws, and as a rule the Spanish-Californian considered his honor sacred.

Aside from allegiance to the government, the officials had a selfish reason for enforcing the tariff regulations. From the duties was paid, first, the salaries of the custom-house employees; and then one-third of the remainder was handed to the civil authorities, and the residue to the military. The custom-house required that duties be paid in eighty, one hundred thirty, or one hundred sixty days, in either cash or hides, a bullock's skin being valued at two dollars. The principal vessels expended from five thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars in import duties, and the first payment was devoted to the custom-house salaries. The civil and military departments generally received an average rate from each cargo, and as the officers could not wait indefinitely for their salaries, they took orders from the treasury on the supercargoes of the vessels, and drew out goods either on sight or at the expiration of the stipulated time. So there was good reason why all classes of officials should unite in enforcing the payment of duties.

There were two common ways of evading the custom-house. Sometimes a second vessel would hove out at sea while the first was entering. When the enrolled one reappeared, the cargo of the second was soon transferred to her hold. That the invoices were arranged for changing circumstances is shown in a letter from Captain Hinckley to Nathan Spear, dated February 13, 1836: "I have made out the invoice with all the marks so that you will be able to smuggle considerable." Another way in which the custom-house was defrauded was by the unregistered ship landing at some uninhabited cove, and there hiding the extra supply for the licensed vessel. Many a natural cave was stocked with Oriental silks and New England cottons, with French liquors and Spanish bullion; and with the uncertain system of communication, who can swear that each store was recovered by its intended owners. Perhaps even to-day, some treasure remains locked in the coast rock, and guarded only by the invincible waves.

Scarcely an American in the country but had some connection with contraband goods. Even Larkin's name is not clear of reproach. But for real skill in evading the laws and for wily excuses for his conduct, the star smuggler of California was Abel Stearns.

Stearns was a native of Massachusetts. After living three years in Mexico, he came to California in 1829 to settle on a land grant given him by the Mexican Government in partial payment for some claim. He considered certain tracts in both the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, but finally, in 1833, settled in Los Angeles as a trader. Here, in the following year, the *ayuntamiento* granted him a town lot and also a lot on the coast at San Pedro. On the latter, he built a storehouse for goods landed from vessels, and for the hides and tallow to be shipped.

The house at once aroused the suspicion of the officials. In 1835, an investigation was made, but the report advised appointing a guard to watch Stearns in preference to removing this building, the only one at San Pedro, as it might prove the nucleus of a future city.

If the guard were appointed, it evidently was not zealous. The law of the country required that

each hide should bear its owner's stamp, and a small tax was collected from every hide exported. Stearns conspired with certain *rancheros*, and evaded the export tax as well as the import duties. This double smuggling was too much of a hardship for a country so poor in government funds as was California, and the exasperated officials grew eager to make Stearns a fearful example.

In October, 1840, came their opportunity, and for five months the principal topic of conversation in the Territory was the prosecution of "the case of Abel Stearns." Not depending on the regular mail, which was as irregular as rains and wayside gossip might make it, the Los Angeles officials pressed special messenger after special messenger to the executive government at Monterey to keep it aware of every development, and these papers give us to-day the history of the greatest smuggling case of pastoral California.

First, the prefect of the district wrote to the judge of the first instance of Los Angeles of rumors that, on the night of October 11th, a vessel had landed at San Pedro; on the next night she had slipped away; that several citizens had observed the difference in her depth in the water on her coming and going; that following her departure there had been "introduced clandestinely at unreasonable hours" into the house of Abel Stearns at Los Angeles four cases and a large barrel; that these had been hauled from San Pedro in a *carreta* "covered with ox-hides" and "driven by two Indians."

The judge, accompanied by four citizens, went immediately to the house of Stearns, and demanded to see every room. Stearns objected seriously, and tried to persuade them to return in the morning. Finally he led them through all the rooms but one. Of this, he refused to give up the key, until the judge sent for the blacksmith. In this room were found the four cases filled with silk and cotton goods to the value of \$2,725.50. The search was continued until in the corner of the corral was discovered a large barrel of fine brandy "well covered over with empty barrels." The goods were confiscated and taken to the court-house, where an inventory and appraisal were made.

Upon receiving the judge's report, the prefect ordered him to have the hills and the island at San Pedro searched for "the rest of the goods," as he had been informed that between \$10,000 and \$15,000 had been smuggled in. The judge's account of this second search has a note of personal indignation. He sent four citizens to San Pedro, ordering them to get a boat from Don John Foster, who was care-keeper of the Stearns's warehouse. If Foster refused, the citizens were to take the boat "in the name of the nation." Don Foster did refuse the boat. When the citizens seized it in the name of the nation, he declared he "did not respect the name of the nation as it had nothing to do with him," and he would not let them have the oars, which were locked up. They took poles and propelled the boat to the island; but as darkness was falling, they returned without searching.

A daylight search of the island and the coast hills revealed no more of the smuggled goods, but in the storehouse were found "sixteen hides of different owners without the legal stamp." The prefect speeded this report to the governor, with the advice that they "should take measures to impede this harmful traffic," and the assurance that he would "keep awake at nights" to investigate and would "not lose a moment to inquire into it."

A little later, another courier was dispatched to Monterey "so that the superior government may receive full details and not be surprised at any developments." The prefect had just learned that Stearns had made a "set of false invoices" by "writing between the lines," and "a new book of invoices to present to the judge," so as to claim that the goods seized had entered the country legally. Then the prefect added: "Any proofs of this nature are extemporaneous and null and void," because they were "not made within the term marked by law for these affairs." He enclosed certificated copies of the list of goods seized. He concluded with a recital of Stearns's "shamelessness even against the government and others referred to," stating that Stearns had tried every measure to have him removed from office.

Stearns forwarded his side of the story to Monterey. He claimed that all his goods were legally entered; professed an ignorance of the unstamped hides in his storehouse, and accused the judge of prevarication. Upon receiving Stearns's statement, the governor ordered an investigation, but the judge was completely exonerated, and was praised for enforcing the laws.

Then came new excitement. The Indian, Basilio, presented himself before the prefect all cut and gory. He stated that Stearns had whipped him with a sword for answering the judge's questions about the smuggled goods, and he prayed the court's protection from the vengeance of Stearns. The prefect wrote the judge: "It becomes necessary for you to investigate in judicial form, and if you find Abel Stearns criminal, proceed against him according to your powers, giving me notice of what was done."

When the superior government reviewed all the evi-

dence, it confirmed the seizure of the lower court. Then goods to the amount of \$708.065 were set aside as duties for the State, and the rest was divided between the informers and the public treasury. Idle rumor has it that Stearns afterward secured many of these goods at less than the duties would have cost him, but of that the official documents have no hint. The account of Stearns's evil deeds was "posted for nine consecutive days in a public place because there is no official newspaper in the city." (As a matter of fact, there was no newspaper, either official or unofficial, in the whole Territory.)

Stearns's reputation does not seem to have suffered from this public scandal. He was evidently a generous-hearted man, devotedly attached to California and the Californians. His adopted fellow-citizens regarded highly his personal kindness, and any elusiveness in business methods they charged to the misfortune of his Yankee birth. And as for his smuggling proclivities—well, after all, evading the government was but a venial sin in pastoral California.

KATHERINE CHANDLER.

POEMS BY SWINBURNE.

Rondelet.

These many years since we began to be,
What have the gods done with us? What with me,
What with my love? They have shown me fates and fears,
Harsh springs, and fountains bitterer than the sea,
Grief a fixed star, and joy a vane that veers,
These many years.

With her, my love, with her have they done well?
But who shall answer for her? who shall tell
Sweet things or sad, such things as no man hears?
May no tears fall, if no tears ever fell,
From eyes more dear to me than starriest spheres
These many years.

But if tears ever touched, for any grief,
Those eyelids folded like a white-rose leaf,
Deep double shells wherethrough the eye-flower peers,
Let them weep once more only, sweet and brief,
Brief tears and bright, for one who gave her tears
These many years.

A Ballad of Burdens.

The burden of fair women. Vain delight,
And love self-slain in some sweet shameful way,
And sorrowful old age that comes by night
As a thief comes that has no heart by day,
And change that finds fair cheeks and leaves them gray,
And weariness that keeps awake for hire,
And grief that says what pleasure used to say:
This is the end of every man's desire.

The hurden of hought kisses. This is sore,
A hurden without fruit in child-bearing;
Between the nightfall and the dawn threescore,
Threescore between the dawn and evening.
The shuddering in thy lips, the shuddering
In thy sad eyelids tremulous like fire,
Makes love seem shameful and a wretched thing:
This is the end of every man's desire.

The hurden of sweet speeches. Nay, kneel down,
Cover thy head, and weep; for verily
These market-men that buy thy white and brown
In the last days shall take no thought for thee;
In the last days like earth thy face shall lie,
Yea, like sea-marsh made thick with hrine and mire,
Sad with sick leavings of the sterile sea:
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of long living. Thou shalt fear
Waking, and sleeping mourn upon thy bed;
And say at night, "Would God the day were here!"
And say at dawn, "Would God the day were dead!"
With weary days thou shalt be clothed and fed,
And wear remorse of heart for thine attire,
Pain for thy girdle, and sorrow upon thine head:
This is the end of every man's desire. . . .

The burden of bright colors. Thou shalt see
Gold tarnished, and the gray above the green;
And as the thing thou seest thy face shall be,
And no more as the thing heforetime seen.
And thou shalt say of mercy, "It hath been";
And living, watch the old lips and loves expire,
And talking, tears shall take thy breath between:
This is the end of every man's desire. . . .

The hurden of much gladness. Life and lust
Forsake thee, and the face of thy delight;
And underfoot the heavy hour strews dust,
And overhead strange weathers burn and hite;
And where the red was, lo the bloodless white,
And where truth was, the likeness of a liar;
And where day was, the likeness of the night:
This is the end of every man's desire.

L'ENVOY.

Princes, and ye whom pleasure quickeneth,
Heed well this rhyme before your pleasure tire;
For life is sweet, but after life is death:
This is the end of every man's desire.

At Parting.

For a day and night Love sang to us, played with us,
Folded us round from the dark and the light;
And our hearts were fulfilled of the music he made with us,
Made with our hearts and our lips while he stayed with us,
Stayed in mid passage his pinions from flight
For a day and a night.

From his foes that kept watch with his wings had he hid-
den us,
Covered us close from the eyes that would smite,
From the feet that had tracked and the tongues that had
ebidden us
Sheltering in shade of the myrtles forbidden us
Spirit and flesh growing one with delight
For a day and a night.

But his wings will not rest, and his feet will not stay for us:
Morning is here in the joy of its might;
With his breath has he sweetened a night and day for us;
Now let him pass, and the myrtles make way for us;
Love can but last in us here at his height
For a day and a night.

TYRONE POWER IN "ULYSSES."

Stephen Phillips's Notable Poetic Drama Meets a Cool Reception in New York—Diverse Opinions of Its Merit—Olive Oliver as Calypso—A Dramatic Moment.

New York is a singular city. Last year the "literary drama" had quite a vogue here. The whole town went to see "Ghosts," which is certainly the most grewsome play that ever was put on the stage. It was averred then that "the literary drama" was coming to the front, that people were being educated up to it, and that the day was not far distant when New York would be its centre, the focus whence it radiated over the rest of the country.

It may have been with this bright hope that the Frohmans brought over Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses," gave it a local habitation in the Garden Theatre, a good cast, and a sumptuous setting. Then they sat back waiting to see New York flock to the last and by far the most beautiful example of the "literary drama" it had yet had a chance to see. But nobody flocked. People talked a great deal about "Ulysses," but nobody seemed to go to it. It passed through its season playing to such scandalously empty houses as have seldom been seen in this city of vast audiences.

It appears to have been completely outside the interest of the Average Playgoer. This person never went to it, possibly hardly heard of it. But it was not directed toward the Average Playgoer. It was for the cultured minority, of whom, it was fondly hoped, New York would have a large enough number to fill the theatre for a few weeks. To this class its appeal was made, and one-half this class received it with delight, while the other thought it unplayable, uninteresting and poorly done. It was a curious division of opinion among a set of people who generally march in the same direction.

I heard the views of three different professionals—an artist, a writer, and a musician—upon it, and was somewhat confused. The artist pronounced it stagey, badly acted, and in places absurd. She said there were times when she had difficulty in restraining her laughter. The writer said he was bored, and that after the scene in Hades he got up and went out. The musician said he was thrilled to the core. It was by far the most poetic performance he had seen in New York. It was noble, uplifting, inspiring! He must see it again, and wanted me to go with him as a properly appreciative person, who could be depended upon not to laugh in solemn moments.

We went, and found a house so empty that one stared appalled. I never saw anything like it. It was like being at a rehearsal. After the first shock everybody did the same thing—counted the audience. There were thirty-six people on the main floor. As they were all down in the front rows, the back was just unbroken tiers of red velvet seats. It reminded me of theatres I had seen in the West in my childhood, where, when three people came into the gallery, it was regarded as quite nicely filled, and six made rather a crowd. But in New York I had never before been in as poor a house.

Who shall say what caused this lack of spectators? Regarded purely as a play—a stage performance which holds the attention of a comparatively unintelligent person—it had certain marked defects. There was not enough story to sustain its length. And what story there was did not go straight on from its inception to its climax. The scene in Hades, which to read is a fine piece of imaginative poetry, is not playable. It is an interruption in the story—a sort of hole in the middle—it is too long, it is too much on the same key, and nothing of dramatic interest happens in it. It had a detached air, like an interpolation. If we could have viewed all the wanderings of Ulysses from the downfall of Troy to the day of his return, it would have fitted in among the rest. But Stephen Phillips's poem only concerns itself with that portion of the great mariner's career in which he broke from the enchantments of Calypso to return a haggard wanderer to "gaunt Ithaca" and his faithful wife.

This criticism applies to the piece when one regards it simply as an acting play. And even this is not so serious a defect that it takes off greatly from the whole. Much more vital weaknesses could have been carried off by the splendid force of the rest of the drama. The human interest of the story, the simple beauty of the language, the superb stage settings—why did they fail to please? They were undoubtedly too fine for the mass of the people, but New York is an enormous city, in which the cultured class must be large. Why did not they respond to the appeal of this noble and ideal work?

The scene in Calypso's island was picturesquely and poetically speaking the most perfect. The rhythmical lines, so straightforward and unsubtle, so full of a large, reposeful beauty, seemed here to reach their highest form. The situation—a great man bound in the fetters of the flesh suddenly waking to the call of home, child, and wife—was handled with an emotional grasp that seized upon the spectator and held him

enthralled. And the background against which this all took place, the

"odorous, amorous isle of violets,
That leans all leaves into the glassy deep,
With brooding music over noontide moss,
And low dirge of the lily-swinging bee,"

is produced with such a realization of a deep-tinted, magical loveliness, that one seemed to look upon some lost nook of the forgotten gods.

A shore of white sand edges a sea, still and deep blue, so deep at the horizon that it lies in a violet line against the pale sky. The rocky entrance to Calypso's cave is hung with ivy. The cave stretches back to where steps ascend to other and deeper caves. By this entrance stands a rough, archaic-looking loom, on which is stretched the web of bright purple that Calypso weaves, back and forth, with a white shuttle. As Ulysses sleeps she sits thrusting her shuttle in and out through the purple mesh. Her long red hair falls to the ground around her, and her long white arms seem to weave magic spells as she draws the purple skein through the fabric.

Both in this country and in England the Calypso was a tall, long-limbed woman, of a sort of feline litheness. The Junoesque enchantress is a person of a secondary order, a gross and vulgar charmer. When Burne-Jones drew Circe preparing the fatal brew that was to rob Ulysses and his comrades of reason and lay them at her feet in willing slavery, he, too, pictured a long, lithe woman, supple as the leopards that crouched at her feet. The Calypso of Olive Oliver had these requirements, if it had not positive beauty. In thin, drooping draperies of yellow that clung to her like the wet clothes on a clay model, with a mane of red hair falling to her knees, and arms of extraordinary length and whiteness winding round her lover in impassioned embracings, she was a sorceress whose spells might well have held that wise and cunning mariner who had eluded the sirens.

One of the most skillful points that Phillips makes in this scene, is that Ulysses is not struck by sudden love and longing for his wife alone. The inferior poet and dramatist would have made Penelope the sole object of his desire for freedom. Calypso thinks this, and harps to him on Penelope's age, her ignorance of "amorous craft, tricks of delay, tears that can fire men's blood." She asks him what is the color of his wife's eyes, and absently he says he has forgotten. "Doth she sing sweet?" and still absently, he replies, "The songs of my own land." Finally, goaded by her questionings, her evident wonder that this middle-aged wife should be her rival, he cries:

"You being woman too much exalt the woman;
A thousand calls are ringing in my ears."

It is not the wife alone that makes him suddenly wild to go. The man's life calls him. His home, his work amid his kind, his duties, the gray heads of his parents, the fires of his hearth, his son, his wife—all that go to the making of the life of mortals. Desperate at her importunities, he tears himself away from her and cries in his sudden longing:

"Ah God, that I might see
Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge."

* * * * *
To see far off the smoke of my own hearth,
To smell far out the glebe of my own farms,
To spring alive upon her precipices,
And hurl the singing spear into the air;
To scoop the mountain torrent in my hand,
And plunge into the midnight of her pines
To look into the eyes of her who bore me,
And clasp his knees who 'gat me in his joy!"

Calypso knows herself deserted, and weeps as he continues in the strength of his love for the old, familiar things:

"Goddess and mortal, we have met and kissed.
Now I am mad for silence and for tears,
* * * * *
I am an hungered for that human breast,
That bosom, a sweet hive of memories—
There, there to lay my head before I die,
There, there to be, there only, there at last!"

Whatever other faults may be found in him, Mr. Tyrone Power delivers these lines magnificently. He has a superb voice, deep as an organ, full of color, and vibrant depths. There is a diversity of opinion about his Ulysses, some thinking it an exceptionally fine piece of work, others far inferior to his Judas Iscariot of last year. It is certainly not the Ulysses of our dreams. There is nothing suggestive of the subtlety or craft of the King of Ithaca in it. It is large, simple, and primitive, recalling rather one of those big, heroic, mythological heroes who killed monsters and rescued damsels than the wildest if not the wisest of the chiefs that conquered Troy.

The secret of Mr. Power's skill as an actor baffles me. I am one of his greatest admirers, and I can not analyze what it is that renders him so remarkable in romantic characters. He has a magnificent presence and voice, but there are many actors on the stage as well dowered this way who have nothing like his power of filling out a picturesque rôle. One of his strong points is, I think, an absolute repose in a day full of a sort of fretted feverishness of movement and expression. There is, too, a rugged virility about him, an absence of small intellectual complexities, of fine little finishing touches that gives him an austere, stern face, most unusual on the stage in this country.

His acting in the scene where he reveals himself to Telemachus shows this. It is a situation full of what actors would call "fine opportunities." The father, unknown to his son, trembling in his anguish of love and yearning over him, finally points to the palace below, and says,

"Seest thou that upper chamber looking south?
There wast thou born upon a summer night."

The boy, arrested, puzzled, half-grasping the truth, stammers a word or two of inquiry. With a broken voice Ulysses answers:

"I stood by the door in fear."

Here was the "fine opportunity" that most players would have ruined. Power, motionless and pallid, threw back his cloak. He made but a single gesture—that of opening his arms wide—and said, in a husky voice the sacred words:

"Child, I begot thee!"

It was one of the greatest moments I can remember in any modern play, and it is to Tyrone Power's eternal credit that he rose to it.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, November 26, 1903.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is said that ever since his famous speech at his reception at the Academy, Edmond Rostand has been living a quiet, secluded life. His health has been far from satisfactory, and as a result he will not be able to complete his new play, "Le Théâtre," for Coquelin by the first of the year.

Henry Labouchère can not understand why the American press should describe the Duke of Roxburghe as "a fortune hunter," inasmuch as his estates bring in upward of \$150,000 a year, and the personal property left by his father (besides funds in settlement) was upward of \$600,000.

Since his throat trouble, Emperor William has changed his voice, modulating it so as to reduce the pressure on the vocal chords. He now speaks in a somewhat lower pitch, his throat specialists having explained to him the theory of voice production, which he has practiced with considerable success.

Mrs. James Brown Potter has taken up politics in connection with her work on the stage. She is appearing in the provincial music-halls reciting to musical accompaniment the Britisher's pledge for imperial protection and tributes in verse to Mr. Chamberlain, and receiving support from a chorus of a hundred workmen in shirtsleeves. Music-hall songs have already been attuned to Mr. Chamberlain's cause, but this special singing campaign is an innovation.

Oberlin M. Carter, once captain of engineers in the United States army, military attaché to the American embassy at London, and prominent in Savannah society, was released from the military prison of Fort Leavenworth on November 28th. He was convicted of conspiracy to defraud and of the embezzlement of over \$2,000,000 of government money, and was sentenced on September 29, 1899, to dismissal from the army, to a fine of \$5,000, and to five years' imprisonment in the Fort Leavenworth penitentiary. Owing to his good conduct while in prison, Carter was released after serving but four years and two months. He is now forty-seven years old.

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, who recently died of pneumonia in New York, had a strange career. When her husband's immense fortune was swept away, in the early 'eighties, she was left practically penniless. She took a small apartment in New York with her mother and two little children, and secured employment as a saleswoman. She was soon earning a large income from her sales and by writing. Finally she was forced to go abroad for her health, and it was while in Europe that she purchased the formula for a cosmetic, from the preparation and sale of which she soon derived a large income. Much of her second fortune was lost in litigation. She became an authority on matters relating to feminine beauty and health, and wrote more than one book on the subject. She joined the editorial staff of the *World* seven years ago.

Peter Maher, the Irish pugilist, received a knock-out blow on Monday in Philadelphia when he tried to become an American citizen. The naturalization questions proved too much for him. According to the dispatches, Maher knew who the President of the United States was. When he was asked, "How is the President elected?" he replied, confidently: "By a large majority." "And the governor?" "The same way," said Peter. "What was the Declaration of Independence?" "It had something to do with the British," said Peter; "it was a kind of international challenge." By this time Peter was slightly groggy, but the commissioner was fresh. "What's the Constitution?" was asked. "It's all to the good," Peter declared, enthusiastically: "I am trained up to the minute." "How many States in the United States?" was another question. "There's Pennsylvania and New York and Chicago, and, oh, a bunch more." Then Peter went down and out.

SENATOR HOAR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

His Youth at Concord—Anecdotes of Edward Everett Hale, Daniel Webster, James G. Blaine, and General Grant—Benjamin Butler's Career Criticised.

A valuable and interesting contribution to the political history of the United States is Senator George F. Hoar's "Autobiography of Seventy Years." The venerable Massachusetts senator has been in Congress longer than any other man at Washington, and his two bulky volumes of nearly a thousand pages are liberally sprinkled with anecdotes of the many leading figures of the country with whom he has been intimately associated. In undertaking the recital of his own story, he says, he feared he might fall into the way of claiming too much or of being charged with boasting, like the Civil War veteran who, after relating some of his experiences, was asked by his little son: "Papa, did anybody help you to put down the rebellion?" Senator Hoar's fears are unfounded, however, for no one, after browsing through his readable reminiscences can accuse him of being boastful; on the contrary, his narrative is modest, delightfully frank, always dignified, and at times eloquent and scholarly.

Discussing the charge that he has evinced a blind and zealous attachment to the Republican party, he declares categorically what have been his reasons for persisting in being a party man:

1. I have never in my life cast a vote or done an act in legislation that I did not at the time believe to be right, and that I am not now willing to avow and to defend and debate with any champion of sufficient importance who desires to attack it at any time and in any presence.

2. Whether I am right or wrong in my opinion as to the duty of acting with and adherence to party, it is the result not of emotion or attachment or excitement, but of as cool, calculating, sober, and deliberate reflection as I am able to give to any question of conduct or duty. Many of the things I have done in this world which have been approved by other men, or have tended to give me any place in the respect of my countrymen, have been done in opposition, at the time, to the party to which I belonged. But I have made that opposition without leaving the party. In every single instance, unless the question of the Philippine Islands shall prove an exception, and that is not a settled question yet, the party has come round in the end to my way of thinking. I have been able, by adhering to the Republican party, to accomplish, in my humble judgment, tenfold the good that has been accomplished by men who have ten times more ability and capacity for such service, who have left the party.

Senator Hoar quotes a brusque old Concord neighbor as saying that "Samuel Hoar's boys used to be the three biggest rascals in Concord, but they seem to have turned out pretty well." The senator adds that he has thus far kept this statement strictly from all knowledge of the Democratic papers, but the truth is mighty and will leak out. In a more serious vein he says:

I have probably put as much hard work into life as most men on this continent. Certainly I have put into it all the work that my physical powers, especially my eyes, would permit. I studied law in Concord the first year after graduation. I used to get up at six o'clock in the morning, go to the office, make a fire, and read law until breakfast time, which was at seven in the summer and half-past in the winter. Then I went home to breakfast, and got back in about three-quarters of an hour, and spent the forenoon until one diligently reading law. After dinner, at two o'clock, I read history until four. I spent the next two hours in walking alone in the woods and roads of Concord and the neighboring towns, went back to the office at seven, read a little geometry and algebra, reviewing the slender mathematics which I had studied in college, and then spent two hours in reading Greek.

To attempt to follow Senator Hoar's distinguished career in our limited space would be folly, so we shall confine our extracts to choice bits, selected at random. Here is an anecdote of Edward Everett Hale which we have not seen before:

At the Concord celebration in 1850 the great orator turned in the midst of his speech and addressed Amos Baker and Jonathan Harrington, two veterans of the Revolution. At once they both stood up, and Mr. Everett said, with fine dramatic effect, "Sit, venerable friends. It is for us to stand in your presence." After the proceedings were over, old Amos Baker was heard to say to somebody, "What do you suppose Squire Everett meant? He came to us before his speech, and told us to stand up when he spoke to us, and when we stood up, he told us to sit down?"

Senator Hoar gave this description of Daniel Webster as he saw him at his father's house, in Concord, July 4, 1844:

He was physically the most splendid specimen of noble manhood my eyes ever beheld. It is said, I suppose truly, that he was but a trifle over five feet nine inches high, and weighed one hundred and fifty-four pounds. But then, as on all other occasions that I saw him, I should have been prepared to affirm that he was over six feet high and weighed at least two hundred. The same glamour is said to have attended Louis the Fourteenth, whose majesty of bearing was such that it never was discovered that he was a man of short stature until he was measured for his coffin. Mr. Webster was then in the very vigor of his magnificent manhood. He stood perfectly erect. His head was finely poised upon his shoulders. His beautiful black eyes shone out through the caverns of his deep brows, like lustrous jewels. His teeth were white and regular, and his smile when he was in gracious mood, especially when talking to women, had an irresistible charm.

However, Senator Hoar was not a very ardent admirer of Webster as a speaker. He says the statesman had a tiresome habit, in his ordinary speech, of groping after the most suitable word, after this fashion: "Why is it, Mr. Chairman, that there has gathered, congregated, this great number of inhabitants, dwellers, here; that these roads, avenues, routes of travel, highways, converge, meet, come together here?" When the speech was printed all the synonyms but the best one would be left out.

Of James G. Blaine, Senator Hoar thus speaks:

James G. Blaine was a man of many faults and many infirm-

ities. But his life is a part of the history of his country. It will be better for his reputation that the chapter of that history which relates to him shall be written by a historian with a full and clear sense of those faults and infirmities, concealing nothing, and extenuating nothing. But also let him set naught down in malice. Mr. Blaine was a brilliant and able man, lovable, patriotic, far-seeing. He acted in a great way under great responsibilities. He was wise and prudent when wisdom and prudence were demanded. If he had attained to the supreme object of his ambition and reached the goal of the Presidency, if his life had been spared to complete his term, it would have been a most honorable period, in my opinion, in the history of the country. No man has lived in this country since Daniel Webster died, save McKinley alone, who had so large a number of devoted friends and admirers in all parts of the country.

Senator Hoar contributes this story of General Grant, the occasion being a brilliant dinner, at which were present many distinguished men. Commodore Alden had remarked there was nothing he disliked more than a subordinate who always obeyed orders:

"What is that you are saying, commodore?" said President Grant across the table. The commodore repeated what he had said. "There is a good deal of truth in what you say," said General Grant. "One of the virtues of General Sheridan was that he knew when to act without orders. Just before the surrender of Lee, General Sheridan captured some dispatches, from which he learned that Lee had ordered his supplies to a certain place. I was on the other side of the river, where he could get no communication from me until the next morning. General Sheridan pushed on at once without orders, got to the place fifteen minutes before the rebels, and captured the supplies. After the surrender was concluded, the first thing General Lee asked me for was rations for his men. I issued to them the same provisions which Sheridan had captured. Now, if Sheridan, as most men would have done, had waited for orders from me, Lee would have got off." I listened with wonder at the generous modesty which, before that brilliant company, could remove one of the brightest laurels from his brow and place it on the brow of Sheridan.

There is a similar anecdote in which General John A. Logan figures as the hero. When General Thomas was playing his Fabian game leading up to the Battle of Nashville, in which Hood's army was annihilated, the Washington authorities grew impatient of the delay and sent Logan to supersede him. Logan could have stepped in and taken the victory and the glory, but he disdained to profit by the mistake at headquarters and rob a brave man of the fruits of his labor and skill. He left Thomas in his command. "Where in military story can there be found a brighter page than that?" asks Senator Hoar.

It was to fight Benjamin F. Butler's schemes that Senator Hoar went into the Senate, and he has never ceased to regard him as one of the basest characters that ever got into American public life. Of his war career, Senator Hoar says:

His military career was, with the exception I have stated (the war administration of New Orleans), disgraceful to himself, and unfortunate to the country. From the beginning of Butler's recruiting for the war, wherever he was in command came rumors of jobs, frauds, trading with rebels through the lines, and the putting of unfit persons in responsible positions.

Butler's career after the war is likewise subjected to a searching analysis, including the mysterious influence that he seemed to have over President Grant:

I do not suppose that the secret of the hold which General Butler had upon General Grant will ever be disclosed. Butler boasted in the lobby of the House of Representatives that Grant would not dare to refuse any request of his, because he had in his possession affidavits by which he could prove that Grant had been drunk on seven different occasions. This statement was repeated to Grant by a member of the House, who told me of the conversation. Grant replied, without manifesting any indignation or belief or disbelief in the story: "I have refused his requests several times." In the case of almost any other person than President Grant such an answer would have been a confession of the charge. But it ought not to be so taken in this case. Unless he desired to take into his full confidence the person who was speaking to him, he was in the habit of receiving most important communications with entire silence or with some simple sentence which indicated his purpose to drop the subject. My own belief is that at some time during the war, or before the war in times of discouragement, Grant may have been in the habit of drinking freely, and may at some time have done so to excess. During the whole time of his Presidency I had a good opportunity to observe him in personal intercourse. I was familiar with many men who were constantly in his company at all hours of the day, and often far into the night. They assured me that there was no foundation for any imputation that he was in the habit of drinking to excess then. If at any time he had formed such a habit he had put it under his feet. For that I think he is entitled to greater honor than if he had never yielded to temptation.

There are many interesting glimpses of famous literary men, especially those of Concord. Thoreau was a personal friend of Mr. Hoar as long as he lived. Charles Emerson, the brilliant brother of Ralph Waldo, was engaged to Mr. Hoar's sister when he died, and the author has paid a warm tribute to his character and powers. "I am ashamed to say that we thought Mr. Alcott rather stupid," he remarks. Emerson once told him: "I got together some people a little while ago to meet Alcott and to hear him converse. I wanted them to know what a rare fellow he was. But we did not get along very well. Poor Alcott had a hard time. Theodore Parker came all stuck full of knives. He wound himself round Alcott like an anaconda; you could hear poor Alcott's bones crunch."

Here is an anecdote of Margaret Fuller:

Old Dr. Bartlett, a very excellent and kind old doctor, though rather gruff in manner, could not abide her. About midnight one very dark, stormy night, the doctor was called out of bed by a sharp knocking at the door. He got up and put his head out of the window and said, "Who's there? What do you want?" He was answered by a voice in the darkness below: "Doctor, how much camphire can anybody take by mistake without its killing them?" To which the reply was, "Who's taken it?" And the answer was, "Margaret Fuller." The doctor answered in great wrath, as he slammed down the window and returned to bed: "A peck."

Senator Hoar discloses the fact that to him was

twice offered the English mission, once by Secretary Everts, and again by Mr. McKinley. Declining the latter's offer, he replied:

I am highly honored by your confidence, for which I am grateful. But I believe I can better serve my country and better support your administration by continuing to discharge the legislative duties to which I have been accustomed for thirty years, than by undertaking new responsibilities at my age, now past seventy-two. If it were otherwise, I can not afford to maintain the scale of living which the social customs of London make almost indispensable to an ambassador, and I have no right to impose upon my wife in her present state of health, the burden which would fall upon her. Be assured of my warm personal regard and of my desire to stand by you in the difficult and trying period which is before you.

The work is supplemented with two excellent portraits of Senator Hoar, several appendices, and an index.

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MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Wanderlust.

Oh, the voice came again when the fields were bare for sowing—
A-whispering, a-whispering, it never gave me rest,
"Oh, lad, the world is white with Spring, Oh, lad, be up and going—
Down the wide road, the free road that stretches to the West."

I looked adown the wide road and I was fain to go;
I looked into a stranger's eyes and I was fain to stay;
But still the whisper burned like flame that flickers to and fro,
"There's much to see and much to find, away, my lad, away!"

Oh, the voice came again when the grain was in the growing—
A-crying and a-crying, it followed where I went,
"Oh, lad, the Summer trails are clear, Oh, lad, be up and going—
Through the far way, the green way, the way of all content."

I looked upon the far trail and I was fain to go;
I looked within my sweetheart's eyes and fain to stay I was;
But still the voice kept pace with me adown the blossomed row,
"There's much to see and much to find, oh, lad, before you die."

Oh, the voice comes again when the fields are ripe for mowing—
A-clamoring, a-clamoring, I may not choose but heed
"Oh, lad, the keen wind fills the sails, Oh, lad, be up and going—
The unplumbed seas, the unfound lands are waiting on your speed!"

I look across the wondrous world—I may not choose but go;
I kiss my wife upon her mouth nor make her prayers reply;
Oh, voice that is the soul of me, I follow high or low—
There's much to see and much to find—good-by, my sweet, good-by.
—Theodosia Garrison in Harper's Magazine.

The Northern Trail.

Now I know how the woods on the hill are standing,
Bare and black on the deep and drifted snow,
With the waves of wind in their sounding branches stranding,
While the ice-edged rapids fret on the rocky landing,
And the wind may cry and the stream flow on forever
Where I no more shall go.

Out from the city's reek and fume and thunder
My heart goes back, O woods of the North, to you;
To the chill gray days with the gun, and the woodland plunder,
The voice of the hounds afar that the shot breaks sharp in sunder—
Now the trail leads long, but for me no more forever
Through the Northland that I knew.

Not as I knew you in June with shade and singing,
Not thus on your ways the desire of my heart is set,
But bleak and silent save for the bare boughs swinging,
And hound in dreams that the low sky hangs enringing,
That the wind runs through and the gray sun watches ever,
And snow-whirls stir and fret.

The wild ducks splash and whirr from the marshy cover;
Through the frozen thicket the grouse's pinnions roar;
The buck slips past, and the hawk swings circling over,
And high in the clouds the great gray eagles hover,
And these my brothers may hunt and roam forever,
But I hunt there no more!
—Frank Lillie Pollock in Everybody's Magazine.

The New British Ambassador.

The Right Hon. Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, the new British ambassador to the United States, is over six feet tall, with a fine physique, ruddy complexion, and gray hair and mustache. One of the reporters who greeted him on his arrival in New York last week, says: "He needs to wear no signs to tell that he is a trained diplomat. He knows exactly what he wants to say, and no amount of questioning will induce him to discuss matters that he doesn't care to talk about. But his refusals to talk are so expressed that one goes away from an interview with him almost ready to declare that he hasn't refused to talk about anything." Lady Durand and her daughter will come to Washington, D. C., next month. It is understood that Lady Durand will not be active in society. At Madrid she appeared at court only when her presence there was demanded by etiquette, and lived for the most part in retirement. Her health is delicate.

ART NOTES.

The Bohemian Club's Art Exhibit.

The public will be admitted to the art exhibition in the jinks-room of the Bohemian Club this (Saturday) afternoon from two to five, upon presentation of invitations by members. The painters who contribute canvases this year are H. J. Bruer, H. R. Bloomer, G. Cadenasso, J. W. Clawson, C. J. Carlson, Willis E. Davis, Charles J. Dickman, John R. Dickinson, L. Maynard Dixon, Harry Stuart Fonda, John M. Gamble, Chris Jorgensen, C. Chapel Judson, L. P. Latimer, J. T. Martinez, Arthur F. Mathews, Francis McComas, Orrin Peck, Charles Rollo Peters, C. D. Robinson, H. W. Seawell, J. A. Stanton, M. Strauss, and Thad Welch. Robert I. Aiken, Earl Cummings, and A. Putnam are the sculptors represented in the exhibition. The other visitors' days will be Tuesday, December 15th, from two until five o'clock p. m.; Friday, December 18th, from two until five o'clock p. m.; and Wednesday, December 23d, from two until five o'clock p. m., and eight until eleven o'clock p. m.

Grace Hudson's Indian Paintings.

An unusually interesting collection of new Indian paintings, by Mrs. Grace Hudson, will be on exhibition at the art rooms of Schussler Brothers, 119 Geary Street, for a week, beginning to-day (Saturday). The canvases are twenty in number, and vividly picture the personal characteristics of the Poma Indians, their occupations, customs, and dress. The three things most highly prized by the California aborigine are his child, his basket, and his dog. Mrs. Hudson has artistically introduced these in several of her pictures; in fact, her pudgy little basket babies are her happiest inspiration. Mrs. Hudson's studio, by the way, is at her home in Ukiah, where, with a whole rancheria of Poma Indians at hand, she has admirable opportunities for studying them in their native haunts. The Poma branch is estimated to have numbered about fifty thousand when the Spanish settled this Coast; now they number only a few hundred, and are slowly decreasing.

The first exhibition of the Guild of Arts and Crafts, in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel, will close this (Saturday) evening, after attracting considerable attention during the week. The guild includes members who excel in book-binding, etching, lace-making, china-painting, wood-carving, and leather work. Among the exhibitors are Marian Holden Pope, Helen Hyde, John Chard, Miss Crane, W. B. Collier, Jr., L. S. Adams, Mr. Muller, Mr. Dassonville, Miss Clara Rice, Miss L. Butler, and Mrs. M. M. S. Bird.

Comic Opera at the New Tivoli.

The new Tivoli Opera House, at the corner of Eddy and Taylor Streets, is to be opened during the week of December 21st, with an elaborate revival of "Xion," the popular mythological spectacle which has been brought up to date by Ferris Hartman. There are to be one hundred and fifty people in the production, several beautiful stage settings, and five big ballets. A number of notable new-comers will be in the cast, among others, Bessie Tannehill, the comedienne, who was last seen here with Matthews and Bulger during their series of Hoyt revivals at the California Theatre two years ago; and Wallace Brownlow, the English baritone, who created several of the leading rôles in the original London productions of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. It is promised that the new opera-house will prove a veritable revelation in artistic decoration, stage conveniences, and general arrangement. On the lower floor—the orchestra—and the second floor—the dress circle—no smoking or drinking will be permitted; on the top floor—which will be known as the promenade circle, and reached by an elevator—liquors and cigars will be sold.

Ellery's Band Concerts.

The final concerts of the Ellery Italian Band will be given to-day (Saturday) and on Sunday afternoon and night at the Alhambra. The popular "rag-time" smoker scheduled for to-night promises to crowd the theatre. The additional attraction is a troop of Dalmatian swordsmen, en route to the St. Louis Exposition. They give a sensational drill and sham battle, using two swords, as in the olden times. The performance represents a combat between Moors and Turks, and the entire drill and contest is with musical accompaniment. This is the first appearance of the organization in this country.

The Tavern of Tamalpais is an excellent destination point for those wishing to enjoy a pleasant day's outing. The panoramic view of the bay, ocean, and surrounding country is a sight which beggars description, and can never be forgotten.

At the Grand Opera House, the week beginning Sunday matinee, December 20th, will be devoted to benefits for the widows' and orphans' fund of the fire department. The attraction will be May Stockton in "A Little Outcast."

"TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

Opinions of the Press.

New York Times:

"Knowest thou the land where blows the garlic bloom?" Mr. Jerome Hart was in France, and many were the warnings he received from his friends there when they learned that he was bent on a trip to Spain. The book is light because the graver and heavier shadows were not sought for. There is nothing about religion, politics, or revolutions, and brigandage is entirely left out. As to politics, Mr. Hart writes, "even Spaniards do not understand them, and I doubt whether strangers ever can." Mr. Hart possesses a fine knowledge of what is good to eat. He is in Marsilles, where one of its glories is the bouillabaisse, a soup so fine that Thackeray wrote a ballad about it. It really is nothing but a chowder. "I ate some of it once down at Manhasset, on the east end of Long Island," says Mr. Hart. "It was practically the same thing as bouillabaisse, only it contained no garlic."

Barcelona was a surprise. Standing on the heights of Montjuich, Mr. Hart sees the many tall chimneys, rising everywhere, for Barcelona is a manufacturing city. Just change your mind when you use too fre-

quently the expression, "slow, old Spain." Barcelona is the port of entry for many lines of steamers, for she does business with all parts of the world. One thing which struck our Argonaut was that the natives did not speak Spanish: Catalan is the language. The author is amusing when he tells of the difficulties met in acquiring Spanish. There is that intricate subjunctive mood which is sure to stump you. Once on the train our American met with an intelligent priest, and the troubles about that subjunctive were submitted to the worthy father. He became interested and promised to explain matters. He wrote a letter of sixteen pages to the Californian with a linguistic grievance. Mr. Hart says: "When I finished reading it I understood the Spanish subjunctive mood less than before."

We have become so absorbed with the Alhambra that it is not known that the city of Granada is a place containing some seventy-five thousand inhabitants. Once on a time, Granada was the greatest of hat manufacturing centres. From there only came the grand *sombrero*. Continual strikes have ruined the hat business. Mr. Hart takes notice of the numerous labor troubles in Spain, which are on a par with those in the United States. The Alhambra would have pleased Mr. Hart better had there been fewer

beggars there. The beggars in Spain form, apparently, a large part of its population. It is a profession which descends from father to son.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Novel of Power.

The story of a moral struggle—severe, simple, and chaste as a classic marble—could only have been made interesting by a literary artist of consummate skill. That Edith Wharton's "Sanctuary," with all its rarefied atmosphere and elevation of thought, proves absorbing to those of us who pretend to no great or peculiar virtue, is a striking tribute to her indubitable power. In analysis of character, in serene, unerring cumulative development of the theme without pause from the first page to the last, we think "Sanctuary" equals, if indeed it does not excel, anything that she has heretofore written. Mrs. Wharton need only continue doing such work as this to take rank as the foremost American woman novelist of the time. It is our hope that she will more and more choose her characters and themes from American life. Her excursions into Italian fields are much to be regretted. "Sanctuary," we may briefly remark, is the story of how a pure, noble girl comes to perceive "that the fair surface of life is honeycombed by a vast system of moral sewage"; of how she meets the, for her, vital problem, and of the final justification of her whole life through her son's victory.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

The Poet Laureate's Plaintive Pipings.

England's productive poet laureate is in the field again, but with an acting tragedy this time, "Flodden Field," by name. London has already had a chance to test the dramatic quality of this historical-poetical play, Beer-bohm Tree having put it on during the present season. So far as its merit can be judged by mere perusal, "Flodden Field" is but sounding mediocrity. The poet laureate has by this time well established his ability to turn out a vast quantity of poetry and prose of only tolerable literary merit, and "Flodden Field," like all the Austin verse, has never a note to thrill the senses or play on the heart-strings.

As for the mechanics of his craft, the poet laureate, although he is occasionally guilty of a false quantity, has looked pretty carefully after his metre, and generally maintains a mathematical correctness of rhythm.

The tragedy, which is blank verse in iambic pentameters, tells in three acts of the perfidy practiced toward the James the Fourth, the Scottish king, by the fair Lady Heron, who, in order to bring victory to the Earl of Surrey's arms, befools the dallying king, and plays him into the death-dealing hands of the English earl on Flodden Field.

Lady Heron, who is an imaginary character, in speaking of her English lover indulges in a quantity of voluptuous imagery. It is quite apparent, however, that the good Alfred is on unfamiliar ground in his attempts to paint a telling portrait of this amorous dame, his efforts reminding one of a massive, respectable British matron clumsily seeking to emulate the torrid fascinations of her more giddy sister charmers.

In the *dénouement*, when Sidney turns with horror and execrates the fair betrayer, the poet twangs his lyre vigorously, but still the note of notes remains unsounded, and the imagination, unkindled, is calmly aware of vain attempts to reach unattainable heights.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.00.

A Quasi-Abduction in San Jose.

Gelett Burgess has collaborated with Will Irwin in the production of a yellow-covered novel called "The Reign of Queen Isyl," but the result is not exactly the same as when Pelion is piled on Ossa. In fact, the tone of this idyl of San José is decidedly collegiate. It has a caramel-and-cream atmosphere, and its view of the world in general is that it exists solely as a background against which college heroes may display their superior wit and rambunctious havery.

Doubtless the blue-eyed, pink-checked Stanford freshmen will clasp it to their hearts, and the "co-eds" will think it "just lovely." But other and older folks will experience, we fear, a sincere, if reprehensible, desire to hox the cars of the "hero" and put him at some good, hard, honest work.

The plot of the novel revolves about the supposed abduction of the Queen of Beauty at a San José fiesta. The progress of the story is interrupted at intervals by storyettes, told by the principal characters, somewhat after the fashion of the "Arabian Nights."

Some of these storyettes are rather amusing. One episode told by Norine, the deposed queen, is, we think, unique in literature. She was out riding with her lover—or, under the circumstances, should we say "fellow"?—when they espied "papa" in the distance, where upon the maiden fair got down on the buggy-floor under the lap-robe. Not liking what the fellow told the father when they met, "I," she says, "pounded his leg, and then stuck a pin into it." Later: "I stuck the hat-pin into him again, and he drove off in a hurry. Oh, I was mad. He had to kiss every one of my freckles before I'd forgive him that horrid remark."

"Now you'd think that was pretty crude work, wouldn't you," inquires the maiden, parenthetically, a little further on, but on this point we, for our part, kindly but firmly decline to express any opinion.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.50.

New Publications.

"Money and Credit," by Wilbur Aldrich. Published by the Grafton Press, New York.

"The Forerunner," by Neith Boyce. Published by Fox, Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"The Master of Gray," by H. C. Bailey. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"Silver Linings," by Nina Rhoades. Illustrated. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"The Warriors," by Anna R. Brown Lindsay. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.00 net.

"The Millionaire's Son," by Anna Robeson Brown. Illustrated. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

"Dorothy South," by George Cary Eggleston. Illustrated. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; \$1.50.

"The British Nation: A History," by George M. Wrong, M. A. Illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Modern Practical Theology," by Ferdi-

nand S. Schenck, D. D. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; \$1.00 net.

"Bethsaida," by Malcolm Dearborn. Published by the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York; \$1.50.

"A Sequence of Hearts," by Mary Moss. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

"A Passage Perilous," by Rosa Nouchette Carey. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

"Riverfall," by Linn Boyd Porter. Illustrated. Published by the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York; \$1.50.

"Marjie," by Frances Parker. Illustrated in colors. Published by the C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston.

"Christmas Songs and Easter Carols," by Phillips Brooks. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.00 net.

"The Way to the West," by Emerson Hough. Frontispiece. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

"A Primer of Hebrew," by Charles Prospero Fagnani. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50 net.

"With the Treasure-Hunters," by James Otis. Illustrated. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.20 net.

"Champlain: Founder of New France," by Edwin Asa Dix, M. A., LL. B. Illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.00 net.

"At the Time Appointed," by A. Maynard Barbour. Frontispiece in colors. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

"The Trail of the Grand 'Seigneur,'" by Olin L. Lyman. Illustrated in colors. Published by the New Amsterdam Book Company, New York; \$1.50.

"Man and the Divine Order: Essays in the Philosophy of Religion and in Constructive Idealism," by Horatio W. Dresser. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.60 net.

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Harper's Book News

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Young Cleric and His Adorers.

"Holt of Heathfield" will interest those readers of "Ronald Carnaqua" who may desire to survey a clerical portrait done by another hand. Murray Holt is, in his sincerity, independence, and desire to help the spiritually needy, something of the same type of man. The author, Caroline Atwater Mason, has not, however, delved so deeply into her subject, having it more particularly in mind to show a young, unwed clergyman stifled by the incense of his adorers, and the shamed recipient of flowers, notes, and other pressing attentions from his pretty parishioners.

There is, to be sure, a recalcitrant in the parish, one of its prettiest and most popular girls, who withholds her homage, disdainful alike of the general chorus of adulation, and of these "petted and pious athletes with expressive eyes and æsthetic tastes who talk of sacrifice and devotion and yet grasp every luxury that comes their way."

This young rebel, as it turns out, is doing an injustice to the Rev. Murray Holt, whose home, with its æsthetic appointments, provided for him by his wealthy parishioners, reproaches him with its luxury, after his first experiences with the hard realities of toil and poverty in the homes of the poor.

The story, although related in a light and breezy style, contains enough truth to gain its effect. The book is a lightly sketched but truthful delineation of the attitude of a prosperous parish toward its popular and petted pastor, presenting in Compton, the rich mill-owner, that type of parishioner who regards his pastor as a community property; a sort of slavish automaton that must think, act, and speak on lines laid down by the leading men of the parish. All clergymen will recognize the type.

The book has a pleasant ending, the pastor receiving timely aid in his efforts to include rich and poor in his parish, and eventually conquering the prejudices of the pretty rebel.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Mr. Howells's Fine Epistolary Novel.

Those—and they are many—who think that Mr. Howells has shown of late a falling off in literary power, had better buy "Letters Home" and revise their verdict. We do not say but that "The Kentons" may have lacked a bit in life and spontaneity, but this new book—perhaps owing to the rather unusual form in which it is cast—has sparkle and zest that is really surprising in one who lacks only a few years of threescore and ten. It is no easy task so to enter into a character that a brief letter shall, without caricature, perfectly reveal it. Yet Abner Baysley's laborious, hope-you-are-all-well-and-we-are-the-same letter by the hand of Howells to his brother at Timber Creek, Ia., makes one feel as if Abner were a friend of many years' standing. So with young, poetic Ardith's epistle to his chum, full of rapturous appreciation of the difference between the metropolis and Wottoma. So with the lady's companion's to her mother and "Lizzie" on the exciting love-affair between the poetic youth and the buxom millionairess, which so troubles her New England conscience. In brief, all the letters are characteristic, and the story full of rich, genuine humor, dashed with pathos, and overflowing with human nature. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

A Book of Wit.

"The Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom," which proved so popular as a gift-book last year, has this season been enlarged and improved, and is doubtless destined to a still greater popularity. The calendar contains drawings and decorations in red and black, and is bound uniquely in plaid "shirtings." The authors are Oliver Herford, Ethel Watts Mumford, and Addison Mizner. Here are a few of the "revised proverbs":

Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.
Many hands want light work.
A little widow is a dangerous thing.
"Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other."
Look out!!!!
A word to the wise is resented.
One touch of nature makes the whole world squirm.
A lie in time saves nine.
A fool and his honey are soon mated.
A bird on a bonnet is worth ten on a plate.
It's a strong stomach that has no turning.

Published by Paul Elder, San Francisco; 75 cents net.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Undercurrent," the longest story which has come from the pen of Robert Grant since he finished "Unleavened Bread," is not a "problem" novel, as the readers of the January *Scribner* will learn from the very first. According to the publishers, "it is a study of social conditions in the same environment which surrounded the *dramatis personæ* of his former work—a small American town just old enough to have traditions and castes and social demarcations. The subject is divorce, and the conflicts that are aroused take three distinct channels—Puritan, individual, and legislative. The battle is, however, chiefly fought out between the individual and the State."

At the time of his death, the late Sir Walter Besant was engaged on what he called his *magnus opus*, the survey of London. The first installment, "London in the Eighteenth Century," appeared last year. The second part, "London in the Time of the Stuarts," is announced by the Macmillan Company to be almost ready for publication.

Mortimer Menpes is writing a book on "Whistler as I Knew Him." It will appear in this country next March.

Andy Adams, author of that virile work "The Log of a Cowboy" (which is now in its seventh edition), is completing a romance of old Texas to be called "A Texas Match-maker."

James Whitcomb Riley's new book of poems is to be called "His Pa's Romance," after the first in the collection, an account by a small urchin of the courtship of his father and mother.

A work by Professor Harry Thurston Peck entitled "The Story of the Last Twenty Years," will appear serially during 1904 and 1905.

"The Son of Royal Langbrith," by William Dean Howells, is to begin as a serial in the January issue of one of the Eastern magazines.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's new book, "Two Centuries of Costume in America," is out this week. The two volumes are very fully and richly illustrated. The subject of American costume, which has been singularly neglected, is now presented for the first time in an adequate manner.

Miss Helen Keller has written a small book entitled "Optimism," which is now in process of publication by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. The work is an expression of Miss Keller's optimistic philosophy, the creed of life which she has derived from her own experience and from her knowledge of books and history.

Charles Scribner's Sons have brought out the fourth edition of Frederick Palmer's "The Vagabond." This makes the thirteenth thousand.

The Macmillan Company is shortly to issue three volumes by the late Matthew Arnold—"Friendship's Garland," "Last Essays," and "Mixed Essays"—in attractive new editions. The same house is publishing an edition de luxe of Arnold in fifteen volumes.

William Butler Yeats, the well-known Irish poet and dramatist, has prepared the following course of lectures for this country: "The Intellectual Revival in Ireland," "The The-

atre and What It Might Be," "The Heroic Literature of Ireland," and "Poetry in the Old Time and in the New."

"Bill" Nye's Grave Neglected.

For some time, the grave of the late Edgar Wilson Nye, better known as "Bill Nye," the humorist, has been covered with weeds and brambles, and only recently has it dawned upon the residents of Asheville, N. C., that his grave in Calvary churchyard, near Fletcher's station, is in need of attention. Now that local spirit is aroused, C. S. Gudger has volunteered to carve an inscription upon a monument when it is provided; another citizen has promised to undertake the setting of the stone. Still another will keep the surroundings full of bloom. It is said that Nye once expressed a whimsical aversion to having a monument placed over his grave, giving as a droll reason his fear that the obstruction would prevent him from scrambling out with alacrity on the morn when Gabriel sounds his trumpet. But even he would appreciate having the grave, as well as his memory, kept green. The meagre estate left by the fun-maker and philosopher, having been converted into money, was swallowed up in the failure of an Asheville bank soon after being deposited there, and as a result Nye was able to make no provision for his family.

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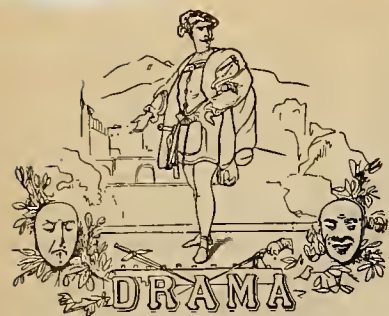
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As a consequence, during the last decade, there has been a perfect whirlwind of comic opera sweeping the boards. Comic opera, to be sure, under a varied nomenclature, but intrinsically the same gay, glittering, beauty-spangled, joke-enlivened musical travesty of serious or prosaic things that formerly flourished under the name of opera bouffe. And the taste for gay superficiality—for the laugh first, and emotion as a secondary consideration—has extended to the drama proper.

The managers at first met it more than half way by forcing French farce down the throats of the public, who swallowed the mess because, to their innocent American palates, its highly seasoned Gallic lubricity passed for "French wit." But the unsavory compound was really mixed to the Latin taste, and, after a season of popularity, was rejected.

Then the native dramatist, who had been languishing in obscurity, began to take a hand in the game. He mixed his dishes quickly to appease the popular demand. James Herne's early rural dramas had many imitators, and Yankee spinsters, coy country rosebuds, and hired farm hands of unexceptionable respectability trod the stage in the wake of the frisky *bourgeoisie*, who had but a few short months before gayly intrigued against that ennui-producing condition—matrimonial peace.

Clyde Fitch's rise, already begun, now reached its height, builded on the ruins of transplanted French dramas. His Americanism, the cheerful reflection in his plays of the trivialities of contemporary life, and his perfectly respectable sentimentality were welcome to the people, satiated with the over-spiced drolleries of French farce. His humor, containing no uneasy suggestion of the *double entendre*, met a quick response. The thinness of his character structure, and facetious lightness of motive were not obvious to those who were delighted at the bustle and motion which this dramatist habitually substitutes for dramatic action, and Mr. Fitch began to grow rich on public favor.

In the meantime, the Eastern theatre-goers, and, occasionally, after one or two-year delays, those on this Coast were afforded opportunities to witness up-to-date British drama. The works of Carton, Grundy, Esmond, Marshall, Jones, and Pinero were sent out, and the American public were regaled with the spectacle of the British aristocracy in miniature treading the primrose path of dalliance heretofore monopolized by the puppets of the Continental dramatists.

Esmond and Marshall, it is true, deviated from this path. They were for sweetness and light, and won a much more cordial hearing. But the trail of frivolity and flippancy thus widely inaugurated was over all things. The era of the "book play" began, and book-dramatizations were turned out almost while you waited on the playwright's front doorstep. Truly, the fatness of public favor was founded on a diet of husks.

And now comes, with a shock of surprise and dismay to those who have been prospering on "giving the people what they want," a tremendous slump in theatricals. At present, it is confined to the East, and the distracted managers, with dead plays falling around them thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, and with some of the best-known players in the East shutting up shop, are trying to account for the unanticipated depression.

They have mentioned the Wall Street crisis, the election, hard times, the unaccountable caprices of the theatre-going public, and, in New York, the unnecessary addition of five new theatres to the regular number.

The seriousness of the situation is emphasized by the fact that ten first-class dramatic companies have closed their seasons prematurely since the regular winter season began. Among others, Julia Marlowe, playing in Esmond's "Fools of Nature"; Arthur Byron, with Clyde Fitch's new-old play, "Major André"; Nat Goodwin, in an elaborate production of "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Jerry Dixey; Robert Edson; Edward Harrigan; Jessie Millward; and James Lee Finney are some of the well-known

players who have either temporarily retired from acting in plays that fail to draw, or have been forced to substitute others that are passé, but are more certain financial factors. Arthur Byron has given up starring, and has become May Manning's leading man. Although thousands of dollars were spent in the production of "Midsummer Night's Dream," the play will be withdrawn, and Nat Goodwin will be sent out in a trifling farce, called "My Wife's Husbands." When Irving left New York to go on the road, alarmed at the ominous outlook, he prudently cut prices—the first time during any of his visits to America that he has ever charged less than three dollars a seat.

In the meantime, other plays which started with considerable prestige, and whose backers had every hope of success, have fallen flat. William Crane's new play, "The Spenders," dramatized by E. E. Rose, from Wilson's popular novel of the same name, has turned out to be a poor piece of mechanical stagecraft, with the characteristic American vitality, which gave the book its vogue, in great part evaporated. The acting of Crane is the main attraction, the play figuring merely as a rattling vehicle for carrying off his broad humor and hearty pathos.

The dramatization of Onoto Watanna's "A Japanese Nightingale," which, it was hoped, would repeat the success of "A Darling of the Gods," is suffering from imperfect circulation of the pedal extremities.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," which was so widely read and discussed as to make its popularity in dramatic form almost a certainty, if there is such a thing as certainty in the theatrical business, has excited only a languid interest. The play, although performed by a first-class company, is pronounced by the critics to be dull and platitudinous.

Whether this alarming aggregation of failures has been caused only by the intrinsic weakness of the plays, or has its root in other conditions, it is impossible to say.

One of the New York managers thinks the mediocre quality of the attractions, and a passing reluctance of the public to spend money on amusements, is the cause. He advocates meeting present conditions by a temporary reduction of prices, which can be restored to their former basis when the present depression has passed. This gentleman unwarily makes the admission that managers will still be enabled to make a sufficient margin of profit after reducing from two dollars to one dollar and fifty cents a seat. The query suggests itself: If prices are once lowered, will it be an equally simple matter to raise them again? We hope not. No one grudges the theatrical manager his profits, provided they are gained in the pursuit of art. But so long as high prices prevail, it is always possible to substitute first-class spectacle for first-class art.

W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, who, during a recent interview in New York, advanced some very true and trenchant and some rather impracticable ideas on the subject of modern drama, declares acting to be impossible in theatres of the present day. "There is," he says, "an enormous stage and enormous setting, reducing the actors to a picturesque group in the foreground of a landscape painting, and a very poor painting it is."

Mr. Yeats, who is president of the society of the Irish National Theatre, declares the English theatre demoralized "because the illogical thinking and insincere feeling we call bad writing makes the mind timid and the heart effeminate."

In other words, the day of dramatic masterpieces, for a time at least, is over. It seems to us, out here, contemplating the situation from a distance, that there is nothing at present to bind the people closely to the theatre; nothing strong, vital, or commanding in the drama of to-day, around which their enthusiasms may cling, or from which their ideals may draw strength and beauty. Nearly everybody is capable of ideals and generous emotions. Do you remember, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," how the brute overseer, Legree, fumed and protested when he read of the cruelty of the warden of an English prison? Reasoning from the same premises, there is hope even for the man whose present idea of dramatic enjoyment is to listen to the

stage Irishman, the singing "coon," or the Dutch comedian. Give him something that ceases merely to make his risibles, something that finds the way to his heart, and thrills the immortal soul of him, and he will thirst for a second taste of the inspiring draught.

Easier said than done, however. It is one thing to want and another to have.

Yet, to the dispassionate observer, who is not running a theatre or hunting for a theatrical engagement, there is something distinctly encouraging in the present situation. The whole industrial world seems to be going "on strike." Who knows but what the striking microbe has infected theatrical audiences? Perhaps they, too, are subconsciously going "on strike" against the poor, pitiful, pernicious, deceitful, shallow, mechanical stuff which to-day passes for drama, and pretends to represent life.

Involuntary, unpremeditated, and widely extended movements of this kind generally mean something. It is not merely chance that popular players, and pieces by popular dramatists, fail to draw. It is apparent that the managers, by instituting and adhering to low standards of art, have failed to make the theatres necessary to the people.

As a contrast to the general reluctance in New York to buy theatre tickets, note the disposition of this same New York public to spend liberally where they are promised masterpieces. So far, the receipts for the "Parsifal" performances average twelve thousand dollars for each one, a sum which assures Heinrich Conreid of financial success in his tremendous undertaking.

The discouraging feature of present conditions is the absence of dramatic masterpieces; the encouraging aspect is the need of them. This is an epoch of literary fecundity, of facile cleverness without depth or solidity. What is not in writers can not come out. But let us hope that the need for truth and sincerity, for stimulating thought, for powerful expression, will bring these qualities to light.

To quote from one of Frank Norris's essays on novel-writing some thoughts which will apply equally well to play-writing: "The difficult thing is to get at the life immediately around you—the very life in which you move. No romance in it? No romance in you, poor fool. As much romance on Michigan Avenue as there is realism in King Arthur's court. It is as you choose to see it. The important thing to decide is, which formula is the best to help you grip the Real Life of this or any other age."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Lulu Glaser in "Dolly Varden."

The dainty singing comedienne, Lulu Glaser, who has not been here since she visited us ten years ago with Francis Wilson, will make her stellar debut in San Francisco at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night in "Dolly Varden," the successful new comic opera by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards. The period of the opera is about 1730, when George the First was on the throne. The plot—for it is claimed that this comic opera actually has a plot—revolves about a young country girl left to the care of a crusty old bachelor, who covets her fortune and hopes to win her for his wife. At the beginning of the play, Dolly is brought to London to be present at the wedding of her guardian's sister. Fairfax, fearful that she might fall in love with some young man, keeps her practically a prisoner, and decrees that, when she goes out for the air, she must do so in a sedan-chair. Dolly, in a petulant mood, kicks the bottom out of her conveyance, so that all that is visible of her is her dainty feet and ankles. Captain Belleville, of the army, who sees this strange spectacle, falls in love with the feet and ankles, and follows her to the garden of Beauchamp Towers. There he succeeds in meeting Dolly, and, of course, an attachment springs up between the two. The rest of the story hinges on the endeavors of the crusty old bachelor to keep the lovers apart. Needless to say, he fails, and all ends happily. In Miss Glaser's company are Harry Girard, Harold Blake, W. H. Fitz-Gerald, John Dunsmuir, Bergh Morrison, George Head, Lillian Walbridge, Emmalyn Lackey, Lotta Gale, and a large and effective chorus. During Miss Glaser's two weeks' engagement the Columbia Theatre orchestra will be increased to double its present size. There will be no Sunday performances.

J. H. Stoddart at the Grand.

The patrons of the Grand Opera House are to be given a treat next week, when James H. Stoddart, the veteran actor, will appear in James MacArthur's dramatization of Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." Popular prices will prevail, although the cast and scenery will be practically the same as at the Columbia Theatre last September. Mr. Stoddart's Lachlan Campbell is a masterly characterization, and the antics of Posty—again impersonated by Reuben Fax—make an admirable foil to the pathetic sufferings of the hard-hearted Scot, which dominate the play. In each of the three scenes—the exterior of Lachlan Campbell's cottage, the living-room, and the beeches at Drumtochty—the scenic artist has admirably caught the Scottish atmosphere, and this, in conjunction with the always intelligible dialect, the pretty costumes, the introduction of the old Scotch ballads, and suggestive light effects, heightens the illusion, so that the spectator does not have to stretch his imagination far to feel that he is really in the midst of the Highland people, pictured so charmingly by Maclaren, Crockett, Barrie, and other writers.

The Orpheum's New Bill.

Joan Hadenfeldt—a statuesque San Francisco beauty—will make her vaudeville debut at the Orpheum next week in "A Cycle of Love," described as "a little chapter of pictorial surprises based on the masterpieces of world-famous painters and illustrating every phase of the tender passion." It begins with "The Birth of Love," by Vautier; and is followed by the four seasons of love, "Cupid's Conquest," by Lefter; "Temptation," by Bougureau; "Love's Chastisement," by Hynais; and "Chilly Cupid," by Aubert. The first tempest of the heart is shown in love's interlude, "Cupid, the Pilot," by Knaus, and the cycle closes with the triumphal finale, "Why Love Is King." Each song will be illustrated with a sort of living picture in

which a handsome young woman and a pretty child will pose. During the progress of the cycle Miss Hadenfeldt will wear five different gowns, each of them symbolic of the great love theme. The other new-comers are Henri Humberti, a comedy juggler, and Lotta and Belle Tobin, who perform on a variety of instruments, their selections ranging from popular to classical music. Those retained from this week's bill are Pauline Hall, in new vocal selections; Francesca Redding, in "The Cattle Queen"; Hines and Remington; Joe and Sadie Britton, an entertaining colored couple; and Bonner, "the horse with the human brain."

"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

David Belasco and Franklyn Fyles's frontier play, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," is to be revived at the Alcazar Theatre next week. It is a welcome variation from the comedies which have recently been offered, and provides enough thrills to satisfy the most ardent lover of melodrama. In fact, the episode of the little garrison in the stockade, standing off the Blackfoot hostiles, and the rescue at the crucial moment by a resistless dash of cavalry, is as graphic and stirring as any similar scene introduced into Augustus Thomas's more modern Western dramas. The cast will include Juliet Crosby as Lucy, James Durkin as Lieutenant Hawksworth, and Adele Block as Kate Kennion. George Osbourne, George Webster, Luke Conness, and Harry Hilliard fill the military rôles, with Fred Butler as the renegade Scar Brow. Frances Starr as Wilbur's Ann, John B. Maher as Dr. Penwick, and Anita Allen as Fawn Afraid. On December 21st an elaborate and realistic production of Joseph Arthur's sensational comedy of Indiana life, "Blue Jeans," will be offered.

"I-O-U" at Fischer's.

Judson Brusi's clever travesty on the unions and their methods, "I-O-U," has settled down to a prosperous run at Fischer's Theatre. Next week, Barney Bernard, so long a favorite at the cozy little O'Farrell Street theatre, is to be succeeded by Allen Curtis, a Hebrew impersonator of note, who has played in many of the original Weber and Fields burlesques in New York. On Tuesday afternoon, the benefit for the Press Club will take place. Besides the regular bill, the programme will include a number of specialties and features expressly gotten up by some of the club members.

At the Central.

John Arthur Fraser's tale of border outlaws, "The Scout's Revenge," is to be given at the Central Theatre on Monday night. The scenes are laid in Indian Territory and Northern Texas, and the plot revolves about a brave-hearted scout, who loves a wealthy heiress, and, after a succession of thrilling adventures, succeeds in winning her heart and hand. A minor love-story runs through the play, of which the Central's trustworthy press-agent says: "If you enjoy the 'calf love' of comedy lovers, and want a hearty laugh, you should observe the antics of Betty and her Benjamin in 'The Scout's Revenge,' for no funnier couple ever happened in a play than these."

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VANITY FAIR.

Atlanta's Chamber of Commerce is not a worm, but it has at least one of the characteristics of that wriggling thing. It has turned. At a dinner given by it on Thanksgiving eve, Governor Terrell, Mayor Evan P. Howell, Clark Howell, and John Temple Graves were suffered to be present only on condition that they were not to speak. These gentlemen constitute Atlanta's regular corps of after-dinner orators. There has been no dinner in Atlanta within the memory of the present generation without a speech from one or more of the gentlemen whose names have been mentioned. Evan P. Howell and Clark Howell are two of the wittiest men in the United States, and Mr. Graves has a reputation as an orator that is national. But the business men of Atlanta considered it no more than fair that somebody else should have a chance for once, and that the four men who have been accustomed to do all the talking at public functions should have an opportunity to find out what it is to be mere listeners. According to the Chicago *Record-Herald*, direct reports from the scene of trouble indicate that the four great talkers were visibly affected, Governor Terrell being so distressed that dignity alone kept him from calling upon his large staff of colonels to rescue him. Clark Howell is alleged to have been thrice interrupted on his way to the fire-escape, while Mr. Graves is accused of having tried to insert plugs in his ears while the second speaker of the evening was gradually working up to a Lincoln story. "It is agreeable to be able to say," adds the *Record-Herald*, "that general good feeling was restored after the speechmaking, and there is no reason to believe that any permanent injury was done."

Because they do not care to be bothered with the cares and worries of a large establishment for just a few weeks during the social season, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gwynn Vanderhilt have decided to keep their New York town residence closed, and will occupy a modest four-thousand-dollar flat in "The Warrington," an apartment-house on Madison Avenue, midway between Thirty-Second and Thirty-Third Streets. As Mr. Vandervilt is worth in the neighborhood of fifty million dollars, it may seem a bit "skippy" for him to live in so simple a manner. But the truth of the matter is that he and his wife intend really to live at Newport and only run up to town for a week or two at a time. They have a beautiful place at Newport. Mr. Vanderhilt's prize horses are there, and both prefer a life in the country. Their little son is being brought up in the most democratic way. When in town, he is taken for a walk each day in Madison Square, which is only a few blocks away. He is wheeled there in a common English perambulator by his nurse, and is permitted to run about with his dog and to play with the other little children there. Mrs. Vanderhilt is not at all afraid of kidnappers, and trusts entirely to the middle-aged German-American who watches over the heir to the immense Vanderhilt fortune.

The famous Gridiron Club of Washington, D. C., entertained more than one hundred and sixty guests at its December dinner at the Arlington Hotel on Saturday last. The evening was replete with unique features, in which public events and the alleged ambitions and aspirations of statesmen were made subjects of burlesque and good-natured ridicule. The initiation of three new members afforded an opportunity to picture the inside of a newspaper office, in which the staff discussed methods of interviewing many of the guests present. The Republic of Panama suddenly appeared at the dinner, and was recognized by the Republican elephant amid brays of the Democratic donkey. The Gridiron Club flying machine was brought in, and a number of prominent guests were given an opportunity to test it, the course being to the White House, but all met with a mishap before reaching the goal. Moving pictures illustrated some recent events, political and social. A New York policeman appeared and hung a red light directly over the place where Leader Murphy, of Tammany, and Mayor-Elect McClellan were sitting. There were a number of brilliant and witty speeches, and the evening was interspersed with topical songs.

A well-known amateur rider who knows the feminine pulse pretty well, says that after weighing the matter for a good while New York women are coming out strongly in favor of riding astride. She admits, however, that this is partly due to a craving for novelty. "Since babyhood," she said to a *Sun* reporter, "and for many generations, every well brought up little girl has been strictly debarred from the delights of shinning up a pole, climbing trees and straddling the banisters. From infancy, in polite circles, women have everlastingly been expected to sit sideways. Can you wonder that given a chance we are glad

to have a try at the other thing. Personally I don't find a man's saddle, so comfortable as a side saddle, but then I have been riding one of the latter kind for years. I am pretty sure, however, that a beginner would give her preference to the other. But that is not the point. I think the chance to enjoy a novelty is the secret of many a woman's determination to ride astride; and even were a man's saddle thoroughly uncomfortable—which it is not—the result would be exactly the same. I doubt very much, though, whether the custom will be very long lived among women here. In the Far West and in other parts of the country, where a horse is about the only means of getting over the ground, there are other reasons to be considered, one of which is that of the two a man's saddle is far easier for a horse, especially when his route is mountainous or rough. Here women only play at riding. Out West they ride of necessity. Some of us just now are playing at riding astride, a lot more mean to have a try at it, but probably in the end we shall all go back to first principles and ride in the old fashion. As to riding astride being unhealthful for women and unsafe, I think that is a fairy-story started by the cranks."

Ann Arbor University circles are scandalized over the peremptory dismissal of an upper classman and a "co-ed," whose names will not be revealed by President Angell or Dean Jordan. The offense was the admission of the man to the dressing-room where three hundred girls were arranging their costumes for a fancy-dress party given by the Woman's League of the university. Many of the girls at this party, which was supposed to be strictly private and for women only, were dressed as boys, and they and their friends are horrified by the knowledge that a male spectator was admitted to the dressing-room and witnessed all their antics. Much latitude is granted at these parties, and men are strictly prohibited. Just before the Thanksgiving recess the league gave a party, and an upper classman, disguised as a negress, gained admission, accompanied by one of the "co-eds." In the course of an hour or so suspicion rested on the "colored woman," who spent entirely too much time in the dressing-room, and "she" was summoned into Dean Jordan's office. Mrs. Jordan demanded the removal of the headgear worn by the negress, and discovered the impersonation. She then took the man's name, and ordered him from the building. The "co-ed" who brought him to the hall was called in and closely quizzed, with the result that the entire matter was reported to President Angell, and the dismissals ensued.

Two ladies and a baby furnished any amount of fun for the clerks in one of the big dry-goods stores of Albany, N. Y., the other day. The mother of the baby left it in charge of her friend, who guarded the carriage while the mother went to one of the departments to make a purchase. The infant awakened, and not seeing its fond parent at once began a system of rooting that would have made a football hunch dizzy. The young woman, knowing that the child would never cease its howling until the mother was found, started in search of her. With the screaming child in her arms she went down one side of the store while the mother was coming up the other side. When the mother found the empty carriage, she at once doubled back into the store and followed her friend around. Both made the circuit of the store twice before a floor-walker flagged them, and ended what looked like a six-day-cry-as-you-please.

The cost of a commission in the British army is well illustrated in the case of Lieutenant and Riding Master Emery, of the Royal Irish Lancers, who has just gone into bankruptcy, with liabilities amounting to \$3,670. Twenty-five years ago he enlisted in the regiment as a private. He gained an honorary commission in 1894, with an allowance of \$750 to cover his expenses. He was called on to spend for new clothes \$470, for two horses \$250, for transit of family to India \$75, for furnishing quarters \$600, and for saddlery \$100, a total of \$1,495, or \$745 more than the government allowed him. To help out he had to go to a money-lender for a considerable part of the balance, so that he was really insolvent from the day he got his commission.

George Alexander's dual plea for permitting people to enter the best seats of the London theatres without wearing evening dress and for removing hats has caused the liveliest of discussions. For the first time, apparently, Londoners have learned that, aside from the question of requiring full evening dress, England is the only country in which women are ever seen décolleté in the theatre. Mrs. Craigie pleads for the theatre gown as it is known in Paris, New York, Berlin, Bayreuth, and Vienna. For ten months in the year, she urges, the theatres are so bleak that heavy cloaks have to be incongruously worn over the bare necks.

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	Shares.	BONDS.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Los An. Ry 5%....	2,000	@ 112½	111	113
N. R. of Cal. 6% ..	3,000	@ 107½	107	108
N. R. of Cal. 5%....	11,000	@ 114¼-115	114	
Oak'nd Transit 6% ..	1,000	@ 117½	117½	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5% ..	12,000	@ 106½	106½	106¾
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%....	1,000	@ 116½	116½	117
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909	25,000	@ 107½-107¾	107½	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910	10,000	@ 108½	108½	109
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1912	3,000	@ 115	114¾	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd.	29,000	@ 106½-106¾	106½	
S. V. Water 6%....	17,000	@ 106	105¾	106¼
	Shares.	STOCKS.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Spring Valley W.Co	410	@ 38¾-39½	38¾	39
Banks.				
Bank of California	10	@ 44½	44¾	
Mutual Savings....	5	@ 100	100	105
Powders.				
Glant Con.....	10	@ 65-65½	65	67
Vigorit.....	100	@ 4¾	4	4¾
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. & S....	25	@ 45	44½	45
Honokaa S. Co....	270	@ 13-13½	13½	13¾
Hutchinson.....	100	@ 10-10½	10½	
Gas and Electric.				
Central L. & P.....	50	@ 4	3¾	4¾
Pacific Gas.....	44	@ 54	54	54¾
S. F. Gas & Electric	1,035	@ 65½-68¼	67½	68
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers ...	20	@ 143	143¾	145
Cal. Wine Assn....	105	@ 91-92	92	92
Pac. Coast Borax...	12	@ 167	167	168

The business for the week was small, with the exception of San Francisco Gas and Electric, about 1,035 shares changing hands. On buying orders the stock sold up to 68¼, a gain of three and one-half points, the market closing weaker at 67½ bid. 68 asked.

Spring Valley Water was in better demand 410 shares being traded in at 38¾ to 39½.

The sugars have been quiet, and have held their own in price.

INVESTMENTS.

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Hunter Baltimore Rye

is the choice because of its faultless flavor and perfect purity. Long life and prosperity to all.

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213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

There has always been a little friendly enmity between W. S. Gilbert and a rival humorist, Sir Francis Burnand, the present editor of *Punch*. Once at a dinner table some one said: "I suppose you often get good things sent in by outsiders." "Occasionally," answered Burnand. "Then why don't you print them?" said Gilbert.

One of the most striking anecdotes told in Hermann Klein's "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London," relates to Anton Seidl's first interview with Wagner, in the library at Wahnfried. Seidl found the room dark; and, imagining nobody was there, he pulled out his letter of introduction, and began silently rehearsing the speech he had prepared. Suddenly, from out of a gloomy corner, Wagner appeared, and Seidl was so nervous that he could not bring out a sentence of his speech. This proved to be his salvation, for Wagner, declaring, "If you can work as well as you can hold your tongue, you will do," engaged him on the spot.

The late Gustav von Moser, the successful German author of comedies, whose name is best remembered in this country in connection with "The Private Secretary," used to show his friends a little crystal urn in which he ordained that his ashes were to rest after his cremation. "From every one of the many laurel wreaths showered on him after the première of a new success," so the story goes, "he used to pluck a single leaf, burn it, and lay its ashes in the urn. 'And so, you see,' he was wont to say with his sunny smile, 'one of these days I shall really be resting on my laurels.' And so it came about, for his whimsical request was scrupulously observed."

It is related that a Democratic member once ventured to challenge one of "Uncle Joe" Cannon's statements. "Mr. Blank is mistaken," sharply replied Mr. Cannon. This form of denial was contrary to the rules because it mentioned a member by name instead of as "the gentleman from Indiana." The offended Democrat called the Speaker's attention to the breach of rules. The Speaker explained, and instructed the new member to proceed in order. With a sweeping and courteous how, which has since become famous, Mr. Cannon said: "If the venerable and august gentleman who is such a stickler for the rules will hear with me, I beg to inform him that he lies under a mistake."

Professor T. N. Carver tells an amusing story of a clergyman friend, who, upon one of his trips through the West, observed that almost every man he met and spoke with used profanity. Finally he found one man who talked to him for twenty minutes without using an oath. As they were about to separate the clergyman shook hands with the stranger, and said: "You don't know how glad I am to have a chance to have a talk with a man like you. You are the first man I have met for three days who could talk for five minutes without swearing." The stranger was so surprised and shocked at this deplorable state of affairs that he instantly and innocently ejaculated: "Well, I'll be damned!"

General Gordon says that, on one occasion during the Civil War, a threatened attack of Federal troops brought together a number of Confederate officers from several commands. After a conference as to the proper disposition of troops for resisting the expected assault, the Southern officers withdrew into a small log hut standing near, and united in prayer to Almighty God for His guidance. As they assembled, one of the generals was riding within hailing distance, and General Harry Heth of Hill's corps stepped to the door of the log cabin and called to him to come and unite with his fellow-officers in prayer. The mounted general did not understand the nature of General Heth's invitation, and replied: "No, thank you, general; no more at present; I've just had some."

A writer in *Country Life in America* relates the following ghost story, which, he declares, is founded on fact: A young woman, at a country house-party one Christmas, had been thrilled with delicious horrors by tales of ghosts and hobgoblins told by certain of her fellow-guests about a generous fire just before they separated for the night. The next morning she appeared at the breakfast table ready for departure, and, when pressed to explain her reason for going, finally confessed that she was afraid to sleep under that roof another night. She said that about midnight she was awakened by a stealthy step, and to her horror saw a spectre, all in white, at the foot

of her bed, and it raised its claw-like hands and actually drew the coverlet off the bed. There was no hallucination about it, for the coverlet was gone! While the interest was at its height, a belated breakfaster appeared, and remarked, genially: "How cold it was last night. Knowing that the room next to mine was unoccupied, I took the liberty of helping myself to an extra covering from there!"

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Links in Winter.

From tee to tee, across the sweet,
Warm grass that yielded to my feet,
With breeze and sunshine all aglow,
Short skirt, head bare—I like it so—
I drove, when summer days were fleet.

Alas! those days again to greet
Where Sport and Pleasure, laughing, meet!
Blithe as the birds, no more I go
From tee to tee!

Now, gloved and bonneted complete,
With swaying crowds, in hum and heat,
Where tea and gossip mingled flow,
Joyless, but smiling, comme il faut,
I drive—along the rattling street—
From tea to tea!

—Margaret Johnson in the Smart Set.

The City Sportsman.

He purchased a dog and a bunting suit, a brand new gun and a lot of shells;

He wrote for terms to a fellow friend, enlisting a trusty guide,

And the day the hunting season began he hustled away, a happy man,

Loaded down, with sportsman things, none of which he had tried—

And there he found,

Upon the ground

Others, like him, full of hope and pride.

They took the field like an army corps, marching through stubble and brush.

The guide was brave, though he faced their guns, and promised that he would stay;

But each man knew the danger that lies in wait for a man who closes his eyes

When he shoots, so they kept theirs open wide and marched with joy to the fray;

And then at last,

As the morning passed,

A quail rose up and whirled away.

Each gun went up and the guide dropped down; the dogs stood still in their tracks;

The triggers were pulled and the guns' reports resembled a cannon's roar.

The poor little quail turned a somersault—'twas shot clear through to heaven's blue vault—

And they gathered around to jollify at their glorious gunshot score.

(Though none could tell

Whose shotted shell

Had spilled the little fowl's gore!)

And that was the only bird they saw; but, nevertheless, to-day

They have him stuffed and placed in a case in a club not far away.

And they point with pride to this patent fact—they hunted with so much care

They shot neither guide nor friend nor dog—and that is a record rare!

—Jack Appleton in Cincinnati Times-Star.

Funston—Little, but Oh My!

General Frederick Funston has figured in a good many stories, true and untrue, but there is one that Governor Taft tells on him which has never yet found its way into type.

Late in 1901, both Governor Taft and General Funston were patients at the same time in the First Reserve Military Hospital at Manila. The latter was in a very fair state of convalescence from an operation for appendicitis, when Governor Taft was brought into the surgical ward for an intestinal operation. A few days after the operation, there came suddenly, one morning before seven o'clock, the sharpest earthquake shock that Manila has suffered under American occupation. It lasted unusually long, too—over forty seconds, in fact. The old First Reserve Hospital is not the finest of the rather poor public buildings Spain left in Manila, and, considering its crumbling condition, the best thing that can be said for it is that it is only a one-story affair. At the first tremors of the shock, everybody involuntarily rushed, more or less clothed, from the little rooms of the narrow officers' ward into the area. General Funston emerged from his room to find that the hospital stewards, like all the rest, had taken refuge in the free air. One glance showed him that Governor Taft's room, next his, had thus hastily been abandoned. Throwing up his arms in signal, he called back the hospital attendants to the tune of a very emphatic kind of English, the sort most readily understood in such emergencies. Before yet the last quake had come, he was rushing into Governor Taft's room, saying: "I guess we'll have to carry you out of here, governor."

All that the six-footer governor, who even then carried on his massive frame over two hundred and fifty pounds of flesh, saw to huck up this statement was the diminutive Funston, who could just look over the foot of his bed. Serious as the occasion was, and earnest as the general was, the governor could not resist a laugh as he pointed out to his rescuer that the task was no light one. But he afterward said: "Do you know, I believe Funston would have lugged me out somehow, if the earthquake hadn't stopped as it did, even though the stewards hadn't followed him in. He looked mightily as if he meant it."

JAMES A. LE ROY.

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when nature's supply fails is Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It is a cow's milk adapted to infants, according to the highest scientific methods. An infant fed on Eagle Brand will show a steady gain in weight.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie
District Forecaster.

		Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain- fall.	State of Weather.
December	3d	64	48	.00	Clear
"	4th	62	52	.00	Clear
"	5th	58	44	.00	Clear
"	6th	58	46	.00	Clear
"	7th	56	48	.00	Clear
"	8th	60	44	.00	Clear
"	9th	58	46	.00	Clear

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wbari corner First and Brannan
Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1903

Doric.....Tuesday, Dec. 22
Coptic.....Friday, Jan. 15, 1904
Gaelic.....Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1904
Doric (Calling at Manila), Saturday, Feb. 5, 1904

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Dec. 19, 1903,
at 11 A. M.

S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland
and Sydney, Thursday, Dec. 31, 1903, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Jan. 5, 1904, at 11 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros., Co., Agts., 643 Market
Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON.
St. Paul....Dec. 26, 9:30am | St. Louis....Jan. 9, 9:30am
Phil'd'phia Jan. 2, 9:30am | New York....Jan. 16, 9:30am
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Merion....Dec. 26, 2:30pm | Havreford....Jan. 9, 3pm
West'ndland....Jan. 2, 9am | Noordland....Jan. 16, 9am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Minneapolis Dec. 26, 10am | Mesaba....Jan. 9, 9am
Minnehaha....Jan. 2, 5am | Minnetonka....Jan. 16, 5am
Only first-class passengers carried.

DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.
Canada....Jan. 2 | Canada....Feb. 6
Dominion....Jan. 23 | Dominion....Feb. 27

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 a.m.
Zeeland....Dec. 26 | Vaderland....Jan. 9
Finland....Jan. 23 | Kronland....Jan. 16

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Teutonic....Dec. 23, noon | Celtic....Jan. 13, 2pm
Cedric....Dec. 30, 1pm | Teutonic....Jan. 20, 10am
Majestic....Jan. 6, 10am | Cedric....Jan. 27, noon
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Cymric....Dec. 24, 10am | Dec. 24, Jan. 28, Feb. 25
Cretic....Feb. 11, March 10, April 7

Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.
Republic (new)....Jan. 2, Feb. 13, Mar. 26
Romanic....Jan. 16, Feb. 27, April 9
Canopic....Jan. 30, Mar. 12
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calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai,
and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1903
Nippon Maru....Wednesday, December 30
(Calling at Manila.)
America Maru....Monday, January 25, 1904
Hongkong Maru....Wednesday, February 17
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Grace Martin, daughter of Mrs. Camilo Martin, and Mr. William Horn.

The engagement is announced of Miss Viola Winter, daughter of Mr. William Winter, of New York, dean of American dramatic critics, and Mr. Fielding J. Stilson, of Los Angeles, a member of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity of the University of California.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Zelda Tiffany, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Z. Tiffany, of Sausalito, and Mr. William R. Harrison, son of Mr. J. W. Harrison, and a grandson of the late General H. A. Cobb.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eleanor Graham Holden, daughter of Mrs. S. P. Holden, and Mr. Stewart Fitz-Allyne Swom, of Ennisworthy, County Hoboken, Ireland.

The wedding of Miss Jacqueline Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, of Oakland, and Mr. John J. Valentine will take place at the Church of the Advent, East Oakland, some time in January. Miss Ethel Moore will be the maid of honor, and Miss Ethel Valentine, Miss Isabelle Hooper, of Alameda, Miss Edna Barry, Miss Carolyn Oliver, Miss Florence White, and Miss Marion Smith are to act as bridesmaids.

The marriage of Miss Emma Rutherford, daughter of Mrs. George Crocker, and Mr. Philip Kearny will take place at St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, in New York, the latter part of January. Mr. Phil Kearny is a grandson of General Phil Kearny, and a cousin of Mrs. Foute, widow of the late Rev. Robert C. Foute.

The wedding of Mrs. Louise la Montagne, daughter of Mrs. John A. Darling, and Mr. Charles E. Maud, of Riverside, was quietly celebrated at Reno on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Maud will reside in California, and spend much of their time at "Edgemere," Mrs. Maud's country place near Rutherford.

The wedding of Miss Laura Blackwood, daughter of Mrs. Eliza Blackwood, and Mr. Alfred C. Martel took place at the home of the bride's mother, 2002 Pacific Avenue, on Tuesday. The ceremony was performed at high noon by the Rev. Dr. Hemphill. There were no attendants, and only the members of the families and a few of their most intimate friends were present. Upon their return from their wedding journey in a fortnight, Mr. and Mrs. Martel will occupy their residence at Mountain View.

Mrs. Homer S. King, Miss Genevieve King, and Miss Hazel King gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Helen Bailey, who will make her debut to-day (Saturday) at a reception given by her mother, Mrs. Norris, and her aunt, Mrs. John F. Swift, at the residence of the latter on Valencia Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight gave a dinner at their residence on Pacific Avenue on Wednesday, at which they entertained Mr. and Mrs. William Irwin, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mr. James D. Phelan, and Mr. Harry Holbrook.

The first cotillion of the Gayety Club was given at the Chesebrough residence on Clay Street on Wednesday evening. The members of the club are Miss Helen Chesebrough, Miss Newell Drown, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Lucy Coleman, Miss Elizabeth Allen, Miss Frances Allen, Miss Olga Atherton, Miss Gertrude Eells, Miss Frances Howard, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, Miss Stella McCalla, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Elsie Tallant, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Anna Sperry, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Maud Bowne, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Isabel Kittle, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Lutie Collier, Miss Emily Carolan, and Miss Elizabeth Huntington. Miss Lucie King, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, and Miss Mamie

Josselyn were special guests. Informal dancing followed the cotillion, which began at nine. Supper was served at midnight.

Miss Katherine Dillon gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Bernie Drown. Others at table were Mrs. John Rogers Clark, Mrs. Morton Gibbons, Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. A. B. Spalding, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Florence Boyd, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Mrs. H. C. Breeden, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Newell Drown, and Miss Emily Wilson.

About two hundred guests were present last Friday evening at the first dance of the Friday Night Club, given under the direction of Mr. Edward M. Greenway. There was no cotillion, as Mr. Greenway preferred a simple programme of informal dances, the cotillion being arranged for the Christmas ball, which will take place next Friday. Mrs. Henrietta Zeile, Mrs. E. F. Preston, and Miss Katherine Dillon are to give dinners on Friday evening preceding the cotillion.

Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a luncheon at her residence on Eddy Street on Monday afternoon in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles Welch, of New York City, who is visiting in California. Others at table were Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

Miss Florence Hush will give a luncheon in honor of Miss Jacqueline Moore on Friday.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston held an informal "at home" at 2336 Broadway on Friday.

Miss Maye Colburn gave an informal tea last Sunday afternoon complimentary to Miss Maylita Pease and Miss Elsie Tallant. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. John Rogers Clark, Mrs. George Beardsley, Miss Pearl Sabin, Miss Margaret Mee, Miss Elizabeth Cole, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Frances Harris, Miss Alice Phelan Sullivan, and Miss Florence Bailey.

Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow gave a card-party on Tuesday afternoon at her residence, 1945 Pacific Avenue, at which she entertained Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Miss Alice Hagar, Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Miss Lily O'Connor, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. McLaren, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Bowie-Dietrick, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. William G. Irwin, and Miss Sprague.

Mrs. Burns Macdonald and Mrs. Hilda Macdonald Baxter have given a series of six luncheons at the University Club complimentary to Mrs. Victor Clement, of Salt Lake City, who has come to California to make San Francisco her home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Miss Newhall will hold a reception this (Saturday) afternoon from four until seven o'clock at their residence, 1206 Post Street.

Mrs. J. J. Spieker and Miss Georgie Spieker gave a tea at their residence, on the corner of Devisadero and Sacramento Streets, on Tuesday. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Eleanor Eckart, Miss Mabel Cluff, Mrs. Garret McEnerney, Mrs. Walter Scott, Miss Lalla Wenzelburger, Miss Blanche Dwinell, Mrs. W. S. Leake, Miss Mabel Toy, Miss Paula Wolff, Miss Bessie Gowan, Miss Mabel Donaldson, Miss Rachael Hovey, and Miss Meta Breckenfeld, of Sacramento.

Wills and Successions.

The will of Julian Rix, who died on November 14th, was filed in New York on Tuesday. It was drawn in 1894, but there is a codicil which was added in 1901, and which contains, among other provisions, the notable one that all of Mr. Rix's paintings which Thomas B. Clark, the art collector of New York, does not consider worthy of his name shall be burned by Clark. In the codicil, Mr. Rix also speaks of his near relatives and his family having failed to help him when he was in need of help. He says: "I desire that all provisions of my will in favor of my dear friends therein mentioned stand as a token of my love and esteem for them, and in recognition of the many acts of kindness extended to me throughout my life when I had no other friends, and when my near relations and family did not put forth a helping hand to me." The testator's brother, Edward Rix, is the only one of the family mentioned in the will. To him, Mr. Rix gives one of his best pictures.

Eliza N. Sherwood has filed a supplemental report of the estate of her husband, Robert Sherwood, of the firm of Sherwood & Sherwood. The original value of the estate was \$1,362,286.75. Out of the amount, debts aggregating \$552,000, had been paid. Other large sums had been expended for taxes and improvements, leaving a balance of \$500,000.

The appraisers of the estate of the late Thomas J. Clunie—William Broderick, Samuel Newman, and O. F. von Rhein—have filed their inventory and appraisal, giving the total value of the estate as \$1,017,009.17, the greater part of which is left in trust to the adopted son, Jack Clunie. Of the property of the estate scheduled in the appraisal, \$635,000 is in the real-estate account and \$382,009.17 in the personal-property account. The most valuable piece of real estate inventoried is the Clunie Building, at California

and Montgomery Streets, appraised at \$400,000. This is specifically left in trust to Jack Clunie. There is in addition \$85,000 in other San Francisco real estate, \$137,500 in real estate in Sacramento, \$6,500 in Napa County, and \$6,000 in Contra Costa County. The two last-mentioned items consist of ranch property, and the Sacramento property includes the Clunie Opera House and adjoining property, and the Clunie warehouse property. The Clunie Opera House property is specifically left to the widow, and the warehouse property, valued at \$20,000, to Andrew J. Clunie, brother of the deceased.

At the Races.

The big event at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday) will be the Crocker Selling Stakes for three-year-olds and upward over a seven-furlongs course. The value of the purse is two thousand dollars, and the entries number over a hundred. On Monday afternoon, the racing scene changes to Ingleside Track, and if the weather continues favorable there ought to be a large attendance and some interesting races, for an excellent programme of six races has been arranged by the California Jockey Club.

Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall expects to terminate his lecture series here on Sunday evening. Large audiences have attended his lectures at Steinway Hall each Sunday evening during the past six months, and there seems to be no abatement in the interest felt in the principles laid down by the famous exponent of metaphysics. Last Sunday evening, there was one of the largest gatherings of the season, the subject being "Proofs of Immortality." The lecture was followed by some remarkable demonstrations of psychic powers. Sunday night, Dr. Tyndall will talk on "Our Common Birthright," and there will be further experiments in the wonders of psychometric reading.

The friends of Mrs. Arthur V. Callaghan will learn with regret that she is ill at the Woman's Hospital. Her speedy recovery, however, is expected.

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Pears'

"Beauty is but skin-deep" was probably meant to disparage beauty. Instead it tells how easy that beauty is to attain.

"There is no beauty like the beauty of health" was also meant to disparage. Instead it encourages beauty.

Pears' Soap is the means of health to the skin, and so to both these sorts of beauty.

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NECK DRESS	UNDERWEAR
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THE OLD RELIABLE



Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

HOTEL RICHELIEU

1012 VAN NESS AVENUE

HOTEL GRANADA

1000 SUTTER STREET

The management of the Hotel Richelieu wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that it has purchased the property of the Hotel Granada, and will run the latter on the same plan that has made the Richelieu the finest family hotel in San Francisco.

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Francis Carolan, who returned from Europe with Mr. Carolan some weeks ago, remained in the East, where she is visiting her mother, Mrs. George M. Pullman. She expects to return to the Coast in a couple of weeks.

Mr. Thomas McCaleh has returned to San Francisco after a long stay in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. William I. Kip and Miss Mary Kip have postponed their intended departure for the East, where Miss Kip's wedding will take place, until the latter part of January.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, who has gone to Coronado, intends to spend the rest of the winter in Southern California.

Miss Leontine Blakeman has departed for New York, where she will spend the winter with Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson (née Keeney).

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow were in Washington, D. C., during the week.

Mrs. Helen Dean have arrived in New York, where they will spend the winter months.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling are in town for a stay of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Costigan will come over from Sausalito this week, and take up their residence at the St. Dunstan for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Lovell have returned to town for the winter from "Sycamore Park," San Lorenzo. They have taken a house at 2920 Washington Street, where Mrs. Lovell will be "at home" on Fridays.

A party including Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Sperry, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Runyon, Mrs. H. S. Smith, Mrs. K. Henry, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Miss Maylita Pease, Captain Frederick Johnston, and Lieutenant Fuchs visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. John Deane and Miss Marie Deane have taken apartments for the winter at 1601 Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin have definitely decided to visit the Pacific Coast early in January.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon have departed for Europe. They were accompanied by Miss Sara Collier, and expect to be absent about four months.

Mrs. Gerrit Livingston Lansing will be at the St. Dunstan until Lent.

Mr. Henry E. Huntington came up from Los Angeles during the week on a brief business visit.

Mrs. Arthur W. Moore has returned to her residence, 2520 Pacific Avenue, after a visit to relatives in Boston and New York.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht and Mrs. Helen Hecht are in New York.

Among the week's arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. A. Harold Ayers and Mr. A. J. Sage, of Melbourne, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stanford, Mrs. Josiah Stanford and Miss Stanford, of Warm Springs, Mr. and Mrs. Tirey L. Ford, Miss Webb, Miss Ethel Green, Mr. Carlton Green, and Mr. John A. Sanborn, of San Francisco.

Among the week's arrivals at Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. R. Hampton, Jr., of Boston, Mr. G. F. Simonds, of South Acton, Mass., Mrs. John Gilerest, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Sosso, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Dohrmann, Mr. and Mrs. Sweasey Powers, Baroness von Meyerinch, Mrs. R. E. White, Mrs. G. F. Morehouse, Miss Katharyn White, Mr. G. Meredith, and Mr. H. F. Crahtree.

The San Francisco Mercantile Library has recently contributed more than a thousand volumes to the library at Manila, where reading matter is a great desideratum. The books were surplus copies of novels and other works whose popularity had waned, and of which, therefore, the library now needs only a copy or two.

Raoul L. F. Martinez, formerly of San Francisco, and for a number of years one of the musical critics of New York, was stricken with paralysis, a fortnight ago, and is now at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, in a very critical condition.

The Christmas Sunset.

If you wish to send a California Christmas greeting to your Eastern friends, send a Christmas Sunset Magazine. Here are 208 pages of color and artistic half-tone engravings; three thrilling Christmas stories; sixteen pages telling all about California automobiles; a line-drawing by Gertrude Partington, picturing a California girl beneath the mistletoe; four stunning page pictures in color by Maynard Dixon, telling of Christmas on the range; Professor William D. Ames tells all about the new Greek theatre at Berkeley; Tulare's bond burning is described by Mary E. Griswold; the attractions of Los Gatos are told by W. R. L. Jenks. Other contributors include Wallace Irwin, Alberta Bancroft, Arthur Inkersley, Ednah Robinson, Charles K. Field, A. J. Waterhouse, E. D. Peixotto, Francis McComas, Ray Farrell Greene. This is the best number yet issued of this progressive Western magazine.

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Army and Navy News.

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., Mrs. MacArthur, and Colonel Parker West, U. S. A., are expected to arrive to-day (Saturday) from Honolulu.

Dr. Guy L. Edie, medical department, U. S. A., expects to join Mrs. Edie in San Francisco early in January, en route to the Philippines.

Captain Charles R. Howland, Twenty-First Infantry, U. S. A., left last Tuesday to join his regiment at Fort Snelling, Minn.

Captain Richardson Clover, U. S. N., was at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mrs. Percy Kessler left on Tuesday to join Captain Kessler, U. S. A., at Fort Totten, N. Y., where he is at present stationed.

Major John H. Bigelow, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bigelow have come up from Monterey, and will make their home at the Presidio, where Major Bigelow has been assigned to the command of the Third Squadron of the Ninth Cavalry.

Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N., and Miss Cornelia Kempff will spend the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Captain Henry W. Stamford, Signal Corps, U. S. A., will arrive from Fort Myer, Va., about the first of the year, en route to the Philippine Islands.

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It is one of the profound ironies of fate that Herbert Spencer—whom the English-speaking world, through its mouthpiece, the Press, is to-day mourning as "a man of transcendent greatness," "a master mind," "a man of overpowering intellectuality," "the profoundest logician that has lived," "the greatest of modern thinkers," "the deepest philosopher of any age,"—should have lived to see the whole drift and current of civilization setting mightily away from political principles he held to be essential to the health and stability and welfare of society toward beliefs he held to be reactionary and evil and disastrous.

Herbert Spencer was the most inveterate of individualists. He believed, with Thomas Jefferson, that

"that is the best government which governs the least." He held that it is the business of the state to provide for "national defense," to defend its citizens "from crimes of violence and aggression against one another," and from all civic injuries—but there the state's function, he held, absolutely should cease. All laws for any other purpose he would sweep from the statute-book. He believed in giving the greatest liberty and freedom to the individual, in the efficiency of private enterprise over public, in non-interference by government in any department of human activity. "Officialism," he declared, "is habitually slow." "Officialism is stupid, corrupt, extravagant, unadaptive, and obstructive." These ideas he expressed, with the greatest force and cogency of which he was capable, in many essays, at many different times, during a long life. And yet, though Englishmen now mourn Herbert Spencer as "their greatest thinker," the tendency has all been away from these political principles he so earnestly championed toward multiplication of laws and greater and greater interference by city and national government in civil affairs. English municipalities now not only operate street railways and telephone systems, but build tenements, sell food, and undertake the management of hotels and lodging-houses. In his last book, Mr. Spencer himself, speaking of municipal trading, admits that "the public are now set upon it, and can no more be stopped by arguments and facts than a runaway horse can be stopped by pulling the reins."

As in municipal, so in other affairs. Spencer was, during his lifetime, the implacable opponent of state education. He contested the state's right "to impose its system of culture upon the citizen." He called the English public-school laws a "tyrannical system." He denied "the equity of taking, through taxes, the earnings of A to pay for teaching the children of B." He declared the masses to be overeducated. He was convinced that "immense evils may result if intellectualization is pushed in advance of moralization." Here, again, England's "greatest thinker" was at the time of his death almost alone in holding these views, both in England and in the rest of the civilized world.

Moreover, as in education, so in such matters as trade and commerce. Mr. Spencer consistently believed that every individual should have a perfect right to buy or sell without let or hindrance from the state. Shortly before his death he said: "What is the moral basis which justifies any interference with my freedom in buying as I like in an honest market?" Yet England, so long a free-trade country, seems on the point of abandoning the Spencerian theory of free trade and substituting government regulation through a protective tariff.

In short, as we said at the beginning, the whole tendency of civilization is away from the individualism of Spencer toward socialism. Socialism grows apace in Germany. It is growing in France. Extension of municipal ownership shows the power of the sentiment in England. Socialism is growing, though slowly, in the United States. Who is right on this vast question of individualism or socialism—the people or the philosopher? Does the world, in the latter days, show "a general retrogression," as Spencer contends? Is there to be a "new slavery"? Is the tendency, as he declares, "from freedom to bondage"?

John Fiske, whom Americans have been wont to hold in honor, once said of Spencer's work that it surpassed that of Aristotle and Newton "as the railway surpasses the sedan-chair or as the telegraph surpasses the carrier pigeon." This may be true or may not. But certain it is that no stronger argument against socialism has ever been penned than that Herbert Spencer

makes in a short essay published ten years ago. Compressed into a paragraph, his argument is this: Man must have a master. That master may be nature. Or it may be a fellow-man. In a democracy man is compelled to work by his physical necessities. He is under natural law. Under socialism, man would be compelled to work by the personal coercion of some one above him. He would be under artificial regulation. Society must chose between these alternatives. Social life can only be carried on by voluntary coöperation (as now) or compulsory coöperation (under socialism). The first is represented by a laborer on a farm, free to go or stay. The second, by a soldier in an army who must obey or suffer punishment. Under socialism, society would consist of two classes, those who regulate and those who are regulated. And it is laid down as a profound truth that "the regulative structure always tends to increase in power." In way of illustration, Spencer points out that a few Christian missionaries, spread over pagan Europe, preaching the returning of good for evil, were the beginning of a religious hierarchy of vast power, ruled by military bishops, headed by popes who coerced kings; that the history of the United States shows constant increase and centralization of governmental power; that societies of every kind—labor unions, stock companies, political parties—soon cease to be governed by the members as a whole, invariably falling into the hands of cliques whose power grows and grows, till supplanted by a stronger clique. Arguing from these analogies, therefore, Mr. Spencer states his conviction that "when a general socialistic organization has been established, the vast, ramified, and consolidated body of those who direct its activities, using without check whatever coercion seems to them needful in the interests of the system (which will practically become their own interests), will have no hesitation in imposing their rigorous rule over the entire lives of the actual workers; until, eventually, there is developed an official oligarchy, with its various grades, exercising a tyranny more gigantic and more terrible than any which the world has seen."

Again we ask, Who is right, the philosopher, our "greatest thinker," or the people, the whole Occidental world? Spencer is at least consistent. His ideal state is one where "each shall have as much liberty to pursue his ends as consists with maintaining like liberties to pursue their ends by others." So believing, his attitude on all political subjects inevitably followed. The people are inconsistent. For a while, they are not ready to accept socialism, they agree to policies that are socialistic in tendency.

Who is right? The ages only can give the answer.

All the way from the East the singing wires tingle as they tell us that "Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt and his wife are about to take up their residence in a New York flat."

At first the news comes upon us with something of a shock. A Vanderbilt in a flat! But, on reflection, why not? The first of the Vanderbilts—Cornelius, of that ilk—lived in an abode far inferior to a flat; that Cornelius who for a modest fee used to carry passengers from New York to Staten Island in a skiff sculled by his good right arm. But times have changed since then. Like the haughty prince of the elder times in France who said, "*Roy ne puis, prince je daigne, Rohan suis*," so Cornelius's scion may say, "Noble, nit; Astor, not; Vanderbilt I am." From the Vanderbilt skiff to the Vanderbilt flat is the measure of three New York generations. Two decades ago, in New York, the term "flat" was so unusual that the play, "French Flats," excited much curiosity there as to

what the term might mean; hence for a long time that phrase, "French Flats," was applied to what are now denominated by the shorter term.

Yet "apartments," or "flats," are not distinctly French; they are European. You find them all over the Continent. In Vienna, for example, you see the Reichshaus, a magnificent façade with a vista extending for some hundreds of yards along a beautiful square. You say to yourself: "What a magnificent public building—what an imposing architectural ensemble!" Yet you speedily find that only the centre of this massive pile is the City Hall; the rest is made up of flats belonging to private owners: the commonwealth decreed that for the common weal they should construct their buildings in architectural harmony. Even conservative London has felt the pressure of modern life; all over the great city to-day you may find what there are called "Residential Flats." If you are domiciled at one of the big hotels on the Strand, such as the Cecil or the Savoy, from your windows you may see a stately pile of buildings, known as "Whitehall Court." You wonder vaguely what they are; are they side-shows to St. James's Palace or Marlborough House? Or did King Edward in his Poins and Bardolph days utilize them for his bachelor larks? Not at all—they are merely grandiose flats.

Your Briton, by the way, is not utterly unused to the idea of living in flats or apartments. In his youth the average bencher has dwelt in chambers, as did Pendenis when he flirted with Fanny and generally played the platonic part of a mild Don Juan. Furthermore, without intending to wound the British aristocracy, we may say that a good many of them hark back for their money to the counter and the till. It came to them by the distaff side—in short, they married it. Sometimes the bride was the daughter of a wealthy brewer, sometimes of a Manchester cotton-spinner, sometimes a rich shop-keeper. In Britain, there are cotton, malt, and liquor lords: the Lords Ardilaun base their title on Dublin porter and stout. England's peers even have come to America to get money, and have not hesitated to wed the daughters of common petroleum magnates, of base-born slaughter-house millionaires. Therefore, the British subject of to-day, whether noble or commoner, should not be startled at the idea of living over a shop; more than one may reflect that his great great-grandfather so lived when he used to stand at the shop door in his 'prentice's apron shouting "What d'ye lack."

In London as in New York, so has it been in San Francisco. Once there was a time when a flat was the badge of the shabby genteel. Once there was a time when a bride-to-be would say to her future lord: "Edwin, when we are married you will not make me live in Oakland, will you, dearest?" "No, my sweet Angelina!" "And you will never make me live in a flat, precious?" "Never, my ownest own!" "Then, Edwin, darling, take me—I am yours."

Now, all this is changed. Now, people whom one knows live in flats. True, they call them "apartments," but still they are flats. Flats are found even in the sacred precincts of Pacific Avenue. Flats are also found on the sacrosanct altitudes of Nob Hill. Time was when only impossible persons lived in flats in San Francisco. Now, even leaders in the Four Hundred live in apartments.

The world moves. Even San Francisco moves with it—sometimes. In New York for nearly twenty years there have been big blocks of flats or "apartment-houses." Some were built as speculations, some as investments, some as homes. There are several such buildings in New York which are run as stock companies, the stockholders owning the buildings and occupying them as their own tenants. A comparatively small one is the Belgravia, on the corner of Forty-Eighth Street and Fifth Avenue. This was built by half a dozen millionaires, among them George M. Pullman, John W. Mackay, and others. Each millionaire owns a floor of the building, and each floor is thoroughly fitted up as a handsome apartment. While each apartment has a kitchen, an electric lighted tunnel runs from the basement to the Hotel Buckingham, not far away, so that the occupants can have the advantage of that restaurant service if desired.

Most of us know that the country is better to live in than the town, at least in summer. Those American pioneers who found that their neighbors were "crowding them" on the prairie when they got within five miles, could never live in cities. Something of this same feeling survives in the town-dwellers who stick to detached houses. This feeling exists atavistically even in London, where hundreds of miles of dingy brick houses may be seen, each with its dingy doorway, its dingy area-way, and its dingy back-yard. The average Englishman clings to his detached house, if or

because it possesses all the discomforts of a home. But even in little Albion those who can afford to do so always live in the country, and merely "come up to town." Living in the country is expensive, under any conditions, particularly in England. The English nobility have many hereditary obligations, among them hereditary tenants. The Duke of Roxburghe, who recently married Miss Goelet, had only two hundred thousand dollars a year; he is a ducal pauper, and will need all her millions to keep his country place going. But all of us can not live in the country; all of us are not dukes; and we must live the best we can—even in cities, perhaps in city flats. Englishmen have a strong love for the separate and detached house, but it often amounts to running a boarding-house for servants, as the duke runs his country place for his tenants. Still the Englishman loves his own dwelling—

"An Englishman's house is his castle,
An Englishman's hat is his crown."

This brings us back to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, who are about to live in a flat. True, it is "a four-thousand-dollar flat," but can the jingling of the dollar heal the hurt that honor feels? The principal excuse of the Vanderbilts for their action is that they "live most of the year in the country and only run up to town." This should certainly mollify Mrs. Grundy; she surely should not expect them to keep a houseful of lazy servants eating their heads off in town.

But the main point of the matter lies here—if Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt may live in a flat, why not we lesser mortals? Be comforted, ye flat-dwelling San Franciscans. *Sursum corda!* Lift up your hearts!

Are the President and the chairman of the Republican National Committee at outs? is a very present question. Mr. Hanna protests friendship undying, but the senator from Ohio is backing a bitter fight on Major-General Wood, Mr. Roosevelt's familiar friend and chosen recipient of honors. The President speaks of Mr. Hanna as of one whom he delighteth to honor, yet he has steadily refused to accede to the senator's insistent demands for a retrial of Estes G. Rathbone, convicted, —falsely convicted, Mr. Hanna thinks—of fraud in Cuba.

The situation is one of strain. There are but two Republicans in line of succession to the Presidential nomination. These two men are seemingly indispensable to each other. The astute senator, long experienced in the deeper mysteries of national politics, twice a manager of victorious campaigns, the right-hand man of Mr. McKinley, holds a power which the brave, upright, and popular President by McKinley's death must reckon with. And it may be taken as certain that Mr. Hanna, if he wants the nomination for himself, has but one man to push aside. For the first time Mr. Roosevelt has been put on the defensive.

The open difference between these two men lies in the Wood case. It is thought, in many soundly Republican quarters, that in this Mr. Hanna has all the best of it. Back of the Wood case and closely, too closely, connected with it, is the Brooke-Wood controversy and the Rathbone scandal. In all of these cases, Senator Hanna has played the importunate inquirer. He has wanted to know. He has wondered. He has doubted. Naturally—we have his own assurance for it—his inquiries were made with the most favorable intentions toward the administration. His deep yearning for knowledge has been in order more capably to praise what has been done. His wonder is that of the tourist under the pyramids, his doubts the blessed hesitation of those who have fearfully taken hold on salvation.

Unfortunately, Senator Hanna's motives have met misconstruction. There seem to have been seasons when even Mr. Roosevelt has been annoyed by the solicitude of the great Republican. To ask politely for the records in the case of Major Estes G. Rathbone after it had been closed was going the distance allowed friendly senators with clients. To ask if these records were—well, *complete*—savored of indifference to a nice sense of propriety. But never to turn a corner without a placid question as to whether Rathbone really *was* guilty or not—wouldn't it fray the bonds of friendship? And then when General Wood is about to enjoy the fruits of the administration's favor, the senator from Ohio comes around the corner again with outstretched hand and beaming eye. "I am your sincerest well-wisher, Mr. President, but you're *sure* Wood isn't a liar?" he genially asks; "you're *quite* sure that Major Runcie didn't tell the truth, and General Wood—how I admire your policy! —isn't a d—d rascal?"

Friendship has sturdily thriven on this hearty inter-

change, and the public is informed each morning that Senator Hanna and President Roosevelt are close allies, that they "have agreed to disagree." But it seems thoughtless, to say the least, after Mr. Roosevelt has announced his unwillingness to exculpate Perry S. Heath from complicity in the postal scandals, that this gentleman should not only remain as secretary of the National Republican Committee but that, on Mr. Roosevelt's protest, Senator Hanna should again appear genially around the corner with, "Are you *sure* Heath isn't all right? Don't you think, speaking candidly, that you better shut up, young feller?"

All this, we say, makes the enduring friendship between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hanna the more charming. When the Republican National Committee visits the White House, the chairman remarks, cordially: "Mr. President, I have the honor to present en masse the members of the National Republican Committee. In my experience with this body of men I have found them all true, loyal Republicans, ready to support the principles of the Republican party at all times." Mr. Roosevelt bows, smilingly, when the senator tells him to shake hands with the gentlemen, and responds, pleasantly, "I have sat at the feet of Gamaliel." Not a word about Secretary Heath, who is absent. But after some informal courtesies the committee trudges back to the Arlington Hotel, where Mr. Heath is waiting for them "to transact business." All is beaming and hearty. Mr. Roosevelt is still pondering the warm handclaps, the manly tones of the chairman, when Senator Hanna, struck by a thought, comes back around the corner, and says: "Don't you think you better bring Wood back from the Philippines? Don't you think he'd better testify in this investigation?" And the President has just sent in General Wood's name again for promotion.

Just how this friendly persiflage, as we are compelled to suppose it to be, will end can not be told. It seems probable that the Senate will confirm Wood, and it seems likely also that Rathbone will get his new trial. In one instance, a great number of army officers of high rank will be aggrieved, and, in the second, General Wood will receive a black eye, as Rathbone bases his demand for a retrial on charges that Wood, as governor of Havana, intimidated the courts to his prejudice. Meanwhile, it may be remembered that Mr. Roosevelt holds the reins, and that he who boasted some time ago of having sat at Gamaliel's feet afterward found a new light, and followed that. But Perry Heath says that he won't resign from the secretaryship of the national committee, and Mr. Hanna is just around the corner.

What if the Kaiser should die? If the hand that now holds to common effort German soldier and merchant and manufacturer and workman and agrarian should drop the reins? Who could snatch them up? Who would? The question is vital in the Fatherland, in Europe, in China, in India, in South America, and in Africa. Now it is "the Kaiser says," and a debate in the Reichstag comes to nothing, Paris gazes wildly to the dreaded frontier, the Czar's ministers clutch their portfolios, a German gunboat shells a Chinese town, the rate of exchange rises in Bombay, a bank opens in Argentine, the British Secretary for the Colonies reassures an honorable member as to Germany's intentions in the Transvaal. More profoundly true than the grand monarch's boast might William's dictum be, "The Empire, 'tis I."

If Bismarck was the father of United Germany, the present Kaiser has brought the child up and educated it, and given it something to do. The scene enacted when the Iron Chancellor took his dismissal at the hands of the young emperor was the claiming of an inheritance of power, not of blood. Neither grandfather nor father had really taken over the empire, but this Kaiser not only did so, but developed it, drew it together; where it was weak, he strengthened it; where it was unwieldy, he refashioned it; and for ten years he has forced it into channels of international importance of his own making, believing that growth under pressure and constraint means strong, well-knit fibre. It has succeeded, so far, this plan. But what if the Kaiser should die?

The imminence of the catastrophe is in doubt. The doctors of medicine agree, officially. The affection of the imperial throat is "singer's polypus," a "non-malignant growth," "myxomatous in character," "a benign laryngeal tumor." So much for sesquipedalian definition. In unofficial expansiveness, the authorities shake their heads. Their dubiety is profound. They point to the fact that the august patient's father and mother and uncle died of cancer, and "in nearly

twenty-five per cent. of the reported cases of laryngeal cancer, one or other of the parents of the victims died of the disease," says the *Medical Record*. All accept formally the bulletins of the surgeons, yet all agree that several months must elapse, under the most favorable conditions, before public anxiety can be allayed. For what if the Kaiser should die?

In the meantime, the German political cliques are playing the game with an eye on the throne. The socialists seem to have taken fresh heart, in spite of drastic measures employed to stop their attacks cacophonous to the Hohenzollern ear. Two journalists have been sent to prison with loss of civil rights for saying that the Kaiser is afraid. The insinuation was dramatically made. The offending paper, the Berlin *Forwärts*, not only stated that the emperor had chosen a site for a secret fortified refuge, but had had plans drawn, one of which (supposedly) was printed with the editorial remark that it was to be a storm cellar in case of a socialist cyclone. Other journals have taken up the fight with what appears to be reliance on a new régime shortly to come. Herr Bebel, significant of name, has thundered fresh denunciation against the war lord, has inquired pathetically if the new navy is to be as great a hotbed of brutality as the army has been, has uttered the execrations of an impoverished farmerfolk against the iniquity of the grasping trade-folk in whose interest army and navy seek new possessions. Others, less able but as vindictive, cry aloud that infamy and insolence reign. The country listens dully, hearkening for the word from the Kaiser. For if the Kaiser should die?

The ministers, in advocating the schemes of their master, speak more temperately than of old. Possibly they are thinking of the tremendous increase of socialistic strength. Von Einom admits gently that the army is not what it should be. He pleads for time. The members of the Reichstag still debate tariff-reform, but no longer do the merchants look on indifferently. If the emperor lives, he will protect their interests. For the first time in years the traders seek greater representation in parliament. A doubt assails them.

The crown prince, Frederick William, is unknown by any originality or strength. He will, think the Germans, be only a mild figure in politics. This will mean that Germany, now burdened with a verbose and ineffectual parliamentary body, simply a floor of acrid debate, may become in very fact a parliamentary government. At present, by the wisdom of Bismarck and the Kaiser who followed in his footsteps, playing one off against another, there are no genuine national parties in the Fatherland. Socialists, Unionists, Republicans, or whatever they are called, do but fight among themselves with an occasional snap at the emperor. But what redistribution of parties may be achieved? Where will the army be? How will the emperor's colonizing schemes fare? What of it all? What if the Kaiser dies?

News comes from Manila that Governor Taft has ordered all the idle islanders to be shipped back to the United States. It seems that there is little work there for white men, except government work, and as Uncle Sam's work there principally consisted in killing Filipinos, and as there has been a temporary let-up in that industry, a number of deserving persons are out of a job. There being no other way of maintaining them, Uncle Sam is feeding them to keep them from opening that oyster, the world, with their swords. It has been considered by Governor Taft cheaper to deport them, so they are being given a free passage home on the transports.

The Pacific Coast has already received some extremely undesirable immigrants from the Philippines. A select knot of discharged soldiers were condemned by courts-martial to imprisonment at Alcatraz for various heinous crimes, such as robbery, rape, or murder. A number of these precious rascals were found to be illegally tried, because the courts which condemned them were "mixed courts"—made up partly of volunteer officers and partly of regulars. Therefore, they were allowed to go scot free. Not many days elapsed before some of these heroes were heard from. If Uncle Sam's courts were shaky, not so the local courts; several of these jail-birds are now caged by the commonwealth of California.

Not long ago, the Federal government ordered troops, supplies, and munitions of war to be shipped from the Atlantic seaboard, via the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, and the Red Sea, to Manila. We are eight thousand miles from Manila; New York is about eighteen thousand; but it was necessary to keep the traders of the East in a good humor, hence this pe-

culiar proceeding. It was with much ado that the Pacific Coast succeeded in keeping a certain amount of the Philippine trade here.

Turn about is fair play. If it was right to ship goods eighteen thousand miles in order to make trade for the Atlantic seaboard, what is the matter with shipping vags, tramps, and hoboes eighteen thousand miles back to the same favored section? We respectfully urge on the War Department and the Insular Government that they indulge in no favoritism. When it comes to tramps, we are not shy. Give the Atlantic cities a chance. What is the matter with shipping a few of these hoboes to New York?

In San Francisco's Chinese theatre, last week, there was a bit of genuine drama. Be it known to non-dwellers in San Francisco that the same customs prevail on the Chinese stage as in the days of the Merry Monarch. When Charles the Second was king, the beaux, the wits, the gallants, and the courtiers had seats upon the stage. At times it was difficult for the players to make their way through the spectators. So is it now, in San Francisco's Chinese theatre; therefore, when a spectator stepped toward the centre of the stage, and fired four revolver shots into the body of Gee Ah Gong, his appearance at first excited no wonder; neither did the shooting; for there are many gun-powder plots in Chinese plays. But when the Mongolian mummer fell to the floor, the blood gushing from his four wounds, even the stolid Asiatic audience grew excited. Many of us have seen Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," in which the mimic play changes into real tragedy when Alfio and Turridu let loose their passions, and the husband stabs. It is one of the most dramatic scenes in the modern school. Yet even in the sordid precincts of Chinatown in San Francisco this dramatic death of Gee Ah Gong is not without its stage value. Once before the Chinese life was placed effectively on the stage here in the play "The First Born." This incident would lend itself even more effectively to dramatic treatment.

Some years ago we commented somewhat acidly on the fact that the taxpayers of San Francisco were providing for the teaching not only of reading, writing, and arithmetic in the public schools, but also foreign languages, music, calisthenics, the Delsarte system, the use of the globes, and cookery. Cookery! Shades of Alexis Soyer! Cookery in the public schools! Why, the average mother of the average pupil can not cook water without burning it. As for the average pupil, if, when she grew up and got married, she tried to feed her husband on anything but a fried steak, he would wear it out on her. However, considering the trend of public sentiment, we remarked that we saw no reason for drawing the line at calisthenics, cookery, and the piano. We saw no reason why the fiddle and ball-room dancing should be debarred. What is the matter with teaching the two-step? These remarks may have seemed absurd at the time, but they were in fact prophetic, for now we learn that Auditor Baehr has refused to approve of "a bill of seventy-seven dollars for football suits for the Lowell High School Football Team." What is the matter with this man Baehr? Does he understand his business? If he pays the bills for calisthenics, music, and the cookery outfit, why draw the line at football? This is only another instance of the petty prejudice against athletic sports.

By the will of James King Gracie, President Roosevelt received \$30,000, while two of his children received \$5,000 apiece. Truly it has been said that kissing goes by favor.

Here is Mr. Roosevelt, with the highest place in the gift of the American nation, youth, health, strength, a fond wife, a quiver full of olive branches, a ductile Congress, the solid vote of New York State, a majority of the Republican delegates, and the devoted friendship of Senator Hanna, not to mention a modest fortune inherited from his father. To him comes this bequest of \$30,000, while to his daughter Alice there came over \$100,000 about a year ago. Note the difference between him and Mr. Bryan. Twice has Mr. Bryan sought to be President, and twice has he violently fallen on the back of his neck. He has not got the solid vote, even of Nebraska, his father left him nothing, his daughter has just married an artist, and Senator Hanna does not like Mr. Bryan. Recently, Mr. Philo K. Bennett, before dying, asked the advice of Mr. Bryan as to how he should leave his money. Mr. W. J. Bryan, after grave reflection, counseled him to leave \$50,000 to Mrs. W. J. Bryan. This the late Mr. Bennett did, and died. Will it be believed that a cold-blooded court in Massachusetts

is trying to do the Bryans out of their \$50,000? Yet nobody tries to hold up Mr. Roosevelt. To him who hath shall be given, and from him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

The music of bands, the roar and glitter of fireworks, the shouting and tramp of thousands of workingmen were the noisy accompaniments of the parturition of Hearst's Los Angeles *Examiner* last Saturday. Fifty-seven thousand copies of the Sunday edition are said to have been required—the largest first Sunday edition ever printed. Transparencies bearing the legend "Hearst for the White House" are said to have been numerous in the streets, and nobody can doubt but that the marching thousands had "Hearst" graven on their hearts. The battle is now on. The editors of the *Express* and *Herald* are a-shaking in their shoes, and the white mustache of General Otis looks fiercer than ever. Thanks to Otis, the unions are weakest in Los Angeles of any city in the land. If the *Examiner* can make them strong, Hearst will be hailed as the champion of the unions throughout the entire country. It will be a strenuous fight.

In a speech on Tuesday, Francis B. Loomis, assistant secretary of state, unequivocally declared that if the United States had not pursued the course it did in the Panama matter, France would have landed troops on the Isthmus and preserved order. His speech was the subject of warm censure by Gorman and Hoar in the Senate on Thursday. It is announced, however, that the Panama treaty will probably be ratified by the Senate, many Democrats voting for it, which will largely remove the affair from the realm of party politics. Rumors that Colombian troops will try to win back the Isthmus have been current during the week, and five hundred troops were discovered December 15th by the United States cruiser *Atlanta* in Colombia, near the Panama border.

The decision of the supreme court of this State in a case brought by citizens of San Diego practically gives to the mayor of this city unlimited powers to remove his appointees without having to state his reasons to anybody. It will be remembered that the mayor tried to remove members of the board of health, when they sued out injunctions, and held their jobs. The decision effects a real revolution in the municipal affairs of this city. What the mayor will do is as yet unknown, but it is rumored that he and Casey have "made up," and that the ancient enemy has become a loyal friend, and will keep his place. This seems strange. Has the mayor never read the saying of old Ben Franklin: "Beware of meat twice boiled, and an old foe reconciled."

The Cuban reciprocity measure passed the Senate on Wednesday, by a vote of 57 to 18. Bard of California, voting no, and Perkins, yes. The long fight against this measure believed to be injurious to the beet-sugar raising industry has thus ended in defeat, unless, indeed, the law is declared unconstitutional, as many believe it to be, and as was argued by Bailey, of Texas, on the floor of the Senate on Monday. Not only is the beet-sugar industry of this and other States sacrificed by this measure to the interests of the Sugar Trust and Eastern manufacturers, but a "joker" in the treaty robs California of the possibility of selling her wines in Cuban markets. The treaty reads that "all wines, except those classified under paragraph 279 (a)," are to be admitted into Cuba at thirty per cent. reduction. And under the unbenefitted exception—279 (a)—are placed ninety-five per cent. of California's wines! Yes, California is neatly done up all around. Lame ducks at Washington, stolid inertia at home—those are the all-sufficing reasons. But Senator Bard deserves all praise for his courageous and uncompromising stand. He was faithful to the end.

In discussing the important question, to bathe or not to bathe, the *Chronicle* adverted to the "Scriptural aphorism that 'cleanliness is next to godliness.'" Well, well, this is news. Was the religious editor away on a holiday when that got into type? Hadn't the *Chronicle* better look it up? Give us Biblical book, chapter, and verse for "Cleanliness is next to godliness." And it's a serious matter for the *Chronicle*. For doth not the Good Book say: "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book." Look out for plagues, ye Chroniclers! Beware!

HOBOS
FOR HOME,
SWEET HOME.

SEE HOW THE
FATES THEIR
GIFTS ALLOT.

CUBAN RECI-
PROXITY MEASURE
PASSED.

"CHRONICLE"
AMENDS
THE BIBLE.

A WOMAN OF THE CURB.

A Story of Los Angeles Boom Days.

In a new, outlying ward of Los Angeles settled a wall-like religion, represented by the Rev. Paul Higgins. The pastor's little house was yellow, his lawn was searing, and the hose thereon lay idle, when over his cement walk, and into his sitting-room, came an old woman, eager, feeble, and frail.

"I own," she said, sitting on the edge of a chair, while the pastor's cold, crude face was bent upon her, "the ranch just beyond the city in this direction. I got it from my father years ago; I wanted to let it go for taxes, but some said to me, 'Martha, it'll pay some day.' I lived in Iowa, where they have attached my son. And there it was I got this letter. Oh, Harry was always good to me, Mr. Higgins; it's natural, aint it, Mr. Higgins, that I should want to use the money to—how would you say it?" She dreamed. "You'd say detach, I guess—detach my son."

She turned her sunken eyes up to him, then took from a worn hand-bag an epistle, which she read. A well-known real-estate firm was offering her one hundred thousand dollars for her farm, to cut it up into city lots. As he read, the pastor's face grew stern. The pastor's hair was crudely cut. Within the wall of his religion, brought over the mountains, set round about him shutting away the brightness of the world, the pastor sat, and knew.

"You want advice," he said, at length, and frowned. Never yet had the Reverend Higgins encouraged that of which he himself partook not.

Her face was full of quick and sensitive appeal. "I hurried to California at once," she said, "and moved into the little cottage on the ranch. It was a homesick thing to do. And then I went to see the agent. But, Mr. Higgins, cities are new to me. How do I know enough to keep them from cheating me? I have always gone to the preacher in Iowa. Won't you go with me to the agent? My heart is heavy to detach my son."

The Reverend Higgins solemnly arose. "We'll go," he said.

At the crowded corner of Spring and Second Streets they emerged from a car, Mrs. Martha Hinsdale clinging to the arm of the man of God. Here is the centre of the town; here the Stimson Block raises its bold façade. They entered the elevator, and came to a suite of new offices.

"This way, Mrs. Hinsdale," said a pretty stenographer, with a red ribbon at her throat; "Mr. Stark is ready for you."

To the stern pride of Higgins he and his trembling charge were given preference over many others, and led straight into an inner room.

"I am here," said Higgins, standing like a tall monument in a graveyard, "to see that this new member of my flock is not led into aught that would be displeasing to the Lord, Mr. Stark," and he fastened a piercing eye on the real-estate man; "is there, or is there not, intention to speculate?"

Martha's face became distressed and inquiring. Would God knock the bottom out of everything?

Mr. Stark was quick, keen, and quite honest enough to suit anybody but Higgins. He said: "We are offering Mrs. Hinsdale a fortune for her place. Alone, she could do nothing with it. We shall spend thousands upon it which she could not spend; we shall invest in advertisements; we are able to wait months for a return. And we sell at a profit. Frankly, Mr. Higgins, we hope the profit will be handsome. But I call your attention to the fact that, as for speculation, there is a legitimate sort."

"Stop!" cried Higgins, and raised his iron hand. "Speculation is gambling!"

The word had a dread ring; it fell on Martha's ears and half stunned her. She stood bent in the middle of the room, her hands folded, her eyes bedimmed.

"You labor under a sad delusion, Mr. Higgins," said Stark, impatiently. "This is no curbstone firm. Among the many who come here trying to pry into our purposes, there are, of course, gamblers. You see them sitting yonder, men and women of the curb. But not all of such, much less substantial firms like this, are so. Surely, Mr. Higgins, you will not stand between this lady and fortune?"

Stark and Higgins again, and turned slowly to Mrs. Hinsdale. "We will consider this matter in private. Fortune is a glittering word. I am now ready to go."

She was bewildered; she groped with her hand; she took the pastor's arm. The return journey on the car was a silent one; and once she sighed, long and heavily. The pastor pondered. One hundred thousand. This poor, old woman on the verge of that, and he who had never received more than nine hundred a year, her arbiter. It is no strange thing if the Rev. Paul Higgins knew not where religion ended and pride and jealousy began.

At length in his unhome-like parlor she sat as one judged. "Mrs. Hinsdale," he said, "I am sent by God to save you from a sin. The gilded temptation deceived you. You were about to minister to the gambling passion of hundreds. Sell not! Go home, and pray for forgiveness!"

She shut her eyes; she got up presently, crushed; she moved unsteadily to the door. "My son," she murmured, "they've attached my Harry in Iowa."

"Abraham sacrificed his son," intoned Higgins, sentimentally. "And Mrs. Hinsdale," there was the low insinuation of the religiously prurient in his words, "did you hear what he called his companions? 'Women of the curb! Beware of your associates!'"

She turned, lifting her old face to him. A new, profound horror was upon it. Not till that moment had she realized the depths of iniquity into which he meant that she had almost sunk. Women of the curb! Terrible—terrible. What did her poor old brain believe them to be?

It was lonesome in her little cottage out beyond the last street. To peel the potatoes; to make the fire; to weep; to stagger in these hours of bewilderment, thinking of Harry, beloved and attached in Iowa; ah, these were homesick things to do!

The week that followed was one of struggle between the real-estate man and the preacher. Almost every day Mr. Stark came to urge her, till she was nigh crazed with her soul's problem. And every evening the pastor strode in to buttress her in standing for the Lord.

At length she received the weekly letter from her Harry. Harry was all gone to pieces in Iowa. Harry had run after false elocutionary gods; lovable and impractical. Harry had learned to recite tragedies and to teach small-town high-school girls to recite tragedies, too. Harry had even worn long hair. But who could help loving him? He was always good to his mother, was Harry. And now when they had attached everything that he owned, even his trunk and clothes, what was the poor fellow to do? "When you get me out of this," he wrote, ingenuously, "I'll come to California and make our fortune in oranges!" Familiar ring it has. Oh, golden globes, what film of magic cast ye over the imaginative East?

Her heart was torn throughout a sleepless night. Was there no compromise?—no midway course that she might follow? Why not sell a little piece to the agent—just a little piece—just enough to get Harry to California; so that she might have him at least to lean upon and help her with the problem? This new thought was so agitating that she could not even lie down till daylight. She arose and lit a lamp. Then she looked at the stars, and the distant glow of Los Angeles. Should she go to her pastor and tell him of her purpose? No! The maternal instinct to hide her young, even from the man of God, obtained the mastery.

Into Mr. Stark's private office the bright-eyed stenographer admitted her early next morning; and Mr. Stark grasped her hand and solicitously showed her to a seat. At least she had come without her shepherd! Mrs. Hinsdale seemed afraid, and whispered. One thing in the room had almost blinded her—a beautiful lady sitting by a window reading a book. God help her—could it be a woman of the curb?

"I want to sell just a little piece," she said, "just enough to detach my son."

The agent, despairing of other success, suddenly came out with a new proposition which he and his partners had lately considered. The lady by the window turned over a leaf, and read on. "Mrs. Hinsdale," said Stark, "let your son come into this deal as a temporary silent partner to the firm. Thus through him you retain an interest in the land. Through him you have an oversight of all that is done. Thus you may see for yourself, day by day, step by step, whether or not there is any sinful speculation, and may prevent it. If you agree to this, I shall at once make you a check that will not only detach your son, but will bring him to Los Angeles. By the time he arrives the papers will be ready to sign."

It made her dizzy. It was so vast, so unintelligible. She and Harry to be partners in so glittering a thing! Could it be right? Sweet draft, incredible relief. 'She would see, she would, with Harry, that there was no gambling in it, and her son should be detached at last! She clasped his hand in both of hers. "Oh, thanks! Oh, thanks!" she whispered. "I'll do it, and God bless you."

He wrote the check at once. The risk was worth while, so splendid must the profits of the subdivision be.

She arose. The lady by the window turned over a leaf, and read on; and strong in Mrs. Hinsdale was some sickening sense of guilt. She turned to Stark. "You'd better—you'd better not," she said, hoarsely, "tell Mr. Higgins. He's an innocent man. He's—he's innocent of the world!"

The terrible load would have been lifted from her—the sky would have been bright, had it not been for her shepherd—and for that lady with the book. Who was that lady? (In truth she was only Stark's wife.) In the outer office ignorance was more than she could bear. God knows what abyss of sin, she might have already launched herself into. The pretty stenographer there, smiling at her, was surely an honest girl; she loved that stenographer; she suddenly came to her and put her hands on the girl's arm, and whispered in anguish and in awe: "You'll tell me the truth—was that a woman of the curb?"

The stenographer knew not the sad interpretation which Mrs. Hinsdale put upon that phrase. At that

moment she had seen depart another woman, one of those female speculators whom the rapid rise of property in Los Angeles has attracted, and who form a somewhat striking minority in the army of those who hastily buy, and sell as hastily. She thought this woman the one whom Mrs. Hinsdale meant. "Yes," she said, "that was one of them."

Stunned, Mrs. Hinsdale went to the door. Into what hell had she sold her soul? The stenographer was smiling at a reporter of the Los Angeles *World*, who had just snapped his camera at Mrs. Hinsdale. Mrs. Hinsdale did not hear the click, or know the horrid thing that must issue from his camera. The reporter, a somewhat blasé fellow, was getting material for a Sunday story about women in the local real-estate field.

Mrs. Hinsdale went away. The thing was done. The struggling conscience was chained up; even as she walked by that beautiful woman of the curb had she chained it up. She sent the money to her son, and passed a week of silent wretchedness, during which her vague and plaintive answers to the Rev. Paul Higgins, her pitiful struggles not to tell a lie and yet to deceive him, very clearly told to the pastor that some deal was consummated. At last he charged her with it, and she broke down in confession. "I did it only to detach my son," she wept, "and God will forgive me."

The pride and jealousy, which the preacher thought were religion and the love of God, waxed mighty in him. He went out of her house in manner of one denouncing it forever.

Harry telegraphed that he would arrive Monday evening. On Sunday she went into Higgins's little new church, and sat down in a corner of the pew. He preached. Strange how his eye burned into her; strange how his terrible sermon seemed hurled at her head to crush her. It was a sermon of excited triumph; the triumph of the cruel who preach. She knew not why, but she felt the premonition of some awful disaster; and when the service was over, the congregation gone, she sat huddled up in a little black bundle. The Reverend Higgins came and touched her on the shoulder. "Come into the parsonage. I have something to show you," he said.

She followed him dumbly. The pastor's little lawn was searing brown; the pastor's hose lay idle. In the unlovely parlor she stood with her hands folded, meek. With iron tread Paul Higgins went to fetch the Sunday issue of the Los Angeles *World*. It was big with supplements, news, and advertisements, the whole of the glittering world rolled together in its bewildering pages. "See!" said her shepherd, sternly, and held it before her eyes. The reporter had not been over discriminating. His article was headed "Women of the Curb." It told about some picturesque features of the present remarkable activity in real estate. And there was Mrs. Hinsdale's picture, large and plain. She stared; her old eyes groped about the page; her old heart was frozen; she could just see the words under her photograph: "An Unexpected Type: A Woman of the Curb."

Slowly she looked up and saw his iron eye. The crash of her life had come. She knew not how she went her way, nor when she arrived at her little home. Ruin and misery; misery and ruin. Mrs. Hinsdale struck down, struck down—and Harry, who had always been good to her, Harry coming to this shame to-morrow!

Another Monday morning; and the business centre warm, semi-tropic—ventricle of the heart of the great South-West. The stenographer's ribbon was blue to-day. In at the door came Mrs. Hinsdale, changed, a creature so bowed with shame and grief that she could scarcely look at the stenographer. "I want to see Mr. Stark," she said.

"He's not in," the girl replied, startled. Then instinctively she asked, not without tenderness, "Can't I do something for you?"

It was early, and the stenographer had been alone. Mrs. Hinsdale's glazed eyes looked round. Mrs. Hinsdale broke down and sank to her knees, and put her head in the stenographer's lap. "I want him to deny it. I want him to tell them that I'm not, I'm not a woman of the curb. Oh, miss, if Harry hears it it'll kill him!"

The stenographer was stupefied. "You misunderstand! Oh, Mrs. Hinsdale, Mrs. Hinsdale—what did you think it meant?"

Mrs. Hinsdale didn't hear. "Where is the office of the newspaper?" she asked, slowly struggling up, and trying to wipe her eyes.

"Just three blocks away. Oh, I wish I could go with you! Oh, they didn't mean—Oh, Mrs. Hinsdale, please wait till he comes!"

But Mrs. Hinsdale was gone.

Down on Spring Street the morning crowd was growing thicker. She went stumbling on; she turned her gaunt old face up to many people, and asked: "Where is the office of the *World*?"

She found it at length, and they let her in to see the editor—a big man, with a great, white mustache. What could so crushed a soul want with him? Her countenance was imploring.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "your paper has done me wrong by calling me a woman of the curb. Sir, I'm not a woman of the curb. Oh, sir, I want you to

say it over again in your paper that I'm not a woman of the curb. I've done wrong, I know. But I'm not a woman of the curb." Her voice became more broken, more plaintive; the tears ran streaming down her cheeks. She clasped her hands before the editor, and cried: "I've lived as pure a life for fifty-nine years as your own mother. If you loved your mother, sir, oh, please say it over in your paper that I'm not a woman of the curb!"

Stark came in. The news from the stenographer had peculiarly moved him. There sat the editor, staring with moist eye and strained countenance at the woman, and the woman sobbing with her head down on the editor's desk.

The men whispered together. They understood.

"The church condemned her; the church alone can make her whole," the editor said. "I know one pastor, at least, who is a pastor."

They knew no other way to solve this thing; they took Mrs. Hinsdale to him.

The rest is bright—bright with reparation; and Harry come; and the cottage transformed; the money, the land, divided; little homes for a thousand of the amalgamated springing up around her peaceful age.

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1903.

ON THE NEW YORK STREET-CARS.

Geraldine Bonner on Feminine Types in New York Electric Cars—Chronic Overcrowding—Women Who Refuse to "Move Up"—The Manners of the Rich.

The talk about overcrowded cars, and the handling of masses of passengers during the rush hours, is even more vociferous this year than it was last. The long-suffering New Yorker, who is certainly the most patient creature on the globe, is beginning to feel he has grounds of complaint. For years he has gone down to business clinging to a strap with one hand, while with the other he has held the morning paper on a level with his eyes. For years he has come up from business clinging to a strap, but not reading the evening paper because the light was too bad. He has endured all this silently and cheerfully, the wonder of every European who has ever seen him in his hour of martyrdom.

This winter he has begun to kick strenuously, and with meaning. I think myself he was broken to his strap—even liked it as a part of metropolitan life—and that it is the fact that the females of his family are beginning to suffer that is rousing him. The good, unselfish soul would dangle from the strap for the rest of his days without a murmur, but he does not want his aged mother, or the wife of his bosom, or his half-grown daughter to dangle. They, moreover, are not used to dangling, and do it awkwardly. They get in people's way, and they get in the conductor's way. The people tread on them and elbow them, the conductor writhes his way between them, squirms round them, is seen to disappear in a solid block of them, and emerge on the other side, red and disheveled.

What were once the peaceful, uncrowded midday hours are now (on certain lines that lead from the shopping districts) tumultuous with struggling masses of women. The surface cars on Sixth Avenue are about the worst. They carry thousands of women home to lunch after a morning shopping. The vanguard begins to go up about half-past eleven, decorously and without scrambling. But by twelve, enraged and hungry throngs squeeze into the cars, and, jammed as tight as herrings in a box, each hanging to a strap, or in many cases hanging to her nearest neighbor, they go home to lunch.

I once heard a man say that a woman looked her best on horseback and her worst eating at a lunch-counter. Having traveled much of late on the north-bound cars of the Sixth Avenue lines between the hours of twelve and one, I am inclined to think that women not only look their worst while struggling to get on cars, but behave their worst. There is much to be said on their side—they have been shopping fiercely for from one to three hours, and are tired; if they do not get a place on a car, they will have to walk—which may be a question of miles—or they will have to take a cab, which will be a question of dollars; they are hungry, for shopping is one of the most exhausting of occupations; they are all thinking with alarm of the cold rage of their servants if they keep lunch waiting. This variety of exciting causes creates an effect which would appeal to the god of battles.

One of the great difficulties with crowds of women is that they will not follow the voice of authority, neither will they regard the situation from a large, impersonal standpoint. Their point of view is purely selfish and individual. A woman wants to get out at a certain street and stands in the door so as to be able to get out with as little inconvenience to herself as possible. The crowd surges over her; the conductor shouts at her to move farther up and not block the passage; but she refuses to budge. Pertinaciously, she clings to that small, personal idea of hers that she wants to get out easily if the whole car is put to confusion by it. I have watched conductors struggling with this form of woman, and passengers sneering at her, and have seen her stand, flushed, angry, determined, and not

yielding an inch. When she goes home she probably tells her husband how she was insulted on the car, and he listens politely, and doesn't believe a word.

There is a type of well-dressed woman who has this trick of blocking the passage that one sees constantly on the Sixth Avenue lines. She is generally young, good looking, and well dressed—not quite a lady, though it is difficult to tell just why one comes to that conclusion. Perhaps her hat is a trifle too big, the heels of her shoes, which her carefully lifted dress reveals, a fraction too high. She sometimes wears a bow of tulle under her chin of a remarkable circumference, or carries a gold-link purse with a sprawling monogram in diamonds.

She comes rustling in, spreading a faint whiff of some very choice French perfume, takes a strap by the door, and stands gracefully suspended. The car is taking on homeward-bound women at every corner. They enter, find it difficult to pass her, and begin to congest in a mass in the door, so that the passengers inside can not get out. Then the conductor begins yelling at them to go farther up. Sometimes he is pleading, sometimes authoritative—"Ladies, will you please move forward?" or "Get up front, get up front, there!"

Instantly the reasonable ones detach themselves from the mass and move up. Some more shouting on his part drives the rest reluctantly forward toward the empty end of the car. But the lady with the high heels will not stir, and every entering passenger jams against her as a stick does against a rock in a running current.

Another type of woman who creates havoc in a crowded car is the helpless one, who is aggrieved and exasperated, and won't take hold of the strap. She comes stumbling in, covered with overwhelming furs, her long dress held half up, a jeweled purse depending from her wrist. There is no seat for her, and she stands looking round in hurt surprise. Then the car starts, and the scene of carnage begins.

There are no cars anywhere that jerk as some of the New York electric lines do. The first jump sends the new-comer violently forward. She caroms against the woman who has a nickel in her mouth, and the woman gives a cry of anguish, and the nickel falls on the floor under a dozen skirts, where no one can ever find it. The car gives a second jerk, and she is hurled backward against the thin, ill-tempered woman, who's hands are full of parcels. The impact of her rebounding body would send them all flat on their backs, but they are squeezed so close they can only sway this way and that.

With a red and enraged face, she stands up haughtily and begins to fumble at her purse. The car stops to take on another passenger, and in this moment of tranquillity she successfully finds the clasp, and opens it. She is hunting for a nickel when the car starts again. This time she is hurled like a catapult against the fat negress who is carrying home the wash in a newspaper parcel. From the negress she glances off on to the two girls with amazing pompadours, on which are set enormous flat hats, who, hanging comfortably from straps, are discussing the methods of the new floor-walker in their department. The girls recover from the blow, and serenely resume their conversation, while the victim rebounds against a young Jew, who, with collar up and reddened nose, looks as chill and raw as a frozen turnip. To him she attaches herself, grasps him close and tight, stumbling over her train, dropping her muff, and with her opened purse swinging from her wrist. The people in her vicinity who are not laughing are infuriated, and their grievance goes up in angry chorus: "Why don't you take hold of the strap?"

The lady looks at them with cold scorn, releases the Jew, and moving to the doorway, plants herself therein, holding firmly to one of the handles.

There is something peculiarly irritating about the good-natured woman who carries parcels. She is not a gorgeous, befurred person, but generally wears an old cloth jacket, a dirty black velvet hat on one side of her head, and has only one glove on. Her ungloved hand is red and chapped, with stubby nails, not always clean, and a worn wedding ring on her third finger. She carries a great many small parcels, some of which are coming out of their wrappings, has a little purse gripped in one palm, the unworn glove held between two fingers, a very dirty handkerchief stuffed in between the parcels, and a muff held against her side up under one arm.

She comes in with a violent rush, grinning from ear to ear. She is precipitated into a mass of passengers, grabs the nearest woman, holds her tight, laughing, stridently. "Rough, aint it?" she remarks in a sociable way, then tries to open her purse, and things begin to fall—the handkerchief on the lap of the woman near her; two apples burst from a bag she is holding under her elbow, and roll away; the muff disappears under a man's feet who has to dive into darkness for it. Some one near her remarks: "You're losing your comb," to which she answers, "I always am."

Then she puts up a searching hand, and at that minute the car gives a terrific jerk, and sends her, helplessly laughing, on to the lap of a man who is sedately reading the morning paper. The paper is torn away by her sudden introduction into his arms, and the rest of the

parcels are scattered over him. She gets up fairly sputtering with laughter, her hat on one ear, her comb dropping out. The man, scarlet and embarrassed, tries to take up the paper again. The passengers roar, even the conductor gives a sour smile, and the woman, joyously grinning, says: "It aint no picnic goin' up town at this time."

One of the most curious features of the up-town midday traffic is the different class and behavior of the people in different localities. It would convert a person to the theory that education and money give gentleness of manners. For instance, the women that go up in the Fifth Avenue stage are much more courteous, polite, and considerate of one another than the women that go up on the Sixth Avenue cars. The difference is quite remarkable. One constantly on the cars sees instances of extraordinary ill-humor, of surprisingly bad manners, of a complete and complacent indifference to the comfort of others that must be seen to be believed.

In these stages—old-fashioned, lumbering, slow—one rarely, if ever, sees anything of this sort. On the contrary, the amiability of the passengers crowded into a tiny space, finding it nearly impossible to pass one another in egress, is almost invariable. It is a very curious comment on the superior breeding of a class that we are inclined to consider self-centred and money-proud. The woman who stands nearest the upper end has not only to drop all the fares in the box, but when change has to be made, it is supposed to be her duty to ring the bell and get the envelope from the driver. Any one who has kept on jerking at the little strap that rings this bell will remember the exasperating slowness of the response. Yet I have seen woman after woman, young, handsome, beautifully dressed, standing and doing this for a stage load of her sex, whose sole remark as they hand her the money will be a polite. "May I trouble you?"

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, December 3, 1903.

SHERWOOD.

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?

Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake;
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon;
Like a flight of rose leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the hursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle houghs;
Love is in the greenwood; dawn is in the skies;
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep:
Marian is waiting; is Robin Hood asleep?
Round the fairy grass-wings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oheron, Oheron, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mold,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and gray goose feather;
The dead are coming back again; the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows;
All the heart of England hidden in a rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
A hughle in the greenwood echoes from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men;
Doubtless of the Lincoln green glancing through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day;

Calls them and they answer: from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the Follow! Follow! and the houghs begin to crash;
The ferns begin to waiver and the flowers begin to fly;
And through the crimson dawning the robber hand goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the hughle-note shivers through the leaves:
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

—Alfred Noyes in the London Spectator.

The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton has also recently covered herself with glory in English political circles by filling her husband's engagements when he was ill a few weeks ago. She addressed meetings, canvassed in remote parts of her husband's constituency, helped him with his papers, and won from the press the title of the "Lady Fiscal Orator."

The man who sold his ear to a Western millionaire recently for \$5,000 is now trying to get a substitute for the lost member for \$1,000.

BRITAIN NOT ENGLAND.

A Scottish Patriot's Appeal to Americans for Fair Play.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I beg respectfully to address you on an injustice which is perpetrated against my country—Scotland—by American editors, probably unwittingly, but none the less injurious and very annoying to us. I refer to the way in which you constantly speak of the empire or island of Great Britain as *England*. There are some things which we expect every educated man to know, and one of these is that in 1707 a treaty of union was contracted between England and Scotland whereby, according to its first article, England and Scotland ceased to exist as separate nations, and were to be known for all time coming unitedly as *Great Britain*. This, when you think of it, was only fair, as they were united on equal terms. In a leading article in your issue of October 12th—"Stirring Times in Old England"—we have the word "Englishmen," "England's Industrial Interests," "England's Free-Trade Policy," "English Public," and so on, repeated a dozen times, and only once do you mention the word Britain. I need scarcely say that if in that article you substitute the word Scotland for England, you would be just as correct, and yet people would read it very differently. Still, it would be just as correct to call Great Britain Scotland as to call it England. Indeed, I go the length of saying that it would be more correct, for we believe we have done more to build up the empire than our southern neighbors. Kindly look at the following list of names produced by our small country, and try if you could produce a similar list of purely English names:

James Watt, inventor; David Livingstone, explorer; Thomas Carlyle, philosopher; Robert Burns, poet of humanity; Walter Scott, novelist; Lord Kelvin, scientist; W. E. Gladstone, statesman; Adam Smith, political economist; Robert Napier, shipbuilder; Murdoch, inventor of gas; William Paterson, financier (founder of the Bank of England); Professor Simpson, medicine (inventor of chloroform); W. and R. Chambers, pioneers of cheap, healthy literature; Lord Stratheona, empire builder.

You have also to recollect, sirs, that, although we are partners with England, we have our own laws, the best in the world, our own national church—Presbyterian—our own national music and a national literature. We are an absolutely unconquered people, while England has been conquered and overrun by Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans. We annexed England in 1603, and our King James the Sixth of Scotland became First of England. Our national religion, already referred to, was for a time the established religion of the entire kingdom. William Paterson established the Bank of England and taught the English their system of finance. James Watt invented the steam engine, which enabled Britain to manufacture for the world. Adam Smith taught Britain the great principle of free trade, which expanded her commerce and increased her wealth. Mungo Park, Grant, Bruce, Livingstone, and others opened up the great continent of Africa. These are only a few of the eminent Scotsmen who have built the empire, and there are no Englishmen whose names can be put before them.

At the present time our influence in the empire is second to none. A Scotsman is at the head of the Church of England. A Scotsman is prime minister. The lord mayor of London is a Scotsman, and so is the chairman of the London county council. The commerce of Liverpool was created, on the one hand, by the family of Burns, of the Cunard Line, and her shipbuilding by the Melvers of Birkenhead, both Scottish families. The But family have made and own the entire port of Cardiff. I might go round the empire in this way, but I refrain with some respect for your space. Among the sportsmen of the world we easily take first place. At Biscley, the great national shooting Valhalla, Englishmen outnumber Scots by seven to one, yet the Scots take one-third the prizes, and among these the best. Scotland has given golf to the world. Curling, the finest winter game at home or abroad, and others too numerous to mention, demonstrate what the world owes to Scotland, while in football a collection of Scottish workmen in *England*—the Sunderland team—for several years were at the top of every club in the empire. But I am encroaching on your space. Enough to say that steamers are famous all over the world, oatmeal, the national diet, is the food of the world; our music, the sweetest and most patriotic, "Auld Lang Syne" is the world's national anthem. "Rule Britannia," the anthem of the empire, was written by a Scots-

man. "The Exile of Erin," the Irish anthem, was written by Tom Campbell, the Scottish poet, as was also "The Mariners of England," the finest English sea song ever written or sung, although it should be called "The Mariners of Britain." Statistics say our men are the tallest and most brainy. Our engineers sail on every steamship, and our doctors practice in every hospital. Surely, after all that record, you would not have us submerged in the name of England. English publications have the audacity to claim our great men as Englishmen. They do this knowingly; it is no accident. They want to claim the earth, and they make a fair beginning at home. They could not win us by force; now they are resorting to common theft. We hope you have a better sense of fair play when you once grasp the facts. How would you like, should you annex Canada, which is a very probable thing, that the world should call you Canadians? That would just be the position exactly, and as reasonable in every respect as it is to call Great Britain England, or Scotsmen Englishmen.

Yours truly, JOHN WILSON.

83 JAMAICA STREET, GLASGOW, October 27, 1903.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt celebrated their wedding anniversary December 2d. They were married in 1886 at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London.

The Republican senators, in caucus on Monday, decided upon Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, for chaplain of the session of the Senate, beginning January 1st. He is a noted Unitarian, and is now eighty-three years old.

An Alabama jury and the Alabama supreme court have decided that Peter Crenshaw, a negro, is entitled to vote in elections. Crenshaw had been a Federal soldier in the Civil War, and, under the new State constitution, the surviving soldiers of both North and South can vote. The registrars of Limestone County tried to shut out the negro even after seeing his army record, but the Alabama courts have repudiated their action.

William E. Curtis, who is traveling in Spain, has been told, on what he considers good authority, that Princess Louise, daughter of the late Count of Paris, who served as an aid-de-camp to General McClellan during our Civil War and was a claimant for the throne of France, has been selected by Queen Christina as the wife for her son. She is three years older than King Alfonso, having celebrated her twentieth birthday shortly after the king was seventeen.

Through the blind obedience to the dictates of the walking delegate, Samuel J. Parks, and his colleagues at least two thousand ironworkers will be idle all winter, and lose something like \$3,500,000 in wages. Parks is now in Sing Sing, and his colleague, McCarthy, is on Blackwell's Island, but the effects of their influence on the unions still remain. The loss to the other trades through the shut down, which was lengthened out mainly owing to the obstinacy of Parks's union, is estimated at from \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000 in wages.

M. Mounet-Sully, the famous tragedian of the Comédie-Française, is applying for admission to the French Academy of Arts. He says that he is starting his candidature by way of test. He points out that in old times some actors were members of that body, but after Grandmesnil's death, in 1816, no more players were admitted. He now wants to see if an actor like himself, honorably known, an officer of the Legion of Honor, and senior member of the Comédie-Française, can not assert his claim to enter the Academy, as well as painters and composers.

William Astor Chanler, ex-congressman, African explorer, author, and New York clubman, was recently married to Minnie Ashley, the comic-opera soubrette, formerly the wife of William Sheldon, an actor. Chanler was born in Newport, R. I., in 1867, and was graduated from Harvard twenty years later. He spent the first seven or eight years after getting out of college in travel, mostly in Africa, where he did enough good work as an amateur explorer and geographer to win the commendation of the Royal Geographical Society of London. In 1897, he settled down in New York as a member of Tammany Hall, and was sent to Albany as the Democratic assemblyman from the fifth assembly district. In 1898, he went to Cuba to fight Spaniards.

He received special commendation from General Shafter for gallant conduct in the battle of Santiago, and was promoted to a captaincy. He has written "Travels in East Africa" and "Through Jungle and Desert."

"TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

Opinions of the Press.

New York Evening Sun:

Mr. Jerome Hart in "Two Argonauts in Spain" (Payot, Upham & Co.) gives a very breezy and characteristically Western account of a visit to that land of romance by a couple of "birds of passage." The letters were written for a California newspaper—hence a distinctly Californian point of view. But as professing to convey only impressions they must not be judged by wrong standards. As far as we can see, the only immoral act of the writer in the Peninsula was his forging the signature of the name of Washington Irving on the wall of the Alhambra to gratify a lady tourist who was looking for it.

San Diego Tribune:

One of the most attractive books published on the Pacific Coast is "Two Argonauts in Spain," by Jerome Hart. It is handsomely gotten up, with type, paper, illustrations, and binding in keeping with the entertaining contents. The book is the fruit of a flying trip through Spain. It discusses Spanish railways, hotels, theatres, operas, circuses, bull-fights, and Spanish amusements generally.

Out West:

The letters written from Spain, by Jerome Hart, for publication in the *Argonaut*, now appear very richly garbed, under the title of "Two Argonauts in Spain." There is little effort at "style" in this easy-going talk of the experienced traveler, and no trace at all of "gush." Mr. Hart himself describes them as "pen sketches taken on the wing," vivid if not profound, interesting if not "literature." I can not better this frank estimate by a penetrating critic of his own work; but can heartily underscore the *vivid* and *interesting*. Mr. Hart does not trouble himself to be thorough or conventional; he merely tells, always with a dash of satirical humor, about the things which interested him, not hesitating to follow any line of thought right back to California, or wherever else it may carry him. The result is an intimately personal flavor which is unusual and agreeable. The illustrations, from photographs taken by "the

Argonauts," are not in this case misnamed; they really illustrate. In every mechanical detail the book approaches perfection.

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco; illustrated.



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..114 = 116 = 118 = 120 = 122 POST STREET..

"LETTY," PINERO'S LATEST PLAY.

What the London Critics Say.

A play with hut one virtuous character, and that a subordinate one, is stirring the London critics to a renewed discussion of Arthur W. Pinero's art. Like "Iris," this new drama, with the simple title "Letty," hinges on the choice of ways of getting forward open to a poverty-stricken young woman. Its conclusion, however, is very different. The girl, instead of being turned into the street in disgrace, while her resentful lover smashes the furniture in a whirlwind of passion, escapes through a sudden appeal to his magnanimity, and finally marries an old acquaintance of humble birth, who had lent money to her when she sorely needed it.

Pinero's latest heroine, Letty Shell, is, of course, handsome, otherwise the dramatist would hardly admit that she had any choice. She is the daughter of a defaulting solicitor (had blood), and is in the employ of Bernard Mandeville, a huckshop broker (had manners), and she has attracted the attentions of Nevill Letchmere, a well-horn dehauchee (had blood), who can't marry her because of a prior matrimonial engagement. Mandeville can marry her, and so has, according to the playwright, a small advantage over his rival. In the first act Letchmere is waiting at his rooms for Letty and two of her friends, when his married sister, Mrs. Ivor Crosbie, comes and tells him that she is going to give up her lover, Coppinger Drake, on account of her husband's objections. She seems to feel that Letchmere should protect her against a possible failure to do her duty by accompanying her home. Letchmere does not do this, hut hovers about Letty, who is ill. When she is recovering from a fainting attack, he receives a call from Mandeville who warns him, coarsely, "to keep off the grass" on pain of having the truth about his marriage exposed. Letty leaves firmly convinced that Letchmere will marry her—she has dressed beyond her means for some time on her "prospects"—but there is a scene of humiliation in store for her when Letchmere tells her, in the second act, after she has already received the congratulations of her fellow-lodgers—a commercial traveler, an insurance agent, and a photographer—that after all she had better make a match of it with Mandeville. She agrees to listen to the huckshop broker's proposals.

Then, in the now famous fourth act, she goes to Letchmere's room at midnight and consents to become his mistress rather than marry so repulsive a cad as Mandeville. A messenger comes with a note saying that Letchmere's sister, Mrs. Crosbie, has eloped with Drake. This revelation of the "rottenness" of the family does not seem to Letty to promise well for her happiness, and she begs Letchmere to let her go. He refuses. She appeals to him to "save a woman once." This touches him nearly, is almost a fashion of redeeming in some degree his stained family honor, and he allows Letty to depart. It is supposed that this "going out into the dark" is an heroic act—at least Mr. Pinero makes it the crowning point in his heroine's life, for within the next two years and a half, as the epilogue discloses, she marries Perry, the photographer, and is happy, of course, in a perfectly commonplace way. As the photographer has never manifested the smallest interest in Letty during the entire previous acts, and everybody else had, this marriage is naturally the only properly virtuous one possible. In this epilogue Letchmere is broken down, dying of consumption, and his sister, now unhappily married to Drake, is not pretty to consider.

The play is capitally acted, Irene Vanhrugh and H. B. Irving having scored pronounced hits in the principal roles of Letty and Letchmere, respectively. It has been rather amusing to see the way in which the critics discuss the work of Beatrice Forbes-Robertson as Marion Allardyce, the one virtuous woman and good character in the play. Everybody has had something to say about her acting, and verdicts vary from "sympathetic and charming" to "coldly virtuous," which illustrates again, of course, the point of view. There are several delicate (or indelicate?) scenes in "Letty," in which Marion Allardyce is a foil to the others, a pretty heavy task against such a preponderance of had blood and had manners.

William Archer is confident that "Letty" will take its place in the very first line of Mr. Pinero's works. He writes: "The four acts that depict Letty's struggle and victory are among the most admirable, in point of structure, that he has ever written. They are almost too concentrated, too tense with emotion, too crowded with vicissitudes. It is positively exhausting to follow poor Letty through all the tangled experiences of this one afternoon and evening—tremulous hope, exultant certainty, crushing disappointment and humili-

tion, disgust, and a feverish struggle to overcome it, the failure of that struggle, desperation, fascination, a hectic rapture of self-abandonment, then a final revulsion of feeling and a panic-stricken shrinking from the untasted cup of temptation. To carry your heroine in the course of a few hours, and without any overstrain of probability, through such a breathless series of emotional crises is indeed a technical triumph. Mr. Pinero has done nothing—not even in "Iris"—more absorbingly interesting than these four acts."

Truth considers Pinero's play clever, thoughtful, and interesting, hut "not so human or dramatic as 'Mrs. Ehhsmith,' 'Mrs. Tanqueray,' or 'The Benefit of a Doubt.'" The *Pall Mall Gazette* calls it "an ingenious, at times a very ingenious, play, with a few big passages and many stretches of comparatively little interest."

LITERARY NOTES.**The Hearts of Children.**

Something in the manner of Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" is Florence Wilkinson's "Kings and Queens." It is a delicately sympathetic, wistful-humorous little book which some children, and all who love them understandingly, will appreciate. Here are two of the verses:

A CROSS LADY.

Miss Deidamia Mizpah Town
Is a cross lady.
She has her parlor shades drawn tight
And keeps her kitchen shady.
No streaks of sun, no pots of flowers,
No cat or kittens tiny,
But such a brushed-up, empty look,
All black and cold and shiny.
I went to buy some eggs of her
For David's birthday-party.
I said, politely as I could,
"Your roosters keep a-laying good."
She said: "Is that so, smarty?"

MEMORY.

There are just two kinds of remember:
You either remember clear as glass,
The way John does in arithmetic class,
Or else you sort-of-remember.
The way I do from my history book,
The way that dim reflections look
In the shiny black piano legs,
Or the shaly water of the brook:
That's how I sort-of-remember.

Now mother says I can't remember
The time before I did get born,
Seven years ago on Sunday morn;
And yet I sort-of-remember
My little body riding far
From the place where wings and circles are
With voices flying up as dust—
Till mother twinkled like a star:
That's how I sort-of-remember.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

The Tableware of Our Forebears.

One of several sumptuous works recently published by Scribner's is "Old London Silver," a hulky quarto, richly bound in gold-tooled green leather, and handsomely printed on heavy-coated paper. There are over two hundred illustrations—eight excellent old engravings of eminent London goldsmiths, many fine half-tones of notable silver or gold pieces of plate (some of them very ancient), and several full-page plates in silver-gilt, imitating very exactly the article illustrated. Nearly four thousand facsimiles of makers' marks and hall-marks are also introduced, so that any one may easily identify an antique piece of London silver and assign it to its correct period and maker. The work is almost indispensable to a collector of old English silverware. The author is Montague Howard, who is connected with a famous firm of New York goldsmiths.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$12.50 net.

John H. Wood, one of the convicts who led the hand of prisoners in the outbreak at Folsom last summer, when Guard William Cotter was stabbed to death, has been found guilty of murder in the second degree by a Sacramento jury. Under the verdict rendered, it will be ridiculous to sentence Wood again, as he is already serving a life sentence. Judge Hart ordered him to appear in court one hundred years from date for sentence.

The will of the late John O'Neal Reis has been filed for probate. All the estate, which is valued at \$300,000, is to go to the decedent's widow, Mrs. Belle Brooks Reis, and the two children, Gustave, aged thirteen, and John, nine years old, as soon as the children reach legal age. In the meantime, \$600 a month is to be given out of the income of the estate for the support of the widow and children.

The Sanitary Reduction Works has at last made arrangements to put in a smoke consumer, burn crude oil, and, while consuming the smoke and gases now poisoning the air, generate steam for sale to manufacturing concerns.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Civilization's Garbage Heap.

No one can read Jack London's book, "The People of the Abyss," without being profoundly impressed thereby. It is one thing to know in a general way that distress and destitution exist on a great scale in London, and another to have brought home the hideous fact that one million two hundred thousand people, whose total income is five dollars and eleven cents per week, *per family*, "drag out a subter-hestial existence" in the East End, and to have described by a vivid, yet truthful, pen their damp, verminous kennels of dwellings, their narrow, malodorous streets.

Mr. London spent the summer of 1902 in the great city's East End, wearing rough clothing, consorting with the poorest, learning their point of view, "putting himself in their place," in an endeavor to present to the world fairly the piteous case of nearly two million people. True, the story is an old one; you can find it all in hooks by Londoners; but to eyes accustomed to the "wide spaces" of the West, it seemed more terrible and has been more graphically told.

In conclusion, Mr. London compares the average Englishmen with the average Inuit Indian, and contends that, so far as food, clothing, and shelter are concerned, the Inuit Indian is better off than the average Briton. Mr. London quotes Huxley's saying: "Were the alternative presented to me, I would deliberately prefer the life of the savage to that of those people of Christian London."

Mr. London is a socialist, and he sees no remedy for the present situation except to set the four hundred thousand English gentlemen "of no occupation" "plowing game preserves and planting potatoes." "In short," he says, "society must be reorganized, and a capable management put at the head. . . . A vast empire is foundering on the hands of this incapable management. The political machine known as the British Empire is running down."

The work is profusely illustrated from photographs.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.00 net.

Fine, Humorous Short Stories.

One thing about the stories of W. W. Jacobs—you are quite apt to get away from the Eternal Feminine. Like Kipling's, most of his stories are of men and of men's doings, and even if there are women in the tale, they do not usually occupy the centre of the stage, and stand solitary in the lime light.

This is particularly true of "Odd Craft," a hook of short stories, redolent of salty smells, peopled with quaint, queer, unregenerate tars, and other curious characters of seaport towns.

Jacobs has often—in fact, perhaps too often—been compared to Dickens, and indeed his treatment and choice of subjects all tend Dickensward. His humor is of a singularly fresh and unaffected sort, intrinsic in the theme, and his characters are always refreshing in their naturalness.

This, the latest of Mr. Jacobs's books, is rather cleverly illustrated by Will Owen.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Botany for California Children.

The distinctive feature of Katherine Chandler's "Habits of California Plants" is its emphasizing of the individuality of each flower and shrub. Each has different ways and manners and habits of growth and perpetuation, each its own peculiar fashion of doing its life-work. When the child comes to have a sense of this sturdy individuality in all forms of life and growth "the whole out-of-door world," says the author, "becomes a larger, a more wonderful, realm." The papers comprising the volume have already appeared in the *Chronicle*, and to requests of teachers all over the State for their republication in permanent form is due the book's appearance at this time. Not the least of its attractions are the many excellent full-page illustrations from photographs. The work is neatly printed and well bound, and ought to become very popular.

Published by The Educational Publishing Company, San Francisco; \$1.00.

A Poor Story by a Good Writer.

A. T. Quiller-Couch is an able writer, but we can only view with deep disgust and mild alarm the sterile hybrid whose sire was History and whose dam was Fiction, over the genesis of which Mr. Quiller-Couch presided, and which he has named "Hetty Wesley." The history spoils the story, the story spoils the history, and all "Q's" literary skill can not make the hook thoroughly interesting.

The volume is supposed to deal with the Wesley family. An interesting picture is given of the home of Samuel Wesley, father of the famous John. Samuel had six daughters, three sons: ruled the daughters with a rod of iron, and the sons with fond severity.

Hetty, who is the theme of the story, was a beautiful rebel against harsh paternal government. And her fate was not a pleasant one. Many letters from various members of the Wesley family are introduced, and quite an air of historical verity preserved. But that's the trouble. Truth and interest are at cross-purposes, and nothing could be more vapid and contemptible than the device by which a semblance of a plot is maintained. In the first chapter, a wealthy East India merchant disappears from a cabin of a ship, and in the epilogue his skeleton is found in a cavern by Lord Wellington, then in India; but the affair has nothing whatever to do with the story proper. It is lugged in by the heels. The reader feels, as he turns the last leaf, as if he had been cheated, and is in a mood to demand his money back.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Sea Wolf," Jack London's new novel, which will begin as a serial in the January *Century*, is the story of a young man who is picked up after the wreck of a ferry-boat in San Francisco Bay, and is taken forcibly on a sailing voyage under a captain who is a strange mixture of brutality and self-culture. The dominant note in the first half of the story is the triumph of materialism; while that of the second half is love and the triumph of idealism.

Joseph Pennell is writing "The History of American Etching, Engraving, and Illustration," which will follow Samuel Isham's volume, "The History of American Painting," in the Macmillan Company's series of books on the History of American Art, edited by Professor Van Dyke.

Senator Beveridge's book on "The Russian Advance" is to be published this week.

Sidney Lee is revising and expanding his Lowell lectures on "Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century," that attracted so much attention when they were delivered in Boston a few months ago. They will be published in book-form by Charles Scribner's Sons. The "Englishmen" referred to are Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, Shakespeare, Bacon, Spenser, and Raleigh.

After having published one hook after another concerning his more distinguished brother and the pre-Raphaelite circle generally, William Michael Rossetti is writing his own "Reminiscences," which ought to prove interesting, for he has been in this world for seventy-five years, and has known any number of celebrities. In his book he will speak of Millais, Tennyson, Landor, Trelawny, George Eliot, Thackeray, Ruskin, Whistler, and many others of note.

"Stepping Stones to Manhood," by William P. Pearce, with contributions by General O. O. Howard, Robert J. Burdette, Hon. Lyman J. Gage, and others has just been brought out by Harper & Brothers.

In "Dollars and Democracy," Sir Philip Burne-Jones has written out his impressions of American social and public life obtained in his recent sojourn of a year in the United States.

"The City of the King," by Mrs. Lew Wallace, has just been published. It is divided into two parts. The first describes the childhood of Jesus, what he saw, how he lived, and what manner of outward life greeted his eyes as he journeyed from Galilee to Jerusalem. The second describes the Jerusalem of to-day, its hills and gardens sanctified by the life history of Jesus.

Rider Haggard has written a story of the Crusades, entitled "The Brethren." It will be published serially during the coming year, before it appears in hook-form.

Seumas MacManus is visiting this country to arrange for American publication of two books by his late wife, who wrote under the name of Ethna Carbery. One is a hook of poems, "The Four Winds of Eirinn," now in its eleventh edition in Ireland, and the other is a work of fiction called "The Passionate Hearts."

Gaillard Hunt is at work on a biography of John C. Calhoun from the "inside" South Carolina point of view. The author is of South Carolina ancestry, and many of his family left the State in 1862 because they were Unionists. Mr. Hunt's purpose in writing, and drawing upon a great deal of hitherto undigested material, is to show that Calhoun was actually a Unionist, and that his nullification doctrine was itself a Unionist measure.

One who signs herself Ursula, Countess von Eppinghoven, furnished the voluminous papers and diaries from which Henry W. Fischer has made two volumes entitled "Private Lives of William II and His Consort and Secret History of the Court of Berlin." The lady who conceals her identity under the fictitious name is understood to

have been for some years "hofdame" to the present German empress. She has entrusted to Mr. Fischer "only such incidents of the lives of William the Second and his consort as have come under my personal observation, or that I know of by reliable witnesses."

INTAGLIOS.

Love's Worship.

Give me but leave to worship at thy feet,
And I will lay
The homage of this day
Before thee, sweet.

Give me but leave to kneel before thy face,
And I will see
No other thing but thee,
No other grace.

Give me but leave to love in holy guise,
And I will be
Content to worship thee
Till daylight dies.

Give me but leave to make thee some fair shrine,
And I will pray
The glory of the day
Be ever thine.

Let me but worship till the night time fall,
Then thankfully
To pass with thought of thee
When Death shall call.
—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Separation.

He went upon a journey,
And she was left at home;
And yet 'twas he who stayed behind,
And she that far did roam.

For though he went by mountain
And wood and stream and sea,
A little cot enwrap in green
He saw perpetually.

And she within the green leaves,
Not knowing that he stood
Forever by her, dreamed her way
With him by mount and wood.

Now heaven help these lovers,
And bring her safely home,
Or lead him back along the track
Where she, e'en now, doth roam.

—*Ethelwyn Wetherald in "Tangled in Stars."*

It was recently stated in these columns that the "leather" used in binding the Unit Books, published by Howard Wilford Bell, was not leather but a "composition." This is incorrect. "Skiver," or split sheepskin approximating one-hundred twentieth of an inch in thickness, is utilized, having a pattern traced upon it with hot rollers, and being closely adherent to the cover body. To this latter fact, and to the exceeding thinness of the skiver was due the error which we now correct.

The long evenings of reading and sewing are at hand—if you come to us to have your glasses fitted, we promise you a real eye treat.

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UMBRELLAS FOR GIFTS

Of course you have an umbrella on your list, and are probably planning to pay \$7.50 or \$10.00 for it. Read this list and see if you will have to.

For Children

A strong serviceable umbrella with Congo handle...50c
A good quality Gloria silk umbrella, with nice horn and pearl handle, for.....\$1.00
A choice Carola covered umbrella—best frame—pretty handle, for.....\$1.50
A union silk umbrella—with silver or pearl or ivory handle.....\$2.50
Fine silk serge umbrella, with dainty silver handle.....\$3.00

For Women

Serviceable umbrella, with Carola covering, steel rod, paragon frame, neat handle.....\$1.50
Union silk covered umbrella—with pearl, ivory, silver, or horn handle, for.....\$2.50
Pure silk umbrella—mounted with sterling silver handle, for.....\$4.00
Pure silk umbrellas—with silver and pearl or silver and ivory, and gold plated shaft handles.....\$5.00

For Men

Plain, strong handled umbrella, covered with good Gloria silk, paragon frame, steelrod.....\$1.25
Carola covered umbrellas—silver trimmed handles, best frame.....\$2.00
Union silk umbrellas—select stag, boxwood or horn handle, silver trimmed,.....\$3.50
Silk umbrella—ivory, selected wood, horn, or gun metal handle, for....\$5.00

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Gibson and His Girls.
You may rant, you may rave, at the Gibson Girl's exceeding slenderness, at her over-towering tallness, at Mr. Gibson's hardness of line, at the cynical wit verging on cruelty that characterizes all his "bumorous" drawings, and at the lack of diversity to be observed in any collection of his work, but where, oh, where, shall you find such masterly draftsmanship, such perfectly expressed emotion in so many faces, and altogether such eloquent and striking cartoons? Certainly not in the fashion plates of Mr. Christy, nor in the soft, warm, and voluptuous but narrow-scooped drawings of "O'Neill Latham," nor in the frow-frous of Stanislaus. "Too much Gibson" has necessarily brought about a slight reaction, but his place at the head of bumorous cartoonists is still unchallenged and secure. Some of the studies in expression in this year's series of "Eighty Drawings, Including the Weaker Sex," are really brilliant. Mr. Gibson shows no diminution in power, this 1903 series being a palpable advance on that for 1902. Scarcely any gift will give greater pleasure to a greater number than this. And it will not depreciate in value.
Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$5.00.

For Stage Amateurs.

The first farce in a little book of "Drawing-Room Plays," by Grace Luce Irwin, is entitled "A Domestic Dilemma," and introduces a toplofty Englishman with a valet, a distracted housewife, a golfing girl, a cook who quits, and a grave theological student. The combinations and permutations are indeed amusing. "Heroes," which has a ghost in it; "An Innocent Villain," in which a "masterful housekeeper," a professor-under-a-table, and a Swedish housemaid, are prominent figures; "Art for Art's Sake," giving a glimpse of studio life; "An Intimate Acquaintance," a farce for five women; "The Wedding of Mah Foy," all the characters in which are Chinese; and "Music Hath Charms," a dialogue for a man and woman,

complete the list of the book's contents. The conversation is light and bright, and the situations such as to evoke laughter. The author explains the predominance of women's parts in the plays by saying that "whereas the amateur actress grows in abundance and in clusters, the amateur male star (with time to spare 'from business') is a somewhat rare quantity"—which nobody can deny.

The volume is printed, decorated, and bound attractively.

Published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

New Publications.

"The Harvesters," by Aubrey Lanston. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

"The Path of Stars," by Margaret Crosby Munn. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"Uther and Igraine," by Warwick Deeping. Illustrated. Published by the Outlook Company, New York; \$1.50.

"Zut and Other Parisians," by Guy Wetmore Carryl. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

"A Message from the Past," by Charles H. Eaton, D. D. Frontispiece. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"The Daughter of a Magnate," by Frank H. Spearman. Illustrated. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

"Florestane the Troubadour: A Mediæval Romance of Southern France," by Julia DeWolf Addison. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; \$1.00.

"Twelfth Night," edited with introduction and notes by Edward P. Morton, M. A. Frontispiece. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 25 cents.

"The Book of the Short Story," edited by Alexander Jessup and Henry Seidl Canby. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.10 net.

"Colonel Carter's Christmas," by F. Hopkinson Smith. Profusely illustrated in colors

by F. C. Yohn. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

"Over the Border," by Robert Barr. Frontispiece. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

"The Foe of Compromise, and Other Essays," by William Garrot Brown. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50 net.

"Through the Gates of Old Romance," by W. Jay Mills. Profusely illustrated. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

"Games and Songs of American Children," new and enlarged edition, by William Wells Newell. Frontispiece. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

"Wally Wanderoon and His Story-Telling Machine," by Joel Chandler Harris. Profusely illustrated. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.60 net.

"The Genius of J. M. W. Turner, R. A.," special winter number of the *Studio*, by Charles Holme. Profusely illustrated in colors and black and white. Published by John Lane, New York; \$2.00 net.

"The Beauty of Wisdom: A Volume of Daily Readings from Some Ancient Writers, for Family, School, and Private Meditation," Compiled by James de Normandie, D. D. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$2.00 net.

"The Elizabethan Shakespeare: Macbeth," by Mark Harvey Liddell. A new edition of Shakespeare's works, with critical text in Elizabethan English, and brief notes illustrative of Elizabethan life, thought, and idiom. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

"A New Discovery of a Vast Country in America," by Father Louis Hennepin. Reprinted from the second London issue of 1698, with facsimiles of original title-pages, maps, and illustrations, and the addition of an introduction, notes, and index, by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Two volumes. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

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People who pay \$1.50 and \$2.00 a seat are apt to grumble if the attractions they patronize are not of proportionate merit. "The Bonnie Brier Bush," for instance, which was presented at the Columbia within the year, made no special success. Reason: The management relied upon the popularity of a venerable actor in his 'seventies as the main drawing attraction. J. H. Stoddart has always been a most valuable stock actor. Reuben Fax, who plays the popular rôle of the genial Posty, is a player of sound ability. But two good stock actors are not enough to satisfy people who are paying first-class prices.

This week, the play is put on at the Grand Opera House at popular prices. As an immediate result, it is drawing full houses, many justly considering it a great chance to see an actor of Stoddart's reputation and experience in a rôle which exhibits him in his famous specialty—that of an outraged father casting out an erring daughter.

Maclaren's book, in dramatized form, is something of a magnet. The play, however, is nothing much, its sentiment being far from sound, but it is, on the whole, rather exciting to see a family upheaval conducted in the style of tragedy. And these stern, old rock-bound fathers, who, since the first betrayal, have seized every opportunity to cast out female sinners with the malevolent joy of the Pharisee, are founded upon nature.

With them, ill-temper, suspicion, and religion are all one; and their reputed sanctity is more often than not a thirst for domination over the consciences and actions of their luckless women kind. Fathers of this type experience a fierce, tyrannical joy in such an act of punishment. It is the sudden outlet of a morosely violent nature after years of repression imposed by the custom of religion. This is the side that Stoddart brings out so truthfully.

What is not true is laid down in subsequent acts in the play, and must be given. But no father, even though he believed her impure, who ruthlessly thrust forth into the night a gentle, dutiful, submissive daughter, would be capable of the tenderness and longing that is aroused in Lachlan Campbell's tough old heart in later acts.

There is an incongruity in thus uniting two distinct characters into one, and it is insincere and theatric, in book or play, to make an appeal to the sympathies under such irreconcilable conditions.

Discouragingly as the winter season has begun in the East, it is still possible to chronicle a fair measure of successes. Maude Adams, reappearing after a prolonged vacation of two years, finds that she is not forgotten. Her audiences have been welcoming her rapturously, hringing grateful tears to the eyes of this meagre little favorite that Charles Frohman considers his greatest drawing card. Her popularity puzzles the critics, who pronounce her maidenly, charming, sweet, but lacking in emotional depth. To many out here, who have seen her and have perceived the limitations of her temperament, it is unexplainable. Upon it, however, she has appeared a solid fortune; because of it she has narrowly escaped ruining her health, for the public must not be denied a frequent sight of its favorites. She is at present appearing in a shallow, perfervid play by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, entitled "The Pretty Sister of José," and the hysterically enthusiastic welcome tendered her by the public shows that her solid basis as a "money winner" is once more assured.

A former twin star, now shining brightly in his solitary orbit, is Kyrle Bellew. Having already added to his reputation by his work in the romantic drama, he is now distinguishing himself in "Raffles," a successful, although it appears not particularly artistic, revision of Hornung's stories of the amateur cracksmen of that name. The play is pronounced to be theatric, the dialogue inept, but Raffles, as presented by Kyrle Bellew, has caught the fancy of the public, and the play promises a successful run.

The dramatization of Kipling's "The Light that Failed," has also made a hit. Forbes Robertson, whom San Franciscans can not fail to have admired and remembered for the superior quality of his art, as evidenced during his support of Mary Anderson, some years back, together with his wife Gertrude Elliott, made a profound impression last season upon the London public with Kipling's "The Light that Failed." The New York engagement was the result, and Mr. Robertson's dis-

tinguished personality and uncommon histrionic intelligence, have won a repetition of the favor accorded to him by his London audiences.

New York took plucky Henrietta Crosman to its heart of hearts four years ago, when she defied the syndicate, and charmed the town as Nell Gwynne. Recently, she tried her new play, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," a Georgian comedy by Belasco, modeled upon the Castles' novel, "The Bath Comedy," upon a Washington audience, and held them entranced, so we are informed by a rapturous reviewer, until one-thirty in the morning.

Miss Crosman has since produced this piece in New York, and, if we may judge of the press reports, bids fair to mount the pinnacle upon which are grouped the few fortunate ones whose popularity is proof against the "theatrical slump."

Out here, it has not affected us, for our managers politely but firmly refuse to take risks. San Francisco, in the matter of theatrical business, is the city of cautious enterprise. Once in a while, we so conduct ourselves as to attract the fixed and speculative gaze of the Eastern managerial orb. The success of "Ben Hur" has done it this time; a success that is plainly due as much to the religious, as well as to the spectacular, elements in this Biblical melodrama.

On the other hand, "Iris," which came out with a reputation for wickedness that a far-seeing press-agent might calculate would draw crowds, failed to make a financial success even in this city of ungodliness. The erotic reputation of "Iris" has been so widely spread through public and private discussion of the motives of the play, that many women felt that there would be actual impropriety in witnessing the descent of Pinero's heroine into a fashionable woman's hell.

Yet our wicked, demoralized, racing, shooting, dare-devil population—to give it the benefit of its Eastern reputation—frowned austerely upon "Iris," and stayed away. "Iris" is not the only high-priced attraction which has recently failed to make a pecuniary success in this remote and uncertain-minded city.

Amelia Bingham, during her recent summer tour to the Pacific Coast, surrounded herself with a first-class company, engaging as leading man Wilton Lackaye, an actor whose services can only be secured at an exceptionally high salary. The actress-manager had, as additional attractions, two of Clyde Fitch's best plays, a gorgeous wardrobe, and some pretty women in the company, but she failed to draw good paying audiences.

The Miller company, on the contrary, rather more poorly equipped than usual with plays and players, did a good business.

The reason in both cases is not far to seek. The success of the Henry Miller company was a continuance of the momentum left from previous seasons. The comparative failure of the Bingham company may be set down to the fact that Miss Bingham's histrionic reputation, although well established in the East, was not as yet sufficiently widespread to have reached the mass of theatre-goers in this city.

From all accounts, the annual Henry Miller season will recur no more. As a result, there

is a chance awaiting some shrewd Eastern manager to send out a genuinely first-class company for a San Francisco summer season, and secure the ample patronage which, lacking such opportunity, will be diverted to inferior attractions, or be left unbestowed.

The mistake would be to send inferior players and stale plays. We have them in plenty through the year, often at the Columbia, as well as at the lower-priced theatres. The steady patrons of one theatre fall into the habit of going, and resign themselves to anything and everything, but the outsiders, who constitute the rush, require a glittering bait to allure them. Give them a good company, with at least one player of established reputation, and they are apt to come in sufficient numbers to give assurance of success.

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It appears to be just as necessary to specialize in trade as in the professions. This is evidently recognized by the Nathan-Dohrmann Co., for in remodeling their immense establishment, their goods were grouped in separate show rooms, each one devoted to only one class of goods. Thus they have a Household, Art, Silverware, Lamp, Stein, and China Room, to which they have just added a plate and cup and saucer room. In this room these articles, so much in demand for holiday presents, are all displayed according to price. It therefore needs but a moment's time of the customer to inspect what is offered within the figure which he intends to spend. Thus is reached an arrangement much appreciated by purchasers who wish to save time and trouble.

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December 28th—Clara Bloodgood in **The Girl with the Green Eyes.**

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Lulu Glaser in "Dolly Varden."

ter seeing Lulu Glaser in "Dolly Varden" at the Columbia Theatre, it is rather difficult to understand just why this charming peripatetic version of William Wycherley's comedy, "The Country Girl," failed to impress London theatre-goers. The libretto is far above the average, the music is tuneful and agreeable, and the two elaborate stage settings, picturing the garden of Beauchamp Towers and the reception hall, are effective backgrounds for a wealth of gorgeous costumes, set off by pretty faces and comely figures. In short, Mr. Stange and Mr. Edwards have provided a graceful and refined entertainment, pleasantly free from all taint of vulgarity. In London, Mahelle Gilman—a California singer who has not visited San Francisco since her rise to stellar honors in the East and in England—had the title-role, and, despite the fact that her impersonation was considered "vivacious, dainty, and delightfully arch" by the critics of the British metropolis, the management of the Avenue Theatre have decided to withdraw it, and present instead "The Mocking Bird," the comic opera in which she starred successfully in this country last season. The part of the rollicking Dolly fits Lulu Glaser's breezy personality like a glove. She is a rare comedienne, with an engaging smile, who talks her songs instead of trying to sing them, and from the moment she trips on the stage, encased in a sedan-chair, until the final curtain falls after the pretty "Brides and Grooms" octette, she has the audience at her feet. Her leading support, however, is not particularly brilliant. Lillian Walbridge has an excellent stage presence, but is afflicted with a disagreeable tremolo, and her gestures, especially in the ballad, "The Navy," are automatic and meaningless. Harry Girard, the Captain Richard Belleville, has a tiny haritone voice, which does not half do justice to such gems as "Dolly Varden" and "To be With Thee." The best male singers are John Dunsmuir, basso, and Harold Blake, tenor, both former members of the Bostonians. "Dolly Varden" will be presented for another week, and then comes Clara Bloodgood in another Clyde Fitch play, "The Girl With the Green Eyes."

The New Tivoli.

On Wednesday evening, the new Tivoli Opera House will be opened with a spectacular production of "Ixion," which has been brought up to date by Ferris Hartman, and sprinkled with many of the latest Eastern ballads and topical songs. The cast will include Bessie Tannehill, Wallace Brownlow, Annie Meyers, Anna Lichter, Aimee Leicester, Mamie Davies, Nettie Deglow, Ferris Hartman, Arthur Cunningham, Edward Wehli, William Schuster, and many others. There will be scores of pretty girls in the production, and the costumes will be artistic revelations. Among the ballets, directed by Bothwell Browne, will be the "Greek Picture," "Ballet of Love," "Wines of California," "Snow Ballet," and "Early Days of California." The delightful ballet movement from Tchaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite" will be one of the incidental numbers played by Director Steindorff and his splendid orchestra. The three acts will close with a gorgeous transformation, "Excelsior, the Triumph of Light."

"Blue Jeans" at the Alcazar.

Joseph Arthur's melodramatic comedy, "Blue Jeans," is to be presented at the Alcazar Theatre next week, with James Durkin as the hero, Adele Block as the gypsy-like Sue Eudaly, Frances Starr as dainty little June, John B. Maher as the old shoemaker, Fred J. Butler as the country politician, Luke Conness as the villain, Harry Hilliard as the loutish Ike, Edwin Emery as the minstrel, and Anita Allen as the song-and-dance girl. The play contains several striking climaxes, the most thrilling being the rescue of the unconscious hero just as he is about to be cut in two by a whirling huzz-saw that has just eaten its way through a huge plank as if it were a bit of pasteboard.

In Aid of the Firemen's Widows and Orphans.

Those who go to the Grand Opera House next week will have the satisfaction of not only seeing an interesting performance, but of aiding a worthy charity—the Widows' and Orphans' Aid Association of the San Francisco Fire Department. The firemen have "bought out" the theatre for the entire week, and in addition to the regular attraction, May Stockton in "The Little Outcast," the firemen will give the public an idea of the working of the fire department. There will be scenes showing the interior of an engine-house, with its apparatus, horses, telegraphic instruments, alarm bells, sliding poles, swinging doors, and the sleeping quarters of the men. Alarms will be sent in over the wires, the firemen will "turn out," hitching harness and sliding down the poles, just as they do when answering genuine fire alarms. The apparatus and horses will dash out from the house and make a run on to Jessie street, and then turn and come on to the stage at full gallop. The scene will

show the arrival of the firemen and the apparatus at the burning three-story building. Engines will work, water will be pumped, and ladders and trucks run up in front of the building. A squad of policemen will be detailed by Chief Wittman to appear in the scene and keep the crowd in order, just as they do at real fires. Scaling ladders will be used by the firemen, and men and women will be carried down in safety from the burning building. To cap the climax, a number of women will jump from the top of the building into the life-saving nets held by the firemen.

Fischer's Big Hit.

It looks as if it would be many weeks before it will be necessary to take off "I-O-U" at Fischer's Theatre, for although the amusing travesty on the labor unions enters on its fourth week on Monday night, the demand for tickets is as brisk as ever, and the prospect is that Christmas week will see the theatre crowded to the doors nightly. Allen Curtis, who has taken Barney Bernard's Hebrew rôle, has already established himself in the good graces of the patrons of Fischer's Theatre. Another new-comer next week will be Charles Candie, a new orchestra leader, who has been associated for several years with Klaw & Erlanger's New York musical productions.

"Alphonse and Gaston" at the Central.

George T. Smith and Emil Bierman's musical extravaganza, based on the trials and tribulations of Alphonse and Gaston, the two polite Frenchmen originated by Oppe, the clever cartoonist, will be given at the Central Theatre next week. In addition to the regular stock company favorites, the cast will include Virginia Ainsworth, who will sing a number of popular new songs; Tony West, the comedian; and Elsie G. Rafael, a well-known "rag-time pianist."

The Orpheum's Christmas Week Bill.

The Orpheum Road Show will begin a limited engagement at the Orpheum next week, after an especially successful season on tour. The organization this year includes Elizabeth Murray, the popular coon and Irish song singer; Ernest Hogan, the "unbleached American," and Mattie Wilkes; the Melani trio of Italian singers; Fred Eckhoff and Anna Gordon, the musical laughmakers; Albertus and Millar, comedy club swingers and cornet soloists; the Nightingales, in a startling acrobatic act; Henri Hunnerti, the European comedy juggler; and Merian's pantomime dogs. The latter will offer one of the greatest novelties in the animal line ever seen here, "Cesar," the mind-reading poodle, is the star of the aggregation, and at the conclusion of his act, the pantomime, "A Faithless Woman," is presented by nine canine actors.

Although Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall closed his series of psychic science lectures last week with an interesting discourse on "Our Common Birthright," he is to give a novel entertainment on Sunday evening at Steinway Hall, when he will explain and demonstrate the principles by which Annie Abbot, the "Little Georgia Magnet," performs the wonderful feats of strength and magnetism, which puzzled the public recently at the Orpheum.

The Tavern of Tamalpais continues to attract visitors, despite the unsettled condition of the weather. The scenery is especially beautiful, the hills being covered with verdure, and the panoramic view from the veranda of the tavern, just below the summit, is excellent.

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VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. Desmond Humphreys, the novelist, who writes under the name of "Rita," scores London's Smart Set, whose amusements, she says, "might make the angels weep." She adds: "In turn, we have had skirt dancing, banjo-parties, high kicking, cycling, ping-pong, gambling at bridge, and the motor craze. We have dethroned the two last, but there are other records as harmful, if less exciting. What of the titled youth who turns his castle into an imitation Drury Lane on boxing night, whose highest ambition is to display the family jewels on his own person as a prince of pantomime? What of the illustrious earl who roams from the Old World to the new with no higher ambition than to wear the skirts of a ballet girl, and pass for one? What of the effete boudoir boys, who give smoking-parties to each other in order to display the latest thing in satin corsets and lace-frilled tea-coats? The amusements of the smart world are on a par with its other eccentricities, and for providing many of these we have to thank our smart American sister. She it is who introduced notions which are too idiotic for the nursery, but are eagerly welcomed by the drawing-room. To the American smart women society owes her 'hen luncheons,' surprise-parties, bathing-dress picnics, floral teas, and color suppers. She has an inventive brain and a mania for organization. She has shown us how charity can be made the playground for riotous display, how social functions can be turned into wild orgies or undignified romps. To fancy dress a charity, to flaunt a bazaar, to self-advertise a hospital—these are the things we have learned from our Atlantic smart neighbors. With them advertisement is an absolute grace, the first law of their nature. Straightway to cake-walk went the smart leaders of the Smart Set. Straightway after them went their brainless troop of male followers. A moving panorama of unbridled levity and unlicensed vulgarity was the result. The cake-walk figures, the possibilities of indecencies, became the one absorbing topic of the hour. Even skirt dancing, the 'split,' and the leap-frog cotillion figures, tableaux of charity functions and acting French plays all paled and grew insignificant before the last new sensation. Its promises seemed endless, its varieties of asinine humiliation absolutely unbounded."

But it is not alone the American woman who comes in for vicious criticism in the British press. Listen to these disparaging remarks about the American man, made by prominent London society favorites who were over here recently for the Roxburgh-Goelet wedding and the international yachtraces. Says one of them: "The men of America—bah! It makes me ill to think I associated with them as long as I did. One would meet in a whole day and night, one or two who would be called gentlemen in the English sense. Most of them have some trade or other which they acted ridiculously snobbish about and tried to conceal from us. Their manners were completely middle class." Another Englishwoman said of the American men: "I found them very insignificant, very bourgeois. We attended the New York Horse Show. In the promenade you could not pick out a man of the Four Hundred. Some of the gentlemen rode or drove their own horses in the ring, but for the life of me I could not tell the difference between owners and their jockeys." Here is still another woman's opinion: "What do I think of the American men we met? Well, I think they are vulgar, uneducated in the things of society, stoop-shouldered, under-sized. They think if they have a million or two they are as good as any one, and society seems to think so, too."

Commenting on the opinions of these three Englishwomen, an Argonaut reader, who signs himself "Woolly West," writes: "Number one remarks that she was made 'ill' (sick?) by associating with them. This makes one somewhat anxious to know how the men themselves stood it. Perhaps they, too, were made ill. She further says: 'Most of them have some trade or other which they acted ridiculously snobbish about and tried to conceal from us.' She must have met a bunch of walking delegates of labor unions. She adds that the manners of our men are 'completely middle-class.' Does not this betray a suspicious familiarity with middle-class manners? Number two says she found our men 'very insignificant,' and at the New York Horse Show could not distinguish them from their jockeys. Why, you sweet, innocent thing you! Don't you know you never can? You would better look up the statistics showing the number of coachmen who have married society girls. But why blame the owners of the horses? Why not reform the grooms? There are fewer of the latter. Number three

says we are 'vulgar, uneducated in the things of society, stoop-shouldered, under-sized.' There now, my brothers, put that in your organs and grind it. In conclusion, she says: 'They think if they have a million or two they are as good as any one, and society seems to think so, too.' Well, I just guess! Does this good lady know anything else so potent as money to make people eligible to position in society? Perhaps, however, this dispatch was merely a bait, snapped up by the dailies to pad out the columns of those overgrown sheets, and sent to relieve the tedium of a dull Saturday night in the cable office."

Although the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh managed to secure absolute privacy during their five days' wedding journey across the Atlantic, they were greatly annoyed by curious fellow-passengers, mostly women, when they hoarded the train at Cherbourg for Paris. According to the Paris correspondent of the London Express, there was a wild scramble for seats when it became known that the duke and his bride would eat their dinner in the ordinary dining saloon instead of having it privately served. "One German-American lady," says the writer, "who was booked for the second dinner series, offered to buy the seat of a fellow-countrywoman who was fortunate enough to be placed near the duke and duchess, but the latter declined to part with the privilege. The place of vantage, a corner seat at the table directly opposite the bridal couple, was secured by a Philadelphia politician. Throughout the meal he watched them eat with sympathetic interest. The apartments held twenty-two passengers besides the duke and duchess, and fully one-half of them paid more attention to the pair than to their own appetites. Several Americans, sitting with their backs to the duke and duchess, did not hesitate to turn around every other minute, and as the train unexpectedly slowed up on one occasion, a woman's voice asked, shrilly: 'What is she eating now?' The duchess went through the ordeal with good humor and unconcern, but the duke did not apparently share her feelings. When they left the table, souvenirs were in great demand. One diner secured the duchess' menu card, and an American woman was duly aggrieved because she could not purchase from the dining-room attendant a silver fish knife used by the duchess. When the train reached the Gare St. Lazare, in Paris, some passengers lingered on the platform, despite the lateness of the hour, to get a farewell glimpse of the couple."

Hearing of the efficacy of the Röntgen rays for the removal of hairs from the upper lip, a lady in Hanover, aged thirty-five, applied to Dr. Karl Bruno Schurmayer, a proper qualified doctor and Röntgen-ray specialist, for treatment. He operated twice, but instead of removing the superfluous hairs the operation resulted in the skin of the face becoming red and the lips swollen. The lady thereupon brought an action against the doctor, and was awarded sixty dollars damages, against which he appealed, but the decision has just been upheld.

The Garrick Club of London is famous among other things for its remarkable wines. All of these were purchased in the cask forty years ago (says the New York Times), and they are sold to-day in the club at the same tariff as if they were of this year's vintage, instead of some of them—such as the clarets, sherries, madeiras, and ports—being almost priceless. The club has been the home for many years of a set of old London bachelors and widowers without collateral relatives, who enjoy its cuisine and its wines. They are very much on the pattern of Major Pen-dennis, and are well known in London so-

ciety. Several of these, dying, have left their fortunes to the club. The result is that the organization is very wealthy, and if to-morrow it should be dissolved, each member would receive quite a handsome legacy as his share of the club assets. Nearly all the London clubs are organized on this plan, and there are in the older and more celebrated ones few instances of extra assessments.

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SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
December 10th....	52	46	.00	Cloudy
" 11th....	58	42	.00	Cloudy
" 12th....	52	48	.07	Rain
" 13th....	54	48	.04	Cloudy
" 14th....	54	50	.00	Cloudy
" 15th....	52	48	Tr.	Rain
" 16th....	56	50	1.14	Cloudy

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, December 16, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 4%....	1,000	@ 109½	109	110
U. S. Coup. 3%....	2,500	@ 108	108	
Los An. Ry 5%....	1,000	@ 112½	112½	
Los An. Pac. Ry.				
Con. 5%.....	7,000	@ 101	100½	102
Market St. Ry. 5%.	1,000	@ 113	112½	
Oakl'nd Transit 5%	1,000	@ 109	108½	
Omnibus C. Ry. 6%	2,000	@ 121	120	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.	24,000	@ 106½-107	106¾	107
Sac. Electric Gas & Ry. 5%.....	14,000	@ 98-100	99	101
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	4,000	@ 117	117½	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909.....	6,000	@ 107¾	107½	108
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910.....	1,000	@ 109	108¾	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd.	57,000	@ 106¾	107½	
S. V. Water 6%....	54,000	@ 106	106	
S. V. Water 4%....	2,000	@ 99	99	101
	STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Water.				
Contra Costa.....	20	@ 39-40	39¾	42
Spring Valley W. Co.	320	@ 38-38½	38¾	39
Banks.				
Mercantile T. Co....	100	@ 230	230	
German S. L.....	1	@ 2,245	2,235	
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. & S....	50	@ 45	44½	45
Hutchinson.....	5	@ 9¼	9½	10
Makaweli S. Co.....	100	@ 22½	22½	
Onomea S. Co.....	75	@ 30	30	31
Gas and Electric.				
Central Lighting....	125	@ 55-55½	55½	
S. F. Gas & Electric	545	@ 66½-68½	66½	67
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers....	80	@ 140-144	139	141
Cal. Fruit Cannerns.	20	@ 92	92	
Cal. Wine Assn....	60	@ 90½	90½	
Oceanic S. Co.....	20	@ 5-5½	5	6

Spring Valley Water was traded in to the extent of 320 shares, selling off three-quarters of a point to 38, closing in better demand at 38½ bid, 39 asked.

The sugars were in small demand at a decline of from one-half to one point.

Alaska Packers sold off three points to 140, closing at 139 bid, 141 asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric, on sales of 545 shares sold down one point to 66½, but at the close was in better demand, at 66½ bid, 67 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

(Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	FROM NOVEMBER 22, 1903.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Vacaville, Winters, Rumney, ...	7:55 P.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira and Sacra- mento	7:25 P.
7:30 A.	Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, Martinez, Eureka and Stockton	6:25 P.
8:00 A.	St. Helena, Express (Via Davis), Williams (for Searles Springs), Willows (for), Red Bluff, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, ...	7:55 P.
8:00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, ...	7:55 P.
8:30 A.	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, New- man, Los Banos, Mendota, Armona, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville, ...	4:25 P.
8:30 A.	Port Costa, Martinez, Tracy, Lath- rop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, ...	4:55 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stock- ton, (Millton), Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff, ...	4:25 P.
8:30 A.	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, So- noma, Tuloma and Angels	4:25 P.
8:30 A.	Alameda Express—Oakland and East	11:25 A.
9:30 A.	Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations	6:55 P.
10:00 A.	The Overland Express—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago, ...	8:25 P.
10:00 A.	Vallejo	12:25 P.
10:00 A.	Los Angeles Passenger Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Goshen Junc- tion, Hanford, Lemoore, Visalia, Bakersfield, ...	7:25 P.
12:00 M.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	3:25 P.
1:30 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	11:00 P.
3:30 P.	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and way stations	10:55 A.
3:30 P.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7:55 P.
4:30 P.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Fresno and Way Sta- tions beyond Port Costa, ...	12:25 P.
4:30 P.	Martinez, Tracy, Stockton, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, ...	10:25 A.
4:00 P.	Niles, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi	9:25 A.
4:00 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	4:25 P.
4:30 P.	The Owl Limited—Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, ...	11:55 A.
5:00 P.	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton	8:55 A.
5:30 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	7:25 A.
5:30 P.	Eastern Express—Ogden, Den- ver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East. Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Davis, Sacramento, Rock Hill, Auburn, Colfax, Truckee, Boca, Reno, Wads- worth, Woomersley, ...	9:55 A.
6:00 P.	Vallejo, daily, except Sunday	6:25 P.
7:00 P.	Vallejo, Sonoma, ...	7:55 P.
7:00 P.	Richmond, San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations	11:25 A.
8:05 P.	Oregon & California Express— Salem, Medford, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.	8:55 A.
8:10 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sun- day only)	11:55 A.

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).

LEAVE	FROM MARKET STREET.	ARRIVE
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Bonner Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	5:55 P.
12:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Bonner Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	11:55 A.
4:15 P.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos and way stations	11:55 A.
4:30 P.	Hunters Train, Saturday only, San Jose and Way Stations. Return- ing from Los Gatos Sunday only	4:25 P.

OAKLAND HARBOR FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO, Foot of Market Street (Slip 1)
to 12:15 3:00 11:00 A.M. 1:00 3:00 5:15 P.M.
From OAKLAND, Foot of Broadway—7:00 10:00 12:00 2:00 4:00 P.M.

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

LEAVE	FROM MARKET STREET.	ARRIVE
6:10 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	6:30 P.
7:00 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	3:35 P.
8:00 A.	New Almaden (Thurs. Fri., only)	4:10 P.
8:00 A.	Coast Line Limited—Stops only San Jose, Gilroy (connection for Hol- listers), Pajaro, Castroville, Sa- linas, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, Principal stations thence Santa Cruz, Gilroy, Salinas, Paso Robles, (connection for Lompoc) principal stations thence Santa Bar- bara and Los Angeles. Connection at Castroville to and from Monterey and Pacific Grove	10:45 P.
8:00 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations	4:10 P.
10:30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations	1:20 P.
11:30 A.	Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations	7:30 P.
1:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	8:36 A.
3:00 P.	Pacific Grove Express—Santa Clara San Jose, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, connections at Santa Clara for Santa Cruz, Boulder Creek and Narrow Gauge Points at Gilroy for Hollister, Tres Pinos, at Castroville for Salinas	12:15 P.
3:30 P.	Tres Pinos Way Passenger	10:45 A.
4:45 P.	San Jose, (via Santa Clara) Los Gatos, and Principal Way Sta- tions	13:12 P.
6:30 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	18:00 P.
6:00 P.	San Jose, Gilroy, Salinas, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, New York. Con- nects at Pajaro for Santa Cruz and at Castroville for Pacific Grove and Way Stations	7:10 A.
6:15 P.	Santa Clara, Belmont, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto	16:46 A.
6:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations	6:36 A.
11:30 P.	South San Francisco, Millbrae, Burlingame, San Mateo, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park and Palo Alto	9:45 P.
11:30 P.	Mayfield, Mountain View, Sunny- vale, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose	19:45 P.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.

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It is related that when Daniel Webster's market man had sued him for a long unpaid bill and got his money, he was so scared at his temerity that he stopped calling at the door for orders. The godlike Daniel asked him why one day, and the man confessed that he supposed Mr. Webster would never trade with him again. "Oh," said Webster, "sue me as often as you like, but, for heaven's sake, don't starve me."

Thomas Carlyle was a "boarder of the gold of silence," and would sit for hours, puffing away at his pipe, without uttering more than a grunt or a gruff monosyllable. Leigh Hunt, his neighbor and intimate, once wrote to a friend: "Have just spent a pleasant hour with Carlyle. When I went in he growled, 'Hello! here again!' and at parting he snapped out, 'Good-day!' and that is the sum of the conversation he honored me with. But how eloquent his silence is! I just sat and looked at him, and came away strengthened for a fresh struggle."

A Russian lady, admirer of Rossini, having watched the composer on his daily promenade during several days, sent a message to his house expressive of her desire to be received by him. The reply to this strange communication was: "I do nothing for nothing. If the lady brings me a very fine bunch of asparagus, she will be welcome, and she can take a view of me at her leisure." Then, pointing to his waist, which had attained a somewhat aldermanic rotundity, he is said to have added: "The lady may even walk around me if she pleases, but I must have my asparagus."

When Edmund Kean and Macready, intense rivals, played in the same pieces at Drury Lane, it was usual to consult them in the course of the evening as to what they would appear in next. One night, when the prompter was sent to ask Mr. Macready what he would play with Mr. Kean, the great tragedian frowned upon him till he blushed. "Fore gad, sir," he roared, "how should I know what the man would like to play?" The prompter retired to seek the desired information from Mr. Kean. "Damn it, sir," said Mr. Kean, sharply, "how the hell should I know what the fellow can play?"

Once while lunching with a friend who knew something about the habits and eccentricities of good wine, James McNeill Whistler was telling about the peculiarities of Henry James; how James would drag a slender incident through several pages until it was exhausted. Whereupon his friend casually remarked: "The best of wine is spoiled by too small a spigot." "What's that? What's that you said? Did you get that out of Shakespeare?" "Not at all; it is simply a physical fact that if you let good wine dribble through a small spigot you lose its fragrance and character." "God bless me, but I believe you are right," cried Whistler, in delight; "and it's a good saying—it's James to a drop."

One day last March, when Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, threatened to have a page dismissed because of carelessness in delivering cards, Senator Arthur Pue Gorman laid his hand on the angry Rhode Islander's shoulder, and remarked: "Gently, gently, Aldrich. Give the boy a show. I often made the same mistake myself. Let it pass this time." "You often made the same mistake!" echoed Senator Aldrich. "Often," Senator Gorman replied; "don't you know that I first entered the Senate as a page nearly fifty years ago? I have never forgotten those days. You have no idea what a hard time a page has, with a half-dozen senators calling him at the same time, and all of them in a hurry. He is bound to make mistakes. If I had been dismissed for a little delay in delivering a card, I should not probably be in the Senate to-day."

The Paris papers discuss at length the fatal ending of the duel which recently took place at the Ile de la Grande Gatte between M. Ebelot, a novice in the use of foils, and M. Lautier, who had quite a reputation as a fencer. The duel began with the usual crossing of swords and an attempt on the part of the experienced fencer merely to keep his adversary at a distance. The foils crossed each other for only about half a minute, when M. Ebelot, the inexperienced fencer, suddenly gave a lunge forward and plunged his sword into the side of his adversary, just under the armpit. The unfortunate man at once fell, with his shirt soaked in blood, and blood pouring from his mouth and nose, and in a quarter of an hour he was dead. The stroke which the novice used is called the "Coup de Monserrat," and has quite a romantic history. The hero of the story was a young Parisian musician, engaged to be married to

a young lady of Bordeaux. Quarreling with a cousin of his fiancée, he got his ears boxed at the Bordeaux Club. Ignorant of fencing, he dared not resent the insult, and renounced his engagement. But he also took fencing lessons from one Monserrat, a *maitre d'armes* of Toulouse. Monserrat taught him one trick only, and he practiced it for a year. At the end of that time, he returned to the Bordeaux Club, slapped his man's face, and, being called out, instantly ran his opponent through the body with his cunning lunge.

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San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 a. m.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 p. m. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 p. m.
Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:50 and 11:30 p. m.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a. m.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20, 11:30 p. m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:05, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a. m.; 12:50, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 2:05 and 6:35 p. m.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:40, 11:15 a. m.; 1:40, 3:40, 4:55, 5:05, 6:25 p. m.

Leave San Francisco.		In Effect Sept. 27, 1903.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days.	Sun- days.	Destina- tion.	Sun- days.	Week Days.
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Ignacio.	9:10 a m	8:10 a m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m		10:40 a m	10:20 a m
5:10 p m	5:00 p m		6:05 p m	6:20 p m
7:30 a m			7:35 p m	
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Novato Petaltama and Santa Rosa.	9:10 a m	8:10 a m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m		10:40 a m	10:20 a m
5:10 p m	5:00 p m		6:05 p m	6:20 p m
			7:35 p m	
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Fulton.	10:40 a m	10:20 a m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m		7:35 p m	6:20 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Windsor, Headsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	10:40 a m	10:20 a m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m		7:35 p m	6:20 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	10:40 a m	10:20 a m
3:30 a m	3:30 p m		7:35 p m	6:20 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Willits.	7:35 p m	6:20 p m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m			
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Guerneville.	10:40 a m	10:20 a m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m		7:35 p m	6:20 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	9:10 a m	8:10 a m
5:10 p m	5:00 p m		6:05 p m	6:20 p m
7:30 a m	8:00 a m	Sebastopol.	10:40 a m	10:20 a m
3:30 p m	3:30 p m		7:35 p m	6:20 p m

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Catherine Du Val, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Du Val, and Mr. Oliver Dibble, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Dibble.

The wedding of Miss Caroline Stetson Ayres, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor Parrish Ayres, and Mr. Dennis Searles will take place at the home of the bride's parents on Wednesday evening, January 6th, at nine o'clock.

The wedding of Miss Isabelle McKenna, eldest daughter of Justice and Mrs. McKenna, to Mr. Pitts Dunfield, of New York, will take place at noon on Wednesday, January 6th, at the home of the bride's parents in Washington, D. C.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Livingston and Captain Holland N. Stevenson, U. S. N., took place at the home of the bride's sister, Miss Alice Livingston, 1327 Leavenworth Street, last Saturday. Rev. Dr. Mills, of Sacramento, performed the ceremony. There were no attendants. Captain and Mrs. Stevenson, after a fortnight's wedding journey in Southern California, will reside in this city, as the groom is at present assigned to duties at the Union Iron Works.

Miss Bernie Drown gave a dinner at the University Club on Wednesday in honor of her sister, Miss Newell Drown. Those at table were Mr. and Mrs. Willard N. Drown, Miss Suzanne Blanding, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Gertrude Eells, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Miss Lucy Coleman, Mr. A. N. Drown, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Mr. Robert Eyre, and Mr. Tobin.

Mr. Henry T. Scott gave a dinner-dance on Tuesday evening at his residence at the corner of Clay and Laguna Streets in honor of Miss Margaret Newhall. Covers were laid for sixteen at dinner, and more guests were invited for the informal dancing, which followed. At midnight supper was served.

Miss Jennie Blair gave a dinner last Sunday evening, at which she entertained Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Miss Spreckels, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, Miss Parrott, Mr. Henry Oelrichs, Mr. John Zeile, Mr. Clarence Follis, Mr. J. Wilson, and Mr. Joseph Tobin.

Miss Florence Gibbons will make her formal debut at a ball to be given by her father, Dr. Henry Gibbons, at Cotillion Hall on January 7th.

Mrs. Eugene Freeman gave a luncheon at the Knickerbocker Hotel on Tuesday. Those at table were Mrs. James Irvine, Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis, Mrs. George Moore, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. Frank Bates, Mrs. E. A. Belcher, Mrs. Eugene Bresse, Miss McBride, Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. Howard Holmes, and Mrs. Willis E. Davis.

Miss Edna Middleton gave a tea at her residence on Green Street on Tuesday afternoon. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Harry Bates, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Miss Belle Harnes, Miss Jane Sweigart, Miss Jane Wilshire, Miss Paula Wolff, and Miss Maylita Pease.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a dinner on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. George Howard, who has just returned from abroad. Others at table were Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Joliffe, and Miss Findley.

Miss Huntington and Miss Marion Huntington gave an informal dance at the Huntington residence on Jackson Street on Monday evening. Their guests numbered about forty.

Mrs. Silas Palmer will hold her next formal reception on the second Friday in January. Those who assisted her in receiving at her

first "at home" last week were Mrs. George Wheaton, Miss Bessie Palmer, of Oakland, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. George Martin, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Lucie King, and Miss Genevieve King.

Mrs. John A. Darling gave a dinner last Sunday evening at the Occidental Hotel, at which she entertained Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Judge and Mrs. Charles W. Slack, Judge and Mrs. J. F. Coffey, Miss McFarland, and Mr. Jeremiah V. Coffey.

Miss Margaret Newhall made her formal debut at a tea given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, last Saturday. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Newell Drown, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Gertrude Eells, Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman, Miss Hazel King, Miss Dorothy Gittings, of Baltimore, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Miss Margaret Mee, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Isabel Kittle, and Miss Gertrude Joliffe.

Miss Alice Sprague gave a luncheon at her residence on Broadway on Wednesday, at which she entertained Miss Grace Buckley, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss McCalla, Mrs. Thomas Benton Darragh, Mrs. James Bishop, Miss Suzanne Blanding, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Miss Louise Sprague, and Miss Frances Sprague.

Mrs. Henry Lund has issued invitations for a tea on Sunday in honor of Captain and Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent.

Mrs. Josephine de Greayer gave a luncheon at the University Club last Saturday in honor of Mrs. Peck, who leaves shortly for London. Others at table were Mrs. G. J. Bucknall, Mrs. Llewellyn, Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Loosley, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Mrs. Harry P. McLennan, Mrs. Harry Nathaniel Gray, Miss Charlotte Hughes, Mrs. Jasper McDonald, Mrs. A. H. Vail, Mrs. M. R. Higgins, Mrs. Joseph Marks, and Mrs. Adele Brooks.

Mr. Harry Stetson gave a dinner on Wednesday evening at the home of his sister, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, on Broadway. Covers were laid for forty.

Mrs. Henry S. Dodge has sent out invitations for a luncheon to be given at her residence, 2015 Franklin Street, in honor of her niece, Miss Mabel Dodge, of San Rafael, this (Saturday) afternoon at half after one o'clock.

Miss Margaret Mee gave a tea at her residence, 1894 Broadway, on Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Margaret Newhall. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Gertrude Eells, Miss Gertrude Joliffe, Miss Florence Gibbons, Miss Helen Bailey, and Miss Marion Hall.

Polo at Burlingame.

The Burlingame Club is arranging for a polo carnival during Christmas week, with games almost daily during the holidays, the most important of which will be on New Year's Day, the series to culminate with a grand ball at the club-house. The carnival will be attended by many well-known polo players, and some exciting contests are in prospect. The present plans of the country club contemplate a regular polo association to be organized early in the coming year, and another tournament to be held in March, in which no less than six teams will participate. Two of these will be from England, two from the South, and two from this section, and possibly Honolulu with one or two. The object of the association will be to promote liberal sports of all kinds, especially polo.

In the final match of the tournament for the Council's Cup at the Presidio links recently, J. W. Byrne won the trophy by defeating Lieutenant J. L. Oyster by a score of 7 up and 6 to play. He also established a remarkable record, completing the first nine holes in thirty-five strokes, which is four strokes below the bogey score for the links. The Council's Cup came into existence in 1900, and has been competed for nine times. It must be won three times before becoming the permanent property of any player. It has been won twice by S. L. Abbott, Jr., and twice by H. C. Golcher. The one-time winners are R. H. Gaylord, H. B. Goodwin, John Lawson, Lieutenant Oyster, and now, J. W. Byrne.

Mrs. Harriet Crocker Alexander, of New York, one of the Crocker heirs, says that she did not object to throwing open the doors of the Crocker mansion for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. In a letter to the Examiner, correcting the statement of that paper that certain of the heirs objected, she writes: "I did not refuse to open the California Street residence for charity. My consent was never asked, nor did I ever hear that an entertainment was proposed."

WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 746 MARKET STREET.

Holiday Suggestions.

Flat orders. Eugene Korn, Knox agency, 746 Market Street.

Worthy Charity Donation Days.

The managers of the California Woman's Hospital announce that their annual donation days will be on Monday and Tuesday, December 21st and 22d. Donations of money, groceries, linen, or anything for the sufferers in the free ward will be gratefully received at Goldberg, Bowen & Co.'s store, 232 Sutter Street, or at the hospital, 3118 Sacramento Street. The following women constitute the board of managers: Mrs. D. H. Whittemore, president; Miss F. A. Sprague, treasurer; Mrs. F. A. Robbin, secretary; Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Charles Alexander, Mrs. J. H. Hatch, vice-presidents; Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. A. E. Brooke Ridley, Mrs. Morris Meyerfield, Jr., Mrs. I. Hecht, Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Mrs. J. Hoyt, Mrs. E. E. Park, Mrs. Archibald Kains, and Mrs. A. Chesebrough, directors.

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday will also be the annual donation days of the Children's Hospital. Donations of money, clothing, groceries, fuel, and supplies of all kinds that will brighten the Christmas season of the sick and destitute children at the hospital will be received at 227 Sutter Street by the committee, which includes Mrs. N. D. Rideout, chairman; Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, Mrs. J. F. Merrill, Mrs. I. N. Walter, Mrs. M. F. McGurn, Mrs. Bertha Lienthal, and Mrs. H. E. Bothin.

Musical Service at St. Dominic's.

A special musical service will be held at St. Dominic's Church on Sunday evening, when Saint-Saens's Christmas oratorio, "Noel," will be rendered by the choir. This work is one of the most beautiful compositions by the great French musician, and represents the highest type of modern church music. The numbers are as follows: Prelude, allegretto pastorale; solos with chorus, "Et pastores erant," "Gloria in altissimis Deo"; solo, "Expectavans expectavi Dominum"; solo and chorus, "Domine, ego credidi"; duet, "Benedictus qui venit"; chorus, "Quare fremuerunt gentes"; trio, "Tecum principium"; quartet, "Laudate coeli"; quintet and chorus, "Consurge, filia Sion"; final chorus, "Tollite hostias." The soloists are Miss Camille Frank, soprano; Mrs. Jenkins, soprano; Miss Ella V. McCloskey, contralto; Mr. T. G. Elliott, tenor; Mr. Charles B. Stone, bass. The oratorio will be given under the direction of Dr. H. J. Stewart.

The estate of the late Charlemagne Tower, of Philadelphia, has received half a million dollars in cash through a sale just completed of forty thousand acres of fir and cedar timber lands lying along the Northern Pacific main line between Tacoma and Portland. Mr. Tower, father of the present minister to Russia, traded Northern Pacific stock for these timber lands at the time of the Jay Cooke failure. After Tower's death, the entire holdings were offered at \$6 per acre. Lately, however, the price was advanced to \$10, and the property was cut up in tracts to suit the purchasers.

Pietro Mascagni, in a speech recently delivered at a dinner given him in Turin, said that his new opera, "Vestila," was finished.

When Art Stores Fail

I will mount embroidery photos, etc., quickly. Lettering, or any other art work done. Robt. R. Hill, 744 Market Street, opposite "Call."

SCHUSSLER BROS. ARE SHOWING THE VERY latest appropriate Christmas gifts. High-grade paper, bronzes seals, and ink stands, fountain-pens, duplicate whist sets, card-cases, etc. 119 Geary Street.

CORRECT, NATTY, ARE THE LADIES' SHIRT Waists designed by Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post Street, San Francisco.

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Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps, as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

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OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL CHRISTMAS

The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins left for New York on Wednesday, and expect to be away until after the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have returned from New York after a two months' absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase and family will occupy the residence of Rev. John Hemphill on Broadway, which they have taken for the season.

Mr. Harry M. Gillig arrived in the city during the week. He expects to remain on this Coast the greater part of the winter.

Mrs. Alexander Center and her daughter, Miss Bessie Center, were in Dresden when last heard from.

Rev. and Mrs. John Hemphill will leave after the first of the year for a trip to Australia.

Mrs. John B. Schröder and Miss Eugenie Hawes are spending the winter in Italy.

Mrs. McClung and her daughters, Mrs. Frederick Horne and Miss Gladys McClung, have gone to San Diego, where they will remain for several weeks.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling expect to leave soon for the East, en route to Europe, where they will remain indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and their family will leave this week for Santa Barbara, where they will spend the holiday season.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, who arrived from the East last week, will reside at the Palace Hotel with Mr. Oelrichs, during her stay here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Newhall, who are in Southern California, will return for the holidays.

Mr. H. McD. Spencer was in New York during the week.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco is expected from the East this week, on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. William Tevis.

Mrs. Loughborough and Miss Josephine Loughborough were in Naples when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin, who are expected here early next month, will remain in California the rest of the winter.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt returned from the East on Wednesday.

Mrs. Jennie Tay Danforth has left Paris, and is now in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Sprague, Miss Sprague, Miss Younger, and Mr. W. W. Sprague were in New York during the week. The Spragues have since sailed for Europe. Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones will return to California next month and occupy their residence, "Miramar," at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Sloane Watson and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sutton have departed for Portland, Tacoma, and Spokane. They will return here for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Stetson will leave for Mexico after the holidays.

Mrs. George M. Pullman has taken a house in Pasadena for four months.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant G. Fraser will spend the holidays with Mrs. Fraser's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier.

Mrs. McNulty and Mrs. Thurlow McMullin, who are at the Hotel Richelieu, will leave for Santa Barbara about the first of the year.

Mrs. F. L. Whitney, Miss Grace Whitney, and Mr. George F. Whitney are at present in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon, who recently arrived in New York from Paris, are in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. George Fritch has returned to the Hotel Rafael for the winter.

Miss Eleanor Warner will leave next week for San Diego, where she will act as bridesmaid at the Wakefield-Sefton wedding, which will take place on December 28th.

Mrs. T. T. Williams and Miss Williams were in New York during the week.

Among the week's arrivals at Hotel Rafael were Baron and Baroness von Reitzenstein, of Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. George Crandell, of Alameda, Mrs. Louis H. Jones, of Oakland, Mrs. F. Wallace, Mrs. F. Starke, Miss Starke, and Miss J. Tohin.

Army and Navy News.

Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. N., is making a short stay here, en route to Honolulu, where he will join the *Wisconsin*, of which he has been given command. Mrs. Clover will remain in Washington during the winter.

Brigadier-General James M. Sanno, U. S. A., retired, arrived from the Philippines during the week, accompanied by his wife and daughter. They are registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Colonel Edward Hunter, U. S. A., who was judge-advocate on the staff of General Thomas H. Ruger, at department headquarters, for several years, has just been placed upon the retired list for age.

Captain Charles Lyman Bent, U. S. A., arrived on the transport *Sherman* early in the week from Manila, and with Mrs. Bent will shortly go East.

General Coolidge, U. S. A., retired, and

who has been spending the past few weeks in the East, returned to his residence in San Francisco on Monday.

Mrs. Albert Parker Niblack, wife of Lieutenant Niblack, U. S. N., sailed for Honolulu last week.

Colonel John J. O'Connell, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., who arrived with his regiment from the Philippines last Monday on the transport *Sherman*, will be stationed at Fort Crook, Neb.

Miss Davis, daughter of General Davis, U. S. A., who for a year and a half has been in command of the forces at Honolulu, left for the Hawaiian Islands last week on the Oceanic steamship *Tentura*, accompanied by her mother.

Mrs. Terry, wife of Rear-Admiral Terry, U. S. N., Miss Terry, and Mr. Terry have reached Honolulu, where they are occupying the Macfarlane residence on Punahou Street.

The three squadrons of the Fifteenth Cavalry, which have been at the Presidio since their return from the Philippines, under the command of Colonel Alexander Rodgers, U. S. A., have departed for their new station, Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.

The big event at Ingleside Track next week will be the Christmas Handicap, for three-year-olds and upwards, over a mile and a quarter course. The value of the purse will be \$3,000. The entries number seventy-six, so there is certain to be a large field.

Informal Hop at Del Monte.

One of the first of a series of informal hops was given at Hotel Del Monte last Friday evening. The ball-room of this popular resort was comfortably filled, many of San Francisco's best families, as well as a large number of army officers from the new encampment at Monterey, being in attendance. The army men present included the following: Captain Brooks, Captain Uline, Captain Bridges, Captain Conrad, Lieutenant Awl, Lieutenant Potter, Lieutenant Knahenshue, Lieutenant Boyce, Lieutenant Upham, Lieutenant Burr, Lieutenant Gilmore, Captain Fowler, Major Bigelow, Lieutenant Bell, Captain H. A. Smith, Colonel Ward and his officers of the Fifteenth Infantry and the Ninth Cavalry are very popular in society. At all Del Monte affairs arranged for the present season, the buds and belles have every assurance of army men for dancing partners. Special rates between San Francisco and Del Monte for the Christmas and New Year holidays are being arranged.

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AGENCY.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The club is a refuge for homeless married men.—*Life*.

"Has the doctor given up all hope?" "Oh, no; he thinks the estate will settle the bill if his patient dies."—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

Imagination: *Liz*—"Say, Mag! I'm dat hungry dat when I looks at de kid turnin' de handle of de chestnut roaster I fancy I kin hear music."—*Life*.

Kept in the dark: "What are you going to give your wife for Christmas this year?" "I dunno. She locked it away in a closet before I had a chance to see it."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Humanity: *Sergeant*—"What did you arrest this man for?" *Officer Keegan*—"For his own safety, sergeant! He was too drunk to protect himself, and insisted on going home!"—*Puck*.

Post-nuptial: *He* (whose wife has been reading some of his old love-letters to her)—"What is the use of keeping all those old things?" *She*—"Lest we forget—lest we forget."—*Brooklyn Life*.

"Come in," said St. Peter. "Wait," said the walking delegate, pausing to listen to the music of the golden harps. "First, I want to know if those musicians have union cards."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

An alternative: *Mahool*—"Nixt toime Oi pass wid a loidy, Mulligan, ye've got to remove yer hat!" *Mulligan*—"And suppose Oi refuse?" *Mahool*—"Then, bedad, ye've got to remove yer coat."—*Chicago News*.

Juvenile reasoning: *Sammy*—"Going to move soon, Tommy?" *Tommy*—"Yes." *Sammy*—"How do you know?" *Tommy*—"Ah! How do I know? Didn't me mother lemme break a winder t'other day and didn't say nothin'?"—*Tit-Bits*.

The doctor's orders: *Dedelia*—"Phat are yez doin' takin' the lock off the cupboard dure, Pat? 'Are yez chrazy?" *Pat*—"No, darlint; th' docthor tould me to-day that I must quit boltin' me food—and I'm goin' to obey instrustrations!"—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

Mother—"Why don't you behave better to your teacher?" *Tommy*—"Why, I'm as kind to her as I kin be." *Mother*—"You are?" *Tommy*—"Yes'm. Every time she licks me I cry as loud as I kin so's to make her believe she's hurtin' me."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"You should strive to appeal to the imagination and the human interest of your pupils," said the principal. "I do," answered the teacher, "but it is very hard to convince the boys that Hector and Achilles were as great men as Corbett and Jeffries."—*Washington Star*.

Precautionary abstinence: *Host*—"Have 'nother drink 'fore you go, ole f'ler. *Guest*—"Like to, but dashn't—" *Host*—"You lasht man I'd 'xpected to be 'fraid o' goo' whisky." *Guest*—"Taint whisky—'ts shairs 'my new boardin' house. Moved in 'tis mornin', an' don't know 'm yet."—*Judge*.

Her conclusion: "Do you think your father has any idea that I have serious intentions concerning you?" "I heard him telling mother, the other day, that he didn't

think it would cost any more to have you at the table regularly than it does for me to feed you from the pantry shelves every night"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Coming around: *Mrs. Caffrey*—"And how is that pretty young widow? Is she reconciled to her loss yet?" *Mrs. Malaprop*—"No, she ain't exactly reconciled yet, but they do say she's got the man picked out."—*Tit-Bits*.

A compliment that failed to please: *Johnny Fresh*—"Miss Doolittle, it seems to me you dance very much better since you had your appendix cut out." *Miss Doolittle*—"Do tell. Well, why don't you have yours cut at once." *Kansas City Star*.

He—"How did you enjoy the opera?" *She*—"Oh, it was just splendid." *He*—"Really? But it was all French, wasn't it?" *She*—"Oh, no! Of course, some of the hand-somest ones were unmistakably Parisian, but there were many pretty gowns that were evidently made here."—*Philadelphia Press*.

OVER THE TELEPHONE.

The Feminine Vernacular in Chicago.

"H'lo!"
"H'lo!"
"Thatchoo, Pim?"
"Yeh. Hoozat?"
"Smee—Nell."
"H'lo, Nell! Smatter?"
"Nothin'. Thought 'd call yup. Say, Pim, Juno Tom Dixon?"
"No. Oozee?"
"Letcha know some time. Say, jeerabout Kitten Jim?"
"No. Wbajjaknow 'bout 'em?"
"Don't speak teach other."
"Wot strubble?"
"Ida know. Cumminover soon?"
"Yeh. Guesso. B' choir cumminover tower house first."
"Willican. Gotteny fudges?"
"Lot zuvvem."
"Well, I'll come. G'by!"
"G'by! Say!"
"Well?"
"Don't tell wattitoldjuhabout Kitten Jim."
"I won't. G'by!"
"G'by!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

—*Steedman's Soothing Powders* preserve a healthy state of the constitution during the period of teething.

Visitor—"My man, what brought you here?" *Convict*—"Insomnia, mum—de cop couldn't sleep, and so he wuz patroling his beat!"—*Puck*.

For the Holidays.

On December 24th, 25th, 26th, 31st, January 1st and 2d, the following rates in effect via North Shore Railroad, good for return until January 4th: Camp Taylor, Point Reyes, etc., \$1.00; Marshalls, Tomales, etc., \$1.50; Occidental, Camp Meeker, Monte Rio, Mesa Grande, \$2.00; Duncans Mills, Watson's, Cazadero, \$2.50. Through trains daily at 8.00 A. M., also special through trains at 3.15 P. M. Saturdays, and at 5.15 P. M. December 24th and 31st. For complete holiday time table inquire at ticket office, 626 Market Street.

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Mackintoshes and Raincoats
For Men, Women, and Children. Any size, any quantity.

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Rubber and Oiled Goods
(FOR SPORTSMEN)

Fishing and Wading Boots,
Hunting Boots and Coats.

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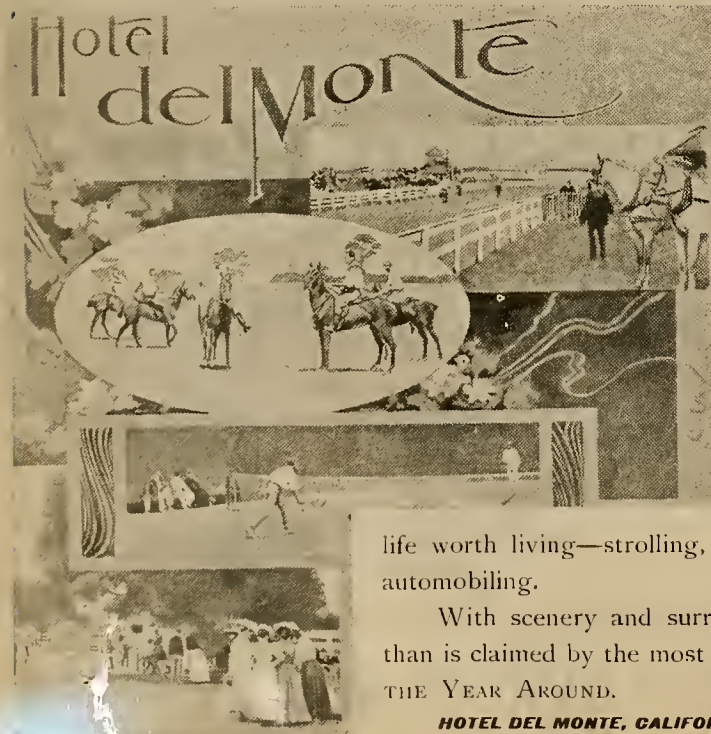
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A year ago—yes, six months ago—scarcely a word in opposition to the nomination to the Presidency of Mr. Roosevelt was to be found in any newspaper of repute except the New York Sun. To-day, opposition to Roosevelt is to be seen on every hand; it is in the air; the news, if not the editorial, columns of Eastern papers are full

of hints and doubts and mysterious whispers. The New York Sun, after months of comparative inaction, so far as Roosevelt is concerned, returns to the attack with fresh ardor. The Washington correspondents all seem to have a grudge against the President. They betray their dislike in many ways. And the Hanna boom, though it has supposedly been killed off a dozen times, still keeps rearing its horrid head. The suddenness of the anti-Roosevelt activity makes it seem the more odd, and the question presses, Whence comes it? Is it manufactured or spontaneous? Is Mr. Roosevelt losing ground?

If credence be given to the strange story that comes from Washington, the press-bureau of Wall Street is the "responsible pa-a-rt-y." It is circumstantially stated on usually reliable authority that about a month ago President Roosevelt was "approached by a representative of the great interests, such as the Rockefeller-Gould combination, J. Pierpont Morgan, E. H. Harriman, and James J. Hill." This agent wanted the President to pledge himself not to do anything to destroy business confidence if reelected. The President refused to give any such pledge. He declared he would continue doing his duty as he saw it without fear or favor. Moreover—Walter Wellman quotes the President's exact words—"if any such pledges are necessary as a condition to my election, I am not fit to be elected at all." And the agent went away sorrowful. And Wall Street rose in wrath. And all its organs grew shrill-voiced and denunciatory. The great banks in New York are said to have stated to their country correspondents that no large loans might be looked for during the next five years if Roosevelt were elected. Letters were sent broadcast into the Middle States inquiring for anti-Roosevelt sentiment. The South was sounded on the same question. And Senator Hanna was taken up into a high mountain and shown all the kingdoms of the earth. But he was wiser than his tempters, and refused to announce himself as a candidate or permit his name to be used.

Such, at least, is the story. But it is manifest that, even if strictly true, and even if Wall Street's press-agent is a marvel of industry, so noticeable an anti-Roosevelt movement could not have been brought about had not the moment been opportune and a part of the public in a receptive mind. In fact, it is beyond doubt that a more or less formidable undercurrent of dissatisfaction does exist, and incontestable that Mr. Roosevelt is personally disliked by the more influential Republicans in Washington. His boisterous, touch-and-go, off-hand, rough-and-ready style of doing things has got on the nerves of many a statesman. Conservatives fear him as "unsafe." With many, it is thought incompatible with the dignity of the President of the United States to call his casual friends "Dick" and "Ben" and "Bill." Some see in the Panama affair a headstrong disposition. They fear he might lead the country into war. Others dislike his irrepressible volubility, his fondness for sermonizing, his jocular fashion of treating serious subjects. And his anxious eagerness over his nomination has not raised him in popular estimation. With all such, these things outweigh Mr. Roosevelt's manliness, his independence, his courage, his absolute honesty and frankness. We are therefore led to believe that the present anti-Roosevelt movement rests not only on Wall Street's activity, but on dislike and distrust of the President which, beginning at the top, seem to be extending downward into the party rank and file.

Nevertheless, it is a striking and significant fact that, whatever the opinions of the President expressed in private, no Republican of national prominence has had the hardihood to predict that Mr. Roosevelt will fail of nomination. Most eminent Republi-

cans, on the contrary, declare that his nomination will be unanimous. They seem convinced of the uselessness of kicking against the pricks. They are ready to submit to the inevitable. John Sharp Williams says: "They are chained to Roosevelt and can not get away." It is plain, even to the most casual observer, that Hanna, with Wall Street's favor, would be simply overwhelmed at the polls. Hanna—as exhibited by his course in the Heath case—is certainly not the man to run on an anti-graft programme. He is surely not stronger than Roosevelt with labor. And as the New York Evening Post remarks, "to indorse Roosevelt, as the party must, yet refuse to renominate him, would be almost suicidal." In a Republican convention, there are nine hundred and sixty-eight delegates. States having four hundred and ninety-four votes have already indorsed the President, and though that indorsement has only a moral force, such precedents are not easily reversed. Even New York, where the Republican outlook is declared to be black, will, according to both Odell and Platt, send a delegation instructed for Roosevelt. Whether New York will have a Roosevelt delegation in the electoral college is another story altogether. New York, indeed, promises to be the centre of a most spectacular political combat during 1904. It has already begun. No sooner had the President recognized Governor Odell as the real Republican leader in that State, than the New York Sun began a fierce campaign against him. The Sun by innuendo charges the governor with corruption, graft, treachery. It speaks of the "loathsome disease which began to permeate the arteries of the Republican party from the hour Governor Odell and his coterie began," etc. Plainly referring to Odell, it adverts to those who go to the President with fair words, but have only "treachery and vileness in their hearts." It declares that the policy and conduct of Governor Odell have produced "the blackest outlook that the Republican party has ever had to face in the State," and that "Mr. Roosevelt's most implacable enemies could never have conceived for him the disaster which is already and irrevocably his." It calls Odell "the Great Gasteropod of Graft." It says that the "genius of boodle and graft is more triumphant than was Croker ever at his apogee." Such abuse directed toward the governor of the most populous State of the United States by one of the country's greatest journals is a matter of no small importance. What part, if any, Senator Platt is playing in the affair is as yet obscure, nor is it yet plain whether the governor can clear himself of the charges made. He has published a statement in denial, and the Sun, after its usual fashion, is taking the statement up piecemeal and offering evidence in rebuttal—evidence usually hinging on a question of veracity, and therefore still leaving matters in doubt.

But the very fact that New York's foremost Republican journal is assailing the State's chief executive, in whom Roosevelt has just put his trust, makes Republican success in that quarter seem dubious indeed.

According to the special correspondent of the New York Evening Post the creation of the world, Biblically in seven days, is matched by the genesis of Panama, the United States playing the double rôle of Lux Benigna and the Serpent. The drama being laid in these mechanical times, has the non-Scriptural advantages of telephone, telegraph, and sewing machine. A brief resumé of the story, vouched for by the Post, shows that in the beginning Dr. Amador; José Augustin Arango, lobbyist of the Panama Railroad; Tomas Arias, head of the electric-light concern; Federico Boyd, half British and dissatisfied; Constantino Arosemana, a revolutionary bankrupt; Ricardo Arias; and De Obarrio,

gathered last March in the electric-light office, on the shore of Panama Bay, over a large bottle. "There's nothing much doing," said Amador. "Those Bogota fellows are drawing the pay." Arias, assenting that his electric-light business was not the most profitable thing in the world, joined with Boyd in saying, "Let there be revolution." So they informed General Herbert O. Jeffries, Colonel Black, U. S. A., engineer supervising the work in Culebra Cut, and the leading officers of the railroad that a revolution was planned. In the summer, Dr. Amador sails for New York, and goes on to Washington. Secretary Hay is off on his vacation, but somebody says something. The doctor returns to New York and foregathers with Bunau-Varilla, agent of the Panama Canal Company. The agent, over a little dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, assures his guest that the American Government will support a secession movement. "But General Jeffries has a letter in which President Roosevelt, his old friend, says: 'I'll be damned if I will aid in any revolution.'" Amador objects. Just the same, Amador returns to the Isthmus, with some invaluable papers in the purser's safe, on the *Yucatan*.

Again the electric-light office becomes a resort for swarthy statesmen. A Declaration of Independence is drawn up. Mrs. Amador is interested. She speaks to the only Duque (originally Duke, they whisper)—José Gabriel Duque, editor of the tri-lingual journal *Star and Herald*. Duque hastens to New York "on his own hook." On September 3d he talks to Secretary Hay, who has conferred with the President. "We shall revolute September 23d," announces Duque.

"The United States can not lend aid to revolutionists in carrying out a secession from the nation to which they belong," warns the Secretary, so the report runs in the *Star and Herald*; "besides, September 23d is much too early."

"How will November 4th do?"

"Admiral Glass will receive orders to go to the Isthmus November 2d," remarks the Secretary; "dear, dear, what a coincidence!"

Away travels Duque across the Caribbean, taking a passing glance at Cat Island on the way. "1903-1492 equals 4-11," he murmured, prophetically. "Forty-four, *mas fuerte, vive la republique!*" And he enthusiastically designs a flag of many colors. With this design, once home, he goes to his niece, Señorita Maria Emelia Ossa, betrothed of R. D. Prescott, agent of the railroad in Panama. The sewing machine hums and fair fingers move swiftly. October 31st the flag is finished. Señora Amador has a little party that night. The patriots are there. A telegram is sent to Bunau-Varilla: "Flag is ready. Revolute us." Next morning, before early mass is over, the message comes that American men-of-war will be at the Isthmus immediately to keep transit open. Arias, mindful of his electric-light concession, whispers: "What if Colombia changes her position and grants the treaty?" The grim answer comes: "We are betrayed. You will have to go into the gas trade."

At noon, November 2d, the *Nashville* arrives at Colon. This is reassuring. But that same evening arrives also the Colombian warship *Cartagena*, with five hundred soldiers, fifty clerks, and—a new governor. Bogota is "wise." Governor Obaldia and Dr. Amador are disturbed at their poker club. Obaldia knows nothing officially. But he objects to being transferred to Barranquilla. He looks at Amador. The doctor drops his cards and hurries to the telephone. He calls up Prescott, the agent of the railroad. A moment later he comes back serene. "Superintendent of the railroad says there won't be any trains running to-night," he explains. But it is up to the plotters to make good in twelve hours. General Huerfias of the army, one-armed, valiant, goes to General Jeffries, former political helper of one Roosevelt running for assemblyman in the twenty-second district of Manhattan. "Will you stand by me if I deliver the garrison to the revolutionists?" "Sure," answers Jeffries. On the other side of the Isthmus a message comes to the commander of the *Nashville* that General Torres has thumped a table with martial fist and sworn death to Americans. Marines hurry ashore to protect American interests; arms are given out to Americans. An hour passes. Colombian General Torres takes \$8,000 "back pay," and leaves with all his troops for Cartagena. From the rest of the \$140,000 in the treasury vaults there is counted out to General Huerfias, the one-armed invincible, \$25,000, and as much to gallant Admiral Varron. Others get their handful as desired. With these majestic rites the republic is completely inaugurated.

Editor Harvey Scott, of the Portland *Oregonian*, commonly thought to be unwilling to turn his back upon a senatorship, dramatically turned his back upon a senator, the other day. The senator, favored with a view of the tremendous obverse of six-foot Mr. Scott, was Mr.

Hoar, of Massachusetts. Within the sacred precincts of the Senate elevator did these two giants of opposite coasts and opinions hurl defiance at each other. Here Senator Mitchell, escorting the editor, made a pleasant, friendly speech, intimating his desire to see two veterans shake hands. "But I refuse to shake hands with Mr. Scott," the senator burst out; "he insulted my dear friend, Senator Morrill, some years ago, by saying that he remained in the Senate long after he was dead, and refused to be buried to save funeral expenses." Then speaks out Editor Scott, shaking his ambrosial locks, pacifically, denying knowledge of insult, but assuming responsibility for the utterances of the *Oregonian*. "I refuse to shake hands with you!" thunders the Puritan sage. "In that case I turn my back upon you, sir!" retorts the bulky Webfoot, and straightway presents to Senator Hoar that part of his anatomy known in song as that which an enemy never sees of a brave man.

Now no more than three days before, and therefore not seen by Senator Hoar, the *Oregonian*, in a leading editorial on "Great Men Duped by their Friends," referred to Mr. Hoar as "dull" and honest. The Massachusetts statesman, possibly acknowledging that Mr. Scott is not dull, must grow even angrier to read in this that "among other old friends of ill-repute, Senator Hoar still cherishes fondly bimetallism, for he still avows his sympathy with the views of the late General Francis A. Walker."

Whatever may have been the delay in the political obsequies of Senator Morrill, or the frugal reasons therefor, one can understand Senator Hoar's rage at the effrontery of a Westerner daring to condemn coarsely a New Englander. That this rage should display itself so flagrantly in the sacrosanct elevator at the Senate end argues terrific stimulation of a tender nerve. Possibly Senator Hoar, looking upon the keen, imperative, unaged majesty of the Oregon editor of fifty years' hard service, remembering the sprightly power of wit that still aims shafts at the dull, if honest, felt within his aged breast a sudden pain, a pang premonitory of that inevitable dissolution which will before long deprive the Senate chamber of its most striking figure—a figure too often the butt of ridicule, helpless to return the shafts, honest, but "dull." Senator Hoar, however, has one satisfaction to comfort him for the indignity offered him by an irate editor. While Mr. Scott has, report runs, turned away at times from friends too obtuse to escry the pot of profit at the foot of the political rainbow, this is the first occasion on which he has given his back to an enemy.

If we may believe the Washington dispatches, the Senate Committee on Military Affairs will recommend, by a vote of eight to two, the confirmation of Dr. Wood as major-general. Secretary Root was Wood's star witness. Root, it is reported, declared his willingness to assume the whole responsibility for the orders issued by General Wood affecting the judicial system in Cuba and concerning the concession granted to the Jai Alai Company at Havana. He warmly defended Wood's course in every instance, and was on the stand nearly a whole day. That the Senate will override the committee's findings seems rather doubtful. One Washington correspondent, known to be hostile to Wood, remarks: "Everybody talks about the opposition, but when it comes to naming individual Republican senators who will vote against Wood, the list comes to a rather sudden stop after the names of M. A. Hanna and N. B. Scott have been given. With a Republican majority of twenty-two, and the certainty that some Democrats will vote for Wood, his confirmation is not much in doubt." Meanwhile the President has been assuring senators that, under no circumstances, will he appoint Wood lieutenant-general on Chaffee's retirement.

During the four or five days preceding the adjournment of the Senate to January 4th, Democratic senators took occasion to do a deal of talking about the President's action in the Panama matter. Talk is cheap. It is infinitely more important how the Democrats vote on the treaty than what they say about it. So far, they seem disposed to denounce the method but rejoice at the results. They are glad the canal is within grasp, but sorry that the President was so bewilderingly quick about it. The Democrats can defeat the treaty if they will only hang together. The Senate has ninety members, of which fifty-seven are Republicans, thirty-three Democrats. As a treaty requires a two-thirds vote, the Republicans are three short of the required number. If Senator Hoar balks at voting with his party, as seems probable, then they will be four short. But will the Democrats get together? Judging by recent events, no. They have agreed in caucus that, in future, the action

of the caucus shall be binding upon all the members thereof. But the agreement is rendered worthless in emergency by the clause providing that, if a senator has "conscientious scruples" he shall be free to follow them. It is said that altogether thirteen or fourteen Democratic senators will not be permitted by their consciences to vote against the Panama treaty. So there you are—the Senate Democrats, as usual, are without a policy, blown about by every breeze, and of as many minds as men.

So much has been written about the "plagiarism" in the President's message to Congress that we reproduce below in parallel columns a paragraph from the message and a paragraph from a newspaper interview with District-Attorney Folk, of St. Louis, published some time previously:

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Bribery has not been included in extradition treaties heretofore, as the necessity for it has not arisen. While there may have been as much official corruption in former years, there has been more developed and brought to light in the immediate past than in the preceding century of our country's history. It should be the policy of the United States to leave no place on earth where a corrupt man fleeing from this country can rest in peace. The exposure and punishment of the public corruption is an honor to a nation, not a disgrace. The shame lies in toleration, not in correction.

FOLK INTERVIEW.

Bribery has not been included in treaties heretofore, because there has been no necessity for it. There have been many cases of bribery in the United States in the past two years than in the hundred years preceding. It may have been just as common heretofore, but the evidence of it was not brought to light. If the present programme is carried out, and there seems to be no reason why it should not be, there will not be a civilized country on earth where boodlers fleeing from the United States can rest in peace. Sure and swift punishment of public plunderers is a State's honor, not its shame. The disgrace is in tolerance, not in correction.

The parallel is certainly "deadly." But as it is well known that this particular recommendation in the message was made at the direct request of Folk, who went to Washington and labored with the President on the subject, there are probably few who would cavil at the President taking Folk's language to present Folk's ideas and desires, if it were not that the most startling statement in the entire message is contained in the "lifted" passage. We refer to that which declares that there has been more corruption brought to light in the immediate past than in the last century. This passage was universally construed to refer to postal frauds—to represent the President's convictions. But if it is merely Folk's idea about the St. Louis boodling, then the matter assumes a vastly different aspect. And such, indeed, appears to be the case. For when Gorman, the other day, characterized the statement as "sweeping and horrible," and called for more investigation of the post-office department, Senator Lodge, the President's spokesman in the Senate, rose and blandly explained that the passage did not refer to frauds in Washington, but to frauds away off in Missouri, out of reach of Congress. Senator Lodge put the case cleverly. Still, it may be that the President feels somewhat chagrined at having senators explain that he does not mean some of the things he says in his annual message.

The course of a Boston society for the suppression of vice in procuring the arrest of four booksellers for having in their possession copies of Boccaccio's "Decameron," the "Heptameron" of Margaret of Navarre, and the works of Rabelais, reminds us that the poet Swinburne, in an exactly similar English case, some two years ago, mildly suggested that the title of the prosecuting body be changed from "The Society for the Suppression of Vice" to "The Society for the Suppression of the Classics." For, the poet argued, exactly the same objections that apply to the "Decameron" apply also to the works of Chaucer, the poems of Spenser, the essays of Montaigne, the great novel of Cervantes. There are few coarser passages anywhere in literature than occur here and there in Shakespeare. If you begin with Rabelais's "Gargantua," you ought not to stop at Fielding's "Tom Jones," or Balzac's "Droll Stories," or Ovid's "Art of Love," or the "Confessions" of Rousseau? What of Homer, or Juvenal, or Martial? In short, how many are the writers whom the world calls great that were not sometimes coarse? But Swinburne did not strenuously insist upon the appellation "The Society for the Suppression of the Classics." He was generous. He presented an alluring alternative—"The Society for the Suppression of the Bible." We respectfully submit his suggestion to the shocked folks of Boston.

THE CITY OF THE VIOLET CROWN.

By Jerome Hart.

When I was a boy I used to tantalize myself with the poetic names of the foreign cities that some day I hoped to see. There was "The City by the Golden Horn," Stamboul; "The Eternal City," Rome; "The City of Palms," Jericho; "The City of the Sun," Baalbec; and "The City of the Violet Crown," Athens. This last always appealed most vividly to my imagination. It had color, melody, and rhythm; and while the city of Athens, *quâ* Athens, did not appeal to me perhaps so strongly as did Rome, its sobriquet was even more fascinating. For there is an intrinsic magic in the sound of words. There is a sound-meaning as well as a verbal meaning. "Onomatopœia" rhetoricians call it. There is much of this sound-meaning in our Saxon speech—the "buzzing" of bees, the "hissing" of serpents, the "booming" of cannon—do not these words express their meanings by their sounds? So with names; so with sobriquets; so with epithets.

So whenever I thought of Athens I did not think of Phidias, of Lykurgus, of Perikles, of Aspasia—I used to think of the sobriquet "The City of the Violet Crown." Naturally, the meaning of this poetic sobriquet will readily occur to the reader—it comes from the purple and amethystine haze with which sunrise and sunset crown the Acropolis.

Did we see the violet crown around the heaven-kissing hill? Well, no. It was morning when we ascended the Acropolis—a cold gray morn—for it is the fashion in Europe to ascend many high places to see the sun rise. Thousands every year go up the Swiss peaks to see the sun rise; it is nearly always foggy or cloudy on Pilatus and the Rigi; when it is not foggy it is raining; so the thousands of Swiss tourists rarely see the sun rise, but when they come down, they always lie about it, and say they did.

So on the Acropolis. We saw no sunrise; we saw a fog, but it was not violet; it was a dingy gray, and it was not shaped like a crown, but in large, shapeless gobs. To an unpoetic person it looked much like San Francisco fog.

There were other disillusionments about our ascent to the Parthenon. As we drove up the road that winds around the Acropolis, we encountered a large drum-corps practicing in one place and a bugle-corps executing fantasias in another. These signs of modern militarism were our first impressions in approaching the Acropolis. The next most notable sight was the number of goats browsing at the base of the famous hill. Scattered among the goats were shabby gentlemen of leisure, some in petticoats, some in trousers; they were seated at scattered tables on the hillside. Not a few were bent forward with their heads pillowed in their arms reposing on the little tables—asleep, although it was yet early in the forenoon. The sight of a number of gentlemen, slightly intoxicated, and asleep in the morning hours, seated, with table and chair, far from any visible house, and surrounded by nothing more companionable than goats—such a sight was certainly peculiar, even in Greece. As we wound up the road, however, a turn over one of the flanks of the hill revealed a little roadside grog-shop. This was a "café," and scattered in various directions for two or three hundred yards were other café-tables with solitary drinkers. This fashion of scattering café tipplers over an acre or two of ground seems peculiar to Greece. We even saw one man seated at such a café-table in the middle of the dusty road. What a remarkable place, time, and manner in which to be convivial.

These remarks must not be construed as limiting intoxication to set hours. In a free country every free man has an inalienable right to get drunk at the hour and in the way which best pleases him. Still, even in convivial countries, there has always existed a slight prejudice against a gentleman showing up early in the morning with a jag. If it lasts over from the night before, it is not considered so bad. If, however, the joyous gentleman gathered it in the morning hours, it is frowned upon. If I am not mistaken, the fixing of the legal marriage-hours in England after twelve noon was because so many young gentlemen of good family were apt to be intoxicated early in the morning. While in this condition they were apt to marry *bona robas*, har-maids, beggar-maids, and thieves. This gave pain to Benedict's lady-mamma, and eke to pa. As the most convivial of young Britons would generally have sobered up from last night by noon of the next day, it was deemed safe to fix the hour of tying the knot at and after noon. But even with this paternal

law, careful drunkards in Britain have often succeeded in evading the statute, and in enriching the thin blue blood of a hundred earls with a blend of the choicest gutter-blood from White Chapel or Seven Dials.

It is for a similar reason that the hour for court-martial in Great Britain was fixed. In the good old days officers and gentlemen were usually drunk after dinner, which was the mid-day meal. But it was considered inadvisable for a board of drunken officers to judge and condemn a sober private.

I remember once in Honolulu being present when a court was adjourned to view the premises in a case on trial. They were received in the hospitable island fashion—at eleven o'clock in the morning they were given large "high halls" of Scotch and soda. All but the jury. The judge apologized to them, and told them he was sorry, but that indulgence might vitiate their verdict. This alcoholic juridical procedure shocked us colder-blooded northerners; we never before saw a court judicially taking a drink so early in the morning.

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Athens has grown from a mediæval hamlet to a modern city of over one hundred thousand. It was laid out by a German engineer, and is proud of its straight streets and its Occidental aspect. The main thoroughfares are Hermes Street and Æolus Street, both of which start from Constitution Square. This is the centre of the city, and on one of its sides is the royal palace.

Athens itself, as a city, is insufferable. It is raw, garish, new, staring, crude. It smells of paint. It reeks of varnish. It is redolent of last week. It is the newest city one sees in Southern Europe. It is dusty, it is noisy, it is vulgar. Everything in it is imitation. The palaces are imitation. The hotels are imitation. The army is imitation. The city is a sham. It is a joy to leave the commonplace streets, to quit the insufferable city, and to climb the Acropolis. There, everything is calm and peaceful, and the magnificent ruins are restful. There only in Athens do you find a spot which is not oppressively new and raw.

The royal palace is one of the newest and the rawest of all the raw, new buildings. It is a plain structure on the packing-case order of architecture. It looks very much as if the upper three stories of one of Chicago's plain sky-scrapers had been sawed off by some Enceladus and set down in Athens. This royal palace has in front of it two acres of dusty gravel, with not a blade of grass or a solitary tree. Diagonally across this gravel patch there run two intersecting X-like paths, where the natives "cross lots" to save time in going home. In front of this royal park runs the roadway. On the other side of it is a scanty line of forlorn and dust-covered pepper-trees. These form the boundary of Constitution Square, the main plaza of Athens. This square is also mainly made up of gravel. There are no grass lawns and only a few trees. It is beautified by iron café-chairs and iron gas-pipe arches, which doubtless burst forth into loyal flame on King George's birthday.

When King George drove through the streets of his loyal city of Athens little excitement was to be discerned; the lounging officers saluted, and an occasional civilian took off his hat. But most of the throng remained indifferent. I could not but be struck by the difference between republican France and monarchical Greece. In monarchical Greece the king of the Hellenes moved to and fro almost unnoticed, like any other gentleman. Yet in Aix les Bains—the famous watering-place in France, whither he goes annually to take the waters—King George is received with regal splendor. At the Casino a part of the terrace is railed off for him and his suite. So on the terrace of the Hotel Splendide, the royal apartments open through the low French windows on the terrace, and within a railed space the king and his courtiers sit, smoke cigarettes, lounge, and chat; on the non-royal parts of the veranda Pierpont Morgan and other American millionaires gaze enviously at Grecian royalty. Probably Pierpont Morgan could buy up Athens and not feel at all pocket-pinched. But at Aix les Bains he must keep off the Grecian grass.

What is that proverb about the profit not being without dishonor save in its own country? I am not talking about American millionairedom. Anyway the proverb is something like that. Well, King George, king of the Hellenes, struck me while in Greece as being only a bob-tail, while in the French republic he is certainly a royal flush.

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The antiquities, the historic spots, the venerable ruins, in and around Athens are countless. Even a list of them in this place would be impossible. Briefly, however, one may mention a few of them. Starting from the centre of the city, one of the first you see is the Arch of Hadrian, near the royal palace. It formerly cut off the

old Greek city from the Roman town of Hadrian. Not far away rise some sixteen gigantic Corinthian columns, all that remains of the Olympieion, also completed under Hadrian. Within its precincts, there once stood one hundred Corinthian columns; even the few that remain are imposing in their lofty grandeur. A short distance from the Olympieion is the Stadion, scene of centuries of athletic games. The Stadion was laid out by Lykurgus in a natural hollow, which was enlarged and made symmetrical by the hand of man. Part of the ancient walls remain, but the entire Stadion is now practically reconstructed in white marble. The work was still going on while we were there. In fact, it is already in use, and served in the recent great revival of the Olympian games, at which were athletes from all over the world. The reconstruction is not the work of the state, but of a private individual, Mr. Averof, of Alexandria, who has already expended on the work over two millions of francs. Not far from the Arch of Hadrian there is a small circular temple-like building called the Monument of Lysikrates; the victors in the great games of ancient Greece were in the habit of exhibiting on these monuments the prizes won by them at the Stadion.

Leaving the lower ground of the city proper, one takes the winding roadway which climbs the Acropolis hill. First is encountered the Theatre of Dionysos, which was brought to light from under heaps of rubbish some two score years ago. It is the typical ancient Greek theatre, consisting of stage, orchestra, auditorium, and proscenium. The marble seats rise up in rows and tiers like those of the Stadion, or the Roman amphitheatres—or a modern tent-circus to be understood of the small boy. The seats are in the form of a semicircle, facing the stage. This Theatre of Dionysos—sometimes called the Theatre of Bacchus—seated thirty thousand spectators. On sitting down one sees that the theatrical syndicates of ancient Greece provided plenty of room for the spectators' legs and feet. Would that the modern managers would be as generous.

The next most conspicuous sight at the base of the Acropolis is the Odeion of Herod Atticus. It seems once to have been a roofed theatre, and bears every indication of having been partially destroyed by fire. Going up the winding road, it branches off here to the Theseion. This is supposed to be a temple to Theseus, although some ascribe it to Hercules. It is a very beautiful building, and so well preserved that one finds it difficult to believe that it is two thousand years old. In this regard it is the finest ruin of ancient Greece. Looking down upon it from the Acropolis heights it looks like a modern imitation of an ancient building.

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Continuing our climb, we soon reach the Areopagus, or Hill of Mars. It is here that the ancient court held its sittings. Up we go, and soon we are at the top. The Acropolis is a rocky plateau about five hundred feet high. Peisistratos built here a temple to Athena, but it was under Perikles that the splendor of the Acropolis began. The temple of Athena Nike is a beautiful little ruin constructed entirely of Pentelic marble. The name comes from the famous Nike fastening her sandal, which belonged to the frieze of which Lord Elgin "conveyed" four panels to Great Britain with the other Elgin marbles. Few of the originals remain. They have been replaced by terra cotta reproductions. The Nike tying her sandal is in the Acropolis museum.

From the temple of Nike the view is magnificent—one sees the Bay of Phaleron, the peninsula, the harbor and town of Piræus with Salamis and other islands lying off the harbor, while around are seen many pinnacle-like hills, and further away the mountains of Argolis.

A magnificent ruin is the Propylæa. It occupies the west side of the plateau. From here a footway climbs to the inner precincts of the Acropolis. At the right rise the ruins of the Parthenon; to the left the Erechtheion. Not far from here we see a large platform cut out of the rock, on which once stood a colossal statue of Athena, the work of Phidias. The statue was in bronze, sixty-six feet high, in full armor, and leaning on a lance. The gilded lance-point formed a landmark to mariners.

Nobody ever saw this statue, as it was melted down about two thousand years ago. But the exact height is accurately known—or imagined.

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The Parthenon stands on the highest point of the Acropolis hill. Iktinos and Kallikrates were the architects, Phidias was the sculptor, and the promoter was Perikles, for he was the man who raised the money. It was open for business about 438 B. C., when the chryselephantine statue of Athena was erected. The gigantic columns of the Parthenon are even more im-

ASCENT
OF THE
ACROPOLIS.FREAKS OF
MATUTINAL
INTOXICATION.AREOPAGUS
AND
ACROPOLIS.RUINS
OF THE
PARTHENON.

posing as they lie in segments on the ground thanas they stand. If you walk up to one of these broken pillars and measure your height against it you will find that its diameter will be several inches greater than your height, even if you are a tall man. The drums of these columns were so perfectly finished that they were fitted together without cement.

Once, while attending a class where we listened to lectures on architecture, I remember my surprise on learning of the necessity for convex columns, for swollen rectangles, for diverging parallels, and for distorted right lines generally in classic architecture, and of course in modern as well. These eye-puzzlers are plainly apparent in these gigantic Greek ruins. If you sight along the stylobate, or platform on which the columns stand, you can see how markedly it diverges from the horizontal. So with the steps—they are not exactly horizontal. So with the columns—they swell in the middle. All the pillars lean a little toward the centre of the building. These apparent errors—except the last—are made to correct the inaccuracy of the human eye.

In the ruins of the Parthenon keen-eyed enthusiasts say they see color. The triglyphs are said to have been blue and the metopes red, while the drops below the triglyphs were probably gilded. It may be interesting to note that the Parthenon has Doric, the Erechtheion Ionic, and the Olympieion Corinthian columns.

In the central aisle of the Parthenon is a dark quadrangle of pavement, on which stood the statue of Athena Parthenos, also the work of Phidias. It was thirty-nine feet high, and is said to have been made of gold and ivory, and to have cost forty-four talents of gold, or about three-quarters of a million dollars.

Near the north margin of the Acropolis lies the Erechtheion, which contains the shrines of Athena and other deities. The portico of the Caryatides is famous—six figures of maidens larger than life support the roof on their heads—one of these is in terra cotta—the original was removed to London by Lord Elgin.

After a visit to these magnificent ruins one can have some idea of what the Acropolis hill must have looked like in the days of the grandeur that was Greece and the glory that was Rome.

Many have seen the beautiful colored model of the Parthenon in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. There are several such models to be found in the museums of European cities. I do not know whether any model exists in colors of all the Acropolis ruins, but after seeing the colored Parthenon model one can readily imagine what must have been the sight of the Acropolis hill. Imagine passing through the Propylæa, seeing the Erechtheion on the left, the Parthenon on the right, and the colossal statue of Athena in gold and ivory. Think of gazing upon these magnificent buildings in white and black and colored marbles, bearing the masterpieces of such sculptors as Phidias, and all ablaze with colors and with gold. It must have been a very different sight from our modern ideas of cold marble buildings and statuary.

There was a time when I believed that all ancient statuary was without color. True, at times I read or heard that there were fanatics who believed that the ancient Greeks used color on their marbles. But I looked upon these as heterodox persons like the believers in the Bacon-Shakespeare theory. I had so often heard the words "cold, ealm, colorless marble" that I had come to believe the idea of colored statues to be barbaric. But on visiting Athens and viewing the many marbles in the Acropolis Museum, the Theseion, and the Erechtheion, no one can doubt that the old Greek sculptors rioted in color.

I have since looked the matter up, and I find that I have lagged far behind the times. The art critics in but a few years have had a change of heart. Their fluctuating opinion might thus be summed up:

THESIS—THE ANCIENTS DID NOT USE COLOR IN MARBLE STATUARY.

FIRST AXIOM.

Cerca 1883—"It is preposterous to suppose that the great plastic works of antiquity were other than pure white marble."

SECOND AXIOM.

Cerca 1884—"If the works of the ancient sculptors had any color, it was nothing more than creamy or ivory tints."

THIRD AXIOM.

Cerca 1885—"If it be admitted that the ancients used color in statuary, they must have confined themselves to flesh tints."

FOURTH AXIOM.

Cerca 1886—"If, as is probable, flesh tints were used by the ancients in their statuary,

no other color than metal was permitted, which would be needed for armor and weapons—probably gold and bronze."

FIFTH AXIOM.

Cerca 1887—"If colors other than flesh tints and metallic hues were used by the ancient sculptors, they must have been neutral tints, such as dull reds, buffs, and browns."

SIXTH AXIOM.

Cerca 1888—"No one to-day can refuse to admit that the colors used by the ancient sculptors were vivid ones."

SEVENTH AXIOM.

Cerca 1890—"It is preposterous to deny that the ancient sculptors colored their statues. To state that they confined themselves to neutral tints is equally preposterous. Vivid color would have been needed fitly to complement the great works of Phidias and to enable them to harmonize with the azure skies, the sapphire seas, the intense reds, the cobalt blues, the emerald greens of Greece."

ERGO — TO THE ANCIENTS, MARBLE STATUARY WITHOUT COLOR WAS UNKNOWN.

This seems to me a condensed table of the change in critical opinion on this color question. I frankly admit that I was behind the times. Now I am up to date. Now I am inclined to think that when the Acropolis was in all its glory, and when the great statue of Pallas Athena stood upon that famous hill, there must have been fully as much color on these magnificent marbles as one now sees at the Eden Musée or at Mme. Tussaud's Wax Works.

Not the least remarkable thing about the Acropolis is the vast amount of rubbish to be found there. Where did it come from? The propensity of the race to "dump rubbish" in all sorts of odd places is well known. This propensity has brought about the great disparity between ancient and modern city levels. The Forum, for example, is far below the level of the modern Roman street. Ancient Jerusalem is over one hundred feet below the modern level. But whence came the rubbish in the Acropolis? The hill is a high one; the climb fatiguing. Why lug rubbish to its top? If the race is prone to indiscriminate dumping of rubbish, it is more prone to laziness. How then account for the Acropolis rubbish?

The Acropolis is almost a solid mass of rock. There is a sparse covering of soil, out of which the rock crops at every turn. Remembering Bret Harte's happy title for the select verses of California's poets in the early quartz-mining days, I thought that the phrase "Acropolis Outcroppings" would make an excellent title for the sentimental musings of the many tourists who climb that famous hill. In listening to them as they rave over the surroundings, it is easily to be seen that they rave to order. They are ready to admire everything, whatever it may be. One day I noted a particularly sentimental lady who was gushing over every object visible in the landscape. When she was pointed out the hideous modern building called the "royal palace," she gushed over that. When she was shown the other hideous building inhabited by the prince royal, she gushed over that, too.

"And what is that other large building—that one there on the hill? Is that another palace?"

"Dat? No—dat no palace—dat de lunatic asylum," replied the guide.

But the sentimental lady was not to be squelched. "Just look at that lovely circular building in the plain," she said to her companion; "it reminds me of the tomb of Cecilia Metella on the Roman Campagna. What is that round structure, guide—is that a tomb?"

"Dat round ting?" replied the guide, following her finger. "Dat not a tomb—dat de gas-works."

But the view from the Acropolis is magnificent enough to inspire even the most stolid, not to speak of sentimental female tourists. So beautiful is the view that you always see loungers on the crest of the hill. It is a high, stiff climb, and it is surprising to find that these loungers are neither guides nor peddlers, but simply idlers, such as soldiers and other thinking men. It must be the beautiful view which takes them there, for the drinking-shops are all around the base of the hill.

Above I have spoken of the absent panels in some of the Acropolis friezes. There has always been much difference of opinion as to Lord Elgin's rape of the famous marbles now in the British Museum. For a generation Græcophiles have roared over his "vandalism." But in London the marbles may be seen by hundreds of thousands, while in Greece they would be seen only by scores. Then, too, had he left them in Greece, they

would probably all have been stolen by private thieves. There is much to be said for Elgin. His chief crime would seem to be that he left any marbles at all. It was very careless of him—he neglected to take much which he might easily have secured. Just think of that beautiful figure of Nike adjusting her sandal—he left that behind. For that neglect his memory should be covered with ignominy by a discriminating British populace.

What was the most striking scene I witnessed in Athens—the city of Perikles, of Phidias, of Aspasia, the City of the Violet Crown? It was this. A gang of mountebanks drove their wagon into the main square in front of the royal palace. Two of them in grotesque garb, with red noses, painted faces, and wigs, mounted a wagon and began their horse-play; other mountebanks beat the brass drum and rattled the tambourine. The two mountebanks in the wagon went through all manner of clownish tricks, one feigning to pull the other's teeth, to vaccinate him, and to set a broken shoulder, which he did by putting his foot in the other's arm-pit and pulling strenuously on the injured arm. This was interspersed by violent quarrels between doctor and patient, and belaborings with stuffed clubs, to the great delight of the assembled crowd, who were probably descendants of the men of Thermopylae. It is only fair to say that the crowd was made up of the lower orders, although more than once I noticed dapper officers approaching the outskirts of the crowd and listening for a few moments under the pretense of doubting in which direction to go.

By the way, you will have noticed that in our busy American cities there is no hesitation in the hurrying pedestrians as to where they intend to turn. When they reach a corner, they turn sharply to the right or to the left. When you see a man reach a corner and stop—looking up and down doubtfully, as who should say "which way shall I wander?"—he is usually a tramp. All corners are alike to him. In Greece the army officers remind me irresistibly of our tramps. They seem to have nothing to do. They spend their time sitting in front of cafés, or aimlessly wandering about the streets, and when they reach a corner they pause, hesitate, scan both directions and finally drift doubtfully in one, exactly like our American tramps.

Another scene I saw under the windows of the royal palace. Into Constitution Square, one day, there flounced and flaunted a gang of merry-maskers. It was, I believe carnival day according to the Greek calendar. These mummers wore shabby, well-worn costumes, that had evidently done duty many times. They carried with them a pole mounted on an iron base; from the top of the pole depended multi-colored ribbons. Soon they were whirling through the mazes of the merry May-pole dance, to the music of a barrel-organ, its crank turned by a masker. This was all done so quickly that for a moment it seemed spontaneous—if masks and maskers ever are—even the May-pole with its practicable iron feet might have been forgotten. But when a masker, made up as a white-faced elown, suddenly attacked the crowd with a rattling money-box, the crowd melted away, and the merry masquerade became mechanical, perfunctory, and faked. Well, masquerades sometimes are in other places than Athens.

The money of Athens is a little difficult for strangers to understand. The country is not yet on a coin basis, and most of the money is paper. The principal denominations are "drachmas" and "leptas." All kinds of European money are apparently current, but the natives do not seem to be quite certain what they are worth. At a café one day three Americans were seated next to us. They ordered two chocolates and one ice. After an animated pantomime they decided that the bill was sixty cents, which they translated into three francs. They gave the waiter an English half-crown, and he brought them back three Greek sixpences in change. The trio then discussed whether they would give him a whole sixpence for his tip. As they did not know how to change it, they concluded to give him sixpence. But presently the waiter returned in much excitement. He gathered up the three sixpences which still remained on the tray, and informed them that this made up the exact amount. The entire café then gathered and debated the question in seventeen or eighteen languages. The waiter turned out to be right—the half-crown was apparently about three Greek drachmæ. But both parties to the transaction withdrew with injured feelings—the waiter because he got no tip, and the Americans because they got no change.

The *London Times* notes that, in 1901, 3,651 persons were killed by wild animals in different parts of the world. Deaths from snakebite numbered 23,166.

RADIUM AND RADIOMANIA

Science and the Yellow Journals—The Real Bearing of Sir William Ramsay's Statements—Radium Growing Cheaper—Is the Atomic Theory Doomed?

The physical activity of the new substance radium resembles in many respects the psychological activities connected with every new fact learned about it. A minute particle of radium emits, with inconceivable velocity, rays diverse and powerful. A minor hypothesis about radium, timidly advanced by a learned English physicist, is speedily transmuted into a full-fledged theory by the reporter to whom he communicates it, into a fact by the editorial commentators, enormously magnified by the journalist who cables it to America, used as a basis for a thousand speculations by the merely mildly wise American daily press, and, finally, exploited in a wild, extravagant, chaotic debauch of words and pictures by the Sunday "Magazine Supplements" of the yellow journals.

No wonder hazy-mazy ideas about radium exist among the laity. Radiomania is the disease of the hour.

But the real facts about the new metal are wonderful enough without exaggerating them. And one interpretation placed upon the statement recently made in London by Sir William Ramsay, would make it appear the most wonderful of all. He stated that he had isolated the emanations of radium, and, upon examining them with the spectroscope, had discovered that they displayed the typical yellow line of an entirely different element, helium. In other words, it might be supposed that Sir William's observations tended to prove that one chemical element may "turn into" another chemical element. Immediately the loose-thinking laity bethought themselves of the ancient, much-scorned alchemist who, through patient years, sought to transmute base metals into gold, and the natural comment was, Well, those old fellows knew what they were doing after all.

But a sober second thought robs Sir William Ramsay's discovery of some of its interest for the man who is looking for miracles. Long before Sir William's experiments, chemists and physicists had come strongly to suspect that uranium, thorium, polonium, and radium, so-called elements having great atomic weight, were really not elements, but compounds. This theory is strengthened by these discoveries. They seem to indicate merely that helium is one of the elements into which the substance radium breaks up. In no sense is the discovery indicative that iron or other base metal ever has been, could, can, or will be transmuted into yellow gold.

Another interesting matter in connection with radium is its extraction from carnotite, an ore lately discovered in Utah. Hitherto, radium has been obtained only from nitchblende by an enormously difficult process—in fact, to this difficulty of extraction was largely due the high price of the substance—something like two million dollars a pound—which has so caught the public imagination. The London *Lancet* recently described the process in a paragraph, which we quote:

Operations for the extraction are commenced by crushing the pitchblende, and then roasting the powder with carbonate of soda. After washing, the residue is treated with dilute sulphuric acid; then the sulphates are converted into carbonates by boiling with strong carbonate of soda. The residue contains radium sulphate, which is an exceedingly insoluble salt. The soluble sulphates are washed out, and the residue or insoluble portion is easily acted upon by hydrochloric acid, which takes out, among other things, polonium and actinium. Radium sulphate remains unattacked, associated with some barium sulphate. The sulphates are then converted into carbonates by treatment with a boiling strong solution of carbonate of soda. The carbonates of barium and radium are next dissolved in hydrochloric acid and precipitated again as sulphates by means of sulphuric acid. The sulphates are further purified and ultimately converted into chlorides, until about fifteen pounds of barium and radium chlorid are obtained by acting upon one ton of crushed pitchblende. Only a small fraction of this mixed chlorid is pure radium chlorid, which is finally separated from barium chlorid by crystallization, the crystals from the most radioactive of the solutions being selected. In this way the crystals ultimately obtained are relatively pure radium chlorid of a very high degree of radioactivity.

No wonder it is high-priced! However, its discovery in carnotite, whence it may be extracted more readily, reduces the price to about four hundred thousand dollars a pound. There is, however, no substantial prospect that radium will be of any commercial utility for a long time to come. Its present value is due simply to its remarkable properties, which lead scientists to suspect that the long-held ideas regarding the nature of matter and of force will have to be revised. Chemistry and physics are, indeed, in a condition of transition and adjustment. Nobody dogmatizes. But the "new school" of scientific students incline to the belief that the venerable atomic theory is doomed; that the astounding emanations by radium of actual particles can not otherwise be explained, for if these particles

were atoms the substance would rapidly lose in weight, which it does not do. These thinkers would resolve the atom into a minute astronomical system of whirling units. These units are variously called "ions" and "electrons," and are neither matter nor force, or rather both. For it is held that matter and force are different manifestations of the same thing. More popularly, and less exactly, matter is electricity. These be strange things, but such men as Lodge, Crookes, and Kelvin seem inclined to give them credence. Crookes has even calculated the relative size of the electron. The sun's diameter is one million five hundred thousand kilometres. That of the smallest planetoid is twenty-four kilometres. Let the sun represent a hydrogen atom, then an electron would be two-thirds of the diameter of the planetoid. If all electrons are identical, it is evident that all forms of matter and force depend merely upon their different arrangement.

It is interesting to consider that, although (unlike the epochal evolutionary hypothesis of Darwin), these speculations have no bearing upon Occidental theology as such, yet they have a singular relevance to what may be called esoteric Buddhism—such, for example, as that elaborated by Mr. Lafcadio Hearn in some of his books.

CHRISTMAS IN ALTA CALIFORNIA.

How the Spaniards Celebrated Holiday Time.

While from pastoral California we have the heritage of open-hearted hospitality and a capacity for community enjoyment, we have not perpetuated the customs of her festivals. Our Christmas celebration to-day is a combination of the customs of the different countries of Northern Europe, modified somewhat by the American environment, and is exactly the same as that of the Atlantic seaboard; while the Christmas-tide of our Spanish predecessors was founded on the traditions of the Romance lands, and was foreign to our country.

From the day before Christmas through Epiphany, the sixth of January, the whole population of California devoted itself to pleasure. The *rancheros*, their families and servants, rode into the nearest town, and as there was no hotel in the entire length and breadth of the territory, each town house was crowded to its utmost limit. But such aggregation brought no discomfort. The visiting *señores* and their servants helped with the household tasks as unobtrusively as if they were at home; the *señors* advised on the slaughter of the beef; and the children never murmured at being packed seven thick in the great wide mahogany beds.

For days before the visitors arrived, the townsfolk were busy in preparation. Not only had *panoche* and *panecitos* to be concocted, but every room had to be polished up and treasures that were usually hidden in camphor chests had to be displayed in full glory on the mahogany dressers. Then there were the wreaths and garlands to make, giving occasion for merry-making excursions to the woods or brush. It was not sufficient that the interior of a house be embellished with the symbols of Christmas, but the exterior must be festooned, and the street leading to the church had to be arched in greens and gay banners. And, most important of all, there were the daily rehearsals of "La Pastorela," upon which all minds were focused.

At sundown on the twenty-fourth of December the celebration began. As if by magic, bonfires blazed up on every prominence in the vicinity, and from every window in town streamed beckoning lights. Rockets scintillated in the darkening sky to the wonder and delight of the admiring children. Resonant bells and vociferous cannon vied with each other in announcing the glorious tidings of *La Noche Buena*. *Señors* and *señoras*, *muchachos* and *muchachas*, exchanged greetings of joy that the good Lord had condescended to be earth-born for their sakes. In memory of the night in Bethlehem each human being seemed to gain new dignity and worth.

When night was fully installed, the population surged to the church. There, in front of the high altar, was placed a statue of the Virgin, bending over a manger in which lay a representation of the Holy Infant. The sacrament was removed for the time being, and the congregation whispered and bubbled as it awaited "La Pastorela." Suddenly, strains of sweet music hushed all voices, and necks were craned to view the entering procession.

First appeared the Angel Gabriel, clad in garments of light, with great purple wings rising above his head and bestowing a strange dignity. Then came a company of shepherds dressed in "flowing robes, with high wands garnished with silken streamers, in which floated all the colors of the rainbow, and surmounted with coronals of flowers." In their wake followed a hermit, his long white beard and feeble step indicating his age. In one hand he carried a missal tattered from much use, and in the other a lash with which he constantly beat himself as a chastisement for his sins. On his heels trod a wild hunter covered with "skins of the forest, bearing a huge truncheon surmounted by an iron rim, from which hung in jingling chime fragments of all sonorous metals." Last of all came Lucifer, "with horned frontlet, disguised hoof, and robe of crimson flame."

The drama that ensued was founded on the Biblical account of the Nativity. It had been written by Padre Florencio, of the Soledad Mission, for the edification of the Indians; but it so caught the fancy of the white citizens that as years passed it was presented simultaneously at each California settlement on Christmas Eve. All the leading personages felt honored at being in the cast. Pio Pico was the chief shepherd; Bato, for several years at Los Angeles, and the Vallejos, represented different characters in the Sonoma presentation.

The play opens with the angel's announcement to the shepherds. At his bidding, they seek the manger and kneel in worship while they sing "A hymn of wonder and delight." The hermit and the hunter start to follow them, but on the way they are beguiled by Lucifer into playing a game of dice. The hermit can not enjoy the game conscience-free, and in the intervals when he is not throwing, he reads vehemently from his missal. The hunter has no such qualms. He stakes one possession after another against Lucifer. Finally, when all else is gone, he stakes his soul, and loses that, too. Lucifer promises to claim it in due time, and pushes forward to tempt the shepherds. He is confronted by Gabriel's unquailing eye, and loses some of his confidence. A dialogue between Gabriel and Lucifer follows. It brings out all the arguments for the faith, and in the end the Evil One slinks away, with hideous moan and groan. The hermit and the hunter, released from his presence, become repentant, and join the shepherds at the manger. Then the whole cast bursts into the old "Venite Adoremus."

As the beautiful strain commenced, the California audience rose to its feet, and with heart and voice sang through the grand old hymn. When its echoes died away, the priest entered with the sacrament, and midnight mass was celebrated. At its close, the padre congratulated his children on the arrival of a new *Fiesta del Señor*; and they passed the manger in processional order, bowing the knee as the heart prayed to be made like unto the Holy Jesus. Then every one went home to catch a few hours' sleep before the dawn.

On *Fiesta del Señor* (Christmas Day) there was high mass at ten, a big dinner at midday, a bull-fight in the afternoon, and "La Pastorela" at some private house in the evening; but there were no stockings, or trees, or exchange of gifts such as we make. The great Gift to the World was considered enough to be thankful for, and more emphasis was laid on the religious side of the holiday.

In the week that followed, "La Pastorela" was repeated each evening at some different home. Relieved from the sanctity of the church, the play took on more humorous aspects. The hermit did not confine his lashing to his own body, but distributed it among the audience. The hunter, who was the clown, instead of snaring birds, set a trap for Satan, into which he was himself pushed by the wily Evil One. The hermit tried in vain to disentangle him by reading from his missal, and then he begged the audience to hold Satan while he belabored him with the lash. At the same time that this buffoonery was going on at the side, the chant of the shepherds rose beautiful and reverent to accompaniment of harp, violin, and guitar. In the homes, the play closed with a "riato" dance by the shepherds, which was very graceful, full of airy movements, lightness, and precision of steps. Then the ball, so loved by the Californians, finished the evening.

On the twenty-eighth of December fell a holiday that was similar to our April Fool's Day. This day was set aside by the church in commemoration of the infants that were slaughtered by Herod, but through centuries the custom of reverence had been modified until the day came to be devoted to those innocents who are not able to withstand the blandishments of their fellow-creatures. In pastoral California, the twenty-eighth of December was the day of cotton-stuffed *panecitos*, of salted coffee, of sweetened salad. Great ingenuity was exercised in borrowing on that day, for every article had to be redeemed at a goodly price. To every one hoaxed was exclaimed, "O, innocente!" which is somewhat less galling than our "April Fool!" On that day, too, it was the custom to greet each other with incredible (?) statements. Colton has left us a lengthy list of those which he heard the first Holy Innocents' Day he spent in California. Some are witty, some are wise, and three reflect the impressions certain foreigners had made upon the Californians. "It is rumored," so said the Californian, "that an Englishman has been seen with a smile on his countenance without a plum-pudding in his stomach"; "that an American has said grace at his table without stopping to expectorate"; "that a Frenchman has stopped his prattle before death had stopped his breath." Any one that would believe such statements was branded as the most innocent of *innocentes*.

The New Year was watched for and greeted in a way similar to ours to-day. On that day, the dinner was more pretentious than on Christmas; and then, too, friends and relatives exchanged presents.

With "La Pastorela" and hall at night, and with picnic, ride, or dance in the daytime, the hours sped until the fifth of January dawned. Then there was intense excitement for the children and a sudden display of great courtesy and helpfulness. And very good reason there was for such behavior. Did not the Gospel tell that on this very night centuries ago the Three Wise Men had followed the Wonderful Star to offer their gifts to a Little Babe in the stable at Beth-

lehem? And had not their mother and their father and their grandmothers and grandfathers away back to the farthest ancestors in Old Spain put out their shoes on the fifth of January for the Wise Men to fill as they passed in the darkness? And there was not in the whole long record any evidence that a child had ever been disappointed, unless he had had some grievous sin on his conscience. No wonder then that each boy and girl who had no new shoes saw to it that the old ones were polished up to a high degree and placed in neat rows outside the door or window. No wonder that they tried to keep awake that night long after their mothers had tucked them in. But listen as they might they never heard the Wise Men stop or caught one glimpse of the marvelous camels that carried them. However, when they awakened in the dawning, the shoes were always full. The presents were simple—perhaps but a wooden toy and some funny little caraway-seeded candies, but they were a tangible proof to the recipient that the Wise Men still guarded over the children who tried to follow the Blessed Child.

It was well that the Magi's gifts came so late, for on that day the visitors bade farewell to their hosts. Whatever sorrow the children felt at parting with their little friends was consoled by the assurance from the Good Kings. And the children's faith and contented hearts reflected the condition of all California as it settled down once more into the monotony of its uneventful life.

KATHERINE CHANDLER.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING IN GOTHAM.

Hard Times Among the Rich—Poor Do Not Feel the Pinch—Ultra-Fashionable Dressmakers Hard Hit—The Sights on Fourteenth Street and the Avenue.

As the time draws near Christmas, one hears a good deal of talk about "hard times." This, in New York, that for the last seven or eight years has been simply boiling over with money, has a queer, unnatural sound. One has heard so little for so long a time of economies, of saving instead of spending, that the words now come with a shock of astonishment.

There is no doubt, however, that rich New York has had a bad shaking up. The poor and middle classes have not suffered. It is the people who have country houses, steam yachts, and automobiles who feel that "money is tight" this Christmas. And the great army of providers who cater to them are suffering accordingly. The finest shops in the city are not very full just now, and last year at this season one could hardly force one's way to the counters. I was speaking to a dressmaker, the other day, about her business, which she said had fallen off in a lamentable way. As she had just been expatiating to me on the quantities of work she had to do, I asked her where the falling off came in. Her answer was: "In the quality of work." Last year, she made new dresses; this year, she was making over old ones.

"But it's not very bad for me," she said; "anyway, I've got work to do. It's the big dressmakers on Fifth Avenue who are hard hit. Their patrons are coming to us, getting dresses for one hundred dollars, where last winter they paid twice and three times that much."

The great middle class seems to be keeping the even tenor of its way without disturbing deviations. The big department-stores are as full as ever, and already one does one's shopping in the morning to avoid the afternoon crush. Among these people, the cry of "hard times" is not half so loud and universal. Their Christmas offerings may not be as handsome as usual, but they are buying as strenuously as they ever did. They look as well dressed, their furs are as new and glossy.

An interesting pastime for the darkening end of the afternoon, on these clear, frosty days, is to walk along the shopping streets of different localities and watch the crowds. The character of Fourteenth Street has remained the same for years. I remember it, when I was a child, exactly as it is to-day. People then came home from an afternoon's struggle at its counters carrying parcels on which Macy's red star blazed, and if you were elegant and particular, you carried the parcel with the red star turned in. The servants on their "afternoons out" always came home with red-starred parcels.

Macy has moved, and is trying to be choice and exclusive, but Fourteenth Street is unchanged. Walking up it toward Union Square in the dusk of the afternoon, one sees it filled with dark, hurrying forms, over which fall brilliant gushes of light from the illuminated windows. Windows on Fourteenth Street are a vital part of the show. They are of vast expanse, lit with every variety of electric bulb and globe, and full of articles of divers sort, all, at this season, bearing placards of reduced prices.

Here they go in for lay figures upon which to show off clothes. In one window there will be a group of waxen ladies' heads, the hair beautifully dressed, the shoulders rising plump and polished from folds of tulle, each head solemnly revolving against a background of mirrors. In the next window a bride will be shown in full length. She is a blonde, with a golden pompadour and ruby lips. A white satin dress falls about her in the latest heavily pleated style; she wears a little circular wreath of orange blossoms, and a veil that descends in a cascade of tulle on either side of her face. The blaze of light in which she stands falls outward over a wall of immovably staring women, darkly

clad, intensely observant of every detail, their faces pale and sharp against the night.

The shoppers on Fourteenth Street are always hurrying, but they become attacked by a frenzy of haste as night falls. They seem to sweep toward you in a dense, black wave, which, as you meet it, divides into integral parts, each part a woman, each woman darkly robed and hurrying.

In the light of the windows, one sees all variety of faces: the stout, comfortable matron, red and hearty, with her cloth jacket straining at the buttons, the cheap collar of fox fur round her neck unhooked because she is too fat and in too much of a hurry to be cold. Behind her comes a thin-faced woman in decent black, her chin huddled into her turned-up collar, her nose and eyelids red, a film of smoky breath rising from her pale lips. Two shop-girls follow her, still young and fresh, their hair in loops on their forehead, large, flat, black hats on their heads, spotted veils tied over the tips of their noses. The warm fur tippets they wear are open; so are their jackets. The icy air of December must filter into their very skins, but they forge by, light-footed and light-hearted, too charged with youth and high spirits to mind the cold.

There are young, rosy, good-looking women with babies, and haggard, worn, dragged-out women with babies. There are distracted mothers who have brought a family to see the shop windows, and are now in a state of nervous bad temper, while the children are whining and yapping with fatigue. There are old, dissipated-looking, red and blowsy women, who roll quietly by with a glassy eye fixed as in dreams, and there are young, bleached-and-dyed women, with very neat, high-heeled shoes, improbably red lips, and golden waves of hair, pressed down on their foreheads by tulle veils. There are families who stand in the middle of the pavement in groups, squabbling and dropping their parcels, and there are lone men who roam by with indifferent eyes, a film of cigarette smoke drifting out from the edge of their up-turned collars.

In color, the crowd is dark. One sees little gay raiment. But nearly every woman wears some sort of furs, a neck piece and a muff. They are generally of the cheapest kinds, the inferior varieties of fox, squirrel, and mink. Some are evidently old treasured relics, long since passed out of the realm of fashion. Here and there a fur coat, originally handsome, now worn and no longer in the mode, passes by. One can imagine its descent from a Fifth Avenue mansion, where it was once a costly possession. Did it fall through the medium of the second-hand dealer, or was it passed on through descending grades of poor relatives?

Turning into Union Square and walking northward, one almost immediately passes out of the Poor Belt of Fourteenth Street into the prosperous one of Broadway. The great square is a clear, deep blue in the frosty dusk, lights, like clusters of glow worms, wink along the façades of the buildings that front upon it. In the middle, the skeleton trees of the park show their delicate tracery against the glare of the big electric globes. It is full of the stir and flurry of life, the half-heard tread of thousands of passing feet, the mysterious vibrations of shifting crowds. It is an eddying place for the currents of humanity that sweep up and down Broadway, pour in from Fourteenth Street, circle across from Madison. Over all, cold and pale on these nipping December nights, the small stars look down, incurious, unwinking, and strangely remote.

The Broadway crowd is not so hurried as its neighbor on Fourteenth Street. Along the curb where it files by are a line of coupés, hansoms, and automobiles, the occupants passing like shuttles from the shops to the carriages. The women who compose it are not so invariably clothed in black. The street is fully as bright, though there are no windows with lay figures. The light falls outward on a throng whose faces are less anxious, more serenely cheerful. Buying Christmas gifts is a desperately strenuous occupation when one is trying to make ten dollars do the work of fifty. On Broadway, they do not have to perform this miracle. They have the fifty.

One of the main differences one notices is that there are fewer children here, and the women are more befurred. The little tippets and collars of Fourteenth Street are replaced by long, flat stoles, by short jackets of baby lamb, by rich, loose coats of squirrel-skin, and ermine. Here and there a woman, pausing before an illuminated window, lets you see that she is wearing a fortune in furs. Her rosy face is evidence of the fact that she is healthily warm, and she should be, with the silky softness of baby lamb and chinchilla enveloping her body, her hands deep in a huge chinchilla muff, and a hat of the same, with a sweeping feather, set close on her hair.

Continuing your walk northward, you come to where the Flat-Iron Building cuts the traffic of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. It is like the prow of a great ship that has come sweeping up through the city. Against it the crowds break like parting seas—a black froth of human life, streaming away to the right and to the left. The huge prow looms up into the dusk, punctured with the golden square's congeries of lit windows. Coming down Fifth Avenue toward it at this hour, it has an air of floating, unsubstantial beauty, like "the fabric of a vision." Through the crystalline, deep-blue night, it shows like spectral shapes, breasting the city's waves, magically lit, as it forges on to some enchanted haven.

Passing it on the way up, one sees nothing but a wall of gray stone, like the side of a cañon. And no matter what aerial vision it presented, one's entire force is expended on keeping one's feet in the gales that sweep around it. There is no joke about the winds that circle round the Flat-Iron corner. The only thing to do is to get out of them, and, in this time of Christmas crowds, one sees lines of women, buffeted and breathless, skurrying forward in a balloon of rebellious skirt, as they make for the peaceful reaches of Fifth Avenue. When the wind has an edge of ice to it, and when one's hands are thrust deep into one's muff, rounding the Flat-Iron is really quite an exciting experience.

In Fifth Avenue, one finds the most dignified development of the Christmas shopper. There is no haste and no flurry. Many people are walking northward, and though it is quite dark by this time, there are quantities of women out, swinging vigorously home in the crisp, cold air. The Fourteenth Streeters all carried parcels. Here one sees never a one. The ascending length of the great thoroughfare, with lamps strung along its sides, is flanked by the huge forms of hotels and clubs rising into the night. Here and there the yellow squares of windows are so high up in the sky that one can hardly realize they are the top floors of apartment-houses. In the middle, between these lines of illuminated house-fronts, moves a stolid double line of vehicles, close-packed, occasionally halting in a block, apparently inextricably tangled, and with the rays of carriage lamps shooting gleams into a mix-up of wheels, harness, and glossy flanks.

The majority of the Fifth Avenue shoppers are in the carriages. Fur has reached its apotheosis here. Women swathed in Russian sables lean back on the cushions of victorias. Others, in long, luxurious wraps lined with chinchilla, trail from the automobile to the jeweler's door. Black velvet and ermine catches your eye. Loose driving coats of squirrel, with hats to match, clothe beautiful ladies who are doing their Christmas shopping in open automobiles. The little fur tippets and muffs of Fourteenth Street seem to have no more relation to these splendors than the domestic cat has to the Royal Bengal tiger.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, December 16, 1903.

Freak Stamps of Many Colors.

According to a Washington dispatch, Panama is on "Easy Street" financially, for the postal affairs of the new republic are in the hands of an official who is at the same time a patriot and a Napoleon of finance. The postmaster-general of Panama, realizing the insatiable desire of philatelists, or stamp collectors, for new specimens, or even for "freaks" and "errors," leased the printing office for a month. The foreman of the printing office was instructed to set the words "Republic of Panama" in four different styles of type. All of the Colombian stamps on hand were then overprinted with these words. The sheets of stamps were put through the presses sideways, horizontally, vertically, inverted, and straight—printed in black ink, red ink, and blue ink. Then the postmaster-general dispatched letters addressed to Washington. Their arrival was duly heralded in the philatelic press. Forthwith scores of stamp dealers sent orders, varying in size from a few dollars to thousands of dollars, for large quantities and denominations and varieties of stamps issued or overprinted. The entire stock was cleaned out.

In the newly published "Climatology of California" occurs this paragraph: "When a native of San Francisco is asked which is the coldest month of the year, he is generally at a loss for an answer; and if asked which is the warmest he may say November. This confusion arises from the comparatively small range of temperature. The mean annual temperature, as determined from the records of the Weather Bureau for thirty-one years is 56.1° F. May and November have practically the same temperature. The warmest month is September, 60.8°; the coldest January, 50.2°. The other months have mean temperatures as follows: February, 52°; March, 54°; April, 55°; May, 57°; June, July, and August, 59°; October, 60°; November, 56°; December, 52°."

Geronimo, the aged Apache chief, whose name twenty-five years ago sent a chill through the veins of almost every white person inhabiting the southwestern part of the United States, is now an ardent Christian, having recently acknowledged publicly his faith in Jesus Christ. Geronimo lives on the government reservation at Fort Sill, spending most of his time loafing about, reporting to the officers at the fort once every day. He shows no disposition to return to his past wild and free existence, but is satisfied to live as a prisoner of war. His wants are few, and for those, aside from what provision is made for him and the other Apache prisoners of war by the government, he secures in his own way small sums of money.

It is said of Captain Meiklejohn, who lost his right arm, and gained the Victoria Cross, when leading "the gay Gordons" at Elandslaagte, South Africa, that, being a left-handed man, he did not much lament the loss of his right arm, and now plays a very respectable round of golf with his left hand.

CALIFORNIANS IN NEW YORK.

Success of a San Francisco Musician—Illness of F. N. R. Martinez—Distributing Bread to the Poor.

Captain Alfred J. Kelleher, who, after many years of musical identification with Mills Seminary, sailed away to the Philippines with the California Volunteers, has at length resumed his former peaceful rôle of vocal teacher, but in the larger sphere of New York. He is now connected with the New York College of Music, at 130 East Fifty-Eighth Street, a thriving institution which seems to teem with artistic activity.

The Kelleher residence on One Hundred and Sixth Street, near Riverside Drive, is delightfully attractive to a San Franciscan who remembers Mrs. Kelleher as Susan Galton, during our early days of comic opera, in the rôles of "Grand Duchess," "Perichole," and others of the good old sort, ere musical comedy had degenerated into comparative rubbish. Though the little lady's health is not perfect, and has to be carefully guarded, there is no diminution in the sweetness of her smile nor the warmth of her cordiality to old friends. I had the pleasure, at Mrs. Kelleher's, on a recent Sunday, of meeting her sister Blanche, who, as Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, is one of the greatest stage favorites in the country. She had just returned from a Western tour, as had also Miss Susie Kelleher, who, liberally endowed with good looks and talent, is beginning a career that, according to heredity, should be brilliant as those of her ancestors for several generations. The family reunion was augmented by the arrival of the youngest hoy, Joe, from his duties as solo soprano in the noted choir of Trinity Chapel, which he joined immediately after coming to New York. Miss Blanche Kelleher is married, and resides in Chicago. A younger daughter, Agnes, is here with her parents. The many friends of the Kellehers will be pleased to hear that they prosper.

Among the artistic products of "the glorious climate" none that I recall presents a more pleasing exhibit than does an Oakland boy named N. Clifford Page. His modesty seems co-extensive with his conspicuous talent, and therefore you fail to hear as much about him as we do about some men who make more noise (than music) in the world. Just now Page excites my admiration by his musical adornment of "The Japanese Nightingale," a play, from a novel, now running at Daly's Theatre. One whose rendition can detect the rare beauty and scholarship of Page's work, will regret that it holds in the estimation of the ordinary dramatic audience scarcely more importance than the usual orchestral incentive to conversation, or between-act libation.

A star performer at Carnegie Hall, the other night, was Michel Banner, whose playing of Mendelssohn's violin concerto was masterly. Carnegie Hall, by the way, is the special nucleus of concerts and musicians. Its manager recently told me that for the first time in its career the property had earned its monthly cost, and this was due to the addition of studios that go on bringing in rent while the big auditorium is idle. "Now," said he, "every new room built on will earn an income and he clear again!" The big plant fairly throbs with artistic endeavor. In it I found Ernest Peixotto's picture studio, and Winkowski's vocal college among the multitude. Doubtless further exploration might discover more Californians.

Hearing that F. N. R. Martinez, the musical editor of the *World*, was ill, and having long known him as a member of the Bohemian Club, and one-time dramatic critic of the *News Letter*, I called to inquire at his house, whence I was directed to St. Vincent's Hospital, where I found he had been installed over a week, closely attended by his devoted wife. The lady told me her husband—too ill to be seen—had suffered an apoplectic stroke on Thanksgiving Day, superinduced by Bright's disease, and that his condition is hopeless. His left side is paralyzed, and his speech nearly unintelligible. Martinez for a dozen years has been a conspicuous figure in musical criticism here. During the opera season he told me he "almost lived" in the Metropolitan. Few concerts occurred in Carnegie Hall unattended by him. A lady enthusiast recently pointed him out to me there as among the notables. He was conversing in the aisle with the other leading critics, but I fear he will never report another concert. Mrs. Martinez will be remembered in San Francisco as Miss Hochkofler, daughter of Mr. Hochkofler, who died at the Bohemian Club in 1891. Mr. Martinez has no children.

The will of another San Franciscan, Julian Rix, directs that Mr. Tom Clark, the ex-"shepherd" of the Lambs' Club, and prominent authority upon art, shall carefully select from the Rix canvases those only that are worthy to survive, and destroy the remainder! Many of us would like to fall heir to anything that Julian Rix painted.

Miss Gertrude Elliott, a former member of the Frawley company, may be more generally remembered as the younger sister of the handsome Maxine. She is now, however, returned from England as the wife of one

of London's foremost actors, Mr. Forbes Robertson, and is a very accomplished actress, as well as beautiful woman herself. During their New York production of "The Light that Failed" she and her husband were tendered a reception by the wife of a prominent physician, at her Park Avenue residence. Personally, I found Mrs. Forbes Robertson more beautiful than when I subsequently met her, just after a performance, in her dressing-room at the theatre. She told me with regret that the present tour would not extend to the Pacific Coast, though she and her husband recalled with delight their former experiences in San Francisco. In the audience that evening I met Mr. Hall McAllister, himself now a Thespian, but who, ere becoming one, had entertained Mr. Robertson at the McAllister place in Ross Valley, an incident which Mr. Robertson had mentioned to me among his Pacific memories. Mr. McAllister is at the Lambs' Club while rehearsing for his next engagement.

An amusing spectacle attracted strollers on Broadway last night into quite an admiring audience at the southern apex of Herald Square. A huge furniture van, its rear end yawning irreverently toward the *Herald* Building, bore in livid letters the legend "New York American and Journal. Coffee and Sandwich Distribution." Ranged along the Sixth Avenue curbs, and bending across the Thirty-Fifth Street front of the *Herald*, was a line of American voters, numbering several hundred, patiently awaiting the Hearst hospitalities at the wagon tail.

H. M. BOSWORTH.

NEW YORK, December 9, 1903.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Here are a few choice epithets which the Radical newspapers of Great Britain have conferred upon Joseph Chamberlain: The Artful Dodger, Imperialistic Knave, Political Hamstringer, Vulgar Ranter, and Colossal Humbug.

During a recent visit to Yale, W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, was asked by one of the instructors if he knew the age of a certain venerable professor of Trinity College, Dublin. "No," responded the poet; "I don't know precisely that, but I have heard that the combined age of all the professors at the Dublin University is one million five hundred thousand years."

In Birmingham, last week, Marie Corelli was awarded half a cent damages, each side to pay its own costs, in a libel suit brought by her against the proprietor of the *Stratford-on-Avon Herald*, in connection with the recent controversy in which Miss Corelli opposed the erection of a Carnegie library, on the ground that it involved a desecration of Shakespeare's birthplace. The alleged libel consisted in a statement that Miss Corelli desired to erect a library at the same place.

The Norwegian parliament has awarded the annual Nobel Peace Prize of \$39,150 to William R. Gremer, M. P., publisher of the *Arbitrator*, of London, for his work on behalf of international arbitration. The prize for physics is divided between Henri Becquerel, of Norway, and M. and Mme. Curie, of Paris. The chemical prize goes to the Swedish Professor Arrhenius; the medical prize to Dr. Finsen, of Denmark; and the prize for literature to Bjørnstjerne Björnson, the Norwegian poet and dramatist. These prizes amount to about \$40,000 each.

Andrew Carnegie has helped found 760 libraries, and has 800 more under advisement. During last year he gave 158 library buildings, at a cost to him of \$6,679,000, so the average cost of the buildings is \$42,270, and 1,500 of them will aggregate \$63,405,000. Now, under the contract with Mr. Carnegie, the cities blessed must tax themselves annually 10 per cent. of the cost of the buildings to provide funds for their maintenance. This would be \$6,340,500 every year, in addition to the interest on more than \$30,000,000 paid by the cities for library sites. By these transactions, points out the *Springfield Republican*, the libraries will cost Mr. Carnegie each year, at five per cent. interest on his investment, \$3,170,250, while the cost to the cities at the same rate will be \$7,840,500, or two and one half times as much.

George R. Carter, the new governor of Hawaii, is said to be a man after President Roosevelt's own heart. He is young, strenuous, athletic, and wealthy, and has many other qualities which fit him to take up the reins where Governor Sanford B. Dole has laid them aside, after having been at the head of Hawaii as an independent republic, as a provisional government waiting for annexation, and also as the first governor of the islands after they had become a part of the United States. Mr. Carter is the son of the late Henry A. P. Carter, once Hawaiian minister at Washington, who was a successful business man and left a large estate when he died a few years ago. Young Carter was born in 1866. He was educated in the common schools of Honolulu, later graduating from Oahu College, and then preparing for Yale at the Phillips Andover College, in Massachusetts. He graduated from Yale in

1888. Carter was an athlete at college, playing in the football teams of 1886, 1887, and 1888, and making a splendid record. He also made the Yale 'varsity crew, rowing in the races of 1887 and 1888. Two years after his graduation from Yale young Carter was married to Miss Helen Strong, a daughter of H. E. Strong, of Rochester, N. Y. Instead of returning to the islands after his graduation, Carter first located in Seattle, where he remained for several years.

King Edward's excellent health at the present time is attributed to the electric baths which he has been taking for a month past. The scientific rejuvenators are installed in Windsor Castle and in Buckingham Palace. They are both of the double light variety, with a projector of 2,500 candle-power for use upon local affections of the body. Inside the bath, in which a sitting posture is adopted, there are fifty-two electric lamps, which radiate any colored light desired. The light not only permeates every part of the body, but has a sort of Turkish-bath effect. The lights are of colors which, scientists say, have curative effects on certain ailments.

There is no truth in the statement that Adelina Patti is half Italian and half Spanish, despite the fact that she was born in Madrid. Her father, Salvatore Patti, was a well-known Italian singer, and her mother was a Sicilian, whose maiden name was Chiesa. She first married a singer named Barilli, and with him lived much in Spain, from which fact, no doubt, has arisen the misunderstanding that Patti is partly Spanish. The diva's older sister, Carlotta, was born in Florence. Mme. Patti, birth aside, is really more American than anything else, as she came to the United States at a very early age, received her musical education here at the hands of her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch, made her debut at the old Academy of Music in New York, November 24, 1859, in "Lucia," and in this country earned most of the money which paid for her famous Welsh castle.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Bookworm's Ballade to His Friends.

To those dear ones who love me well
And now with gifts would bless,
I'd say, since naught will curb nor quell
Your giving's great excess,
Send me for Christmas—Yes!
And spare me injured books!—
Some sign of friendliness,
But let me choose my books!
Your tastes no other tastes excel
In some things I confess;
My admiration you compel
In all affairs of dress.
Send me that sorcerer—
A pipe! Rod, line, and hooks,
A collier to caress.
But let me choose my books!
I badly need a new umbrel—
(This form is O-b-s,
But as my old one's that—to tell
The truth—'twill do, I guess).
And oh! a game of chess,
With carven pawns and rooks,
I've long wished to possess,
But let me choose my books!
Friends, your good will express
E'en in cigars, gadzooks!
Give me or more or less,
But let me choose my books!
—Edward W. Barnard in *Life*.

The Quest of the Local Color.

O bear me away on the wings of the night
And put me in touch with the stars;
For it's new local color of which I would write
And I think that I'll seek it in Mars.
I've scoured all the earth to its farthest demesne
For some as-yet-undescribed spot,
And long have I fared, but yet none have I seen
Not used long ago in a plot.
Did I try South America? Davis has that.
The Isthmus? Oh, Henry's been there.
The Klondyke? Jack London, a fierce autocrat,
Has gobbled the North as his share.
Kentucky belongs to the mountaineer, Fox,
Wyoming was Wister's on sight,
And Parker has Canada's rivers and rocks
Fenced in by his own copyright.
I ride through the mesas and ranges in vain
In search of some spot in the West
Which might have escaped "The Virginian's"
train—
"Red Saunders" has gobbled the rest.
Lo, Duncan has left not a comma to write
On the sad little Newfoundland isle,
And how can I dream of New England in sight
Of Mary E. Wilkins's style?
t fly to the East, and 'midst races of men,
With names unpronounceable, probe
Till bang against Kipling I come with my pen;
For he claims the rest of the globe.
Then bear me away on ethereal swells
And put me in touch with the stars—
But bolder up a minute! There's Herbert G.
Wells
Already located in Mars.
—Wallace Irwin in the *Bookman*.

"TWO ARGONAUTS IN SPAIN."

Opinions of the Press.

Town Talk, San Francisco:

"Two Argonauts in Spain" is the title of Jerome Hart's new book of travels. Mr. Hart is a good traveler, inasmuch as he knows what to see and what to shut his eyes to, and the result of his Spanish pilgrimage is a book full of new, crisp impressions recorded in a singularly interesting manner. Books about Spain are numerous enough, and are generally filled to repletion with detailed descriptions of palaces and Alcazars, churches and picture galleries. They abound with dissertations on gypsies and heggars, religion and bull-fights. Mr. Hart avoids these done-to-death topics, and finds much instead that is new and untouched. We realize from his book that Spain is not a country wholly given over to the traditions of the past; she has her modern side like any other. Moreover, Mr. Hart writes without prejudice. His conclusions on nearly all subjects seem to be fair and uncolored, and he even finds much to admire in that country of contradictions. For example, the French Government had offered a reward of twenty-five thousand francs for the arrest of the Humberts. This sum the Madrid police department refused to accept, and the money was finally turned over to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul to be expended in charity. Fancy the San Francisco Police Department refusing five thousand dollars in a similar case. And yet Spain has a reputation for official bribery and greed. . . . "Two Argonauts in Spain" is beautifully gotten up by Payot, Upham & Co., on thick linen paper, with extra wide margins. The half-tones are beautifully executed, and the binding is heavy boards stamped in gold. A fine map accompanies the volume. The cover design is composed of the emblems of Spanish cities. It would be an admirable holiday gift, particularly as San Francisco can claim credit for both authorship and publication.

Los Angeles Herald:

In "Two Argonauts in Spain" we have a worthy companion volume to "Argonaut Letters." The author, Jerome Hart, is the editor of the *San Francisco Argonaut*, and his letters, printed in that model weekly, have been enjoyed by many readers. One must not admit absolute perfection in any human creation, and if a flaw were to be picked in Mr. Hart's work, it would be the obtrusiveness of the ego, the marked tendency to use the first personal pronoun. But Mr. Hart has traveled, he knows how to express himself in good, clean-cut English, and he has had the foresight to avoid the beaten paths of travel in describing what he has seen.

There are nearly a score of half-tone pictures, which are in harmony with the text and which add to the interest of the book. A word should be said regarding the mechanical excellence of the volume; and it is peculiarly gratifying to be able to say that it is entirely a Pacific Coast product. Every care has been taken in the production.

Payot, Upham & Co., publishers, San Francisco; illustrated.

Wills and Successions.

The will of the late Jesse D. Carr, of Salinas, was filed for probate on December 19th. The instrument was drawn about a week before Mr. Carr's death, and disposes of real estate, money, and personal property, to the value of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. To his five grandchildren he leaves two hundred shares each of the capital stock of the J. D. Carr Land and Live Stock Company, which consists of the Modoc County ranch and the stock thereon. To a number of his old friends and the Methodist Episcopal Church South, of Salinas, sums aggregating six thousand four hundred dollars have been left. One thousand dollars was bequeathed to the widows' and orphans' fund of Alisal Lodge, No. 165, I. O. O. F. The residue of his estate is to be shared equally by his three children—Mrs. Jessie D. Scale, Larkin W. Carr, and John Carr. In his will, Mr. Carr appointed as executors, without honors, Mrs. Jessie D. Scale, Larkin W. Carr, of Salinas, J. C. Franks, and Harry Winham, of Salinas.

It has been held by the supreme court that the decision of Judge Coffey about advertising the will of the late Drury McClone is correct. It is required by section 4459 of the Political Code that notice of time and place appointed for probating the will must be published in a paper of "general circulation." The notice was published in the *Recorder*, and the objection was made that it is not a paper of general circulation. The court decided otherwise.

LITERARY NOTES.

Lengthy, but Interesting.

Hamlin Garland's latest story, "Hesper," is again of the West, the author having climbed the loftiest peaks of the Rockies in order to secure an effective theatre for the events that he describes. The story relates the pilgrimage to the West of a luxuriously reared heiress from New York, who brings her young brother out with her in quest of health.

The girl is a characteristic product of the effete East—elegant, fastidious, intolerant, cold. She seems inaccessible to love and lovers, and is, indeed, scarcely a sufficiently attractive companion for the reader during so many pages of intimacy.

Mr. Garland, however, has a purpose in view. He wishes to point out that her confirmed indifference is the artificial product of idleness and over-indulgence in pleasure, and depicts the process by which Ann's normal womanliness comes into play. This process the author secures by evolving a fierce and protracted strike in a mining town full of desperadoes, in which, despite the actual perils that surround her, Ann is practically held prisoner by the serious illness of her brother.

In working out his story, Mr. Garland has introduced a number of characters of the frontier type—miners, ranchers, cowboys, faro-dealers, and the like; throwing in relief against these hardy figures the frosty conventionality of the Eastern girl.

Needless to say, with such an unconventional setting, the story, although its incidents and action are protracted to an undesirable length, gains in freshness and freedom of atmosphere. Mr. Garland is familiar with the picturesque Western dialect, and freely introduces it in the discourse of his Western characters.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

A Story of Our Navy.

A bright, breezy, intelligently written story by Edith Elmer Wood, entitled "The Spirit of the Service," will please the navy people, and interest and entertain many outsiders. The writer has had in mind the delineation of the kind of soldier that is molded into shape by the high ideals of "the service." This is Captain Cartwright, who, although happily married and a grandfather, is the real hero of the book. This officer stands for fearless integrity, inaccessibility to motives of self-interest, disdain of popular hero-worship, and absolute and rigid adherence to duty. The captain is a fine fellow, and although the admirers of yellow journalism will consider him too stiff-backed for their tastes, one feels that it is the standard of such men that helps to keep Uncle Sam's coat-tails out of the mud. The presence and the affairs of a couple of charming girls bring just enough love-making into the story to serve as the pivot for a plot, but the writer, by introducing the sinking of the *Maine*, the Spanish war, Dewey's victory, and the consequent newspaper puffery of heroes, has afforded insight into "The Spirit of the Service"—the service whose efficiency of '98 was so instrumental in lifting the United States to its present prestige with European powers.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Mrs. Stevenson's Letters Home.

There are many amusing passages in the letters that Mrs. M. I. Stevenson wrote during her stay at Saranac, her voyage thence to the South Seas, and her sojourn in Samoa with her gifted son, and it is therefore pleasant to find them now published in a volume entitled "From Saranac to Marquesas." At Samoa, the gentle old lady was a little shocked at the native dances, and writes:

Many of the steps reminded me of a Highland reel, but were curiously mixed up with calisthenic, and even gymnastic exercises. . . . they climbed on each other's shoulders, and did other strange things. After dancing for some time, they sang songs to us in a curious, low, weird kind of crooning. Altogether, it was a strange sort of afternoon party. . . . One of the ladies ["ladies," God save the mark!] had her feet and legs tattooed in really the most wonderful patterns; she was quite pleased when we admired them and gave us a most liberal view of them!

Mrs. Stevenson evidently did not quite approve of the loose feminine wear of the tropics. "Fanny and Valentine," she writes, "have taken to *mumms* and *holakus* [Anglic, Mother Hubbards] but I am putting off as long as I can. Louis goes about in shirt and trousers, and with bare feet. What do you think of that?"

Altogether the book is quite unaffected and entertaining. There are a few illustrations.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Although he was told by his publishers that it would not be more profitable for him to receive a royalty, Senator Hoar sold his book of reminiscences for a lump sum. It is

said that his reason for selling the book outright was because he preferred to make use of the money now, and did not care to have it come to him in small amounts, and for a long period, as it would under the royalty system. The general impression among senators and representatives (says the *Washington Post*) is that the book will have a large sale, as there are many persons who know the Massachusetts senator well, and his reputation extends to every part of the world where the history of the United States is read or known.

Agnes and Egerton Castle have two new romances under way, and will publish them both—first in serial form—next year. One is entitled "Rose of the World," the other "If Youth But Knew."

Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr., is at work upon a "Life of Francis Parkman," which will be included in the American Men of Letters Series.

Mark Twain's most amusing books have been gathered into a separate edition at a popular price. There are six volumes in the set, as follows: "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," "The Innocents Abroad" (two volumes), "Pudd'nhead Wilson," and "Roughing It" (two volumes). The books are printed on paper especially made for this edition, and are bound in a wine-colored, silk-finished cloth, with gold decoration. The illustrations in the set are by E. W. Kemble, Peter Newell, B. West Clinedinst, and J. G. Brown.

J. J. Bell, of "Wee Macgregor" fame, has ready for publication another book of the Scotch genre type. It is to be called "Mrs. McLeerie," and is a collection of comic episodes, grouped around a central personality quite amusing enough to hold the sketches together.

Andy Adams, author of "The Log of a Cowboy," has completed a romance of old Texas, to be called, "A Texas Matchmaker."

The Macmillan Company will publish at once what is said to be a remarkable series of "Illustrations to Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book," by two well-known English artists, Mr. Maurice and Edward Detmold. The sixteen pictures are reproduced in color. The edition is limited to five hundred copies.

M. Paoli, the celebrated French special commissary of police, who for many years had accompanied kings, queens, princes, and other great personages during their tours through France, is about to publish in Paris the first volume of his memoirs. In this volume he confines himself to narrating everything interesting relative to the visits of the late Queen Victoria to the South of France. The volume, it is said, will be first submitted to King Edward the Seventh before its appearance in public.

Gouverneur Morris, who visited California a few months ago, shares the migratory tendency of the average modern novelist. He is now sojourning in India, where he is living among the natives, hobnobbing with rajahs, and making a close study of Indian conditions, with a view to a future novel.

John La Farge's book, "Great Masters," is announced for early publication. It contains biographical and critical essays on Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, Dürer, and Hokusai, and is illustrated with sixty-seven full-page engravings, entirely covering the field of classic art.

The Revell Company says that the four books of Ralph Connor, published during the last four years, have aggregated a sale of more than a million copies. Who is Ralph Connor?

Paris is in a fine frenzy over the De Blowitz memoirs, presumably because the reminiscences are so appallingly frank concerning things French; and the Parisian reviewers are hurling insults at M. de Blowitz as only Parisian journalists can.

Alfred Henry Lewis has swung from "The Boss" and New York politics back to the scenes of his early Wolfville success, and is hard at work on a novel of the plains.

Herbert Spencer's publishers announce that his autobiography is already in print.

Henry W. Boynton's "Bret Harte," in the Contemporary Men of Letters Series, is a brief, clear, and readable sketch. The author's feelings about Harte's whole contribution to letters is indicated on his first page thus epigrammatically: "He had one brilliant vision, and spent the rest of his life reminding himself of it."

Mr. Zangwill is writing a book on Zionism, in which he deals minutely and at some length with the problem of the return of the Jews to Palestine. It is expected to appear some time next spring.

The name "Aquila Kempster," which appears on the title-page of "The Mark," is not a pseudonym. The author is a newspaper man of New York.

Herbert Spencer was the originator of that severely overworked phrase, "the survival of the fittest." But he never approved the use to which it has often been put in the defense of all kinds of spoliation of the weak by the

strong. Huxley once wrote that the substitution of the "survival of the fittest" for "natural selection" was "unlucky," and had "done much harm," because the fittest under some conditions may be ethically the worst, and their survival work toward degradation.

CHRISTMAS VERSE.

A Ballad of the Nativity.

Now it was Mary dreamed this dream,
Ere yet her Child was born
In that poor place in Bethlehem,
In that poor stall forlorn,
Before the dark of night had fled
And given place to morn.

She fell asleep and dreamed this dream
That filled her heart with fear—
That she had died that One might live
Whose life was very dear,
And that she never saw His face
Or dried His earliest tear.

She dreamed that her own life went out—
Her life divinely sweet—
Ere she could press His little hands
Or kiss His little feet,
Or know the bliss that was to make
Her womanhood complete.

She dreamed she died before she knew
The trembling joy to say,
"I am a mother, I whose life
So bleak was yesterday;
I know at last that perfect hour
For which all women pray."

Oh, strangely came this dream to her,
This dream of utter woe,
While through the dark Judean night,
Above the wastes of snow,
A star flamed in the midnight heaven
And set the East aglow.

And ere the pallid dawn had come
To break her sacred rest,
She awakened with a startled moan
And tears the hitherest,
And lo! she felt two little hands
Clasped close upon her breast!

—Charles Hanson Towne in Lippincott's Magazine.

When Mary Woke.

It was Mary slept on the fragrant hay—
As a folded lily sleeps—
With the Christ-Child close in her circling arms
As leaf to the blossom keeps,
And the moonlight stole through the stable door
As a careful watcher creeps.

It was Mary woke in the quiet morn—
Most good was her smile to see—
"Oh, fair little Son, I have dreamed a dream
As sweet as a dream may be."
And the heart of the Christ-Child answered,
Though never a word spake He.

"For I saw Thee stand in a lofty place,"
She said, "amid honors meet;
There were roses red in Thy open hands
And roses red at Thy feet."
"Oh, Mother, my Mother, yea, roses red
As blood in my veins may heat."

"And I heard the sound of the joy of men,
And Thine were their cries," she said,
"And they gave Thee drink in a carven cup
One raised to Thy lordly head."
"Oh, Mother, the drink that I drink that day
Is as tears Thy eyes must shed."

"And a ring of the beaten gold," she said,
"The circlet above Thy hair,
Oh, I dreamed I saw Thee a crowned king
In a wondrous crown and rare."
"Oh, my Mother, the crown men keep for me
The flesh of my brow must tear."

"And behold, on my own glad breast," she said,
"Oh, methought, right royally,
Were seven great jewels that flashed and shone,
Fair gifts that I had from Thee."
"Oh, Mother, the seven wounds in Thy heart
Thou shalt bear for love of Me!"

It was Mary who soothed the Christ-Child's tears,
Nor deemed that He wept Her pain
What time on the hill of Calvary,
In the driven mist and rain,
On the blown, bleak hill of Calvary,
Her dream should be dreamed again.

—Theodosia Garrison in Bazar.

There was a Baby Born in Bethlehem.

There was a baby born in Bethlehem.
I know they say
That this and that's in doubt; and, for the rest,
That learned men who surely should know best
Explain how myths crept in, and followers' tales
Confused the truth.

I know: but any way
There was a baby born in Bethlehem
Who lived and grew and loved and healed and taught

And died: but not to me.
When Christmas comes I see Him still arise,
The gentle, the compassionate, the wise,
Wiping Earth's tears away, stilling her strife;
Calling, "My path is peace: my way is life!"
—Collier's Weekly.

"In Dollars and Democracy," Sir Philip Burne-Jones has written out his impressions of American social and public life obtained in his recent sojourn of a year in the United States.

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Secretary.

THE HOLIDAY BOOK MART.

The Frivolity of the Fashionable Bindings of Books.

To-day is the bookbinder's day. Never since the gold-wrought papyrus of the Egyptians has the outward and visible sign of the book held such high carnival as it does to-day.

The bookshelf of our forefathers held a sober array of heavy, calf-bound volumes, secured, perhaps, by a leathern thong. And by reason of its durability that good old calf is ours to-day—a ponderous Bible, perchance, or Sir Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler," published three centuries ago, and so on to the end. A man's library was then a serious matter, and his books, like his conscience, hide-bound and eternal.

But in these latter days, book-binding, with many other abuses, has run riot until we find in the modern book-shop every form of frivolity from vellum to oil-cloth regardless of the subject-matter within.

Enter any book-shop, behold we are immediately in the presence of the wise and great. But how have the mighty fallen! We are looking for something by Carlyle. We find the right volume; it is of convenient size, but when we look beneath its wrapper we find a festive white and gold cover. A white and gold binding for the man who scoffs at what he himself terms "superfluous show-cloaks" and "deceptive bedizening"! Can your fancy picture rugged, grumpy old Carlyle in a white suit with gilt trimmings? We object to the binding as something to make the creator of Teufelsdröckh turn in his grave. "Oh, we have others," the good-natured salesman assures us, and hands down a volume of "Heroes and Hero-Worship," done in scarlet moire silk. Shades of the soul who battled for "stripped honesty"!

We agree with the salesman that the binding is unique, but we prefer to look further. The proud proprietor sees no satire in these settings, and calls our attention to a handsome set of handy-volume books that occupies a whole shelf. We take one down at random and find it is a flexible-back, gilt-and-green "Temple" edition of the Bible. Our random selection was the book of Job, that classic of Hebrew literature. Steadfast Job, who, from the depths of his tribulations, cried, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him!" bound after all these years in "extra-flexible" back! Ye Gods! We do not wish to trifle with the patriarchs and prophets, so we turn away. We turn to a pile of delicatessen in Mosher's "Brocade Edition." On the top lies Robert Louis Stevenson's defense of Father Damien, a manly plea in a godly cause; but "dirty Damien," as even his lovers called him, in Pompadour brocade, is a travesty on truth.

"Have you nothing simpler?" we hear a pained voice asking, which we scarcely recognize as our own.

To be sure! Our eyes are unexpectedly gladdened by a wholesome, old-fashioned, blue-and-white check. Here for once is the appropriate! And turning the pages to find the dear "Dotty Dimple" or its kind, our eye catches something like: "Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder," which gives us pause. This simple, child-like little gingham frock is worn by the "Cynic's Calendar." Did you ever hear an infant quote Diogenes?

"Perhaps something lighter would suit you better?" the indefatigable voice at our elbow suggests. "Our two best sellers are still 'Lady Rose's Daughter' and 'The Virginian.'" We take up the book with a sigh of satisfaction at noticing the lariat interwoven with the name-plate, and read the press notice that this is the long-looked-for typical American character. We forget for the moment that we are at a Masquerade of the Immortals. "Is he?" we ask, wonderingly, fingering the pages at the cottonwood episode. "I have never killed for pleasure or profit," is a proud boast to be sure, but does it not savor too strongly of "The Law of the Jungle"? and is it not more creditable to the mental attitude of a wolf than a man? We can imagine certain white settlements where non-killing is not counted as a shining virtue. But, "we have doubled our order for these two," the salesman confides to us as a blue-eyed young girl takes up the other "best seller" attracted, no doubt, by the title, "Lady Rose's Daughter"—such a pretty title, and so suggestive of innocence and sweetness!

We are lost a moment in trying to fathom the devious ways of the popular mind, when the salesman in triumph produces a new volume. A slim little book, limp of back, floppy of edge, shaggy of paper, "Sonnets from the Portuguese" we decipher among much filigree-work, somewhat awed by the presence of so much splendor. It is such a very modish edition, so hauntingly "one of the latest models from Carlsbad," with its geranium suède and Nile-green facings, that we wonder if the tender, vital text of the sonnets feels quite at home in its "dress-up" clothes, and if, perhaps, all this exterior gorgeousness is not a bit ashamed of the humble:

"For precious tears have run
The colors from my life and left so dead
And pale a stuff."

But they are pretty, amazingly pretty, some

of these holiday editions. The present fancy is certainly satisfied with the dainty kid and vellum with their exquisite tooling. It is really a most charming fad, this book-binding, but what of the books? When the day of limp backs and white vellum is done, what of the books? Because your library furnishing is strictly up to date, will you buy a new set of English classics when their present binding is passé? Would Shakespeare be banished from your modern presence because his doublet and hose are out of style? When green-and-gilt is superseded by another combination, will your family Bible be relegated to the garret? Because Job's limp back is supplanted by a stiff one, will your family record, that bears the date of your marriage, the death of your first-born, the birth of your heir, be sold at second hand?

Is nothing in this great wide world proof against the invasion of the restless fad? Is your library a storehouse for the world's wisdom, or something akin to a millinery opening?

MARGUERITE STABLER.

California's Preponderance of Brains.

Most extraordinary and remarkable testimony to the eminence in national life of men and women resident in California is contained in the last "Who's Who in America," a book which aims to include the names of all living persons of note in the country. An analysis of the names by States not only shows that California, in proportion to her population, has more persons of national distinction than any other State whatsoever in the United States, but that the entire West has proportionally more eminent men than the East, excepting only New York. For example, Michigan has almost exactly a million more people than California, yet the Wolverine State has only 240 names in "Who's Who," while California has 424. Put in another way, California has more names in "Who's Who" than Washington, Oregon, Nevada, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, New Mexico, Wyoming, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Oklahoma combined, with a population of three or four millions. It has more than three times as many as Texas with twice our population. In other words, for each "eminent" man in Texas, there are six in California. And comparison with Eastern States (excepting New York, the Mecca of brains) gives quite as striking results. Thus, though Indiana (home of authors though it be!) and Minnesota have together four million people, the list of "eminent" combined only equals this State's, Mississippi, whose population exceeds California's a few thousand, has one-eighth our number of names in "Who's Who." In fact, only four States in all have more of the "truly great" than California. These are Illinois with 951, Ohio with 535, Pennsylvania with 1,100, New York with 3,675, and Massachusetts with 1,297, and only two of them—Massachusetts and New York—have relatively a better showing. The diagram (in the *World*) from which these facts are taken also reveals that New York is the only Eastern State to which brains are migrating. She has 3,675 "eminent" now, but only 2,640 were born there. All the other Eastern States have given birth to greatness, but have lost their gifted sons to New York and "the great West." For example, 419 of those given place in "Who's Who" were born in Maine, but only 118 of those in "Who's Who" live in Maine. California shows an exactly opposite state of affairs. Only 93 persons given place in "Who's Who" were born here, but, as stated, 474 are now permanently resident within our borders. It is indeed a striking fact that the most marked intellectual activity in all departments of thought and achievement in the United States to-day centres in the city of New York and in the State of California.

The Pitiable Poeticule.

It is said that nine-tenths of the volumes of verse printed in this country are published at the expense of their authors, an expense amounting in each case to several hundred dollars—so strong is the "itch of writing," so intense the desire to see one's poems in print. And still they come—scores of "thin flat books of thin flat verse" during the past few weeks. Many of the less wise poetasters argue with the reader or critic in a preface, some wittily, some gravely. But for heart-breaking pathos, the foreword of one of the rewest "thin flat books" excels. It runs:

Six times have I printed small verse-collections privately. All these earlier ventures have long since passed into the dusk. A publisher brought out a collection in a book of standard size—an edition of a thousand copies. I believe he sold eighty, and turned the rest into pulp. These later pieces . . . may or may not be worth saving. In order to determine the point—here they are. I have printed an edition of one hundred and fifty copies—fifty for the press, one hundred for sale, should any one be inclined to buy.

"Should any one be inclined to buy!"—still he hopes a little, though dark doubt is heavy upon him!

Even writers of verse whose work is highly praised by men of discrimination had better not try to live by the rhythmic pen. Charles H. Caffin, the noted art critic, writes to the

New York *Evening Post* in behalf of a poet whose work "received the personal indorsement of such men as Professor Charles Eliot Norton and Professor James," but who "is keeping the wolf from the door by acting as superintendent of a gang of Italian laborers in the New York subway." Mr. Caffin continues:

He is a man of frail physique, which is likely to be further impaired by the damp cold of the tunnel. His friends regard him as a man of genius, and Professor James, in a personal letter, spoke of his recent book of verse as the most important published since the best of Browning and of Wordsworth; yet, for the present at least, all chance of future production is stopped through the necessity of keeping body and soul together. So simple are his tastes that six hundred dollars a year would be sufficient for his needs. If there is any one who, pitying this waste of genius, can do something to alleviate it, I shall be happy to put him or her in touch with the individual.

In the interests of romance it is to be hoped that a "her" rather than a "him" will respond.

Spurious Memoirs of the Austrian Court.

There was recently published in an Eastern weekly a full-page portrait of the "anonymous" author of the intimate memoirs entitled "The Martyrdom of an Empress" and "A Keystone of Empire." It showed her decked in furs, loaded with jewels—necklace, tiara, collar of pearls, bracelets, earrings, rings galore—and presenting withal a regal appearance. Despite this and the protests of the publishers, the memoirs are believed to be spurious. "The Martyrdom of an Empress" purported to have been written by a woman to whom the unhappy Elizabeth disclosed her inmost secrets; in the "Keystone" the impression conveyed is said to be that of an ubiquitous aid-de-camp who is within earshot during a seventeen-page "heart-to-heart talk" between the Emperor Ferdinand and the Archduchess Sophia, when the emperor "would have sincerely preferred an encounter with a virago from the slums, flying at him with oaths and curses, or tearing him bodily like a wildcat." The "Martyrdom" (says the New York *Evening Post*) reads like a caricature of Luise Muhlbach; the "Keystone" is a travesty of the Bowery melodrama. Only one thing remains unchanged: the ignorance of the author, in spite of her surface acquaintance with Vienna newspaper gossip and the reported tittle-tattle of Austrian court life. She who professes to know every thought and action of Francis Joseph and Elizabeth, misquotes the first line of the present Austrian national hymn, which every child of eight in Austria knows by heart, does not know the rank of the present Austrian chief-of-staff, and speaks of Taaffe (whose name she misspells, as she does dozens of German words) as "one of Austria's greatest prime ministers." She boldly dedicates this patchwork "to his Majesty Francis Joseph, Emperor-King of Austro-Hungary [sic], in memory of former days"! What next?

New Publications.

"The Siege of Lady Resolute," by Harris Dickson. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

"The Strange Adventures of Mr. Middleton," by Warden Corbett. Published by H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

"The Holladay Case," by Burton E. Stevenson. Illustrated. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"Doctor of Philosophy," by Cyrus Townsend Brady. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

"An Ocean Mystery," by Caroline Earle White. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.25.

Henry Harland's Italian romance, "My Friend Prospero," is announced by McClure, Phillips & Co. early in January.

"The Mutineers," by Eustace L. Williams. Illustrated. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; \$1.00 net.

"Rhymes of Real Children," by Betty Sage. Profusely illustrated by Jessie Wilcox Smith. Published by Fox, Duffield & Co., New York.

"Despotism and Democracy: A Study in Washington Society and Politics," Anonymous. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"Actual Government: As Applied Under American Conditions," by Albert Bushnell Hart, LL. D. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

"The Nature of Goodness," by George Herbert Palmer, Alford professor of philosophy in Harvard University. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.10 net.

"The Second Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of Consolation," with twenty-four colored illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson. Reprinted from the edition of 1820. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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"Dolly Varden" is one prolonged rustle and glow of costly fabrics and gay colors, moving in the stately measures of court dances. It is really a marked variation on the ordinary light-musical piece, being a powder-and-patch comedy set to music—the comedy of "The Country Girl," made familiar to many theatre-goers of past decades by Ada Rehan. Kathryn Kidder revived the piece during her last visit to San Francisco, and was a very natural hoyden, making liberal displays of the shapeliest of limbs, but being scarcely suited to the part in physiognomy at least. Lulu Glaser is better fitted to it in a way—partly through her personal type, partly from the broadly comic method that she employs in the musical version of the piece, partly from the appearance she has of rejoicing in a steady flow of unquenchable animal spirits. She is the proper height for a comic-opera heroine, who should always be little. Indeed, Miss Glaser, who is nothing if not gayly self-confident, in a self-possessed little speech, made in answer to a recall at last Saturday's matinee, thanked the audience for its cordiality on behalf of the company and, to quote her own words, "for my little self."

It takes considerable aplomb and self-assurance for an actress to apply this caressing diminutive to herself in public, but Miss Glaser partly atones for the too marked obviousness of these qualities by the spontaneous flow of her rollicking gaiety, and by the delighted response that she wins from her audiences. Everything she does is open and hearty. She rains unfeigned jollity about her, the actors sometimes finding it difficult to maintain their gravity under a sudden *sotto-voce* jest flung casually upon the air by this liveliest of singing soubrettes. The matinee girls hent in ecstatic laughter, ejaculating between gasps, "Isn't she cute? What a darling!" In fact, it was in every way evident that Miss Glaser's confidence in her charm, though too patent, is not overweening.

She is still young, tolerably pretty—in profile—and is just about the right girth: plump, with not a bone showing, but not at all thick in figure. She makes a most engaging hoy, looking as trim as a toy soldier in her natty blue and white uniform. As the country hoyden in petticoats, she maintains an air of gawkiness to the last. She clumps her feet, sniffs, speaks in a loud, unmodulated voice, breaks suddenly into foolish laughter, jumps over her train, and does a great many things that are old tricks of the trade; but she does them with such an air of robust enjoyment that the audience falls into mood, and laughs unrestrainedly.

So well does she carry the situation—in the matter of mood, at least—that it does not really occur to one until the first act is over that there is no male comedian in the cast, and that Miss Glaser is practically carrying all the comedy of the thing on her own shoulders.

The piece, it seems, has not been particularly successful in the East. Auditors, perhaps, have missed that tried and trusted institution, the comic-opera comedian. Yet, as presented at the Columbia, "Dolly Varden" seems to have every other requisite for success.

The costumes are stiff with newness and richness, the stage settings are of the most tasteful description, the coloring of backgrounds and costumes particularly pleasing. Thus the eye, that most exigent of organs in this sort of entertainment, is well considered, and amply placated. The chorus-girls, it is true, are not show-girls, having been selected more for vocal ability than for beauty, but with a stage turned into a perfect garden of Dolly Vardens bending and curtsying in the graceful evolutions of the minuet, the sense of beauty is well satisfied.

In the matter of voice, the female chorus shines particularly, possessing an ample volume of fresh, sweet tone, and showing more than usual evidences of the careful drill which is almost invariably a big factor in the success of these comic-opera productions.

The score, which is Julian Edward's work, abounds in pretty numbers, full of that facile sweetness which lingers in the ear, and starts an audience on its homeward way humming the most tuneful airs. Indeed, the entire matinee audience—principally women—joined *sotto-voce* in the soft final measures which celebrated the union of an octet of lovers.

The composer seems to have spread himself particularly on numbers for male voices, notably in "We Met in Lover's Lane," a song for a duet, with choral accompaniment, sung

by John Dunsmore, whose voice is deep and resonant, but whose delivery is close-mouthed and impassive. This song, with its crescendo of striking chords, bears some resemblance to "The Lost Chord."

"He Must Be Punished" is a noticeably fine finale for the first act, and "The Song of the Swords," which is both pictorially and musically effective, calls upon male voices exclusively for its rendering.

If one scans over the list of songs, one finds Dolly's name down but three times, the burden of the soprano music falling to Lillian Wallbridge, a young lady with a somewhat colorless stage presence, but a light, sweet, agreeable voice. Messrs. Fitzgerald, Blake, and Girard, a daintily costumed trio of sparks, were adapted to their characters in dandy airs and graces, the latter being a most graceful dancer for a man of his height, and possessing a good, competent baritone.

Lulu Glaser sings comparatively little, and, when she does, shows at once that she customarily sacrifices sweetness of tone to exaggerations of comic effect. She is a comedian first; the singing is of secondary importance. Talking is more in her line, and she joys in it to such an extent that the listener at times suspects her of improvising, because her lines are so much in character. There was surely a good deal more of Lulu Glaser than of Stanislaus Stange in that fluent fanfaronade of fibs concerning Letitia's elopement; which Dolly turns out impromptu to allay the suspicions of her guardian.

In court dress, with towering white wig and diamonds, Miss Glaser loses in character for the part, looking older and worldly wise, with her emphasized black brows and her patches; but in the little Dolly Varden suit of white and coral, and with a snood of pink over her tumbling curls, she is so witching a figure that she quite cuts herself out as a bediamonded court beauty.

The production, in every respect except the beauty of the women, reaches the standard outlined by George Edwards in a recent London interview, in which he says that his aim is "pretty music, pretty women, pretty dresses, and lots of fun."

That trait in the English, which makes them so loyal to tradition, has maintained, in London, the annual revival of the Christmas pantomime, a species of entertainment which British granddads insist is capable of inspiring in a sexagenarian the ecstasies of juvenility. Their protests, no doubt, have their root in this same reverence for tradition which decrees that the Christmas season should be the silly season in dramatics, no doubt because it is, or should be, the children's holiday time.

Wise saws and modern instances have no place in the Christmas play, which should inspire laughter and good cheer—for a time; until the bills come in, at least, pessimism is downed. Theoretically, everybody is in jovial mood. What matter that your Christmas list and turkey rates are equally inflated, that the cook is both frail in health and temper, and that you have invited half a dozen guests to dinner? On with the dance, let joy be unconfined, till that day of fate when the bills come in!

And so, everything is merry at the theatres, with jokes popping like corks, and audiences in indulgent holiday mood. I had never known before that "Blue Jeans" was a mirthful melodrama, having seen on the billboards thrilling lithographs of a staring-eyed figure lying in the track of a devastating buzz-saw, awaiting the dreadful doom of bisection.

The man who wrote "Blue Jeans," one Joseph Arthur, is a money-winner from the million—one who can mix mirth and melodrama to taste, with just a few spoonfuls of conventional sentiment. There is a plentiful quantity of humor in "Blue Jeans," of a vigorous sort that inspires laughter in divers types. There is constant bustle and movement of things relevant or irrelevant; there are a couple of political gatherings, two or three love-affairs, the old folks at home, a family reunion, a village dance, a barbecue, a Christmas tree, an adventuress (who is a sort of human Chili-pepper, with a dash of cat, and who wears the scarlet livery of her tribe); there is a three-quarters villain, a spread-eagle politician, a golden-haired child, and what not?

All these elements are flung together in some kind of shape, and the members of the Alcazar Company have applied themselves with immense enjoyment to acting the piece in traditional style.

Adele Block is the country Circe, and plays the part appropriately, in Carmenesque spirit. Frances Starr has a rôle bearing some similarity to that which she filled in "A Poor Relation." She is a taking little actress, clever and adaptable. Like Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm—Kate Douglas Wiggin's newest heroine—and who, I suspect from various family resemblances, has partial root in Mrs. Wiggin's own nature—Miss Starr "couldn't be kept in the background; it positively refused to hold her."

Harry Hilliard came out as a long-legged, gawky, carrotty-headed rustic, and in a scene in which, for lack of knowledge of table manners, he plays the sedulous ape to his host, he was—and James Durkin, as well—enormously funny.

Toward the latter part, the play is unduly

extended, and the humor lacks body. But there is plenty of excitement in the buzz-saw scene, which contains a very realistic contest in fisticuffs, and is an all-round thriller.

Santa Claus, in later acts, may have been interpolated for the season—or, perhaps, is the author's happy inspiration. At all events, there was a Christmas tree, and the golden-haired child was stripped to her red flannel pajamas, endured in her nightie, and after hanging up her stocking was put to sleep in a very chilly looking chair—to the delight of an attentive and ravished audience. Infallible is thy instinct, O Joseph Arthur! Would that I could write a pot-boiler like "Blue Jeans"! It is disjointed, inconsequent, illogical, prolix, but it is successful, for it reaches the Great Heart of the great old public.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

"The Pit" Scored in Chicago.

The dramatization of Frank Norris's novel, "The Pit," has not met with much success in Chicago. James O'Donnell Bennett scores the Brady production as follows: "Mr. Pollock has set forth only the bare skeleton of Mr. Norris's novel. He has preserved none of its charm of characterization, and has lost all its atmosphere of sincerity. There are wastes of dialogue that lead to no important developments, and there are many incidents which serve only to retard the action. The tale as told in the play is merely a melodramatic rehash of a theme which has been wrought out with skill and delicacy from a very early period of French and English drama—the theme of the young wife tempted to a great mistake through her husband's devotion to business and consequent neglect of her."

With the exception of Wilton Lackaye, Mr. Bennett considers the acting as "loud" and commonplace. He adds: "The stage management was as bad as it possibly could be, the costumes of the women inharmonious, and the scenery utterly inadequate. Nothing about this whole play—from either the point of view of literature or of stagecraft—rings true. It is a sordid keel-hauling of a dead man's honest work. It trades upon an honored name. If it did not pretend to be something it is not, it could be passed by with that tolerance any harmless piece of clap-trap would receive. Being, as it is, a presumptuous and impudent sham, it deserves outspoken contempt."

The New York Times will soon occupy its new up-town offices. Its old home, the Park Building, on Broadway, will be improved by the addition of two and a half stories.

Dividend Notices.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, Corner Webb.—For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and one-half (3½) per cent. on term deposits, and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1904.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half year ending with December 31, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum, on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1904.

GEORGE TOWNRY, Secretary.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY, corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the six months ending December 31, 1903, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company, as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 to 6 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1904. Dividends not called for are added to the principal after January 1, 1904.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 710 Market Street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and twenty-one hundredths (3.21) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1904.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street.—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1903, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1904. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1904.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 Montgomery Street, Mills Building.—For the half year ending December 31, 1903, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after January 2, 1904.

FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

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Special matinee New Year's Day. Tremendous success of the holiday spectacle,
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A mythological musical extravaganza in three acts. One hundred and fifty people on the stage. Beautiful ballets, gorgeous transformation, "Excelsior."

Usual popular prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Proscenium and mezzanine box seats, \$1.00. Seats on sale two weeks in advance.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Two weeks, beginning next Monday, December 28th, matinees New Year's Day and Saturday, Charles Frohman presents Clyde Fitch's best play,
THE GIRL WITH THE GREEN EYES
A strong cast of San Francisco favorites, including Ida Conquest, Robert Drout, Mrs. Thomas Whifton, Grace Henderson, and others.
Soon to appear—Ibsen's Ghosts.

ALCAZAR THEATRE. Phone "Alcazar." BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.
Extra matinee New Year's Day, the enormously successful realistic production,
BLUE JEANS
The apple orchard, the brass band, the pet bull calf, the Santa Claus scene, the great buzz-saw sensation.
Evenings, 25c to 75c. Saturday and Sunday matinees, 15c to 50c.
Monday, January 4th—A Lady of Quality.

CENTRAL THEATRE. Phone South 533. BELASCO & MAYER, Proprietors.
Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.
New Year's week, starting December 28th, matinees New Year's, Saturday and Sunday, the successful rural drama,
THE DAIRY FARM
Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, 25c.
New Year's week, January 4th—Monte Cristo.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Matinee Friday (New Year's Day) and Saturday. Beginning to-morrow matinee, December 27th, the peculiar comedian, Mr. W. B. PATTON, in the beautiful pastoral play,
THE MINISTER'S SON
Beginning Sunday matinee, January 3d, JO KELLY, in the musical cut-up,
THE HEAD WAITERS
Prices—Evenings, 15c, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Matinees, 15c, 25c, and 50c.

Orpheum
Week commencing Sunday matinee, December 27th. Special matinee New Year's, second and last week of the
GREAT ORPHEUM ROAD SHOW
Change of programme, and augmented by VICTOR MOORE and EMMA LITTLEFIELD.
Reserved seats, 25c; balcony, 10c; opera chairs and box seats, 50c. Regular matinees Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

A New Fitch Play.

"The Girl With the Green Eyes," a new Clyde Fitch play, will be presented at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, beginning Monday evening. The theme of the play is jealousy, which has its birth even at the wedding, the playful kissing of the bridesmaids by the groom being distasteful to the bride. Her jealousy, nursed by suspicion, grows into such a passion that her husband leaves her. Mr. Fitch brings about a happy ending, though, without counteracting the lesson conveyed. There are some unusual scenes in the play, in which comedy and tragedy hobnob. There is a smart wedding in the first act, and in the second is a "personally conducted" party going through the art galleries of the Vatican. The people selected for this production are not strangers to San Francisco. Ida Conquest, who supplanted Clara Bloodgood in the leading rôle, is a great favorite here. She last appeared at the Columbia Theatre with William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes." Robert Drouet, who played such an admirable Armand to Mary Mannering's matinee performance of "Camille," a year ago, will be the husband. Mrs. Whiffen is in the cast, as also is Grace Henderson. Among the others are Rose Flynn, Edith Shayne, Frank Dekum, William H. Tooker, H. E. Asmus, and little Edith Talliafero.

A New Play in a New House.

The new Tivoli Theatre was dedicated Wednesday night by the production of "Ixion; or, the Wheelman," a Christmas show, by Ferris Hartman. Several new people were introduced, among them Bessie Tannehill, singing character comedienne, and Wallace Brownlow, the Australian baritone. Old favorites—among them Ferris Hartman, Arthur Cunningham, Edward Webb, Anna Lichter, and Annie Myers—also appeared. The piece is a jumble of fun and frolic, with one hundred and fifty people in the cast, and with five ballets and a transformation scene. The new theatre has a stage one hundred and twenty feet in width, sixty-eight feet in depth, and sixty feet in height, giving ample room for large productions. The arrangement of the seats is such that the stage can be plainly seen from any part of the house. The chairs are large and roomy, and are placed at a sufficient distance apart to avoid any crowding. The theatre is beautifully decorated in cream, green, and gold, with an artistic disposition of lights. It is perfectly ventilated and heated, and has numerous exits to Eddy and Mason Streets. The capacity of the house will be twenty-two hundred. No smoking will be permitted on the lower floor or in the first balcony, but it will be allowed in the upper gallery or promenade circle, where refreshments will be served. This part of the house will be reached by elevator.

Realism at the Alcazar.

"Blue Jeans," the realistic combination of melodrama and comedy, will continue another week at the Alcazar Theatre. The village brass band, the barbecue, the singing mill-hands, the Christmas Eve celebration, and other homely sights and sounds appeal to the holiday audiences. The stirring feature of the play, and the one that arouses suspense and enthusiasm, is the sawmill scene, in which the hero is saved from the teeth of the deadly buzz-saw. The acting, for the most part good, is supplemented by excellent staging, and by the introduction of pigeons, a calf, and other barn-yard adjuncts. On January 4th, the Alcazar will present "A Lady of Quality," by Frances Hodgson Burnett and Stephen Townsend. Julia Arthur's rôle of Clorinda Wildairs will be played by Adele Block.

New People at the Grand.

W. B. Patton, the "peculiar comedian," and company will begin a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House on Sunday. The play presented will be "The Minister's Son," embodying a story of life in a down East village. The principal character is Simon Ray, the minister's son. He believes he has perfected a wonderful invention, and at last succeeds in interesting a capitalist in his work. Meantime, his sister is lured away from home by a scoundrel, whom Simon, having become rich, forces to marry her. He returns home just in time to save his parents from being turned out of their home. There will be an extra matinee on New Year's Day. Jo Kelly and company will follow on January 3d in a musical farce, "The Head Waiters."

Rural Drama at the Central.

On Monday, the Central Theatre management will begin a special week's engagement of "The Dairy Farm," a rural comedy, new to San Francisco audiences, although it is well known in the Eastern cities. The scenes of the play are laid in upper New York State in the early 'fifties. A factor in the development of the story is the slavery question, and the campaign which ended in the defeat of Fremont enters largely into the play. There is an old-fashioned rally, in which the

abolitionists and pro-slavery advocates are in opposing array. Love, humor, and thrilling situations are introduced. Several of the players who appeared in the play in the East will be seen at the Central. Theodore T. Rook will appear as Simon Krum, the miser and slave trader; Tony West will be Joel Whitbeck, the quaint country peddler; Helen Hartley will appear as Eunice Perkins, the rich village girl; and Sarah Ward will have the rôle of Miss Newkirk, the housekeeper. Members of the Central's regular stock company will also appear, Herschel Mayall and Miss Eugenie Thais Lawson being the young lovers, while Miss Myrtle Vane will be Minty, the village tomboy. The play will be realistically staged, showing the farm, the village street, the country store, and other rural scenes.

"I-O-U" Still on at Fischer's.

The successful run of "I-O-U," the popular burlesque at Fischer's Theatre, will give the company an excellent opportunity to rehearse the next offering, a travesty written by a local newspaper man. In the new piece Maud Amber will be replaced by Helen Russell, said to be a statuesque beauty, and John Peachey, an Eastern baritone, will succeed Winfield Blake. Charles Candie, the new musical director who comes to Fischer's Theatre next week, was with Klaw & Erlanger for years.

The Last of the Road Show.

During its second and last week's engagement, the Orpheum Road Show will be augmented by Victor Moore and Emma Littlefield, who present a skit entitled "Change Your Act." In a manner both amusing and pathetic, they portray a wandering vaudeville couple who have "made good" in the West and are trying to impress a New York manager. They are shown in a morning rehearsal, interrupted by the work of the stage hands. Mr. Moore and Miss Littlefield are extremely clever, and introduce many specialties. Elizabeth Murray has new songs and stories, and Ernest Hogan and Mattie Wilkes will change their specialties, and the Melani trio and Beckhoff and Gordon have new numbers. The trained dogs, Reynard, the ventriloquist, Albertus and Millar, and the Nightingale complete the bill. In addition to the four regular matinees, a performance will be given on Friday afternoon, January 1st.

At this time of the year, the London variety houses are denuded of all their best drawing names for ten weeks or more, to lead holiday pantomime productions all over the country. In London there will be over twenty, and scarcely a theatre in the rest of England but what will mount one. "Dick Whittington and His Cat," "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," "Robinson Crusoe," "Sinbad the Sailor," "Blue Beard," will again be the most popular themes.

The leading feature of the racing at Ingle-side next Friday, January 1st, will be the New Year Handicap, one mile and a furlong, for two-year-olds and upwards. The entry will be sixty dollars, ten dollars forfeit, with a two-thousand-dollar purse added. There are many entries, and it promises to be a close and exciting event.

The Tavern of Tamapais greets the traveler after a unique journey up the side of the mountain. It can not be excelled for a day's outing-place. The view, both along the road and after reaching the end of the ride, embraces bay and ocean, cities and towns, and can never be forgotten.

A twenty-five story business building, to cost \$1,500,000, is to be erected on the old Trinity building site, on Broadway, New York. The lot, which is only forty-five feet wide, but is worth \$2,500,000, is said to be the most valuable in the world in proportion to its size.

A New Comedian in "Pagliacci."

Fun was lent to a recent performance of "Pagliacci" at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, by the donkey that drew the cart in which rode Sembrich as Nedda and Caruso as Canio. Before they had an opportunity to alight, the donkey sat down, nearly upsetting the singers, then cocked his ears forward and, wagging his head, refused to budge. The audience howled with delight, and demanded the return of the new comedian after the combined efforts of the singers, chorus, and stage-hands had removed him from the glare of the calcium. It was some time before the singers could get the audience to look upon the opera in a serious light.

Lillian Russell's daughter is to follow her mother upon the stage. She is eighteen years old, and last summer surprised her friends by quietly marrying Abbott Louis Einstein, a young lawyer, and then telephoning the news to her home. Miss Russell promptly forgave her daughter, and is said to fully approve of her decision to begin a stage career. For her stage name Mrs. Einstein has combined her own and her mother's names, and she will be known professionally as Dorothy Russell. She is to play the part of one of the Kay girls, in the English musical comedy, "The Girl From Kay's."

The Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph says that Camille Saint-Saëns has just finished his new opera, which will be entitled "Helen and Paris." The work is in one act, and has three scenes, each of considerable length. It will be brought out at Monte Carlo next February. The character of Helen has been intrusted to Mme. Melba. M. Alvarez, of the Grand Opéra, will be Paris, and it is possible that Mme. Heglon, also of the Académie Nationale de Musique, will sing the part of Venus.

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VANITY FAIR.

"Start a society for the suppression of Christmas presents" is a jocular suggestion made in a story in one of the current magazines. It sounds the note of a needed reform, and is a hint of rebellion against the exaggerated proportions to which the custom of exchanging Christmas presents is carried nowadays. The old Christmas, a season of good cheer and pleasant hospitalities, but most of all the festival time of the year to children, has been elbowed out of place by the Christmas of to-day. To most people the holiday season now means a prolonged series of shopping tours, of hurrying from shop to shop during the last weeks of the year, when the days are shortest and the weather wears its most unfavorable aspect: when counters are crowded, and the whole community is absorbed in a like pursuit. Each individual has before him a weighty task. He, or rather she—for women are greatly in the majority among the shoppers—must select a suitable holiday gift for each member of her household, for her relatives, near and remote, for her friends, sometimes for mere acquaintances. When the presents to be chosen range in number from half a dozen to six or seven times as many, and must be purchased with due regard to economy, it may be granted that the task of suiting everybody is an impossible one, and, as a matter of fact, after Christmas has come and gone, people generally find that they have acquired a number of new possessions which they do not want, and have parted with a considerable sum of money in equipping their friends with offerings equally misplaced.

All this is a deterioration from the pretty old German custom of an exchange of Christmas greetings. We are falling into a yearly give-and-take system, where petty emotions hold sway and the element of spontaneous giving is altogether lacking. Christmas belongs first of all to the children, and the greed of the elders is robbing them of its best privileges. Even the little ones now are trained to con over their "lists," and, all too early, they join the ranks of the distraught Christmas shoppers. To children the real joy of Christmas is a bounty from the unknown, from the invisible Santa Claus, who belongs to the old-time Christmas; to-day, the new generation is accustomed to the blatant Santa Claus of Commerce, the walking advertisement of the toy stores. In his loud-mouthed presence imagination is shattered, and the charming old myth is crushed into lifelessness. Truly, there is need among us for a "Society for the Suppression of Christmas Presents." The children would come into their own again, the elders might enjoy immunity from an annual bondage, and the overworked employees in every department of trade, no longer dreading the approach of the holiday season, would rise up and call its founder blessed.

A disgusted lady, who thinks that the present styles in women's dress have never been surpassed for ugliness, discomfort, and even impropriety, says in the New York Sun: "The head of the woman is 'pompadoured,' yet Mme. de Pompadour, though she raised her hair to a foot above her head, permitted herself to show a forehead—while the 1903 fashionable not only raises the hair from three to six inches above her scalp, but puts a heavy wad of it down to the eyebrows, bunches it out at the back and sides, and tousles it up until she looks as much like a maniac as anything else. Next, she puts on an enormous hat, which may stand up a foot from her forehead, or project as far in front of it, trimmed with immense flowers, branching feathers, or even stiff quills stuck across the brim. About her neck flows a long boa of chiffon or ostrich plumes, which affords warmth to the back of her neck only, but gives ample occupation in the effort to keep it on. The waist of her dress is drawn down to a peak in front, the said peak frequently being stuffed out with horsehair, or something which makes the woman look as if she had a tumor on her stomach. The curves of the natural figure are so completely obscured by this means that now a good figure can not be distinguished from a bad one. The skirts are made so tight from the hips to the knees that they are difficult to sit down or walk in, while they accentuate most painfully those hips which nature has made excessively large or unpleasantly flat. The bother and uncleanliness of the trains need not be commented on. I should think artists and sculptors would want to flee the country!"

The Countess Vseski Kwielecky, known throughout Europe as one of the most beautiful and talented noblewoman on the Continent, has been declared by the highest court in Germany to be the mother of her own son, as the conclusion of a long and sensational trial. The case in number of dramatic details rivals any that has appeared in European courts of justice for half a century. For nearly a month it furnished the chief topic of conversation among fashionable and court circles of Berlin, and throughout the trial the hall of the Moabit court-house, which was the scene of the investigation, was packed with a curious throng, in which could be found

nearly every great lady of Berlin and every man of leisure who could force his way in. The countess was charged by a rival branch of the family, headed by Count Hector Kwielecky, with having falsely represented that she had given birth to a male child in Berlin on January 27, 1897. Her husband, Count Kwielecky, was accused of having conspired with her to represent a supposititious child purchased from a poor woman in Cracow as their son and heir, with a view to preventing their entailed estate of Vroblevo from passing out of their branch of the family to another line of Kwielecky. In the dock with the count and countess were the midwife, Katharina Ososka; Josepha Koska, an aged female servant; and her daughter, also a servant of the countess. These three women were charged with being accessories to the crime. The star witness for the branch of the family headed by Count Hector was Ososka, the midwife, who testified that the boy was her son, and that the father was an Austrian lieutenant. She had sold the boy when he was only five weeks old, she testified, to the Countess Kwielecky for forty dollars. Experts were called in to prove her statements impossible. The court painters decided the case by comparing facial characteristics, point by point. They declared that the boy was the image of the countess. Particularly the ear stood the test completely. A prelate testified to the excellence of the countess's character. The parish priest, the housekeeper, the forester, ladies in waiting, and nobles testified to the rank falsehood of Count Hector's charges.

"Every afternoon when the court rose," says one Berlin correspondent, "Count Zbigniew-Wesierski, an admirable figure of the ancien régime, stretched his hand across the bar to his countess, and kissed her fingers. Gradually Count Hector and his followers, who pushed their accusations with all the bitterness of a deathless hatred, became aware that the woman who sat in the dock could not be ruined. The court and spectators were enthusiastic, and even tearful, in their protestations of her innocence, and of the genuineness of the well-bred, smiling little chap in the court usher's chair. Just before the jury rendered its verdict, Count Hector, a grim old figure, arose and solemnly declared that if the court would oust the little boy from his title and possessions, he, the next heir-at-law, would waive all rights thus conferred on him by the courts, just to show that he was disinterested. But the court refused to contemplate his offer, and refused to condemn the little count with the blond curls and courtly mien to a life in a midwife's cabin. The jury found the count and countess guilty of any crime, and the three, the gray-haired count, the slender, haughty countess, and their silk-stockinged little heir, left the court together to hold the most enthusiastic reception that the German capital has given any one, even Emperor William, for years."

A London newspaper man recently secured from Herr Kubelik, the famous young violinist, an expression of his opinion regarding the tender persecution which he suffers at the hands of women. "The ladies, ah! the ladies!" said the violinist; "yes, they have been always very kind to me. All that the newspapers have told, however, has not been quite true; but many things have happened which have not been told in the newspapers. They send flowers—flowers always—and rings, and pins, diamonds, and many presents. And you must play again and again and again for the ladies. At first, when I appeared in public, it was very embarrassing. But afterward—well, you get accustomed to everything with time. And it is always the same. In all countries they are alike. I think that, perhaps, the American ladies are most courageous. Yes, in Brooklyn, I was most embarrassed one afternoon. I had played many times, but the ladies would not let me get away—they crowded round and held me fast, and when at last I got free my coat was in parts—yes, in holes." When asked if these demonstrations had ceased since his marriage, Kubelik seemed more amused than ever. "Oh, no, not at all," he laughed; "since then they have been more courageous than ever before."

Commenting on the horrors of the modern Pullman car, Edward W. Townsend says: "The modern sleeping-car is without fault, flaw, or blemish as an example of a means for man's discomfort. In any first-class hotel a room with bath may be had for five dollars a day, and a comfortable bedroom, with a bath near by, may be had in a score of New York hotels for one dollar or one dollar and a half a day. Those hotels cost millions of dollars, some of them, their suites as much more, and the servants are nearly as numerous as the guests. On a sleeper, after paying your fare, you pay five dollars a day for a bunk less roomy than Jack's shelf in the fore-castle, and divide with thirty or forty other passengers the services of one servant—whose wages you pay. Once these cars had 'wash-rooms,' now they have none; though you may, with infinite trouble, draw a pan of water in a den used by smokers by day and as the porter's bedroom by night.

After one trip a sleeping-car can not be made decently clean. Its deep, hot plush upholstery, model germ traps, can be purified only by fire; and the carpets of this hideous combination bedroom, dining-room, living-room, and toilet-room in one, appall the imagination and prosper the grave-digger. That only a contortionist can undress and dress within the space given to that purpose on a sleeper is not to be complained of. If you are not a contortionist, don't travel; telephone."

E. H. Harriman intends to substitute white porters for negroes on sleeping and parlor-cars on the Union Pacific road. This change is to be made gradually, and is of an experimental character. The Union Pacific passenger department has received complaints for nearly a year that negro porters were impudent and inattentive to their duties, except when in receipt of liberal "tips." In fact, in some instances aggressive insistence upon "tips" has become a crying nuisance. Orders have gone out on some divisions of the Union Pacific system to dispense with negro porters and employ in their stead white men at an advance of twelve dollars and fifty cents per month in wages. The reason assigned is "for the good of the service." If white porters prove effective and acceptable, the change will probably be made general on all Harriman transcontinental lines.

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SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
December 17th....	54	50	Tr.	Pt. Cloudy
" 18th....	52	48	.36	Rain
" 19th....	54	50	.06	Pt. Cloudy
" 20th....	52	47	.00	Clear
" 21st....	56	46	.00	Clear
" 22d....	58	46	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Tuesday, December 22, 1903, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%....	100	@ 108	107 3/4	108 1/2
Hawaiian C. S. 5%.	1,000	@ 99	102 1/2
Los Angeles Light- ing 5%.....	1,000	@ 103	104 1/2
Market St. Ry. 1st Con. 5%.....	2,000	@ 113	112 1/4	
Oakland Transit 5%.	2,000	@ 110	109 3/4	110 1/2
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.	12,000	@ 106 1/2-107	107	
Sac. Electric Gas & Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 100	99	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1905, S. A.....	2,000	@ 103 1/4	103	103 1/2
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1905, S. B.....	1,000	@ 104 1/4	104 1/2
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd.....	25,000	@ 106 1/2-107 1/2	107	107 1/2
S. V. Water 5% 3d	2,000	@ 98 1/4	99 3/4
	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Water, Spring Valley W. Co	376	@ 38 1/2-39	38 3/4	39 1/4
	Banks.			
Bank of California	5	@ 446 1/4	444	447
Cal. S. D. T.....	10	@ 150	152 1/2
	Powders.			
Giant Con.....	10	@ 63	62 1/4	64
	Sugars.			
Hawaiian C. & S.....	10	@ 44 1/2	44 1/4	45
Hutchinson.....	90	@ 9 1/2	9 1/4	9 1/2
	Gas and Electric.			
S. F. Gas & Electric	195	@ 66 1/2-67	66 1/2	66 1/2
	Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers...	255	@ 140-141	139 1/2	
Cal. Wine Assn....	75	@ 90-90 1/4	90	91 1/4
Oceanic S. Co....	50	@ 5 1/2	5	5 1/2

The market has the usual holiday lack of business, and on very small sales, about held their own in price.

Spring Valley Water selling at 38 1/2-39
Alaska Packers selling at 140-141
California Wine Association selling at 90-90 1/4
San Francisco Gas and Electric selling at 66 1/2-67
The Stock and Bond Exchange adjourns from Thursday, December 24th, until Monday, December 28th at 10.30 A. M.

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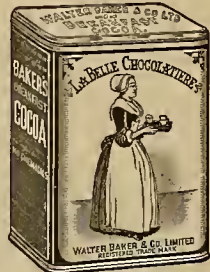
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STORYETTES.

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Here is Secretary Hay's apothegm, written when he was still able to see the comic aspect of diplomacy:

"There are three species of creatures who, when they seem coming are going. When they seem going they come: Diplomats, women, and crabs."

It is related that Pinnow, the faithful servant and personal valet of the late Prince Bismarck, who recently died, once trod on his master's gouty foot. Instead of swearing at him or even declaring he was a clumsy fool, Bismarck, noticing that Pinnow himself was frightened, said: "Consider yourself honored. No other person, my dear Pinnow, not even the Kaiser himself, would have been suffered to tread on my corns!"

The other evening, the "snuggery" in the Lambs' Club in New York was crowded with actors. Whenever a member came in he was given a cheer and a round of applause. Nat Goodwin, who had just closed his tour in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which proved a losing venture on the road, arrived. He was given a particularly enthusiastic welcome. "Thank you, gentlemen," said Mr. Goodwin; "that's more noise than I have heard since I have played Shakespeare."

Eugene Field was once visiting the house of Richard Henry Stoddard in New York. During the evening a certain well-known physician dropped in. He is a serious man, and a hit pommus. The talk turned on diet. "Doctor," said Stoddard, "I've heard that you eat two eggs at breakfast every morning the year round." "No," said the doctor, emphatically; "no; on the contrary." "On the contrary!" cried Stoddard; "what's the contrary of eating two eggs?" "Laying two eggs," came in deep, solemn tones from Field.

Whistler's amusing personal conceit was charmingly displayed on one occasion when A. G. Plowden, a London police magistrate, attended a private view at the Grosvenor Gallery. "Almost the first friend I met," he says, "was Whistler, and he very good-naturedly took me up to a full-length portrait which he was exhibiting of Lady Archibald Campbell. After I had done my best to express my humble appreciation of a beautiful picture, I asked him if there were any other pictures which he would advise me to look at. 'Other pictures,' said Whistler, in a tone of horror; 'other pictures! There are no other pictures! You are through!'"

Here is an anecdote which William Dean Howells tells of his first personal recognition as a writer: "Years ago, one evening after a day of lonely sightseeing in Montreal, I returned to the hotel where I was stopping, and consulted the register in the hope of finding the name of some acquaintance. I was disappointed, and, turning away, I met two well-dressed young men, who embraced the register eagerly, and, presently, one of them said, to my great surprise and joy: 'Hello, Tom! Here's Howells.' 'Oh!' I exclaimed, turning toward them, 'I was just looking for some one I knew. I'm glad to see you. I hope you're some fellows who know me?' 'Only through your contributions to the *Saturday Press*,' they replied. It was the first personal recognition of my work as an author that I had ever received from a stranger, and the words were golden."

Thomas A. Edison believes there is no work so mechanical as the telegraph operator's. To prove his deductions, he relates this incident: "One night when I was a 'cub' operator in Cincinnati, I noticed an immense crowd gathering in the street outside a newspaper office. I called the attention of the other operators to the crowd, and we sent a messenger-boy out to find the cause of the excitement. He returned in a few minutes and shouted out: 'Lincoln's shot!' Instinctively the operators looked from one face to the other to see which man had received the news. All the faces were blank, and every man said he had not taken a word about the shooting. 'Look over your file,' said the boss to the man handling press stuff. For a few moments we waited in suspense, and then the man held up a sheet of paper containing a short account of the attack on the President. The operator had worked so mechanically that he had handled the news without the slightest knowledge of its significance."

Mr. Williams, the minority leader in the House of Representatives, is fond of relating the following story of some English noblemen who were traveling through the State of Texas in the early days: They were entertained by one of the local magnates who had settled there, and he took the English noblemen down to the only gentlemen's club existing at that time within

the confines of the republic, the public haroom, and while there he concluded he would impress the barkeeper with the magnitude of his social standing. So he turned to one of the visitors, and said: "My lord, I believe you are a marquis in your own country?" "Yes," "And, my lord, I believe you are an earl at home?" "Yes." Then he said, "Jim, these are marquises and earls. What do you think of them?" Jim said: "Oh, well, I don't care much about that. There ain't but two classes of men in this place. One is them that takes sugar in their, and the other is them as don't."

The recent death of Lord Rowton, Disraeli's trusted secretary and the executor of his estate, was responsible for the following explanation of how Mrs. Brydges Wiliams came to leave her fortune to Lord Beaconsfield: "Dizzy received one morning a letter from Mrs. Wiliams—whom he did not know—in which she said that she had read his novels with much interest, and would like to make his acquaintance. She also asked a question which rendered it necessary for him to answer the letter. Unfortunately, the letter was left in his greatcoat pocket, and Dizzy did not wear the coat until several months after, when he happened to be in the south of England, and in the very town in which Mrs. Wiliams lived. Coming across the letter in such circumstances, it occurred to him to call upon her, and Mrs. Wiliams was so flattered at, as she thought, his carrying the letter so long about him, and then calling, that she decided on leaving him her fortune! That shows how wise it is not to answer letters," added Lord Rowton.

A Western editor, who is the proud father of a bouncing baby boy, thus airs his views on babies: "A baby serves a manifold purpose in the world. He makes men and women more unselfish, and furnishes the amount of trouble necessary to keep them comfortably busy. He sanctifies bome, and gives the doctor an excuse to look wise. A well-ordered, well-born baby, with a red face and a bald head, is a delight, particularly when he belongs to a friend, and doesn't spend nights in your neighborhood. Every baby is the prettiest baby in the world, and it can be proved by his mother. A baby that won't eat carpet tacks, brass-headed nails, and young kittens is a mistake. Babies are bosses and boddlers. They control the first ward, along with the twelfth, rule outrageously over the counties, and take everything that comes their way without asking any questions. All babies are supposed, quite properly, to come from heaven, but what the angels, cherubim, seraphim, and the rest of the celestial population do for sleep has never been inquired into."

Some years ago, Vance Thompson was asked by his editor to secure a Christmas story if he could from Sarah Bernhardt, who was playing in New York at the time. Her secretary suggested that Thompson write a story and let her sign it as if it were her own. Accordingly, he turned out a pretty little story called "Noël." The next day, Sarah read, approved, and dashed her stunning signature on both manuscripts, and the French version and the English were printed side by side. The other day, when he visited Sarah in Paris at her big house in the Boulevard Pereire, Thompson found that she had forgotten him. He discovered this fact when he picked up a beautifully illustrated book by the tragedienne, which, to his surprise, was "Noël." Mr. Thompson was staring at it, as one stares at the ghost of an old sweetheart, when Mme. Sarah came, swift-footed, rustling in an orange-tawny morning-gown. "Oh," she exclaimed, noticing the book in his hand, "have you read it? A little thing, but real—*une trache de la vie*. It was an event in my own life that haunted me and haunted me until I simply had to write it—a fragment of my childhood—ab, those days, those days!"

—JUDGE COLT, OF THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE United States District of Massachusetts, deserves the congratulations and thanks of the American people for the broad and sweeping decision rendered November 9, 1903, restraining Adams, Taylor Co., of Boston, Mass., from using the word "Club" in connection with bottled cocktails. The complainants, G. F. Heublein & Brother, have spent much time and money in introducing the celebrated Club Cocktails, which, like all well-known and staple articles, have more or less been imitated. This decision means not only protection to the maker of the goods, but affords equal protection to the purchaser, and simplifies the matter of getting what you want and pay for.

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SOCIETY.

Christmas Jinks at the Bohemian Club.

The annual Christmas high jinks and low jinks were held at the Bohemian Club on Saturday evening, December 19th. Mr. James D. Phelan was sire of the former, and Mr. Will Irwin, of the latter. The low jinks came after the Christmas tree and supper, and was the occasion of the presentation of "Abe Hur," Mr. Irwin's clever travesty on "Ben Hur." Preceding the jinks, Mr. J. C. Wilson gave a dinner at the club, at which the guests of honor were Mr. James D. Phelan and Mr. Will Irwin. Others at table were Mr. Fremont Older, Mr. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., Captain Faison, U. S. A., Mr. E. F. Preston, Judge F. W. Henshaw, Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, Mr. R. M. Hotelling, Mr. Enrique Grau, Mr. Fred Greenwood, Mr. Willis Davis, Mr. Joseph Howell, Dr. Ainsworth, Mr. Thomas Wilson, Mr. Samuel Shortridge, Mr. Louis Sloss, Mr. Frank Deering, Mr. Vanderlynn Stow, Mr. William Greer Harrison, Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mr. Charles Wheeler, Mr. Fred Sanborn, Mr. Edgar Mizner, Mr. W. D. K. Gibson, Mr. George Field, Mr. W. R. Fletcher, Mr. Fred Hall, Mr. John Landers, Mr. R. S. Moore, Mr. J. B. Smith, Mr. Penniman, Mr. Rudolph Herold, and Mr. Charles Gibbons.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement of Miss Katherine Selfridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Selfridge, and Lieutenant Frederick G. Kellond, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., was announced on Monday at a tea given by Miss Mattie Milton at her residence, 2001 Lyon Street.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Kent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Martin Kent, and Lieutenant Gilbert N. Allen, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A.

The wedding of Miss Sarah Center Whitney, daughter of Mrs. James O. Whitney, of Berkeley, and Mr. Boardman Michael Robinson took place in Paris on November 20th at the apartments of Mrs. Webb, in the Hotel d'Jena. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson went to Barbizon on their wedding journey. They are both artists. Mrs. Robinson's chosen line being sculpture, while Mr. Robinson is a painter. They will establish a studio in New York.

Mrs. George C. Boardman has issued invitations for a tea on Wednesday, December 30th, in honor of Miss Bernie Brown.

Mrs. Will Tevis recently gave a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs. Others at table were Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss O'Connor, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase.

Mrs. William G. Irwin gave a dinner at her Broadway residence on Thursday evening in honor of Miss Marguerite Newhall and Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith.

Mrs. Samuel Knight has sent out cards for the second and fourth Fridays in January at her residence, 2621 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs will give a reception at her residence on Jackson Street on Saturday, January 2d, from four until seven o'clock.

A theatre-party of sixty people will attend the performance of "Ixion" at the new Tivoli Theatre on Monday night. Later they will enjoy a supper and dance at the Palace Hotel. Those in the party will be Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. Voorhies, Mrs. Bowie-Deitrick, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Baron and Baroness von Horst, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Sperry, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Runyon, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Major and Mrs. Krauthoff, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Major and Mrs. Payson, Miss May Colburn, Miss Grace Buckley, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, Miss Marion Huntington, Miss Elsie Tallant, Miss Edna Middleton, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Miss Etelka Wilmar, Miss Maylita Pease, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Frances Harris, Miss Helen Bowie, Miss Bessie Cole, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Steele.

Miss Katherine Herrin, Miss Bessie Wilson, Miss Towzie, Major Rochester, Mr. Will Humphreys, Mr. Metcalf, Mr. Gilmour, Mr. Hewlett, Mr. Bonfield, Mr. Ross, Mr. Warfield, Mr. Williar, Mr. Roundtree, Captain Frederick Johnson, Major Stephenson, Dr. Dunbar, U. S. N., Lieutenant Fuchs, Mr. Philip Paschal, Major Ruthers, Mr. Prescott Scott, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Dr. Edward K. Hopkins, Mr. Schumacher, Mr. Russell, Dr. Pressley, Mr. Reis, Jr., and Mr. Stent.

The annual Christmas dinner of the Cosmos Club took place Saturday evening in the new dining-room of the club. Covers were laid for nearly one hundred. A jinks was afterward held in the billiard-room.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant recently gave a luncheon at her home on Broadway, at which Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs was the guest of honor.

Mrs. Henry Lund, Jr., gave a tea at her residence on Clay Street last Sunday afternoon in honor of Captain and Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Muriel Russell, Miss Ruby Johnson, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, Miss Marian Hall, Miss Charlotte Lally, and Miss Jessie Fillmore.

Miss Elsie Sperry gave a tea at her apartments on Devisadero Street last Sunday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Frederick Palmer. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Agnes Buchanan, and Miss Steele.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge gave a luncheon on Saturday at her residence on Franklin Street in honor of her niece, Miss Mabel Dodge, of San Rafael. Others at table were Mrs. Gale, Miss Marion Huntington, Miss Georgia Wintringham, Miss Mary Foster, Miss Anna Foster, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Elsie Tallant, Miss Florence Boyd, Miss Helen Murison, Miss Sophie Borel, Miss Alice Borel, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Josephine de Guigne, Miss Marie C. de Guigne, Miss Hilda Van Sicklen, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Margaret Postlethwaite, Miss Maylita Pease, Miss Edna Middleton, Miss Alice Wilkins, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Miss Mabel Toy, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Miss Persis Coleman, Miss Hazel King, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Alice Sullivan, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, and Miss Helen Bowie.

Miss Florence Bailey gave a tea Monday at her residence on Franklin Street in honor of Miss Bessie Wilson. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, Miss Helen de Young, and Mrs. John R. Clark.

Mrs. Gerret Livingston Lansing has sent out invitations for a luncheon at the University Club on Tuesday.

Rear-Admiral Bowman McCalla, U. S. N., Mrs. McCalla, and the Misses McCalla entertained a number of friends on Christmas Eve at their quarters at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Mrs. Cesar Bertheau and Miss Anita Bertheau received two hundred guests at their residence on Vallejo Street Saturday afternoon, December 19th. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. G. F. Volkman, Mrs. A. A. Hanks, Mrs. M. A. Bertheau, Miss Janette L. Deal, Miss Alice Klein, Miss Plagemann, Miss Claudine Cotton, Miss Paula Wolff, Miss Louise Howland, Miss Lichtenberg, Miss Volkman, and Miss Pettigrew.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith gave a cotillion in honor of her daughter, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday evening. The affair was conducted by Mr. E. M. Greenway, who, with Miss Hyde-Smith, led the cotillion. Supper was served at midnight, covers being laid for one hundred and forty people. Among those who assisted in receiving were Dr. and Mrs. Garceau, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Bowie-Deitrick, Miss Sophie Coleman, Miss Grace Martin, Miss Jennie Blair, and Mr. de Guigne.

Miss Amy Gunn will give a tea at her residence on Green Street on Friday, January 1st, in honor of Miss Elsie Dow.

Mrs. Foster Dutton will give a reception on Saturday evening in honor of her sister, Mrs. Harry Macfarlane, of Honolulu.

The next Friday Fortnightly dance will take place at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening. The next Assembly dance will be held at the Palace Hotel on Friday evening.

Army and Navy News.

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., is expected to arrive on December 28th from Honolulu, where he has been studying the defenses of the Hawaiian Islands.

General Walter F. Clark, U. S. A., retired, is among the guests at the Occidental Hotel. Lieutenant-Colonel John McClellan, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., left on the Oceanic steamship *Alameda* last Saturday for his new station at Honolulu, where he is to be commanding officer.

Major Henry M. Morrow, U. S. A., judge-advocate on the staff of General Arthur MacArthur, is expecting a visit from his

mother, who will spend the rest of the winter in San Francisco.

Captain R. M. Dutton, U. S. M. C., arrived from Japan on the Japanese steamship *Nippon Maru* last Sunday.

Colonel Charles A. Woodruff, U. S. A., and Mrs. Woodruff will spend the winter months at 960 Bush Street.

Dr. Raymond Spear, U. S. N., arrived from Pago Pago Monday on the Oceanic steamship *Sierra*.

Captain Theodore B. Taylor, U. S. A., and the Misses Taylor arrived from Honolulu Monday on the Oceanic steamship *Sierra*.

Rear-Admiral Kempff, U. S. N., retired, and Miss Cornelia Kempff are in Northern Texas.

Captain Guy H. B. Smith, U. S. A., has been retired from duty at Fort Russell, and will sail for the Philippines on February 1st.

Lieutenant John H. Allen, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., upon his arrival here, will be assigned for duty at the General Hospital at the Presidio. He will relieve Lieutenant Walter C. Chidester, who will report for hospital duty at Fort Lawton.

For Lovers of Pictorial Art.

Strolling into the art gallery of the Messrs. Gump, the eye is at first dazzled and bewildered by the remarkable array of pictures of every size and theme, covering the long walls, and arranged about the centre of the large rooms.

It is only when the visitor recovers from his first surprise at seeing these well-known galleries, made still more attractive this year with gleanings from the galleries of Europe, that he is able to give his undivided attention to the notable and new paintings of this great collection.

Here, on one side, for example, he sees Francois Maury's picture, "The Heart of the Forest of Fontainebleau," whose depth, richness, and light effects are unsurpassable. There, on the farther wall, is Robert Pector's Salon painting—a flock of sheep passing through a village street under the dim light of the moon. Paintings by A. Jacomin, called in France "the painter of spring"; a head—that of a brunette—painted by Frederique Vallet-Bisson from the same model as her picture in this year's Salon; a Titian-haired girl with imperious eyes, by H. Rondel, Chevalier Knight of the Legion of Honor; Pablo Salinas's spirited picture of Arabs on the way to war—these are only a few of the more striking pieces in the Gump collection.

Without doubt, though, one of the gems of the entire exhibit—a Louis Fourteenth parlor scene, by V. Reggianini, entitled "Out of Tune," depicting a gentleman seated at a piano with four laughing ladies, evidently making fun of his playing—would alone warrant a visit to these beautiful galleries. This artist is famous for his lovely rendering of tints of silk and satin robes, and for his artistic handling of interiors, draperies, and furniture. It is exceedingly instructive and interesting to any one to visit this gallery of European masters, unquestionably the finest exhibition of art paintings imported to this city.

After next season, the American stage is to lose one of its best-known actresses. Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, who has spent almost all of the eighty-three years of her life before the theatre-going public, will retire. In order that her admirers may have an opportunity to see her as a star in her last engagement, Charles Frohman, her manager, has planned to place her at the head of a company next season, and send her on a tour in a new play by Clyde Fitch. It is understood that the title of the play will be "Grandma."

James B. Randol, a well-known member of the Pacific Union Club, died in New York on December 23d, of heart disease. Mr. Randol was an extensive owner of California mines and orchards. He was a native of New York, sixty-eight years of age, and came to California in the early 'sixties.

—THE LADIES' SHIRT WAIST CUTTER OF THE COST IS Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

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712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

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Why is Pears' Soap—the best in the world, the soap with no free alkali in it—sold for 15 cents a cake?

It was made for a hospital soap in the first place, made by request, the doctors wanted a soap that would wash as sharp as any and do no harm to the skin. That means a soap all soap, with no free alkali in it, nothing but soap; there is nothing mysterious in it. Cost depends on quantity; quantity comes of quality.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Prince Poniatowski sailed from New York last week for Paris, where he will remain all winter with his family.

Mrs. Louis F. Montague is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ellicott at their West Ninety-Eighth Street residence in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester, Miss Caroline Lester, and Miss Beatrice Lester sailed from New York last week for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney have returned from New York, and are at the St. Dunstan.

Mrs. Alfred H. Voorhies has returned from Los Angeles, where she was the guest of Mrs. O. W. Childs and Mrs. Albert Stephens.

Mr. Southard Hoffman, who has been engaged in business in Honolulu for the past few years, is visiting his parents at their home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George Boyd and family will be the guests for three weeks of Mrs. Kittle at her residence on Pacific Avenue and Steiner Street.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, who arrived from the East last week, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. William Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills were at the Hotel Rafael during the past week.

Mrs. Samuel Buckhee and Mrs. Van Fleet have returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon and Miss Sara Collier sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and family are at Santa Barbara for the holidays.

Mrs. Henry E. Huntington returned on Monday from a visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Poett arrived on the Oceanic steamship *Sierra* on Monday from Honolulu, whither they went on their wedding journey.

Dr. William Hopkins and Mrs. Hopkins arrived on Friday from Vienna.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd and family are spending the holidays at "Casa Boyd," their country place in Alameda County.

Mr. William A. Bissell and family are spending the holidays in Southern California.

Mr. Athole McBean was among the guests at the Hotel Rafael during the past week.

Miss Jennie Crocker, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison, in Washington, D. C., is now visiting Mrs. Charles B. Alexander in New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Pischel have returned from a visit to the Hawaiian Islands.

Miss Gertrude Eells was a guest of Rear-Admiral Bowman McCalla and Mrs. McCalla at Mare Island during the week.

Mrs. Ruth Homan, eldest daughter of Sir Sydney Waterlow, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. B. Ford, at San Mateo. Mrs. Homan is interested in educational work, and is a member of the school board of London.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, who left for a trip East last Saturday, expect to be away some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley arrived from the East last week, and will pass the winter in San Francisco.

Mrs. Henry Macfarlane arrived from Honolulu last week on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Henry Dutton. She will remain here several weeks.

Mrs. David Minor, of Arcata, who is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Wilson, will remain here until the end of January.

Mrs. George Fife and her daughter, Miss Beatrice Fife, have returned from the East, after an absence of several weeks.

Mrs. H. A. Morrow, mother of Mr. H. M. Morrow, judge-advocate of the Department of California, has arrived from the East, and is residing at 1076 Bush Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins were in New York last week.

Governor W. H. Taft sailed from Manila on Wednesday, December 23d, for the United States. He calls at Tokio, en route, to visit the Mikado, at the latter's invitation. A reception in the general's honor has been arranged at Honolulu.

Dr. David Starr Jordan left last Sunday for a month's visit in the East. During his absence he will call upon President Roosevelt, with whom he will discuss the recommendations of the commissioners who went to Alaska last summer to investigate the condition of the fisheries.

Miss Jean McKenzie, daughter of Rev. Robert D. McKenzie, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, will go to West Africa as a missionary, under direction of the Woman's Occidental Board of Foreign Missions, of this city.

Mr. Andrew W. Rose will live in New York hereafter, having bought a handsome residence on East Fifty-Seventh Street.

Mrs. Hugh Morrison, of Honolulu, after traveling extensively in the United States and Europe, has settled in Dresden for the winter.

Mrs. Grace Morei Dickman, formerly of this city, is now a member of the Musical Art Society of New York, having joined it at the invitation of Mr. Frank Damrosch.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie gave a dinner at the New Willard, Washington, D. C., recently, to the trustees of the Carnegie In-

stitution. Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow were among the guests.

Miss Kane, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, at her residence on Jackson Street.

Miss Mary Genevieve Moroney will leave in a few days for New York, where she will make her future home.

The week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. Bergevin, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Nohle Todd and Mrs. Barker, of Los Angeles, Mr. G. R. Tompkins, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Low, Miss Edith B. Low, Miss Frances R. Reed and Miss Constance M. Dixon, of Sausalito, Mr. Frank H. Johnson and Mr. Maurice Dore, of Belmont, Miss Sadie Fritch, Miss Emelie Geraldine Reed, Miss Frances Chase, Miss Marguerite Tuckey, and Miss Mahel Bass.

A former well-known San Franciscan, Mr. Alexander Del Mar, is now living at the Bronx, New York, with his family. Mr. Del Mar is publishing a book on "The Coinage of the World." His two daughters, Miss Maud Del Mar and Miss Fannie Del Mar, were educated in France. The former is an accomplished pianist, while the latter is an artist, having a studio in New York.

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